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GODEY'S magazine.

LADY'S BOOK,

AND

LADIES' AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE, MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY,
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REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS.

VOL. XXIV.—FROM JANUARY TO JUNE,
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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

JANUARY, 1842.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

No. I.—THE MARRIED SISTERS.

"Come, William, a single day, out of the three hundred in a year, is not much."

"True, Henry Thorne. Nor is the single drop of water that first finds its way through the dyke much; and yet the first drop but makes room for a small stream to follow, and then comes a flood. No, no, Henry, I cannot go with you to-day; and if you will be governed by a friend's advice, you will not neglect your work for the fancied pleasures of a sporting party."

"All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy. We were not made to be delving for ever with tools in close rooms. The fresh free air is good for us. Come, William, you will feel better for a little recreation. You look pale from confinement. Come; I cannot go without you."

"Henry Thorne," said his friend William Moreland, with an air more serious than that at first assumed, "let me in turn urge you to stay."

"It is in vain, William," his friend said, interrupting him.

"I trust not, Henry. Surely, my early friend and companion is not deaf to reason."

"No, not to right reason."

"Well, listen to me. As I said at first, it is not the loss of a single day, though even that lost, is a serious waste of time, that I now take into consideration. It is the danger of forming a habit of idleness. It is a mistake, that a day of idle pleasure recreates the mind and body, and makes us return to our regular and necessary employments with renewed delight. My own experience is, that a day thus spent, causes us to resume our labours with reluctance, and makes irksome what before was pleasant. Is it not your own?"

"Well, I don't know; I can't altogether say that it is; indeed, I never thought about it."

"Henry, the worst of all kinds of deception is self deception. Don't, let me beg of you, attempt to deceive yourself in a matter so important. I am sure you have experienced this reluctance to resuming work after a day of pleasure. It is an universal experience. And now that we are on this subject, I will add, that I have observed in you an increasing desire to get away from work. You make many excuses, and they seem to you to be good ones. Can you tell me how many days you have been out of the shop in the last three months?"

"No, I cannot," was the reply, made in a tone indicating a slight degree of irritation.

"Well, I can, Henry."

"How many is it, then?"

"Ten days."

"Never."

"It is true, for I kept the count."

"Indeed, then, you are mistaken. I was only out a gunning three times, and a fishing twice."

"And that makes five times. But don't you remember the day you were made sick by fatigue?"

"Yes, true, but that is only six."

"And the day you went up the mountain with the party?"

"Yes."

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"And the twice you staid away because it stormed?"

"But, William, that has nothing to do with the matter. If it stormed so violently that I couldn't come to the shop, that surely is not to be set down to the account of pleasure taking."

"And yet, Henry, I was here, and so were all the workmen but yourself. If there had not been in your mind a reluctance to coming to the shop, I am sure the storm would not have kept you. I am plain with you, because I am your friend, and you know it. Now, it is this increasing reluctance on your part, that alarms me. Do not, then, add fuel to a flame that, if thus nourished, will consume you."

"But, William,——"

"Don't make excuses, Henry. Think of the aggregate of ten lost days. You can earn a dollar and a half a day easily, and do earn it whenever you work steadily. Ten days in three months is fifteen dollars. All last winter, you know, Ellen went without a cloak, because you could not afford to buy one for her; now the money that you could have earned in the time wasted in the last three months, would have bought her a very comfortable one—and you know that it is October now, and winter will soon be again upon us. Sixty dollars a year buys a great many comforts for a poor man."

Henry Thorne remained silent for some moments. He felt the force of William Moreland's reasoning; but his own inclinations were stronger than his friend's arguments. He wanted to go with two or three companions a gunning, and even the vision of his young wife shrinking in the keen winter wind, was not sufficient to conquer this desire.

"I will go this once, William," he said at length, with a long inspiration; "and then I will quit it. I see and acknowledge the force of what you say; I never viewed the matter so seriously before."

"This once may confirm a habit now too strongly fixed," urged his companion. "Stop now, while your mind is rationally convinced that it is wrong to waste your time, when it is so much needed for the sake of making comfortable and happy one who loves you, and has cast her lot in life with yours. Think of Ellen, and then be a man."

"Come, Harry!" said a loud, cheerful voice at the shop door; "we are waiting for you!"

"Ay, ay," responded Henry Thorne. "Good morning, William, I am pledged for to-day. But after this, I will swear off!" And so saying, he hurried away.

Henry Thorne and William Moreland were workmen in a large manufacturing establishment in one of our thriving inland towns. They had married sisters, and thus a friendship that had long existed, was confirmed by closer ties of interest.

They had been married about one year, at the time of their introduction to the reader, and, already, Moreland could perceive that his earnings bought many more comforts for his little family than did Henry's. The difference was not to be accounted for in the days the other spent in pleasure taking, although their aggregate loss was no mean item to be taken from a poor man's purse. It was to be found, mainly, in a disposition to spend, rather than to save; to pay away for trifles that were not really needed, very small sums, whose united amount in a few weeks would rise to many dollars. But, when there was added to this constant check upon his prosperity, the frequent recurrence of a lost day, no wonder that Ellen had less of good and comfortable clothing than her sister Jane, and that her house was far less neatly furnished.

All this had been observed, with pain, by William Moreland and his wife, but, until the conversation recorded in the opening of this story, no word of remonstrance or warning, had been ventured upon by the former. The spirit in which his words were received, encouraged him to hope that he might exercise a salutary control over Henry, if he persevered, and he resolved that he would extend thus far towards him the offices of a true friend.

After dinner of the day during which her husband was absent, Ellen called in to see Jane, and sit the afternoon with her. They were only sisters, and had always loved each other much. During their conversation, Jane said, in allusion to the season:

"It begins to feel a little chilly to-day, as if winter were coming. And, by the way, you are going to get a cloak this fall, Ellen, are you not?"

"Indeed, I can hardly tell, Jane," Ellen replied, in a serious tone; "Henry's earnings, somehow or other, don't seem to go far with us; and yet I try to be as prudent as I can. We have but a few dollars laid by, and both of us want warm underclothing, and Henry must have a coat and pair of pantaloons to look decent this winter. I must try and do without the cloak, I think."

"I am sorry for that. But keep up a good heart about it, sister. Next fall, you will surely be able to get a comfortable one; and you shall have mine as often as you want it, this winter. I can't go out much, you know; our dear little Ellen, your namesake, is too young to leave often."

"You are very kind, Jane," Ellen said, and her voice slightly trembled.

A silence of some moments ensued, and then the subject of conversation was changed to one more cheerful.

That evening, just about nightfall, Henry Thorne came home, much fatigued, bringing with him half a dozen squirrels, and a single wild pigeon.

"There, Ellen, is something to make a nice pie for us to-morrow," he said, tossing his game bag upon the table.

"You look very tired, Henry," his wife said, tenderly; "I wouldn't go out any more this fall, if I were you."

"I don't intend going out any more, Ellen," he replied, "I'm sick of it."

"You don't know how glad I am to hear you

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say so!" his wife said, in an altered and cheerful tone. "Somehow, I always feel troubled and uneasy when you are out gunning or fishing, as if you were not doing right."

"You shall not feel so any more, Ellen," he replied; "I've been thinking all the afternoon about your cloak. Cold weather is coming, and we haven't a dollar laid by for anything. How I am to get the cloak, I do not see, and yet I cannot bear the thought of your going all this winter again, without one."

"O never mind that, dear," Ellen said in a cheerful tone, her face brightening up. "We can't afford it this fall, and so that's settled. But I can have Jane's whenever I want it, she says; and you know she is so kind and willing to lend me anything that she has. I don't like to wear out her things, but then I shall not want the cloak often."

Henry Thorne sighed, at the thoughts his wife's words stirred in his mind.

"I don't know how it is," he at length said, despondingly; "William can't work any faster than I can, nor earn more a week, and yet he and Jane have everything comfortable, and are saving money into the bargain, while we want many things that they have, and are not a dollar ahead."

One of the reasons for this, to her husband, unaccountable difference, trembled on Ellen's tongue. But she could not make up her mind to reprove him; and so bore in silence, and with some pain, what she felt as a reflection upon her want of frugality in managing household affairs.

Let us advance the characters we have introduced, a year in their life's pilgrimage, and see if there are any fruits of these good resolutions.

"Where is Thorne, this morning?" asked the owner of the shop, of Moreland, one morning, an hour after all the workmen had come in.

"I do not know, really," Moreland replied. "I saw him yesterday, when he was well."

"He's off gunning, I suppose, again. If so, it is the tenth day he has lost in idleness during the last two months. I am afraid I shall have to get a hand in his place, upon whom I can place more dependence. I shall be sorry to do this, for your sake, and for the sake of his wife. But I do not like such an example to the workmen and apprentices, and besides, being away from the shop, often disappoints a job."

"I could not blame you, sir," Moreland said; "and yet, I do hope you will bear with him for the sake of Ellen. I think if you would talk to him, it would do him good."

"But why don't you talk to him, William?"

"I have talked to him frequently, but he has got so that he won't bear it any longer from me."

"Nor would he bear it from me, either, I fear, William."

Just at that moment, the subject of the conversation came in.

"You are late this morning, Henry," said the owner of the shop to him, in the presence of the other workmen.

"It's only a few minutes past the hour," he replied, moodily.

"It's more than a hour past."

"Well, if it is, I n make it up."

"That is not the right way, Henry. Lost time is never made up."

Thorne did not understand the general truth intended to be expressed, but supposed at once, that the master of the shop meant to intimate that he would wrong him out of the lost hour, notwithstanding he had promised to make it up. He therefore turned an angry look upon him, and said—

"Do you mean to say that I would cheat you, sir?"

The employer was a hasty man, and tenacious of his dignity as a master. He invariably discharged a journeyman who was in the least degree disrespectful in his language or manner towards him, before the other workmen. Acting under the impulse that at once prompted him, he said:

"You are discharged;" and instantly turned away.

As quickly did Henry Thorne turn and leave the shop. He took his way homeward, but he paused and lingered as he drew nearer and nearer his little cottage, for troubled thoughts had now taken the place of angry feelings. At length he was at the door, and lifting slowly the latch, he entered.

"Henry!" said Ellen, with a look and tone of surprise. Her face was paler, and more care-worn than it was a year before; and its calm expression had changed into a troubled one. She had a babe upon her lap, her first and only one. The room in which she sat, so far from indicating circumstances improved by the passage of a year, was far less tidy and comfortable; and her own attire, though neat, was faded, and unseasonable. Her husband replied not to her inquiring look, and surprised ejaculation, but seated himself in a chair, and burying his face in his hands, remained silent, until, unable to endure the suspense, Ellen went to him, and taking his hand, asked, so earnestly, and so tenderly, what it was that troubled him, that he could not resist her appeal.

"I am discharged!" he said, with bitter emphasis. "And there is no other establishment in the town, nor within fifty miles!"

"O, Henry! how did that happen?"

"I hardly know myself, Ellen, for it all seems like a dream. When I left home this morning, I did not go directly to the shop; I wanted to see a man at the upper end of the town, and when I got back it was an hour later than usual. Old Ballard took me to task before all the shop, and intimated that I was not disposed to act honestly towards him. This I cannot bear from any one; I answered him in anger, and was discharged on the spot. And now, what we are to do, heaven only knows! Winter is almost upon us, and we have not five dollars in the world."

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"But something will turn up for us, Henry, I know it will," Ellen said, trying to smile encouragingly, although her heart was heavy in her bosom.

Her husband shook his head doubtingly, and then all was gloomy and oppressive silence. For nearly an hour, no word was spoken by either. Each mind was busy with painful thoughts, and one with fearful forebodings of evil. At the end of that time, the husband took up his hat and went out. For a long, long time after, Ellen sat in dreamy, sad abstraction, holding her babe to her breast. From this state, a sense of duty roused her, and laying her infant on the bed,—for they had not yet been able to spare money for a cradle, —she began to busy herself in her domestic duties. This brought some little relief.

About eleven o'clock, Jane came in with her usual cheerful, almost happy face, bringing in her hand a stout bundle. Her countenance changed in its expression to one of concern, the moment her eye rested upon her sister's face, and she laid her bundle on a chair quickly, as if she half desired to keep it out of Ellen's sight.

"What is the matter, Ellen?" she asked with tender concern, the moment she had closed the door.

Ellen could not reply; her heart was too full. But she leant her head upon her sister's shoulder, and, for the first time since she had heard the sad news of the morning, burst into tears. Jane was surprised, and filled with anxious concern. She waited until this ebullition of feeling in some degree abated, and then said, in a tone still more tender than that in which she had first spoken,—

"Ellen, dear sister! tell me what has happened?"

"I am foolish, sister," at length Ellen said, looking up, and endeavouring to dry her tears. "But I cannot help it. Henry was discharged from the shop this morning, and now what are we to do? We have nothing ahead, and I am afraid he will not be able to get anything to do here, or within many miles of the village."

"That is bad, Ellen," Jane said, while a shadow fell upon her face, but a few moments before glowing and happy. And that was nearly all she could say; for she did not wish to offer false consolation, and she could think of no genuine words of comfort. After a while, each grew more composed in mind, and less reserved, and then the whole matter was talked over, and all that Jane could say, she did say, that seemed likely to soothe and give hope to Ellen's mind.

"What have you there?" at length asked Ellen, glancing towards the chair upon which Jane had laid her bundle.

Jane paused a moment, as if in self-communion, and then said—

"Only a pair of blankets, and a couple of calico dresses that I have been out buying."

"Let me look at them," Ellen said, in as cheerful a voice as she could assume.

A large, heavy pair of blankets, for which Jane had paid five dollars, were now unrolled, and a couple of handsome chintz dresses displayed, of dark rich colours, suitable for the winter season. It was with difficulty that Ellen could restrain a sigh, as she looked at these comfortable things, and thought of how much she needed, and of how little she had to hope for. Jane felt that such thoughts must pass through her sister's mind, and she also felt much pained, that she had undesignedly thus added, by contrast, to Ellen's unhappy feelings. When she returned home, she put away her new dresses, and her blankets. She had no heart to look at them, no heart to enjoy her own good things, while the sister she so much loved was denied like present comforts, and worse than all, weighed down with a heart-sickening dread of the future.

We will not linger to contrast, in a series of domestic pictures, the effects of industry and idleness on the two married sisters and their families,—effects, the causes of which, neither aided materially in producing. Such contrasts, though useful, cannot but be painful to the mind, and we would, a thousand times, rather give pleasure than pain. But one more striking contrast we will give, as requisite in showing the tendency and end of good or bad principles, united with good or bad habits.

Unable to get any employment in the village, Thorne, hearing that steady work could be obtained in Charleston, S. Carolina, sold off a portion of his scanty furniture, and his cow, by which he received money enough to remove there with his wife and child. Thus were the sisters separated; and in that separation, gradually estranged from the tender and lively affection that presence and constant intercourse had kept burning with undiminished brightness. Each became more and more absorbed, every day, in increasing cares and duties; yet to one those cares and duties were painful, and to the other full of delight.

Ten years from the day on which they parted in tears, Ellen sat, near the close of day, in a meanly furnished room, in one of the southern cities, watching, with a troubled countenance, the restless slumber of her husband. Her face was very thin and pale, and it had a fixed and strongly marked expression of suffering. Two children, a boy and a girl, the one about six, and the other a little over ten years of age, were seated listlessly on the floor, which was uncarpeted. They seemed to have no heart to play. Even the elasticity of childhood had departed from them. From the appearance of Thorne, it was plain that he was very sick; and from all the indications the room in which he lay afforded, it was plain that want and suffering were its inmates. The habits of idleness he had suffered to creep at a slow but steady pace upon him, and idleness brought intemperance, and intemperance reacting upon idleness completed his ruin, and reduced his family to poverty in its most appalling form. Now he was sick with a southern fever, and his miserable dwelling afforded him no

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cordial, nor his wife and children the healthy food that nature required.

"Mother!" said the little boy, getting up from the floor, where he had been sitting for half an hour, as still as if he were sleeping, and coming to Ellen's side, he looked up earnestly and imploringly in her face.

"What, my child?" the mother said, stooping down and kissing his forehead, while she parted with her fingers the golden hair that fell in tangled masses over it.

"Can't I have a piece of bread, mother?"

Ellen did not reply, but rose slowly and went to the closet, from which she took part of a loaf, and cutting a slice from it, handed it to her hungry boy. It was her last loaf, and all their money was gone. The little fellow took it, and breaking a piece off for his sister, gave it to her; the two children then sat down side by side, and eat in silence the morsel that was sweet to them.

With an instinctive feeling, that from nowhere but above could she look for aid and comfort, did Ellen lift her heart, and pray that she might not be forsaken in her extremity. And then she thought of her sister Jane, from whom she had not heard for a long, long time, and her heart turned towards her with an eager and yearning desire to see her face once more.

And now let us look in upon Jane and her family. Her husband, by saving where Thorne spent in foolish trifles, and working when Thorne was idle, gradually laid by enough to purchase a little farm, upon which he had removed, and there, industry and frugality brought its sure rewards. They had three children: little Ellen had grown to a lively, rosy-cheeked, merry-faced girl of eleven years; and George, who had followed Ellen, was in his seventh year, and after him came the baby, now just completing the twelfth month of its innocent happy life. It was in the season when the farmer's toil is rewarded, and William Moreland was among those whose labour had met an ample return.

How different was the scene, in his well established cottage, full to the brim of plenty and comfort, to that which was passing at the same hour of the day, a few weeks before, in the sad abode of Ellen, herself its saddest inmate.

The table was spread for the evening meal, always eaten before the sun hid his bright face, and George and Ellen, although the supper was not yet brought in, had taken their places; and Moreland, too, had drawn up with the baby on his knee, which he was amusing with an apple from a well filled basket, the product of his own orchard.

A hesitating rap drew the attention of the tidy maiden who assisted Mrs. Moreland in her duties.

"It is the poor old blind man," she said, in a tone of compassion, as she opened the door.

"Here is a shilling for him, Sally," said Moreland, handing her a piece of money. "The Lord has blessed us with plenty, and something to spare for his needy children."

"Ain't I glad that I've got eyes, and plenty to eat," George said, glancing at the blind man, and then looking up into his mother's face, with boyish delight, as she brought in a savoury dish for their supper.

"O, but that looks good!" ejaculated Ellen, peeping into the dish—as her mother paused, to smile upon her boy,—and enjoying the coming feast in imagination.

The liberal meal upon the table, the mother sat down with the rest, and, as she looked around upon each happy face, her heart blessed the hour that she had given her hand to William Moreland. Just as the meal was finished, a neighbour stopped at the door and said:

"Here's a letter for Mrs. Moreland; I saw it in the post-office, and brought it over for her, as I was coming this way."

"Come in, come in," Moreland said, with a hearty welcome in his voice.

"No, I thank you, I can't stop now. Good evening," replied the neighbour.

"Good evening," responded Moreland, turning from the door, and handing the letter to Jane.

"It must be from Ellen," Mrs. Moreland remarked, as she broke the seal. "It is a long time since we heard from them; I wonder how they are doing?"

She soon knew, for on opening the letter she read this:—

"*Savannah, September*, 18—

"*My Dear Sister Jane:*—James has just died, and I am left here without a dollar, and know not where to get bread for myself and two children. I dare not tell you all I have suffered since I parted from you. I ——

"My heart is too full, I cannot write. Heaven only knows what I shall do! Forgive me, sister, for troubling you; I have not done so before, because I did not wish to give you pain, and I only do so now, from an impulse that I cannot resist.

"ELLEN."

Jane handed the letter to her husband, and sat down in a chair, her senses bewildered, and her heart sick.

"We have enough for Ellen, and her children, too, Jane," Moreland said, folding the letter after he had read it. "We must send for them at once. Poor Ellen! I fear she has suffered much."

"You are good and kind, and noble-hearted, William!" Jane said, bursting into tears.

"I don't know that I am any better than any body else, Jane. But I can't bear to see others suffering, and never will, if I can afford relief. And surely, if industry brought no other reward, the power it gives us to benefit and relieve others, is enough to make us ever active."

* * * * *

In one month from the time Ellen's letter was received, she, with her children, were inmates of Moreland's cottage. Gradually, the light returned

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to her eye, and something of the former glow of health and contentment to her cheek. Her children in a few weeks were as gay and happy as any. The delight that glowed in the heart of William Moreland, as he saw this pleasing change, was a double reward for the little he had sacrificed in making them happy. Nor did Ellen feel, with her children, an entire burden upon her sister and her husband;—her activity and willingness found enough to do that needed doing, and Jane often used to say to her husband,

"I don't know which is the gainer over the other, me or Ellen; for I am sure, I can't see how we could do without her."

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

No. II.—THE POACHERS.

"They have no more exclusive right to them, than they have to the air or water!" was the energetic declaration of James Maxwell; a sturdy English farmer, bringing down at the same time his fist with a loud noise upon the table, before which he was sitting. His auditors were some half a dozen hearty-looking fellows, such as may on almost any evening be found lounging in an English village ale-house.

"I never did, and never will respect the game laws," said one of these, responding to the first speaker. "Their existence is an outrage upon the free yeomanry of England."

"And yet they are laws," remarked a third, in a quiet, meaning tone.

"Laws! yes, they are laws, and disgraceful ones too!" responded the individual we have called James Maxwell. "But, law or no law, I'm determined to shoot a hare or pheasant just as often as I please. It makes my blood boil to think that, in good old England, honest men such as we—the bone and muscle of the country—are to be ridden over by sprigs of nobility, and 'born gentlemen.' My palate can enjoy a bit of wild game as keenly as theirs; and I'll secure the gratification whenever I meet an opportunity."

"If you'll take an old friend's advice," said Colin Jones, the individual whose remark had excited still further Maxwell's indignation against the game laws, "you will think as little about these unjust laws as possible. You cannot change them, and, in open opposition, you run a risk too great for one who has so much to lose."

"I never have seen, and never expect to see, the day when any fear of consequences can deter me from opposing the wrong!"

"If you had the hope of doing any good by your opposition, there might be some excuse, but you know, Maxwell, there is none. On the other hand, a trip to Botany Bay is rather a serious consideration."

"You always were a chicken-hearted kind of a fellow, Colin," said Maxwell, laughing. "But I am made of different stuff; I like a little adventure, and where opposition to injustice is connected with it, the whole affair has for me double attractions. What do you say, boys, to an expedition this very night?" he added, glancing round upon the group.

"I say agreed," responded one, and

"Agreed—agreed"—heartily chimed in two or three others, just such thriftless fellows as Watts must have had in his eye, when he wrote—

> "For Satan finds some mischief still,
> For idle hands to do."

A game at poaching was to them no new thing. And, indeed, had the truth been known it would have appeared that few lords in the land tasted wild fowl, or even venison oftener than they. Many a narrow chance had they run, and more than one severe struggle with the game-keepers had added zest to their adventures in this line.

One of them, named Winder, was an under-tenant of Maxwell's, and much attached to him for his generosity. He loved a little sport, too, and was always ready to follow where the other led.

Two or three years earlier than the period at which our story opens, the farm of James Maxwell was noted throughout the neighbourhood, as being in the highest state of cultivation, and himself as one of the most industrious and successful farmers. But a gradual, and now very apparent change had taken place, until it had become obvious to all, that everything around him was fast losing its former air of thrift. Almost every evening he was to be found at the village ale-house, and too frequently half of his time through the day was spent at the same place. No wonder, then, that a change had come over all things under his supervision. But the saddest change of all was that which had passed upon his still young and lovely wife. With an instinctive fear of the ultimate consequences, she had silently noted her husband's gradual and increasing neglect of his duties, and had felt more and

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FRUITS OF IDLENESS.

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more keenly every day, his too frequent desertion of her for idle company in the village. But she uttered not a murmuring word, nor even looked a rebuke. Fondly she hoped to win him back by a tenderer exhibition of the pure and fervent love which she bore him. But, day after day, and week after week, she looked and longed in vain, to see him turn with interest to his duties, and his love. Sometimes, indeed, he would seem to become painfully conscious of the gradual decay that was passing upon all things around him, and would devote himself for a few days, or a few weeks, steadily to his farm; but there always followed a relapse into his too strongly fixed habits of idleness and tippling, a relapse the more confirmed from the temporary reaction of better principles. At the time of his introduction to the reader, he was just beginning to experience, in some trifling degree, the effects of his idle habits, in small pecuniary embarrassments. But, as his fall crop was now nearly ready for market, these were of so temporary a nature, that he scarcely felt them to be troublesome.

"Come, Colin, make one of our company," he said, after the response of those who so readily agreed to join him in a poaching expedition. "There is no harm in it, and it is precious sport."

"No harm in breaking the law, James!" was Colin's reply, made in a tone of surprise.

"The law is founded in selfish injustice, and therefore I can see no moral guilt in evading, or in openly violating it. If a law should be passed declaring that no one but the nobility should drink water from the gushing spring, or breathe the pure air of heaven, do you think it would be wrong to violate that law? You are a weak reasoner, Colin."

"Just or unjust, it is the law of the land," Colin replied, calmly, "and whoever violates that law merely for the sake of opposing it, or for a momentary selfish gratification, is guilty of a moral wrong. That the game laws are wrong, I can see as plainly as you can; but then, they are established as the laws of the land for the purpose of securing to the privileged orders sport and luxury, and do not very seriously oppress any. The injury exists then, more in the establishment of a principle of exclusiveness and oppression, than in an actual and serious injury done to any portion of the community."

"It is wrong, then, by your own showing, Colin, and I say it is always right to oppose wrong!" Maxwell replied with an emphatic blow upon the table.

"Do not deceive yourself," resumed his friend. "Your reasoning is altogether fallacious. The corn laws are far more unjust than those alluded to; yet, surely, you would not think it right to break into the public stores and seize upon the wheat lying there in waiting for a reduction of duty? Excise laws are also thought and felt to be oppressive, but you never think of evading them, because you have a consciousness that to do so would be wrong. Equally wrong, let me assure you, is it in the other case. Your violation of them can in no way abate the evil. It is adding nothing to that power of public opinion which alone can reform such legal abuses of human rights, for you break the laws in a spirit of opposition merely because you think them unjust. Besides this, there is not a single law of the land which some one does not think wrong or oppressive. If all opposed, how soon would anarchy reign throughout the country. Depend upon it, James, it is wrong to bring individual disobedience against any legal enactment."

"But the game laws are not only unjust, but inhumanly oppressive," urged Maxwell, more seriously. "The birds that subsist on seeds, and the animals that live without lessening the farmer's harvest, cost no land-owner anything. Their flesh should then, by a law of nature, be the free food of all. But how is it? The poor and hungry, who need these, dare not touch them. If a hare pass a poor man's cottage door, and he have, at the time, no food for his children, he must not kill it. And why?—The sports of the idle privileged classes would be interfered with. Colin! it is an outrage upon humanity, and while I have life and strength I will resist it!"

"Maxwell is right," broke in one of the idlers we have alluded to; "and here is my hand to sustain him through thick and thin. What care I for game-keepers? While I have a good piece, and a finger that can move a trigger, I defy them!"

"And here is my hand," said another. "Maxwell is of the true Briton blood, and I like him. Give us a few more such spirits, say I."

Perceiving that it would be useless to urge his old friend farther at that time, Colin Jones said no more, and soon left the company, and turned homewards, with a feeling of deeper regret than usual at Maxwell's infatuation.

"I fear for the end of all this," Colin said, mentally, as he walked slowly along. "The time was, when James Maxwell cherished higher principles of action. But, where may not a habit of idleness lead us? If, instead of lounging half of his time at the pot-house, he was engaged constantly on his farm, or attending to its interests, he would never think of seeking pleasure in breaking the law as a poacher! A poacher! My friend James Maxwell a poacher!" and Colin paused, oppressed in feeling, as the revolting thought presented itself with painful distinctness. Then suddenly recollecting himself, he strode on with a quickened pace.

While these things, just referred to, were passing, there sat, at an open window, in a well-established, comfortable farm-house, about one mile from the village, a woman, with many lines of thought and care upon her young and beautiful face. With her head leaning upon her hand, she had remained for more than an hour, looking out, apparently upon the woods and fields lying in deep shadows, but in reality within, and upon many dark and fearful images.

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"Once it was not so," she said, at length giving words to her thoughts, while she raised her hands, and bound them tightly upon her forehead. "What have I done that I have lost all power over him? How am I changed, that he prefers the delights of an ale-house to my company, once so pleasant to him? But worse than all,"—and she shuddered and grew pale at the idea of evil deeds and their consequences, which she shrunk from naming.

For an hour longer she again sat silent, when the door of her chamber opened, and an old woman came silently in, and going up to her, said,

"You seem unusually troubled to-night, Catherine."

"If I could help it, I would, mother," she replied, looking up with tearful eyes, "but, then, how can I allow myself to think, and not be sick at heart. Still, I can bear with a good degree of firmness the things that are so painful to me; but to-night I am unusually oppressed with strange fears for James."

"And why unusual fears for him, Catherine?" asked the individual she had called mother, with a quick and earnest emphasis; for she had felt ill at ease, she could not tell why, during the whole evening.

For a moment the young woman looked her companion in the face, with a surprised and hesitating expression, and then suffered her eyes to fall to the floor with something of confusion visible in her countenance.

"Catherine! Speak to me plainly! A mother's heart cannot bear mystery. What of James, that you indulge for him a more than wonted anxiety?"

Even to this appeal Catherine did not reply; but sat with her eyes fixed upon the floor, while her face was pale as marble. The tears that a few moments before were blinding her, no longer trembled and glistened in her eyelashes. The struggle in her spirit was too deep for tears—a struggle between contending affections and conflicting duties.

"Catherine!" at length said the mother, in a peculiar, low and earnest tone. "If James is your husband, he is not the less my child; nor can you ever feel a deeper interest, or a more yearning affection for him than I do. Let there, then, be no concealments between you and I in relation to him. I cannot bear them. I know that he has grown neglectful of you, and neglectful of his farm. I know that he is the idle companion of idlers. But this is all I know. Your words and manner have startled me with a new and strange alarm. And now, you *must* speak plainly!"

"And I will speak plainly, mother, for you leave me no alternative," said the daughter-in-law, in a calm voice, but still her face was deadly pale. "I learned only yesterday, from the wife of Winder, who lives in the cottage by the spring, that her husband is away almost every evening at the ale-house, and that he has become connected with a gang of poachers."

"Well?" eagerly asked old Mrs. Maxwell, as Catherine paused, reluctant to proceed.

"She was in great distress; and when I tried to comfort her with the hope of his doing better, she said, 'Ah, ma'am, I would have hope if Mr. Maxwell did not go with him; but wherever he goes, my man will follow.'"

"It is false!" exclaimed the old woman, springing to her feet, and standing with clenched hands and blanching cheek before Catherine. "It is false! false! James Maxwell a poacher? Shame, shame on you Catherine, for the thought! He might murder a man; but steal?—never! never!"

"Mother, be calm——"

"Be calm, and the foul tongue of slander branding with shame my own and favourite child? Come! let us go now to Mary Winder. She must deny that!"

Mechanically, the heart-stricken wife rose up, and followed the mother of her husband, who was already moving to the door. The cottage in which Winder lived was about a quarter of a mile from the dwelling of Maxwell. It was past eleven o'clock, and there was no moon in the sky.

"Do not let us go to-night, mother," said Catherine, pausing at the door. "It is very dark and late, and James will soon be home. He will be alarmed at our absence. To-morrow we can go over and see Mrs. Winder, and, I trust in heaven, you may find that the statement is untrue."

Mrs. Maxwell also paused, while Catherine spoke, and stood musing for some moments after she had finished, and then turned slowly into the house. Both sat down, and remained in silent communion with their own troubled thoughts for a long, long time. From these they were suddenly aroused by the old clock, ringing out clear and loud the hour of twelve.

"Twelve, and James not home yet!" ejaculated Catherine, in a tone of alarm.

"Where *can* he be!" the mother said—and her voice trembled.

The faithful old mastiff that had for years guarded his master's house, gave his usual hoarse bark when any one approached, or any unusual noise disturbed him.

"He comes!" exclaimed Catherine, listening breathlessly.

All was silence and expectation for some minutes, and then fear assumed the place of hope, and, as the moments flew past, the two lone women looked each other in the face, as if the one hoped to read some expression of encouragement in the countenance of the other.

Another hour passed, and he came not.

"Hadn't we better go over to Mrs. Winder's?" said Catherine, looking her mother in the face inquiringly.

"Yes," was uttered in a low whisper, and then the two started out at midnight, with a shrinking

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fear of approaching evil in their hearts. Since twelve, the air had changed, and the fitful gusts of wind penetrated their garments, and sent a shivering chill through the frame of each. Many hurrying clouds were scattered over the sky, obscuring the stars, and adding to the darkness and gloom. With an instinctive fear, the two women drew closer together, and thus side by side hurried along the path that led to the cottage they sought. A light in the window soon became visible, indicating that Mary Winder was a watcher and waiter for the absent as well as they.

"Oh John!" she exclaimed as they lifted the latch, and swung open the door—

"Mrs. Maxwell!" she said, in a changed voice, and in a tone of surprise and disappointment, as soon as her eye rested upon her unexpected visitors.

"Where is your husband, Mary?" the elder of the two asked eagerly.

"Heaven knows, for I don't, Mrs. Maxwell," she replied, with looks of anxiety.

"Does he often stay out so late, Mary?"

"Not often."

"Has he ever been away so long?"

"Yes ma'am, once or twice."

"And where was he then?"

Mary Winder's eyes fell to the floor, and she remained silent.

"Did *you* know where he was, Mary?" continued her interrogator, in a voice that sounded stern and commanding to both of her auditors.

"Not then, but I learned afterwards," was the hesitating reply.

"Well, where was he?"

"Over in Wareham forest."

"In Wareham forest! And pray what did he there at so late an hour?"

"Your son can tell you better than I—" Mrs. Winder replied, in a tone that indicated not only a slight feeling of offended pride, but a good deal of bitterness of spirit.

"Take care what you say, Mary Winder!" Mrs. Maxwell replied, sternly. "I have before heard that you charge my son with accompanying your husband in adventures not only disreputable, but criminal."

"Not so, Mrs. Maxwell," the other said, quickly, and with some bitterness in her tones.—"I said my husband accompanied your son. His attachment to Mr. Maxwell will, I fear, be his ruin."

"And where does he accompany my son?" inquired the elder Mrs. Maxwell.

"To Wareham forest. What for, you can readily guess."

"And you assert then, that my son is a poacher?"

"I have seen the game he brought from the forest, and have heard him revile the game laws, and boast of having evaded them. I did not assert that he was a poacher, ma'am, but I have heard and seen what I say."

Truth has a language that is rarely misunderstood. In this instance, Mrs. Maxwell felt that Mary Winder spoke only that which she had, as she asserted, both seen and heard. She did not reply, but sunk into a chair, and burying her face in her hands, sat silent for a long time.

Meanwhile, Maxwell, Winder, and three companions in folly and crime, disregarding the advice of Colin Jones, started about ten o'clock for Wareham forest, which lay full four miles off, for the purpose of shooting some game. Each was armed with a fowling piece, and otherwise equipped for their adventure. An hour's walk brought them to the confines of the forest, which, though some miles in extent, was known to be well protected by game-keepers.

"You know the best places, so lead the way, Jim," said Maxwell to one of the company, as they all paused in the shadow of the dark woods.

"Ay, ay," responded Jim—"follow me, and I'll show you some pheasants fit for the king's table."

"Then lead on," said Maxwell.

"See! see! a hare!" cried Winder, as one of those sprightly little animals started up before them, and sprang away at full speed. The sharp report of a gun followed, and the hare lay dead upon the ground.

"You would make but a sorry poacher," said Jim. "That gun has been heard, I know, and we will have to take a wide circle, to evade the game-keepers. Never fire, until good execution can be done; and then be off like a deer."

They now entered the forest, and proceeded in silence for nearly a mile, when Jim paused, and pointing to a number of small dark bodies, perched upon some low bushes, said, in a whisper,

"See there! A round dozen. I'll take these three on this side, and do you shoot right in the centre, Maxwell. Tom and Bill and Winder, can pick them four or five off to the right. Now make ready—take aim—fire!"

The simultaneous report of five heavily loaded pieces rang through the silent woods, and echoed and re-echoed around for several moments.

"Every man seize his share, and then run like lightning!" said Jim.

This injunction was scarcely needed, for their quick ears caught the sound of many feet hurrying already towards them. Only a small portion of the game killed was secured, the instinct of self-preservation becoming suddenly the ruling impulse in each mind.

"Quick! quick! Winder!" said Maxwell, darting off at full speed.

The forest was at this moment lighted up suddenly, a sharp crack instantly followed, and, with an exclamation followed by a groan, Maxwell leaned against a tree.

The companions were close behind, each having secured two or three of the birds. In a moment, they threw down their game, and with Winder, drew around Maxwell, resolved to defend themselves and him to the last.

"Load your pieces, quick!" said Jim, a man of courage and presence of mind, that would have

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fitted him for a higher, and more honourable station.

His order was instantly obeyed.

"Now stand firm and wait for my orders."

All around was as silent, as if nothing had broken the midnight stillness of the forest;—the poachers waiting the attack,—the game-keepers on the look-out for the trespassers.

Suddenly the forest was again lit up with a blaze of light, and the sharp crack of three guns was followed by as many balls whizzing close by the ears of our party of poachers.

"Now give it to them in return," cried Jim, and four pieces sent their leaden messengers in the direction of the game-keepers.

"Now stand firm, for they are coming."

A desperate conflict ensued, in which Maxwell joined, but a blow from the butt-end of a piece laid him insensible on the ground. It was nearly ten minutes before the party of poachers were able effectually to beat off the resolute game-keepers. Finally, however, they were forced to retire, one with a broken arm, and all more or less injured.

Winder, assisted by his three companions, lifted the still insensible body of Maxwell, and proceeded slowly homeward with it; the former deeply repenting of his folly, and resolving, if safely through this adventure, never again to trouble Wareham forest, or his own head about the injustice of game laws. It was broad daylight before they reached the cottage of Winder, whither he deemed it most prudent to convey the body, and there use some efforts to restore animation, before alarming his family.

Hour after hour the three women, we left in the cottage, sat listening in suspense and painful eagerness, for some sound indicating the return of Winder and Maxwell; but they waited and listened in vain; and when the gray dawn, cheerless and cold, came stealing in at the window, their hearts grew sick and faint with fear and uncertainty.

"Come, let us go home, Catherine," said the mother; "perhaps James is there. We may have done wrong in staying here until morning."

Catherine obeyed mechanically, and moving to the door, slowly opened it.

"Merciful Father!" she exclaimed, suddenly, and then sprung away with a quick bound.

The two women left behind crowded into the cottage door, and saw close by, borne by three men, the body of a fourth, which they instantly recognized by the dress, to be that of Mr. Maxwell.

"Is he dead? is he dead!" was the mother's eager inquiry, as they bore her insensible son into the cottage, and placed him on a chair.

"No—no—he is not dead; only a little stunned, and will soon recover," Winder said hastily, though his heart misgave him. "Here, Mary, run quick to the village for the doctor—run for your life!"

Mary glanced away on the instant. Winder next mixed hastily a tumbler of brandy and water strong, and moistened the lips of Maxwell. But he showed no sign of returning animation. While all was yet confusion, Jim exclaimed in a hurried voice,

"See!—see!—the fiends are after us. They have tracked us by Maxwell's blood."

All eyes were instantly turned in the direction indicated, and there, sure enough, were four men armed, approaching the cottage. Winder sprung to the door, and locked and double bolted it; while Jim and Tom proceeded hastily to hide away the game, which they had still retained, the guns, and every evidence of their recent unlawful work.

Just as the exclamation of the poacher arrested the attention of all, Catherine, whose hand was on the wrist of her insensible husband, felt his pulse give a single bound. Hope, that had well-nigh forsaken her, now sprung up in her bosom; and with this hope, came a new and awful fear. Discovery would bring upon her husband the penalty of the law, and disgrace and separation follow. For a few moments her senses reeled. But distinct consciousness returned, and she stood trembling by her husband's side, her face pale and agitated, glancing out upon the officers of the law, who had paused some distance from the house, seemingly at fault. Sometimes they would look long at the cottage, and even make a movement to approach it, when the heart of the wife would grow still in her bosom; then they would pause, and her heart would begin to flutter. At last, they moved slowly in an opposite direction, and were soon out of sight.

"Heaven be praised!" murmured Catherine, glancing upwards—while the tears stole silently down her pale cheeks. Three or four feeble pulsations were now distinctly perceived by her, and in the silence of her heart she lifted up a more fervent expression of thankfulness.

Half an hour after, the doctor came in, and proceeded at once to bleed Maxwell. With the flow of blood, animation returned. He then examined a rifle-shot wound in the right breast, or side. The ball was soon detected, flattened against one of the ribs, and removed; and then Mr. Maxwell was conveyed to his own house.

"Well, James, what do you think of the game laws now!" said Colin Jones, laughing, about three weeks afterward, as he entered the chamber of his friend Maxwell, now nearly recovered from the effects of the wound.

"I think that it is best to let them operate quietly," Maxwell said, laughing in turn; "I've been thinking a good deal in the last few weeks, about eternity and Botany Bay, from both of which I have made a narrow escape, and have come to the conclusion to run no more such risks in future."

"A good resolution, of course, I will say. And you will say the same, will you not, Mrs. Maxwell?"

Catherine's eyes filled with tears, and she could not reply. Maxwell and Jones both observed and felt deeply this silent but expressive token of her recent sufferings and her fervent love.

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"Do not upbraid me with your tears, Catherine," he said, turning upon her a look of tenderness, such as had years before warmed her heart. "I believe I am not only thoroughly sensible of the wrong I have done you, and myself, and all connected with me, but am fully resolved to put away from me as evil, habits of idleness, which I have allowed to strengthen in the last year or two—habits which have brought me in contact with men of bad characters—and well-nigh ruined me for ever."

"May Heaven confirm you in your good resolution!" said his wife, earnestly.

"Amen!" responded the husband to her pious ejaculation.

"Thus may good be brought out of evil," Colin added. "Conscious now, from sad experience, of your own weakness, you will be more watchful in future, and from resisting the first inclination, be ever kept secure from going astray."

"Most sincerely do I trust, that thus I may be kept. And, as some one has quaintly said, that an unoccupied mind is the devil's workshop, I will try and keep myself busied, as I have been in former years; and then I know all will go right."

"All must go right," Colin said, rising up, and bidding his friend good evening.

"And I shall be so happy again!" Catherine said, tenderly, as Colin closed the door after him, drawing her arm at the same time around her husband's neck, and kissing him.

"And I shall be happy too!" he replied, leaning his head upon her shoulder—"happier far than ever I was in the wild and evil pleasures that I followed for a short time so madly."

And they were happy; for the painful lesson was never forgotten by Maxwell. It was a long time, however, before the old lady, his mother, could get over the disgrace attached to the idea of her son having been a poacher. It was in vain that he tried to show her that it had been with him a matter of principle to oppose unjust laws. In her mind, this was all an attempt at mystification; a poacher was a thief; and to think that her son had been a thief was dreadful.

THE FORGOTTEN.

BY MISS HALL.

A DIRGE for the *forgotten:*
No place is for their name,
In solemn page of history,
Or poetry's roll of fame.
They lived, loved, and were cherished,
Life's griefs and joys they bore,
But their memory hath perished,
Their tomb-stones tell no more.
A few bright names are enshrined above
By the hero's sword and the poet's love;
A few proud names with a magic thrill,
In the hearts of men are lingering still;
But we hear no more, by plain or shore,
The names that the forgotten bore.

The beautiful forgotten!
Their eyes of love and mirth,
Their locks of waving sunshine,
No more rejoice the earth.
The proud heart bowed before them,
And monarchs owned their sway,
The starry heavens o'er them
Were less adored than they.
There are forms that Eden's self might own,
Chiselled, cold and fair, in marble stone;
The painter has treasured the glance, the smiles,
Worn by some rester in royal piles;
But we see no more, the wide earth o'er,
The looks that the forgotten wore.

The wise and brave forgotten!
They of the bearing high,
They of the thought engraven brow,
The deep and solemn eye,
The generous emotion,
The deeds so brave and true,
The knowledge like the ocean,
Whose depths no mortal knew:
The chance discoverer's name we link
With mountain, peak, and river's brink:
The conqueror's guilt, the traitor's shame,
The statesman's art, save many a name;
But we hear no more, by plain or shore,
The names the wise forgotten bore.

The loved and wept forgotten!
The gentle and the sweet,
Whose voice and step and kindly smile
'Twas happiness to greet;
The sunlight of the princely board,
The joy of cottage hearth,
Free were their warm affections poured,
And innocent their mirth.
Though often the poet's harp rings loud
With the melody of a title proud,
And wealth has graven his memory where
Proud palaces rise and temples fair:
Yet we hear no more, the wide earth o'er,
The names that the forgotten bore.

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WILTON HARVEY.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

COMPOUND INTEREST.

"He that lendeth to an ignorant man, getteth him an enemy without cause; he payeth him with curses and railings; and for honour, he will pay him disgrace."

JUST at the close of the year of our Lord 18—, a man with a shuffling, lumbering tread, ascended the well-worn steps, which are the common access to half a dozen lawyers' offices in Wall-street, and turning into one, well furnished with tables and busy clerks, he, after in vain casting his eye around for the principal, inquired for 'Lawyer Gretton.'

"Mr. Gretton is in the next room," replied the head clerk. "Tell me your business; I can probably do it for you."

"No—no—you an't the man that can do my business," replied the stranger.

"Tell me what it is, and I can best judge whether I can do it or not."

"Do you say," pursued the inquirer without being repulsed by the clerk's reply, or at all daunted by his supercilious manner; "do you say Lawyer Gretton is in there?" pointing with his elbow to the inner room. The clerk had resumed his pen, and the man was obliged to repeat his question, before it was answered with a careless "Yes." The man muttered, "that he could not wait; that time was money;" and threading his way through chairs, tables, and busy students, he opened the inner door; while one of the clerks said to his neighbour,

"Burton might have known that a man with such a bullet head and high broad shoulders as that fellow's, would have his way; nothing less than a cannon-ball would stop him."

"Mr. Gretton, I am wanting to speak to you," said the stranger, for the first time taking off his hat.

"I am busy," replied Mr. Gretton, casting a careless glance at the man; "you must call again —shut the door;" the stranger lingered; "you see I am already engaged, and there are two gentlemen waiting for me."

"I suppose I can wait, too; it is a broken day, and I shall have to break another if I go, and come again."

Apparently there was something in this remark that quickened Mr. Gretton's memory, for turning his eye towards the speaker, he said, "Ah, Ross, is it you?—very well, sit down, I will attend to you as soon as I have finished with these gentlemen."

Ross was a tall, strong built, labouring man, as his dress, his hard-bound hands, and stooping shoulders indicated. His brow was prematurely fretted into myriads of wrinkles; there was a remarkable blending of acuteness and ignorance in his face; the first indicated by the rat-like brilliancy of his deep set, piercing eye; and the ignorance most emphatically expressed by a sort of staring wonder (so to speak) in his open dropping mouth. His nose, short, flat, and broad at the nostrils, completed the far more brutish than human expression of his physiognomy.

A lawyer's office was a new scene to him, and he was intent on its revelations, and as it seemed, astounded by them, for when the clients who had preceded him were gone, he advanced eagerly to the desk, and putting his finger on a bank note which Mr. Gretton had received from one of them, he said, "Excuse me, Squire Gretton, but that is a hundred dollar note, an't it?"

"Yes, it is, Ross," replied Mr. Gretton, laying it aside in his note-book with an accustomed air.

"And won't you tell me what he meant by calling it a retainer?"

"He gives it to me, Ross, to retain me in his cause."

"That an't all!!"

"Yes; that is, he makes sure of my not being employed by the opposing party, and of securing my best services."

"And that's all! You have not worked for it! have not stirred your foot—made a mark of your pen—turned over a leaf of a book; it's bounty money; when you come to do the job, you are to be paid over and above all this?"

"Certainly I am."

"Well—well—and that gentleman with the furred coat, that you talked to ten minutes; just ten by that clock there, for just the breath you spent in them ten minutes, did he pay you that fifty dollar note?"

"Yes, Ross; and now, if you please, as I take it for granted you have come for that purpose, we will look over our papers."

"*There's* a difference!" continued Ross, without heeding Mr. Gretton's last suggestion; "and why? can any one tell me that? Here you stand by your comfortable fire, and your very breath turns into money; and I, I to earn that hundred dollars must be up early and late; must shiver in cold days, and sweat in hot ones; must crack my bones with lifting heavy timbers; must drive nails week after week, and month after month; there's no fair play about it; it's condemned hard, and that's the end on't."

Perhaps had Mr. Gretton taken the trouble, he might, by changing his estimates, have turned the

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current of Ross's feelings. Difficult as it is for a man who works with his hands to comprehend the toil and weariness of intellectual labour, Ross might have been made to understand the money value of Mr. Gretton's education; the cost in dollars and cents of those preparatory studies, which had made ten minutes of Mr. Gretton's worth months of his labour. He might possibly have understood what we believe the political economists call the accumulated capital upon which the lawyer was now receiving the income. And if he could have had a little farther insight into the anxious hours Mr. Gretton had endured during his slow approaches to his present assured condition, while he had a sickly wife, looking to him not only for bread, but for luxuries which habit had made necessities; and still farther, could he have seen in Gretton's pale brow, and sunken cheek, the curse of intense sedentary occupation, the too sure prophecy of the short career that awaits our professional men, he would have returned to his hammer and nails with a tranquillized and unenvious spirit. But thus it is. It is, for the most part, man's ignorance that makes his breast the abode of discontent, distrust in Providence, envy, and covetousness. It is out of the depths of his ignorance that come his repinings, and railings, and calls for Agrarian law.

Mr. Gretton smiled at what seemed to him merely a rhapsody, and saying, "Perhaps, my friend, you would think the play fairer if you knew more about it," he drew a paper from a file, adding; "as the year is drawing to a close I suppose you have come to see how your debt stands. Have you any prospect of paying off the mortgage?"

"Less than ever. My wife has been sick, and there's been a doctor's cursed bill to pay, and Jemmy must be dressed up for school, and that costs money again; but, for all, Jemmy shall be a lawyer if I die for't."

Mr. Gretton did not notice the ineffable grin with which this was said.

"But you have a good business," he replied; "a carpenter is sure of employment in our city, and you are an industrious man, Ross."

"God knows I am that; but it comes in at the spile and goes out at the bung. Come, Squire, you may look it over; I know pretty well how it stands; I calculate the interest that runs up each day when I go to bed at night; it amounts now to 898 dollars, 37½ cents.

Mr. Gretton smiled. "A trifle more, Ross."

"It can't be!—it can't! I've gone over it hundreds of times; I've chalked it out when I've been at my work; I've writ it down over and over; I've calculated it again and again in the night when there was nothing to take off my mind. It is 898 dollars, 37½ cents, and no more; not a fraction."

"At simple interest you are right; you forgot to calculate the compound interest."

"Compound interest!—what's that?—what's that?"

Mr. Gretton explained. Ross swore that, as he never agreed for it, he would never pay it. Mr. Gretton, who was conscious of having been forbearing, and of having waited at some pecuniary sacrifice, was provoked, and threatened to foreclose the mortgage at once, and have done with it.

Ross was calmed, not satisfied. "I have worked hard twenty years," he said; "I thought to have a house over Jemmy's head that he'd never be ashamed of. I built it with my own hands; every nail I've driv myself; and now all to go to pay that compound interest; it's too bad."

It was evident, that to Ross's apprehension the whole debt was merged in this unlooked for addition to it. Mr. Gretton pitied the man's ignorance and disappointment, and said soothingly, "You will get through with it, Ross. Pay what you can, and I'll wait for the rest. Saturday is New Year, a holiday for you and me. I will come up to Cherry-street and look at your premises, and bring the mortgage with me, and you may then make a payment; that will save you the trouble of coming to Wall-street again."

Ross merely nodded his head acquiescingly, and left the office without speaking a word. A moment after, Mr. Gretton's son, a boy of nine years, came in, his coat muddied, and his forehead bleeding. "Stanley, my boy, what is the matter?" said his father.

"Oh, nothing, sir; I am not hurt to signify. I met a horrid looking man coming down the office steps, and he ran against me and knocked me down. I know he did not see me, but he might just have said he was sorry for it."

Ross was unconscious of the offence against the boy; he was brooding over the compound interest, which seemed to him so deadly an injury. Like a good portion of the ignorant world, he could entertain but one idea at a time; that filled his field of vision; the "compound interest" seemed to him more than the original debt; and his gloomy meditations ended with a mental oath that, come what would, he would never pay Gretton a farthing of the "*compound interest*."

A HOLIDAY.

"Nature's vast frame—*The web of human things,*
Birth and the grave."

Stanley Gretton stood high in the first class of lawyers in New York. His father, an affluent merchant, failed just as his son was completing his education, and, in the beginning of his career, Gretton had to struggle with privations and embarrassments; but he brought talents, industry, and a manly spirit to the conflict, and conquered. He was now, at perhaps the happiest period of human life, verging on forty, with an established reputation, and a rapidly growing, and *well earned* fortune, with the strong consciousness of matured powers, and with no premonition of decay.

His wife, whose health had been fatally injured

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by the loss, early in her married life, of two girls, one after the other, had recently, after a long interval, given birth to a third, who, with one son, a charming boy of nine years, filled to the brim their cup of domestic happiness.

Mrs. Gretton's confinement absolved her husband from his social dues, and he spent New Year's day, one of his few holidays, in her room. "Declarations," "conveyancings," "injunctions," "ejectments," all were forgotten in the pleasure of dandling "the little pilgrim between life and death." Never had Gretton felt a pleasure, at fixing the attention of judge and jury, to be named with that of catching the eye of this baby of three weeks. It might have comforted Ross to have looked in and seen that the holiest joys of the rich and the poor were of the same nature, on the same level.

"This is the happiest New-Year's day of my life, Mary," said Mr. Gretton to his wife. "Your health promises to be better than it has been for many a day. Our sad losses are in a measure made up to us in this dear little girl. Stanley is not a boy to be ashamed of," exchanging glances with the bright boy who stood at the bed-side caressing the baby; "the clouds have blown away, and the future looks very bright to me." Mrs. Gretton had not the hopeful disposition of her husband; sorrow and ill health had dimmed those bright tints on her horizon that promise happy days to come. She sighed, and said the future did not look so bright to her. "I don't know why," she added, "perhaps it is because whenever happiness is but spoken of, I feel the void left by my dead children; but, besides, my dear husband, I am afraid you are working too hard. The gray hairs, Stanley, are stealing in among the black, and it seems to me the lines in your face are every day deepening."

Mrs. Gretton thus gave her husband an opening, which he had been for some time seeking, for a communication that he rather dreaded to make. There always seemed to her a great preponderance of danger in risk of every kind, and she was nervously susceptible on anything approaching to what is called speculation in the trafficking world. After a little preliminary hemming, Mr. Gretton began:—"To tell you the truth, Mary, I do feel my office business to be wearing on me, and I mean soon to give myself a long holiday. I am not going to be a slave to business much longer. I am taking a cross-cut to Dame Fortune's temple; you look alarmed—now for your old bug-bear, Mary—your horror of speculation."

"Rather a reasonable horror, since both our fathers were ruined by it. I have always told you that I can content myself with the most humble fortune. I do not desire wealth for myself, nor for my children. We have been happy—we *are* happy without it; in truth we have more of it than we need; then what temptation is there to adventure on an uncertain, troubled sea."

"The sea is of your own creation, Mary, and all its dangers of your own imagining. My voyage is to be a short and a very safe one, and if I am disappointed in the end of it, no dishonour can ensue. I am but where I began—I have enough to pay all the debts I have contracted. My profession will be left to me, and thank Heaven, that yields me enough to content any man."

"Then why not be contented?"

"I say so, too, father," echoed his boy, "I am sure we have everything in the world to make us contented."

Mr. Gretton was silenced for a moment; he looked at his wife and children; wherever he turned his eye he saw the signs of comfort and affluence; he felt that the incense of contentment should rise from his domestic altar; and a stern voice within his breast told him he had been indulging unreasonable and sordid desires. But self-love is full of subtlety; it wraps itself in its own vaporous exhalations, and winding about its tortuous path, escapes the direct pursuit of conscience. "We have enough in our worldly condition for contentment, certainly," resumed Mr. Gretton, "for contentment and gratitude; but if an opportunity of improving my fortune falls in my way, I cannot think it wise to step aside to avoid it. I am tired seeing other people seize golden occasions that I have let slip through my fingers. Now, Mary, you know if I had taken your Uncle Henry's opinion, and joined him in his cotton speculation, I should have been as rich a man as he was."

"Yes, Stanley, and if you had yielded to his entreaties, and ventured in his gold mine speculation, you would be as poor as he *is*."

Mr. Gretton was absorbed in recalling his missings, and did not heed his wife's rejoinder.

"And if I had purchased those lots in Hudson Square," he continued, "that were offered to me five years ago, I should now be a rich man."

"And what an escape you had in not joining in that tempting purchase of the Swanton lots. They would have swallowed up all our present competency. I know I am no judge of business matters, but these modes of getting rich appear to me but gambling under another name. You do not pay any labour for the acquisition; you do not give any equivalent for it; you throw the dice, and it is all a chance whether it be gain or loss."

"And I can't, for my part," interposed young Stanley, who was allowed to mix in the little domestic discussions of his parents, "I can't see what you want to gain for, father. Since we have got a little child, I can't think of anything we want; and it was only this morning mother said she wanted nothing but a cradle, and Doctor Morton laughed and said, 'happy woman! even that is a superfluity, for your baby is much better without it.'"

Mr. Gretton felt rather annoyed with the secret conviction that his wife and boy, the weaker party, as his manly estimation deemed them, had the better of him in the argument, and he rallied

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to overwhelm with a torrent of reasons the stream that, if clear, he thought shallow. "Come here, my boy," he said, "I am delighted to find your mother so satisfied, and you as moderate in your desires as if you were seventy instead of nine."

"I am not so very moderate, father, but it seems to me, now I've got my sister, that we have every thing we want; that is just the fact of it; and who can be richer than we are? Why we would not take the world and a hundred worlds on the top of it for that little mite of a baby."

"We are rich, and you are wise, my son; but, perhaps, not so much wiser, as you think, than your father. Now listen to me, and I will tell you why I should like to enlarge my fortune."

"Well, sir, I am listening," he replied, stroking his cheek with the baby's soft little hand, and then, self-convicted of his utter engrossment with his new treasure, he quitted her side, and came to his father—"I mean I will listen, sir," he added.

"Thank you; to begin then, I am tired of my profession."

"Your profession! my dear husband!" exclaimed his wife, "I thought you loved it."

"And so I do, and honour it, but in this city there is no controlling the amount of your business; it rolls up like a snow-ball, and never melts away; I am overburdened; I have no time for my family, for my friends, for society."

"But you had, when you limited yourself to your office business; it is only within the last few months that you have brought home maps, and drafts, and accounts to study till late at night."

"Oh, of course, for a while I must have trouble with this concern; I am the only lawyer in it, and there are nice legal points to be investigated. But there is no tedious process of sowing the seeds and waiting for the harvest; the golden harvest is ready to our hand."

"Now you have come to the point, father; what do you mean to do with it when it is all reaped?"

"I mean to go and see the old world with my family."

"With your *family!* Oh, how pleasant it is to go or stay, now we can call ourselves a little *family*."

"Yes, my son, with my family. You sigh, Mary, and are thinking, as you often say, that home is the only place for an invalid; but you have yet to learn the power of money. In Europe it will procure every comfort and luxury; and when we are sated with travelling, we will return and quit this toilsome, artificial, city life, and have a country-place, and fill it with the adornments we will bring home with us. Neither, my dear boy, do all my projects begin and end in ourselves. I have good friends, worthy people whom I want to aid, and cannot as I would now. And Mary, I believe it is not vanity that tells me I can do something better than plod in my office. I should like to serve my country; there are objects that I have at heart; I would do something to be remembered."

There was a generosity bordering on greatness in Mr. Stanley's interpretation of his desires that silenced his wife. She was a pattern of conjugal deference, very apt to feel the divinity stirring within her husband, and to be herself obedient to its intimations. The boy was silent, too, but he looked perplexed rather than satisfied.

"Do you understand me, my son?" asked his father.

"Oh, yes sir, I understand you—but"—

"But what?—speak out fairly my boy—you and I are sworn friends you know—I open my heart to you, and you should open yours to me."

"Well sir, I was only thinking—don't you remember, father, one evening when Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith were here talking of stocks, and lots, and so on—of who had made money, and who had lost it—that when they went away you said you were very tired, and it was such vulgar conversation, and I don't remember exactly what you said, but it seemed to me you was very much against riches, father. You said it was not the rich men who were the benefactors of their race; I remember this, because you made me write down a list, and I have the list yet, in my little old yellow pocket-book; it began with Washington and Franklin, and you laughed and said they were not half as rich as Mr. Jones, or Mr. Smith—so I was just thinking, father, you might 'serve your country—do something to be remembered,' as you said, without being a rich man."

It can never be known how much the father's right suggestions, from an unclouded mind thus unexpectedly returned upon him, might have wrought upon him. The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a servant with a note. "How odd!" said Stanley, "a note on brown paper!—oh, do let me see it, father." He spoke too late—the paper was already in the fire; a scrawl on which hung life and death!

"It's nothing, my son," replied his father, "merely a word to remind me of a promise I made to see a man on business this afternoon."

"This afternoon! Cannot we have one holiday free from business?"

"Excuse me this time, Mary. This appointment is not quite in the regular way of business; I made it to save a poor whimsical fellow's time, or rather his feelings, for he grudges every minute that does not turn into money; one of my fellow-worshippers of the god Mammon—you are thinking—but you shall hold a better opinion of me one of these days. Come along with me, Stanley; we will get our afternoon's walk out of it, and be back to your mother's tea. Now pray, dear Mary," he added, turning back, "don't brood over my speculation. I have not seen you look sad before since your girl was born, and I reproach myself for it; take heart of grace, my child, if worst comes to worst and I fail, I hurt no one but myself—I can pay every debt I have incurred, I have still my profession, and I give you my solemn promise that as this is my first it shall be my last speculation—to

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tell you the truth, you and Stanley have already made me half ashamed of it. I believe you are wiser, Mary, as you certainly are better than I am."

"Oh, if I appear troubled, Stanley, it is only because I am so happy now, that I dread any change; I shall be perfectly satisfied with whatever you think best," she concluded reverting to her customary state of passive acquiescence; as if there could be stability in this world, the very essence and condition of it being change.—But so even the timid lend themselves to the delusion of security, forgetting that the most frightful storms gather in the brightest days.

We have done Stanley Gretton injustice if we have given the impression that he was a lover of money, or covetous of gain; he was neither, but a man of pure heart and lofty purpose, desiring the acquisition of riches only for the power they give to effect good and generous objects. If he overestimated their power, and mistook the mode of pursuing them, it was because he had caught the disease that infected the atmosphere in which he lived; the disease to which all actively commercial countries are liable, as the physical atmosphere is to the visitation of influenza and measles.

Mr. Gretton and his son pursued their course up Broadway. The New-Year's day is an affecting anniversary, one of those eminences in human life from which we naturally look before and after; and, taking this survey, Mr. Gretton's heart overflowed with a quiet joy from the sense of security in the possession of God's best gifts. The course of his reflections was manifest in his conversation with his boy; he told him of his struggles with poverty in his youth—of his self-dependence—of the happiness of success resulting from courageous effort. His sentiments, his very words, from subsequent circumstances, were remembered, and probably were more effective on his son's after conduct than volumes of moral precepts given on ordinary occasions. The days were at their shortest, and they were delayed for a quarter of an hour by a friend who stopped Mr. Gretton to consult him on business. As they parted, "you had best turn back, Stanley, with Mr. Miller," said his father—"it's getting late, and every minute will seem an hour to your mother, while we are both gone. I shall be back in time for her tea—if I am not, tell her not to wait for me."

Thus they parted, the father walking rapidly off in one direction, the son running in the other with the light heart and feet of childhood, neither father nor son feeling the slightest premonition of what awaited them—not one of those obscure anxieties that, arising spontaneously from the sadness of human experience, are afterwards interpreted into the shadows of coming events.

"Is my sister asleep?" asked Stanley, bursting into his mother's room.

"No," replied his mother, smiling at the dignified designation of the little morsel of humanity in her arms, "but where is your father?"

"In Cherry-street, I suppose. It was Cherry-street, was not it, he said he was going to! It was so late he sent me back, and I was so afraid of finding the baby asleep that I have run all the way, so he'll not be here this long while—my father said you must not wait tea for him. Mother, how long will it be before my sister will sit up at the table with us? then we shall have one for each side of the table, and I can sit opposite to her where I can always look at her—oh, mother! mother! I can't tell you how happy I am! I have got a sister, is the first thought when I wake in the morning, and the last at night; to tell you the truth, mother, if it were not for you and father, I would rather we were poor than rich, for if we were poor I could work for her day and night, and teach her and serve her, but now if father gets his great fortune, I can do nothing for her."

"Never fear, my dear boy, love is the spirit's food, and, rich or poor, your love will be your sister's best treasure." Stanley continued to pour out his full heart, and for a while the mother was absorbed in her children, but after a little time she began to wonder her husband did not return. The servant came twice unbidden to ask if he should bring the tea things, and Mrs. Gretton, remembering it was his holiday evening, told him to arrange the tea-service, and go; and there it remained untouched. The fond brother sat down by the nurse, and unsuspicious of any possible danger to his father, he laid his head on her knee and fell asleep with his cheek touching the baby's: thence he was removed, in most happy unconsciousness of impending evil, to bed. The tea-kettle continued its wearisome song till the last coal in the chafing-dish died away. The nurse having secured her own tea, remonstrated against Mrs. Gretton deferring her's, repeating that aphorism so satisfactory to the unanxious, so vexing to the fearful, "there's no use in worrying, ma'am, nothing can have happened; I wish ma'am knew some folks' husbands; there's one of my ladies—I don't mention her name, for I make it a principle never to tell secrets of families where I nurse—but ma'am can guess; it an't far off; he's never home till after 12 o'clock; and there's Mrs. Upham—oh, that's a slip, I did not mean to mention her name—she never thinks of asking if her husband is at home or not; to be sure, it's a comfort to have a regular husband like Mr. Gretton, but then it makes one dreadful anxious, so it has its disadvantages." Nurse's buzzing, as may be supposed, had rather a tendency to increase Mrs. Gretton's restlessness, but never dreaming that possible, she continued: "Ma'am don't consider its New-Year's night, and the city is full of parties; Mr. Gretton has run into some friend's house, and time, as it were, runs away much faster with a husband abroad, than with a wife sick at home."

Even this equivocal comfort Mrs. Gretton would gladly have received, if she could, as the evening wore on, and hour after hour struck. Ten, eleven, twelve came, and the nurse insisted with professional authority on the poor lady composing her-

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self. The candles were extinguished, the night-lamp lighted, and the attendant laid herself down and realized Sancho's description of sleep; for sleep and the blanket covered her at the same moment. But there was no sweet approach of sleep to the alarmed wife as she lay listening to the signal sounds of the wasting night; the quick tread of people hastening to their homes; the roll of carriages returning from parties; the loud voices of festive rioters dying away in the distance. To these succeeded the awful eloquent silence that wraps the thronged city at the dead of night, interrupted only by the watchman's rattle suggesting the evil things that are prowling about the unconscious and defenceless.

Poor Mary Gretton! All the nerves in her body seemed resolved into the sense of hearing. Every three minutes she raised her head from the pillow, and laid it throbbing down. She drew her baby close to her bosom, and tried to calm herself with its soft breathings; the beating of its little heart seemed rather to excite her nerves, and again she laid it from her; and though she had not put her foot to the ground since her confinement, she rose from her bed, crept to the window, raised the sash, and thrusting her head out, gazed up and down the street as if her look could bring the desired object. But he came not, and she shrunk shivering back to bed, and finally, towards morning, she sunk to sleep, faintly hoping that possibly, for one moment, she had lost herself, and during that moment, that her husband had come in, and with his usual, but now most ill-timed considerateness, had gone noiselessly to his own apartment. She started with the first ray of light, and waking the nurse, begged her to go instantly and see if Mr. Gretton were in his room. He was not; there was no sign of him there; "but," the nurse added, after having given this dismaying intelligence, "I dare say, after all, Patrick turned the bolt of the street door when he came in last night. What a goose I was I did not think of that before." Mrs. Gretton said she had given him express orders not to touch it, but bade her go instantly and see. She did so, and returned, looking, herself, pale and frightened. We know not how, in our weakness, we lean even on the weakest reeds. The nurse's alarm now redoubled her mistress's. She sprang out of bed and rang the bell violently and repeatedly, while the nurse was exclaiming, "Gracious me, ma'am, are you crazy! You'll get your death of cold; you'll bring back your old complaints worse than ever. I never, never! Ma'am, I can't be answerable for the consequences." But not one word did Mary Gretton heed. "He does not hear," she cried; "call him!" "Patrick—no, Stanley. Stanley! Stanley! he'll go quicker. Oh, here is Patrick! Go, Patrick, for my brother —for Mr. Wilton Harvey; tell him my husband is —no, tell him to come to me—go, for God's sake, go!" The household were now all astir, and all thoroughly alarmed. Mrs. Gretton rushed into her boy's apartment, adjoining hers, and terrifying him almost out of his senses with the apparition of his mother, out of bed, wild and haggard, with her hair streaming over her shoulders, she communicated the cause of her distress. The boy, thus suddenly awakened, caught his mother's panic, and expressed his terror in cries and shrieks; but he soon recovered a most characteristic self-possession, that calmness which comes from inward power and devotion to others, and which sometimes manifests itself in early childhood. "Dear mother," he said, "don't be so frightened; nothing has happened; I hope father was kept out late, and went to my Uncle Wilton's to sleep. Dear mother, how you are shaking; get back into bed; thank you, mother, now you will lie quiet while I am gone." Thus entreating and soothing, he calmed her in some degree, and bidding the nurse do everything to warm and compose her, he was dressed and out of the house in half a minute. But warm or quiet she could not be made, and her brother found her out of bed, and walking the room like a maniac. Other friends came, and everything was said and done that the kindest zeal could suggest or execute. The most thorough search was instituted. A thousand conjectures were made, and the next hour proved them fallacious. Placards were issued, and advertisements sent to the evening papers. Mr. Gretton's clerks were examined, and his office-papers ransacked for some clue to the person to whom he had gone to do business. Stanley remembered he had spoken of Cherry-street, but no reference among his papers could be found to that street. The head-clerk recalled the ill-looking fellow who had so sturdily insisted on seeing Mr. Gretton, but he had never been seen at the office before or since; and there was no reason but his ill-omened visage for fixing suspicion on him. Mr. Gretton was not known to have an enemy, or a controversy with any one. Day passed after day, week after week, and month after month, and no tidings came of the good citizen, the devoted husband, the fond father, who went forth full of projects and hopes, well-earned honour, and well-founded assurance of a holiday afternoon in a well-ordered city to do some ordinary business. That he had suffered by violent hands none at the time doubted. Subsequently, when the speculation in which he had taken part utterly failed, when his whole fortune was wrecked in it, and the reputation of some of the parties concerned was implicated, it was suggested that Mr. Gretton had foreseen this, and not having courage to face the issue, he had voluntarily withdrawn from life. None who knew him well cast this shadow on his memory, but to few can a man be so intimately known as to defy suspicion. Mr. Gretton had mixed himself up with men of lax morality. These men had corruptly speculated on the covetousness and credulity of the public at a time of feverish pecuniary excitement, and a man who had adventured simply with the hope of doing good, and blessing others by the acquisition of money he did not want, had lost a competency earned by ho-

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nourable labour, had left an impoverished family, and a blemished memory. This, with slight variations, is the history of many honest, industrious, but most fatally deluded men, during the monetary fevers in our cities.

That "little family," on which the New Year had dawned so auspiciously, in whose very name young Stanley had taken such innocent delight, was broken up for ever; God's happiest temple on earth, a virtuous home, made most desolate. Whose was the crime, and where the criminal, was to remain a dreadful mystery! The exposure on that dreadfully anxious night, and the despair that followed, were too much for the susceptible frame of Mary Gretton. She languished a few weeks, and died. Stanley and the baby-sister, whose birth had been hailed with such love and promise, were adopted into the family of their mother's young brother, Wilton Harvey, a most kind and generous man, who had just happily begun his commercial career in the city.

We conclude this prefatory part of our story with the words of the wise man, sad in our application of them as they are wise: "He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house."

THE TALISMAN.

BY MRS FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

My darling child! beside my knee
She lingers, pleading low
For "just one more sweet fairy tale,
And then I'll let you go!"

"So listen, dear, and I will tell,
How once to man was given,
An instrument so heavenly sweet,
'Twas thought it *came* from Heaven.

"So daintily its strings were wrought,
So exquisitely fine,
A breath from Him, who made, could break
The talisman divine.

"So prompt too, with its eloquent tones,
This rare device they say,
That, without touch of human hands,
A wish could bid it play!

"In radiant Eden first 'twas heard,
Harmonious, mild, and clear;
And at the sound, each singing-bird,
Its warble hushed, to hear.

"From thence, with varying melody,
But never with a tone
So pure, so free, as then it had,
It passed from sire to son.

"And now, in murmurs soft and low
As rippling rills, it sang,
And now with wild, impassioned flow,
Its clarion-music rang!

"If Love or Pity tuned the string,
Or Memory asked its aid,
Sweet, pleading notes, the charmed thing,
In tender cadence played.

"If Anger touched the quivering chords,
With trembling hands of fire,
What demon-tones—what burning words
Resounded from the lyre!

"But oh! when soft Forgiveness came,
And o'er the discord sighed,—
How like an angel's lute of love,
That fairy lyre replied!

"A fearful power the gift possessed,
A power for good or ill;—
Each passion of the human breast
Could sweep the strings at will.

"And it could melt to softest tears,
Or madden into crime,
The hearts, that heard its thrilling strains,
Wild, plaintive, or sublime.

"The oath, within the murderer's heart,
Fair childhood's sinless prayer,
Hope's eager sigh, Affection's vow,
All found an echo there!

"What pity, that a gift so rich,
Attuned by love divine,
Was thus profaned, by impious man,
At Guilt's unhallowed shrine!"

Her eyes, in innocent wonder raised,
As gravely still I spoke,
The child into my face had gazed;
But now the pause she broke:—

"Oh! were it mine, that wondrous toy,
That but *a wish* could wake!
Mamma, 'twould be my pride, my joy,
Soft melody to make!

"The evil spirits, tempting youth,
Should ne'er approach my treasure,
I'd keep it pure for Love, for Truth,
For Pity, Hope, and Pleasure!

"And they should play so blest a strain
Upon th' enchanted lyre,
That Heaven would claim it back again,
To join its own sweet choir."

"Keep, keep, my child, that promise still,
'The wondrous toy' is thine!
E'en now thy spirit tuned it;—'tis
The human voice divine!

"Oh! ask of Heaven to teach thy tongue,
A true, a reverent tone,
Full oft attuned to praise and prayer,
And still to vice unknown!

"And rather be it mute for aye,
Than yield its music sweet,
To Malice, Scorn, Impurity,
To Slander, or Deceit!

"Degrade not *thou* the instrument,
That God has given to thee,
But, till its latest breath be spent,
Let Conscience keep the key!"

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THE BEAUX.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART I.

It was on the afternoon of a bright balmy day in early spring that Sabina Westmore, escorted by her brother Orvin, arrived at the house of her father's cousin, Mr. Denning, on a long promised visit to Philadelphia. This invitation having been recently and earnestly reiterated in several of Mr. Denning's last business letters to Mr. Westmore, who was proprietor of a large cotton manufactory in one of the eastern states; her parents had consented to her accepting it. Sabina, the only daughter among four sons, had been educated entirely at home, and it was a severe trial for her father and mother to part with her even for a short season. But she was now eighteen, (looking at least two years younger,) and they thought it time she should see a little more of the world; her knowledge of society having, as yet, been confined to a very select circle in her native place.

When the carriage that conveyed Orvin Westmore and his sister from the steam-boat wharf, stopped at the door of Mr. Denning's house, in a very genteel part of one of the cross-streets, they perceived at each of the parlour windows, a young lady evidently watching for their arrival; the time of which had been previously announced in a letter from Mr. Westmore to Mr. Denning. The moment the strangers alighted, these two young ladies (who were both rather handsome, and very fashionably drest) ran out to meet them in the vestibule, saluted them with great cordiality, and ushered them into the front parlour; introducing each other as Ellen and Rosa Denning.

"We dine at three"—said Ellen—"and then papa takes his nap, and goes back again to his store till evening. There never was a man so given up to business."

"We were hoping"—said Rosa—"that mamma would have got home in time to receive you, but she went out directly after breakfast, in search of a house for Mrs. Macflit, who moves every quarter; and 'tis a chance if she is at home to dinner. But we never wait for her."

"I hope your sister Anna is well"—said Orvin Westmore—"I recollect her as a little girl when I accompanied my father to Philadelphia, about the time I had attained my tenth year."

"Yes—she was then a *very* little girl"—replied Ellen—"The truth is, Anna was engaged yesterday: and, she has in consequence received so many calls to-day, that being very delicate, she is quite overcome with fatigue. So that, just before your arrival, she retired to her room, and desired to have her dinner sent up to her, that she may be fresh for evening."

Sabina did not exactly understand this speech, as was proved by her remarking to Ellen—"It must indeed have been very tiresome after being busily engaged a whole day, to be obliged to entertain a succession of visitors during the next."

The two sisters smiled—"Oh! you mistake entirely"—said Ellen—"Anna was not occupied with any particular employment yesterday—she never is—only she engaged herself to be married to Mr. Lankley, yesterday morning, as they were looking at a blue hyacinth in one of the back parlour windows."

"A daffodil you mean"—interrupted her sister.

"I believe, after all, it was a crocus"—continued Ellen—"However, by Anna's desire, Mr. Lankley staid till papa came home, to ask his consent. And pa' only took about ten minutes for consideration, as Mr. Lankley is quite a nice young man, with very pretty prospects. There was no time to consult mamma, as it is always uncertain whether she will be home before evening. She was out nearly all day yesterday, trying to bring about a reconciliation between the widow Huddleston and old Mr. Todgemore, who were to have been married next Thursday; and it was broken off, through the shameful interference of her sisters and his nieces. And when she came home, mamma was in high spirits with her success; and therefore she was very well pleased to hear of Anna's engagement. To be sure it is rather a sudden thing, as Mr. Lankley was introduced to Anna only about three weeks ago, at Mrs. Medley's squeeze. But love at first sight, you know——"

"Ellen, how you talk!"—interrupted her sister—"you forget that it is an old attachment. Cousin Sabina, they both went to Mr. Chassepied's dancing school when they were a little boy and girl; and they met every week at the children's cotillion parties. Once he was actually struck and knocked down on the ball-room floor by another little boy, to whom Anna (young coquette as she was) had previously engaged herself; and who was enraged when he went to lead her out to find her already standing up with Norbert Lankley, who had just asked her. The affair caused great talk through the ball-room, and gave occasion to certain predictions, which you see are now going to be realized. No doubt the intimacy would have continued; but that Norbert's family, shortly after, removed to the west."

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"When is the wedding to take place?"—asked Orvin Westmore.

"Oh! there is no time fixed"—replied both sisters.

There was then a consultation *sotto voce* between the Miss Dennings as to which of the two should conduct Sabina to her apartment, and which should stay down to entertain her brother; the latter office being the most desirable. In this instance, as in most others, the younger sister carried her point.

As soon as they had reached the chamber allotted to Sabina, who immediately proceeded to take off her bonnet and shawl, and arrange her hair, &c., Ellen Denning said to her—"You must have found it very dull, travelling so far with only your brother."

"My brother is not in the least dull"—replied Sabina.

"Oh! no—it is easy to see that. He looks as bright as possible; though, as yet, Rosa has given him no chance of saying a word, scarcely. Rosa is a most excellent girl, but has always been considered rather too voluble. She is not aware how much she injures herself by this desire of monopolizing all the conversation. Gentlemen do not like girls any the better for talking too much. Now there is Anna, who scarcely ever utters a word, you see she is engaged before either of us; though somewhat the youngest. Anna is very amiable; but she is considered by no means the smartest of the family. But the truth is, foolishness takes better with gentlemen, than sense. I often wish I was foolish. But, seriously, did it not seem rather flat to be escorted by your own brother? I think I should die if I had to travel with nobody but Nick Denning. I suppose you each were provided with books, and read all the way along."

"Neither of us read at all"—replied Sabina—"everything we saw was quite new to me; and Orvin and I are never at any loss for conversation."

"But I see no object in talking to one's brother," observed Ellen.

"We met with several gentlemen who were known to Orvin"—said Sabina—"and he introduced them to me."

"Who were they?"—asked Ellen eagerly—"Did they come on all the way to Philadelphia? Are they in town now, or are they merely passing through? I must go down and beg your brother to use no ceremony in inviting to our house any friends of his who may chance to be in the city. We shall be delighted to see them. Any of them at all."

"My brother"—replied Sabina—"being unwilling to trespass on the hospitality of your family, stopped as we came up, and engaged a room at the United States Hotel. His stay in Philadelphia will be very short, as he came merely to escort me."

"Oh! what a pity"—exclaimed Ellen—"but of course he will be with us most of his time. I must go down and talk to him about it.—When you have finished your toilet, you will find us in the front parlour."

Having departed, and gone half-way down stairs, Ellen Denning came back, and putting her head in at the door, said—

"Cousin Sabina, as it is most likely your brother as well as yourself, may have forgotten that Anna is the youngest of the three, it may be as well not to remind him of it; lest he should chance to mention it after his return home. One would not like to have it known, throughout New England, that the youngest Miss Denning is going to be married before either of her sisters. Such things do not tell well. And then there is a great deal in people being easily pleased, and taking the first offer they receive. Poor Anna—she is so very passive—I must say that Norbert Lankley (though he may be considered quite a good match) never would have suited *my* taste."

"As there is no time fixed for the marriage"—observed Sabina, with a smile—"perhaps you may yet steal a march upon your sister, and be a bride before her."

"There is many a true word spoken in jest"—remarked Ellen, looking very complaisantly on Sabina.—"To be sure when one is surrounded with beaux, and in a house that is so much resorted to by gentlemen, the chief difficulty, perhaps, is in making a selection. 'Tis amazing how some families take—and others never have the least success. There are our opposite neighbours the Drawlings, with their six daughters, and four nieces—variety enough, you will say. Still, do as they will, there is a lamentable dearth of beaux among them. They formerly gave large parties every season, and invited half the world. But the gentlemen never came till supper-time, and then slipped off as soon as they had done their oysters and terrapin: and never had the civility to make a call afterwards: and were seen no more at the house till next year's party. Then the poor Drawlings tried *soirées*, and opened their house and lighted up their parlours every Tuesday evening, for the reception of all their acquaintances that chose to come. But the guests dwindled away, fewer and fewer every time; till at length they had scarcely anybody to receive. The last *soirée* consisted of one boy."

The young ladies were now summoned to dinner. Mr. Denning had just come home, and was heartily glad to find that his young cousins had arrived. He was accompanied by his son Nicholas, commonly called Nick—a youth of sixteen, who had recently completed his education at a provincial academy, and was now in his father's store. Anna did not appear; adhering to her intention of dining in her own room. As Mr. Denning had long since found the necessity of having a hired house-keeper, the table and all other domestic arrangements were very superior to what they would have been if left to the rule, or rather the misrule of his wife or daughters: the young ladies being almost exclusively occupied with what they called the beaux; and their mother, with officiously attending to the business of her numerous acquaintances.

As usual, Mrs. Denning was not waited for.

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But towards the close of the repast she came in (looking much heated and tired), and sat down to table with her bonnet on; as she purposed going out again as soon as she had swallowed her dinner—she apologized to the Westmores for not having been at home to receive them; excusing herself on the plea that she had always so many things on hand that she scarcely knew how to turn herself or what to do first.

"Only think"—said she—addressing her daughters—"after I had found three houses for Mrs. Macflit, one up Vine-street, and one down Pine-street, and one in Chesnut—almost at Schuylkill, and after I had gone for her to Front-street, and taken her to see them all, not one of them would suit. And she said I dragged her about, and that she would get her son to inquire of a house agent, as she always had to do at last. Mrs. Macflit has an excellent heart. It is a pity she is always dissatisfied with everything. Then after I had got through Mrs. Macflit, I had to go to the cheap store up Fourth street above Callowhill, to buy some kitchen towels for Mrs. Puffin, who is so fat that she never walks: and her carriage is getting painted. She is afraid to trust her daughter to shop for her, as Mary Ann will never take the trouble to go to any of the cheap shops, because they are always in out-of-the-way places. And then I called at Mrs. Winceby's, and found that her two youngest children had been crying three days and three nights with the toothache. Her husband was away in New York, and neither the mother nor any of the aunts had nerve enough to take the poor things to the dentist's, or to send for him either; as they could not bear to know that tooth-drawing was going on in the house. So of course I volunteered to accompany the children to Mr. Tenderhand's. And after the girl was done (whose screams to be sure were heart-rending) we were near an hour trying to bribe the boy into the chair; but all in vain. He got under the table and held fast by its legs."

"Why was he not seized, and put into the chair by main force?"—inquired Mr. Denning.

"It was impossible"—replied his wife—"Both Mr. Tenderhand and myself tried our utmost. We did, to be sure, dislodge him from his stronghold under the table; but he kicked, and plunged, and struggled, and bit us so, that we were fain to give up. Mr. Tenderhand protested against having anything more to do with the boy. So to-morrow I have promised his mother to try it again, by taking him to the new German dentist, Dr. Ketchum Von Klinch, who forces out your teeth whether you will or no."

"Mamma"—observed Nick—"when I was a child, I was always sent off to the dentist's by myself, and told not to show my face at home till my tooth was out. *You* never went with me."

"That was because I never had time"—replied his mother—"I could scarcely spare a half hour to go with your sisters"—

"Mamma"—inquired Ellen—"wha[illegible] you hear about Anna's engagement. Of course it is all over town."

"Why to say the truth"—replied Mrs. Denning—"I had so much to think of that I almost forgot to mention it, as I ought to have done. But I believe, generally, that it does not seem to be much known."

"So we concluded this morning"—said Ellen—"we happened to have so many visitors that we thought at first it was in consequence of the report; but we find that none of them had heard of it till we told them."

"Papa"—inquired Nick—"did you mention it last evening at the Exchange, as the girls told you?"

"I don't know"—replied Mr. Denning—"I believe I did not. The news from Europe must have put it out of my head."

"Oh! pa—oh! pa"—exclaimed Ellen—"and did not you speak of it in at the store this morning?—or when you went to bank?"

"Not I, indeed"—replied the father—"I do not perceive in what way the engagement of a daughter of mine can interest the whole community. In *my* time these things were always kept quiet for awhile, and came out nobody knew how. And the young lady always at first denied her engagement, and blushed about it—and the young gentleman, when questioned, evaded giving a direct answer—and the families on both sides only hinted at the probability. Was it not so, my dear?"—addressing his wife.

"I believe it was"—replied Mrs. Denning—"But those were old-fashioned times—and you know we live in the age of improvement. Then we hesitated about acknowledging an engagement, lest something should occur to break it off. And now if that takes place, we just as coolly announce the breaking off."

"Yes"—said Mr. Denning—"with a view to it's being publicly understood that the girl is again in the market, and the gentleman again at liberty."

"Nay now, my dear—you are too severe"—observed Mrs. Denning.

"Well"—said her husband—"you must not depend on me for spreading the intelligence of Anna's engagement to Norbert Lankley."

"Nor on me neither"—said Nick.

"I have heard of a practice that formerly prevailed in Holland"—pursued Mr. Denning—"that I think might very conveniently be adopted in our own country, while the present fashion lasts of giving immediate publicity to betrothments. This excellent Dutch custom was that of putting a board out at the front door, the morning after a matrimonial engagement had taken place in the house."

"Only give *me* the pattern"—said Nick—"and I will prepare a board myself for the purpose. We have plenty of old packing-boxes at the store; and I will have it out early to-morrow morning, by the time the news-carriers go round, and before the New York passengers start."

"The gentlemen *will* have their jokes"—said Mrs. Denning to Sabina, who sat near her.

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"Papa is a privileged person"—murmured Ellen—"But Nick is not a gentleman."

Rosa Denning, for her part, had been exclusively occupied all dinner-time with Orvin Westmore, with whom she kept up an unremitting dialogue. She had managed to get seated next to him, and she devoted herself entirely to the handsome young stranger; officiously anticipating all his possible wants at table, listening with wrapt attention, and smiling graciously at everything he said; and looking up with gratified delight because he helped her to a potatoe. Orvin Westmore was much amused, and according to the practice of most young gentlemen, he trifled with her to her heart's content. Sabina, who seemed to find herself in a new world, thought she had never heard her brother talk so much nonsense. But she soon perceived that he was taking the Miss Dennings on their own ground, and she relied on his having too much tact not to know when to cease. She wondered if it would be expedient for her to humour their follies as he was doing.

After dinner, Westmore departed to his hotel; with pressing injunctions to return in the evening and bring his travelling companions with him, or any friends he chose.

Mrs. Denning, having dined in her bonnet, went out immediately on finishing her dinner to go in quest of a new seamstress to undertake some linen for Mrs. De Jerk's husband; his six last having been unable to make the collars fit. Mr. Denning took his nap, and Nick read at his novel, and then they returned to their store. Sabina asked for a book, having ascertained that the Miss Dennings were going to their beds ("their custom always of an afternoon") to render themselves, as they said, bright and fresh for evening.

"Is it possible"—said Ellen—"that you are literary?"

"By no means"—replied Sabina—"I am only very fond of reading."

"How very queer"— exclaimed both girls.

"Ours"—said Ellen—"is by no means a bookish family. To be sure Nick reads the sailor novels: and papa seems to have a strange fancy for the Pickwick and Oliver Twist and Nicholas Nickleby. Books with such names cannot be genteel. As for poor mamma, she never has time to read; and we girls always have something of more consequence to think of. Anna tried reading for a little while, supposing it would be less fatiguing to her than walking in Chesnut-street; and there *were* some books procured for her, all of them recommended by Miss Chusewell; but the dear girl never could keep awake over any of them. None of the gentlemen that visit here are at all literary, except Mr. Jackaway Jempson, who writes poetry and reviews for the papers, and is anything but a good match. So we have put away all Anna's books; and she will care for them less than ever, now she is engaged. I believe they are on the upper shelf in the upper store-room. Come with me, and select any one you like. But let me caution you not to give yourself out as a reader. Reading girls never take."

"What is taking?" inquired Sabina.

"Now don't be so very innocent," answered Ellen Denning. "To *take* signifies to have beaux."

"What is having beaux"—asked Sabina. "Are beaux lovers?"

"Pho! nonsense"—replied Ellen—"I see you are something of a quiz—Beaux are not positively lovers; but persons that may some time or other become so—Men that one goes about with—Men that come to the house—The more beaux you have the better your chance."

"Chance of what!"

"Fiddlestick!—you know very well what I mean—Chance of marrying to advantage to be sure—"

"But should the pursuit of marriage be the chief business of a young lady's life?"—inquired Sabina, in a more serious tone.

"If she remains single, it is pretty good evidence that she is not attractive"—replied Ellen.

"Were that an infallible test"—observed Sabina—"we should find among married women none but the best specimens of our sex; and among single women none but the worst—Even in my little experience of society, I have known wives (and the wives too of sensible men) that certainly possessed no charms either of mind or person. And I have also known females that in the autumn of life remained still unmarried, in whom notwithstanding, were united the best qualities of head and heart, and who retained the traces of beauty such as in youth must have been eminently striking. Is it impossible that a woman should continue unmarried from her own preference of a single life, from losing the lover to whom she had once been affianced: or from not having excited a corresponding sentiment in the heart of the only man to whom she could have ventured to entrust her happiness?"

"Dear me!—how you talk"—said Ellen—"This comes of your books—I see you are already cut out for an old maid."

"I would rather be cut out for an old maid than for an unhappy wife"—replied Sabina.—"From much that I have heard, I believe that women sometimes accept the first offer they receive, for no better reason than the fear that it may be the last; or perhaps the only one: and wilfully consent to pass their lives with a man whom they can neither love nor esteem, rather than retain their maiden name."

"Well, I hope I shall not retain mine all my life"—said the unimpressible Ellen—"Only think how disgraceful for the newspapers to announce the 'decease of Miss Ellen Denning at an advanced age:' and to have one's maiden name on one's tomb-stone."

Sabina saw that there would be no profit in continuing the argument; and standing on a chair to reach the shelf, she began to examine the books. The [illegible]n was good, but she found none that

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were new to her. However, she carried to her room Miss Jane Austen's very entertaining novel of Pride and Prejudice; and, as is the case with all really excellent works, she found it improve on a second reading.

At tea, the whole family were assembled; Mrs. Denning having hurried home on finding it lamplight; and, after a walk nearly to Kensington, in quest of a certain well-recommended seamstress named Maria Matilda Thimbledon, discovering her to be one of the identical six that had made unsatisfactory collars for Mr. De Jerk.

The Miss Dennings appeared at the tea-table dressed for the evening, as if adorned for company. She of the recent engagement also took her seat among them. Miss Anna was a dull heavy-looking girl, who seemed to have grown pale and spiritless for want of exercise both of mind and body. Her features were small and babyish; her complexion rather white than fair; her eyes large, blue, and sleepy; and her hair so light as to remind Sabina of Burns's "Lassie with the lint-white locks." She had a low drawling voice, and a manner that passed for amiable. Sweetness was her theory—foolishness her practice. Her sisters were taller, had better figures, more colour and more animation. Each in her own opinion was a beauty; and their perfect self-satisfaction prevented them from perceiving that Sabina Westmore was far handsomer than either. Because they were somewhat of blondes, they could not imagine the possibility of a brunette being, by any chance, regarded as a belle. Beside which, Miss Westmore was guilty of a taste for books, and the Miss Dennings were well aware that all their present beaux protested against what they called blue-stockings.

After tea, Nick retired to his room, with the last of Captain Marryatt's. Mr. Denning went first to the Exchange, and afterwards to an arbitration; having previously taken his wife to sit a few hours with a sick friend, who, during the day always had too many visitors, and who in the evening would have been very glad to rest in peace.

Between seven and eight o'clock, the beaux began to come; and at every ring at the door, the eyes of the young ladies grew brighter and brighter still; and they stopped talking to bite their lips into fresher redness; and to place themselves in yet more graceful attitudes. Beau the first was the engaged one, Mr. Norbert Lankley, a very tall, very thin, very fair looking young man, with little twinkling eyes, and eye-brows arched up to a point. His bride elect contrived to put some expression into her sleepy orbs, at the sight of him, and held out her hand engagedly. He told her, in a very complimentary manner, that the length of his visit to her that morning, had cost him five hundred and twenty-six dollars; and he smilingly added that he feared he should find her a dear bargain. She informed him that she should be affronted if he said so. He then by way of pacification asked her if she did not know that she was dear to him. He was proceeding to play upon the word *dear*, (Mr. Lankley being a professed wit,) when finding that the equivoque was very puzzling to the misty comprehension of his lady-love, he explained that in consequence of the loss of time consumed in making her a morning visit, he had missed a valuable customer from the far west, who, after waiting for him awhile, had gone and suited himself at the next store. The young lady's reply was merely—"I suppose when people are engaged, they always forget what o'clock it is." They then retreated to the back parlour, where on a *chaise-longue* in the farthest recess, they held a whispering conversation, about nothing particular, and which might as well have been proclaimed from the house-top.

The beaux were all of similar stamp as to looks and manners; and all dressed in the extreme of the fashion, which made the Miss Dennings consider them as fashionable young men. The style of their hair and whiskers was a caution, as our friends in the west would say. As they came in, the visitors were all appropriated by one or the other of the two disengaged Miss Dennings; and great was the talk, and great the laughing. Observing at length, that Sabina was sitting alone on an ottoman, Ellen Denning led up to her a young man whom she introduced as Mr. Jackaway Jempson; and our heroine immediately recollected the name of the poet and reviewer that was a very bad match.

(To be continued.)

IT IS THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

BY EPES SARGENT.

It is the twilight hour,
Leonore!
Along the western sky,
The clouds of sunset lie,
And I hear the pine-grove sigh,
Leonore!

The purple eve is come,
Leonore!
The last blush of the day
From the lake has fled away,
And the mountain-tops are gray,
Leonore!

Oh! leave thy household task,
Leonore!
Come where the woodbine twines
Its odour-breathing vines;
The star of evening shines,
Leonore!

The song-birds all are mute,
Leonore!
But dearer far to me,
Than note of bird can be,
Is a song of love from thee,
Leonore!

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THE BROTHER'S RECORD.

BY J. M'LELLAN, JR.

The writer of the following lines, two years since, while turning over the leaves of the Travellers' Register, kept at the Hospice on the summit of Mont Rhigi, in Switzerland, therein found recorded, under date of August 16, 1832, the name of a younger brother, who deceased within a few months of his return to his native land. The incident suggested these verses.

Upon the torn and blotted sheet,
Thy well known autograph I meet!
Full long, dear brother, hath the mould
Been heaped upon thy ashes cold,
And the pale death-shroud's ghastly fold
Been round thee spread;
And that beloved name is found
Upon its tablet, o'er a mound
In lone Mount Auburn's sacred ground,
Among the dead!

There in the lonesome woodland glade,
Beneath the spreading hemlock's shade,
'Mid whisperings by the white pine made,
Thou tak'st thy rest.
To that green bourne thy steps did tend,
There were thy wanderings all to end,
Sleeping with kindred and with friend.
On Earth's soft breast.
Hard by that old scholastic seat,
Within whose reverend retreat,
Learning's clear fount, both deep and sweet,
Thou loved'st to taste;
Patient to trim her sacred light,
Far in the watches of the night,
Fearing to lose Time's rapid flight
In idle waste!

Here on the Rhigi's lofty brow,
Thou trod'st the cliff that I tread now,
Like pilgrim on a sacred vow
To some far shrine;
Rejoicing o'er each rich-spread feast,
A youthful and delighted guest,
On these old empires of the east,
By Rhone and Rhine:
Crossing these mountains of renown,
And lingering by hut and town,
Which warlike sword, and priestly gown,
Have famous made:
Treading each grim baronial hall,
On whose decayed and 'scutcheoned wall
Old banners drooping like a pall,
Make sad parade!
Tracking the flowery plains of France,
Where forth of yore brave steeds did prance,
And the high flourished spear and lance,
And sword and shield,
Oft glittered, as the crimson day
Shone on the stern Crusader's way,
Lighting the iron clad array
To battle field.

From this majestic rugged cliff,
Thine eye beheld the Switzer's skiff
In bright Lucerne below;
Smiled then that mirrored lake the same
As now, in its rock-girdling frame,
Touched by the morning's ruddy flame,
With a soft glow!
Thine eye did view yon blooming plain,
Green with the waving summer grain,
And yonder snowy mountain chain,
The Bernese range!
The Jungfrau's icy gleaming peak,
The Eigher with his forehead bleak,
The Aarhon where the thunders speak
In mutterings strange!
The Rossberg with its ravines brown,
From which the avalanche swept down
On Goldau's street!
Piletus with dark storms o'erspread,
Dark Jura, lonely, dim and dread,
And many an Alpine mountain head
Thine eye did meet,
And gazing on each glorious scene,
Thy heart so tranquil and serene,
With joy did beat.

Health, hope and peace in prospect bright
Arose, all lovely on thy sight;
Painting the future with delight,
In hues of morn:
No sombre lines of heavy gloom,
No whisperings of an early tomb,
No warning of approaching doom
To thee were borne.
Enchanted thou did'st there peruse
God's works inscribed in fairest hues,
Thrilled with His glory and His power,
Seen in a world as in a flower,
Seen in wild tempest and in shower,
From pole to pole!
Thou did'st bow meekly and adore,
Happy upon thy native shore,
To yield to Him for evermore
Thy future years.
Happy the preacher's toils to share,
Happy in teaching, and in prayer,
To melt each hardened spirit there
In sacred tears.
But ah! thy longings were in vain!
For ere the shocks of autumn grain
Were ripened on thy native plain,
Thy earthly journeyings were o'er,
And thou no more!

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THE TWO BRIDALS; OR, THE LOVERS' WALK.

A LEGEND OF CRAVEN.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY

In the West Riding of Yorkshire, in the neighbourhood of the Craven Hills, is a noble mansion and domain, to which the "pride which apes humility" of the original possessors has given the somewhat lowly appellation of Arnolds-biggin. The house is constructed in the cumbrous style of architecture, prevalent in the sixteenth century, and its peaked roof, clustered chimneys, and heavy casements, still remain in all their original quaintness; while the deep moat, supplied with water from a neighbouring river, still washes three sides of the half-castellated building. During the civil wars, this mansion became one of the strongholds of the Parliamentary forces, and its ancient defences were often put in requisition by the Roundhead partisans. But the chief interest which now attaches to Arnolds-biggin is connected with a tradition of gentler passions. On the borders of the domain, and forming a partial boundary between it and the adjoining grounds of Mearley Park, is still to be seen a curious avenue, some two hundred feet in length. The branches of the trees have been so interlaced as to form an impervious covering resembling an arched roof, while thick walls of privet which seem to be the growth of centuries present an impenetrable barrier on either side. The entrance is so arranged that only by a winding path which compels the visitor to return several times upon his own steps, can it be explored; and nature appears to have fulfilled the design of the original projector by the luxuriant growth of this singular greenwood bower. It is known in the neighbourhood by the name of "The Lovers' Walk," and the tale connected with it, like all those which owe their preservation to tradition, is one of melancholy interest.

Arnold of Arnolds-biggin was a man of strong passions and unbending prejudices. His nearest neighbour, Sir Charles Nowell, of Mearley Park, had been from infancy until the period of the civil wars, his nearest and dearest friend. They had been playmates in childhood, classmates in college, companions in early manhood, and, as both married at nearly the same time, they had retired to their respective estates, hoping that a similarity of tastes and habits, during the remainder of their lives, would cement their long-continued friendship. But the sentiment which had survived the variable season of youth was destined to perish in the troubled atmosphere of political discord. The civil war severed alike the ties of kindred and the bonds of affection, and when the difficulties between King Charles and his parliament broke out into open hostilities, Mr. Arnold took part with the latter, while his friend arrayed himself on the side of loyalty. It happened, on several occasions, that the friends met in the opposing ranks of the two armies, and, more than once, the hands which had so often been clasped in kindness, wielded the weapons of mutual destruction. But Sir Charles could not forget the past, and he shrunk from a personal contest with his early companion, while Arnold, losing all remembrance of former affection in the bitterness of party spirit, seemed to take pleasure in confronting, and even in seeking the life of his adversary. Indeed, he proved the truth of the maxim that "there is no enemy so much to be dreaded as an estranged friend," for, when the success of the parliament had placed Cromwell at the head of the government, a large portion of the confiscated estate of Sir Charles Nowell became the reward of Mr. Arnold's services to the dominant party, while the original owner escaped with difficulty into France. But as the Usurpation had impoverished Sir Charles for the benefit of his former friend, so the Restoration reversed the order of things; and not only did Mearley revert to its former owner, but also, some of the finest crofts on the Arnold estate were obliged to be sold to pay the heavy fine by which alone the Roundhead partisan purchased indemnity for past offences.

From that period, Mr. Arnold, disgusted and mortified, remained in strict seclusion at Arnolds-biggin, indulging those moody and discontented feelings which the change in his circumstances might be supposed to excite. Stern, cold, and vindictive, he cherished the most implacable hatred against Sir Charles Nowell, and even prohibited any of the domestics from entering that part of the grounds which bordered on Mearley Park, lest they should encounter some member of the detested family. Sir Charles, actuated by very different impulses, vainly endeavoured to soften his obduracy by acts of neighbourly kindness, until the fierce anger of his former friend compelled him to desist from all further attempts. The wide difference which now existed between their fortunes, probably tended to increase the bitterness of feeling with which Mr. Arnold regarded him. Basking in the smiles of court favour, Sir Charles rapidly acquired wealth and honour, while a numerous family of stately sons and fair daughters filled his home with happiness. Arnold, on the contrary, had been impoverished by both parties, for his landed estate had been mortgaged to aid the necessities of the parliament, while the large fine levied

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upon him by the court had seriously impaired the value of his property. Domestic misfortunes were also added to pecuniary difficulties. Of all his children none survived their infancy except the youngest daughter, and when the death of his wife—the only being whom he still seemed to love—broke the single tie which connected him with the world, he gave himself up to gloom and misanthropy. On his daughter he seemed to bestow no affection. The sons, who could have perpetuated the name, and perhaps retrieved the fortunes of the family, had gone down to an early grave, and he took little heed of the feeble girl whose existence had cost him the life of her mother.

Left entirely to the guidance of servants, Alice Arnold had grown up in ignorance of much which should be early instilled in the minds of youth. Her impulses were pure and good, but the truthfulness of her character had suffered from the want of early moral culture. Timid even to a fault, reserved and cautious beyond her years, she had learned to conceal every feeling from the stern eye of her father, and while she had little affection for him, the fear of his anger was sufficiently powerful to destroy all the simplicity and frankness of youth. All meekness and respect in her deportment towards him, she yet shrunk from his presence with dislike, and the dissimulation which enabled her to hide such a feeling from his view, became only too habitual. His prohibition of any pleasure was sufficient to make her wilful spirit determine on its enjoyment, and hence it was that her favourite and daily walk in childhood was ever to the borders of the forbidden domain of Mearley.

As Alice approached the years of womanhood, she became keenly sensible of the irksomeness of her secluded life. She pined for companionship, and felt that weariness of heart which can alone find repose in sympathy and affection. It was at this juncture that an incidental meeting with the son of her father's hated neighbour, gave a colouring to her whole future life. Charles Nowell, the youngest of his father's family, had just returned from France, where he had remained several years for the completion of his education, and it happened, that during one of Alice Arnold's clandestine visits to the pleached walk which bordered Mearley Park, he had listened to the snatches of old songs which she warbled with exquisite sweetness. Curiosity led him to behold the maiden whose voice possessed such magic tones, and the delicate beauty upon which he gazed unseen, completed the conquest of the ardent youth. He sought an opportunity of addressing her, and soon found that she took no part in her father's inveterate hostility. Indeed, his presence seemed to cast a ray of sudden sunshine on the path of the lonely girl; she yielded to the pleasure which it afforded her, without the slightest regard to her parent's wishes, and she did not hesitate to enter into a secret correspondence with the handsome young student, even before the plea of affection could be offered in excuse of her folly. Both were young, warm-hearted, and affectionate, and who can doubt the result of these frequent meetings in the greenwood bower—meetings made still more dangerous by the consciousness that they were prohibited—would be a first and passionate love?

But Charles Nowell was too highminded to dissemble any thing with his father. He had no fears of his displeasure, for he well knew that even deserved rebuke fell gently from the lips of paternal love, and he therefore determined frankly to confide in him, and obtain his consent and assistance. Sir Charles listened to the tale with deep interest, but not with joy. He had little hope of seeing his son prosper in his suit, for none knew better than himself the obdurate and vindictive feeling which lurked in the breast of Mr. Arnold. Yet willing to do all in his power for their happiness, and despising the idea of secrecy, he determined to seek an interview with his former friend, trusting that a personal appeal would not be disregarded. Accordingly, Sir Charles took his unwonted way to Arnolds-biggin, and was immediately admitted to the presence of its master. Years had passed since the estranged friends had thus stood face to face, and strange was the contrast now between those who had set out in life together. The broad open forehead, the ruddy cheek, the placid countenance of Sir Charles Nowell, told of a heart at peace with itself and with all mankind, and he could not but look sorrowfully upon the furrowed brow, the sallow visage, and the hollow eye of the man of evil fortunes and malignant passions. With a calmness, utterly at variance with his flashing glance and bent brow, Mr. Arnold demanded the cause of this unusual visit. He listened, in perfect silence, to the tale which Sir Charles came to tell, but when it was finished, and he raised his head, the blood upon his writhing lip showed by how severe a physical effort he had repressed the fierce word and the vindictive reply. Ringing a silver bell which stood on his table he desired a servant to request the presence of his daughter. At the sight of the strange guest, Alice started and grew deadly pale, while her father, fixing his stern eyes on her face, questioned her of the truth of the communication he had just received. Deceived by his forced calmness, and emboldened by the presence of Sir Charles, Alice timidly acknowledged her meeting with the youth, and if she did not confess, she at least did not deny, her affection for him. The brow of the stern old man became black as night as he listened to her reply. Starting from his seat, in an excess of ungovernable rage, he inflicted a blow upon the trembling girl which felled her to the floor, then thrusting Sir Charles rudely aside, as he sprang towards her,—"Begone, sir," he exclaimed, "begone—lest I forget the sacred character of guest, and summon my menials to drive you from my door. Begone, and take with you my answer;—Rather would I consign that feeble and foolish girl to the keeping of death, than give her

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to one of your hated race; you have seen me punish her disobedience with a blow, and remember, that were she to carry that disobedience one step farther—were she to wed without my will, the grave should be her bridal bed. Go—if we ever meet again, it must be as we met at Naseby—with swords in our hands, and a turf winding-sheet beneath our feet."

The good nature of Sir Charles was not proof against such insult, and though he mastered the impulse that led him to lay his hand upon his sword, yet all his pity for the senseless maiden could not prevent him from vowing that no son of his should wed the child of that vindictive enemy. He bore the tidings to the youthful lover, only concealing from him the personal ill treatment which Alice had suffered from the hands of her father, lest a sense of her sufferings should exasperate him into attempting to rescue her from his power, and he bade him resign all further thoughts of a union which would now suit Sir Charles as little as it did Mr. Arnold.

But

"He who would stay a stream with sand
Or fetter fire with flaxen band,
Has still a harder task to prove,
By strong resolve to conquer love."

Charles Nowell felt himself totally unequal to the task which his father had imposed on him. The image of Alice with her fair face and soft eyes was ever before him, and the thought of her timid and sensitive spirit shrinking before a parent's stern displeasure filled him with agony. In vain he sought access to the sorrowing maiden. Condemned to the seclusion of her own apartment, carefully guarded from all those who were supposed to be her especial friends, and watched by the keen eyes of her obdurate father, as he supposed, there was little hope of comforting her anguished heart by his sympathy and affection. He little knew that Alice was stretched upon a bed of suffering with death watching at her pillow. He little knew that she had been brought to the very portals of the tomb by the cruel blow which fell from her father's hand. It may be that the old man felt some of the "late remorse of love" as he gazed on the pallid features of his only child, and remembered that if the grave closed over her in her young beauty, her blood would rest upon his head. It may be that a feeling of long-forgotten tenderness awoke within his bosom as he thought of her who had given her life to purchase this gentle child whom he had so neglected and misprized. Certain it is that, when her disease was driven back, and the faint hue of returning health tinged her thin cheek, he seemed to have forgotten, or, at least, forgiven her offence. He uttered no reproaches for the past, he exacted no promises for the future, he treated her with unwonted kindness, but—*he did not cease to watch her every movement.*

From the moment when Alice awakened from the deep swoon into which she had fallen at her father's feet, a sense of deep and inexpiable injury took possession of her mind. Her former dread was converted into something resembling hatred, and she shuddered at his look and voice as if there were a serpent's sting in both. It was long before she regained health and strength enough to breathe once more the fresh air, and wander amid the old oak coppices which were the pride of Arnolds-biggin. She had no doubt in the faith of her lover, but she feared lest he should have been removed from Mearley, and she sought out some device by which to convey to him a token of her affectionate fidelity. Chance favoured her wishes, and in despite of her father's watchfulness, a letter breathing the very soul of tenderness was exchanged between them. Her plan now was fixed; she determined to affect returning cheerfulness, and, if possible, to deceive her father into the belief that she had relinquished all hope and even all desire of again beholding her lover. Occupying herself with her birds and flowers, she seemed once more the quiet thoughtful maiden, such as she had been wont to appear to her father's sight. The old man was as unsuspecting as he was obdurate. He knew nothing of the strength of the gentler passions, and he felt no surprise that love should seem but as a transient dream to his gentle daughter. He fancied that his fearful anger had wrought its proper effect upon her mind, and being accustomed to behold his tyrannical will continually obeyed, it did not appear to him at all strange that Alice should have subdued a girlish inclination when he had forbidden its indulgence. Thrown quite off his guard, he relaxed his vigilant watch, and when he learned that Charles Nowell had been seen on the road to London, many miles distant from his home, he permitted her to wander alone and unmolested whither her fancy led. This was all the young lovers had desired. Again they met in the "Lovers' Walk,"—again they exchanged vows of mutual tenderness, and when Alice related the tale of past cruelty and suffering, the warm-hearted Charles instantly proposed a clandestine marriage as the only means of rescuing her from the tyranny of a parent. Alice had few scruples to overcome in acceding to her lover's wishes. She knew little and cared less for the laws of maidenly decorum, and she had no sense of duty to restrain her from such an act of disobedience. She forgot the evils to which such an union must expose her lover, and with her father's curse yet ringing in her ears, and a father's anger as her only marriage gift, she consented to become his bride.

It was just at the sunset of a lovely day in autumn that Alice stole quietly from her apartment. Attired in a simple robe of snowy white, her bright locks bound with a silken fillet, she looked like some "fairy creature of the elements," so fair, so pale, so delicate was her appearance. Every thing was clothed in the golden hues of that gorgeous hour, and the very leaves which fell rustling from the changing trees flashed like gems in the

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rich light of sunset. Alice involuntarily paused as she reached the entrance of the "Lovers' Walk." All without was full of cheerful light, while within, beneath that over-arching canopy of faded foliage, reigned a dim and sombre twilight; for even at midday the sunbeams scarcely struggled through the closely twined branches; and now, the slant rays which gilded the woods and hills, flung no radiance into the secluded path. The melancholy shadow into which she was entering seemed almost like an omen of future ill, and it was not until her lover's dark eyes "made sunshine in the midst of shade," that she could feel sufficiently reassured to proceed. A priest from a distant parish had been procured, and there, without the presence of one supporting friend—with the greenwood bough above them, instead of the vaulted dome—kneeling on the grassy turf instead of the silken hassock, in the face of Heaven and not before the holy altar, were the marriage vows pronounced. But the ring, the symbol of eternal union, had been forgotten, and one which Alice had long worn as her only ornament, was substituted in its stead. The bride shuddered as the hand of her lover placed it on her finger for such a purpose. It was her mother's mourning ring, and the emblems of mortality enamelled upon its golden circle were ill suited to a bridal. Hurriedly was the solemn ceremony concluded; for the safety of all parties rendered immediate separation necessary. With a fervent embrace, a passionate kiss of mingled rapture and pain, the youthful bridegroom parted from her whom he scarce dared believe to be his own for ever. "To-morrow, sweet love," he whispered, "to-morrow at this same hour we meet again, then shalt thou bid adieu for ever to the home of thy early and thy saddest years."

They parted. With the breath of the marriage vow yet warm upon their lips, and the kiss of wedded love yet thrilling in the hearts of both, they *parted;*—and, *they never met again!*

In company with the priest, Charles Nowell pursued the road which led to the town of ———, on the outskirts of which they separated, and the bridegroom retraced his steps towards Mearley Park. But his way led along a little footbridge which crossed the river Aire; the night was dark, and a tempest which had arisen as night closed in, had swollen the waters of the usually quiet stream. When morning broke, the body of the unfortunate youth was found floating, stark and stiff, on the turbid river. The burial followed fearfully close upon the bridal, and Alice was the wife and the widow of a single hour!

* * * * *

Five years had passed away since the fatal hour which made Alice Arnold a widowed bride. Five years of seclusion and sorrow and concealment, for amid all her woe she had carefully hidden within her own breast the secret of her clandestine marriage. The priest had died in his distant parish soon after the young bridegroom had fallen a victim to his evil destiny, and Alice believed that there existed not one human witness of that long past scene in the "Lovers' Walk." Time had brought its solace to her changeful feelings. The remembrance of her early love had become to her but as a painful dream, for Alice had bestowed her affections upon another, and was *again a bride.* But not now in the loneliness of the twilight hour, and in the dim aisles of the greenwood path did she pledge her faith and troth. The old walls of Arnolds-biggin rung with the sounds of feasting, and the light of many a taper illumined the gloomy apartments in which were met the friends of the Arnold family, and those of him to whom Alice had given her hand—the son of Cromwell's dearest friend—John Lambert of Calton Hall. The formal puritanism of the Old Roundhead party had given way before the torrent of gaiety and licentiousness which swept over the land, and in the swashing gallants and painted dames who graced the nuptials, few traces of the straitlaced propriety of former times could be found.

It was a gay bridal, in despite of the stern and now imbecile old man who stalked among the company like a personification of time or mortality, marring the mirth of all among whom he paused. It was a gay bridal in despite of the changing cheek and troubled glances of the bride. It was a gay bridal, and music lent its charms to enliven the hearts of all, yet in the midst of it, a sound like the rustle of the evening breeze amid the dried leaves of autumn—the sound which had mingled with the voice of the priest and the responses of the betrothed in the Lovers' Walk—ever came upon the ear of the bride, and the accents of mirth seemed to her troubled fancy blended with a whisper of death. Was it an echo of the past or a presentiment of the future which thus thrilled her soul with dread? Why did she feel as she looked upon her unsullied robes of virgin white, that the funeral pall would ere long be spread before the wedding guests? The consciousness of wrong had made her a prophetess. She had deceived the trust of a faithful and loving heart, and she felt that the sin of thus appearing before God to take the vows of fidelity to one whom her silence had already deceived, would not go unpunished. The shadow of coming ill was indeed upon her path, and it seemed to be her destiny ever to find the cypress bough twined with a nuptial wreath. Ere the morning light dawned upon the gay assemblage, the aged father of the bride—the imbecile old man who had long seemed rather to belong to the world of spirits than to the beings of this world—had yielded up the breath which was all that remained to him of life, and Alice arose from the bridal bed to look upon her father's bier.

Yet slight had this grief been to one who felt little of a daughter's love, had it not been for the consequences which resulted from it. Mr. Arnold's sudden death rendered an immediate examination of his effects and papers necessary. This duty devolved upon Alice and her husband, and faithfully was it performed. One morning they

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sat together, lovingly and cheerfully, in the library at Arnolds-biggin, engaged in overlooking the contents of a worm-eaten cabinet which for many years had occupied a nook in the old hall. Old deeds, letters, whose faded characters were no longer legible, memoranda of military orders, and old account books were laughingly tossed aside by the gay searchers, until at length an unseen spring, accidentally touched, revealed a secret drawer. One single paper, whose snow-white hue contrasted strongly with the time-stained colour of those on the table before them, lay within the drawer. Both Alice and her husband, in their gaiety of spirit grasped the paper at the same instant—the eyes of both fell simultaneously upon the fatal contents—and the next moment the wretched Alice lay senseless on the floor. It was the certificate of marriage between Charles Nowell and Alice Arnold! How came it there? If such a paper existed it ought to have been found on the person of the bridegroom when drawn from the cruel waters. It was mystery all—a deep and as it seemed guilty mystery. One thing alone seemed clear. *He who had so long possessed the only testimony of the secret marriage must have known but too much of the untimely fate which doomed the newly wedded husband to a watery grave!*

Alice recovered from her long and death-like swoon, but it was only to learn that she was henceforth to be distrusted, and contemned by him whom she really loved. "I could have forgiven your early indiscretion, Alice," said the husband, mournfully, "I could have forgiven your clandestine marriage, and loved you not the less; but I cannot forget the false-heartedness which led you to conceal the error of your youth by the dissimulation of your later years. No, rather would I take to my arms the foul and spotted leper than her whose falsehood has tainted for ever the honour of womanhood. Henceforth we must be as strangers to each other." He kept his word. Alice lived beneath his roof, but entirely estranged from sight and speech of her husband, who, withdrawing from all the active pursuits of life, devoted himself to the study of painting, and that he might have no temptation to indulge in idle conversation he employed a deaf mute to grind his colours, admitting no one else into his apartment. His eccentric habits won for his neglected wife the pity of many, while to none did he ever reveal the true cause of his estrangement. Alice dragged on a miserable existence in "helpless, hopeless brokenness of heart," and it was not until her bright locks were braided with many a silver thread that she was relieved from the weary burden of existence.

NOTE.—The incidents upon which the foregoing tale is founded are to be found in Whittaker's History of the Deanery of Craven, but the curious reader would perhaps be puzzled to recognize the original legend in its present form.

Brooklyn, L. I.

THE ARTEMISIA.

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

'TWAS late in Autumn—every trace of Summer,
Had faded from the landscape long ago!
The half-froze streamlet, moved with slow, sad murmur—
The withered leaves were flying to and fro
Before the dreary, shrill, unpitying blast,
And all the sky above with clouds was overcast!

I looked abroad—and o'er my senses stealing
A desolation like to Nature's came—
A cold, forsaken, emptiness of feeling,
Which we can better understand than name!
'Twas, as if all I loved, at once had fled—
The birds, the fields, the flowers, were unto me as dead.

Towards my loved garden with sad footstep straying,
I turned to gaze, as on the face of death!
An early snow to earth each shrub was weighing,
And all looked blighted by the Autumn's breath;
Not *all*, for there, half-hid by covering pale,
An Artemisia blushed, like bride beneath her veil.

I shook the bush, and snow-flakes thickly flying,
A score of fresh and blooming flowers arose;
Like spirits, where the loved in death are lying,
Or, like such friends, as do outlive the snows
Of sorrow's winter—friendship's flowers to weave,
When those who seemed more fair, with fortune's summer leave.

I kissed the flowers—nor doth it need concealing,
Moistened their beauties from a melting eye;
For they had touched a fountain fast congealing,
Which in the secrets of the heart doth lie:
Half the chill desolateness of autumn fled—
Joy warmed again my breast, and hope rose from the dead.

I've loved all flowers, ay, from my early childhood—
The garden-buds, that opened 'neath my care;
The thousand blossoms which enrich the wildwood,
And rarer plants, that grace the gay parterre:
But most of all, my love shall ever be,
Sweet Artemisia—autumn's "last, not least," on *thee!*

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THE SOUTHERNER'S DAUGHTER.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE HERO.

Old Mr. Bethune died in March, of the year '35. Not many probably can recall him to mind, even of those who dwelt in his own city—New York, for he was considerably infirm during the latter portion of his days, and seldom ventured abroad, except in his carriage, for an airing. But many, especially of those accustomed to promenade Broadway, will require no jogging of their memories to enable them to summon up the form and features of George, his only son, which were regularly "sported," leisurely and aristocratically, along the "*trottoir*" thereof almost every pleasant day in comfortable weather, for the two or three preceding years. For to the old gentleman, this, his only son, stood only in the light of the legal inheritor of the large property which he had accumulated. He was therefore extremely anxious about his health, lest he should anticipate himself, in "shuffling off this mortal coil," and so destroy this interesting relation, and compel him to fashion a new and novel will, and alienate the estate; but as an immortal being—for whose mental and spiritual advancement, he, as the author of that being, was solemnly responsible—he was utterly indifferent to him. He seemed to consider his production, in this regard, as an accidental event, by which his own free agency was not in the slightest degree compromised. He kept him regularly at school, indeed; and from school, transferred him, when his attainments authorized the measure, to college; but from the day when he entered school, a little fellow in his pantalettes, to the day when he departed from college, a young man of nineteen, he did not, in a single instance, as far as George's memory served him, make an inquiry respecting his advancement. His education was simply a matter of course; it was customary to send boys to school and college, and therefore George was sent. Besides, there seemed no other respectable fashion to dispose of him until that happy period when he would be able to think and act for himself.

Had there been, therefore, a deficiency of mental power, or of ambition in him, he would have been utterly worthless; for to his mother—from whom he inherited the loftier qualities of his character—his birth was the price of life, and his remaining parent being, as has been shown, perfectly unconcerned whether he grew up wise or foolish, virtuous or depraved, there were none else to interest themselves for his welfare. But, fortunately, he was lacking in neither of these fundamental requisites; and at both school and college, applied himself to a degree which enabled him to maintain a respectable rank among his mates, and to store a tenacious memory with something transcending the mere germs of knowledge.

From college, he was transferred, or rather he transferred himself—for he was free to exercise his own agency—to the office of an eminent counsellor and attorney; and, although the company into which he had gradually fallen, as he progressed nearer and nearer to the fulness of man's estate, and to which his large expectations constituted his satisfactory introduction, was already weaving a shroud around his ambition and self-respect, and seducing him from duty; yet he contrived, by the aid of his superior powers and quick apprehension, to engraft upon his mind, by intermitted and questionable diligence, as broad an insight into the arcana of legal knowledge as might demand from the majority the exercise of deep and constant attention. But he became more and more indifferent to his honour and advancement as the customary period of legal study approximated to its close; and when admitted to the bar, he surrendered himself entirely to association with his idle companions. Dress, equipage, and gallantry, constituted the highest resources of his pleasures, to the exclusion of all that is noble and elevating in character and occupation; and he was, as I have already remarked, to be seen almost every pleasant day of fine weather, promenading leisurely along Broadway, a tall, handsome young man, with dark, glossy hair, regular features, a speaking eye, whiskers and imperial, nicely trimmed, and with the perfection of dress and delicacy of swagger, which characterize that worthless, despicable class in a populous community—the dandies.

Old Mr. Bethune died in March, of the year '35, as I have already said, when George had been some two years in the full current of his ignominious career, and was fast becoming wedded to disgrace. The affairs of the old gentleman were in the best possible condition, in anticipation of his departure, and rendered the duties of the executors of the estate scarcely more than nominal. George, therefore, was placed under very slight constraint, was enabled to enter at once upon the enjoyment of the bulk of the property, and towards the close of June prepared to wile away the heat of the dog-days by participation in the gaieties of Saratoga.

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CHAPTER II.

OF THE HEROINE.

He was early at the boat, on a most delicious morning; for he had an eye to the glories of nature, and was not content, by passage in the night, to do despite to the magnificence of the Hudson. Having dismissed his coachman, and—in the drawling voice and faint-away manner, which now distinguished him, and which caused the black porters, while they obeyed him, to wink knowingly at each other, and curl their lips in the smile of very scorn—attended to the security of his luggage, he sauntered to the gangway, and exhausted the few moments that remained before the starting of the boat, in scrutinizing the countenances of the ladies, as they came on board. Some were plain—some worse than plain—some passable—and some handsome, and worthy of an effort for their acquaintance, and a trifling flirtation to relieve the tedium of the passage. But when the bell had already ceased to toll, and the command had been given to cast off—amidst all the ordinary confusion of the parting of friends, shaking of hands, shouts of officers, and clatter of news-boys, anxious to effect the sale of a few more papers—a carriage drove hastily up, and the first to descend, when the door was opened, was a tall, commanding, young, eminently beautiful girl. George had by this time ascended to the upper deck, and happening to be in a position directly opposite to the gangway, had an opportunity to scan her intently. The circumstances in which she was placed assisted to attract his more earnest attention, and to excite in his mind a deeper interest. In her anxiety lest she had arrived at too late a moment, she sprung so hastily from the carriage, with her eyes fixed inquiringly on the boat, that her hat came in contact with the roof of the vehicle; and being thrown back upon her neck, disclosed more fully the striking characteristics of her countenance, and the graceful contour of her head. Her hair was of a dark glossy brown, disposed most becomingly, in the Madonna style, over a high and well shaped forehead, and her complexion—a delightful medium between the blonde and the brunette—was sweetly clear and transparent, as the mantling blush, at the trifling accident to her attire, rendered it at once apparent. Convinced by the pause in the preparations for departure that she was not too late, she turned to the carriage, and smiling upon an elderly gentleman, who had not yet risen from his seat, extended her arms to assist him to descend. Tenderly receiving the proffered aid, and trusting confidingly to it alone, to the exclusion of that which the gallantry of several gentlemen standing near impelled them to offer in the lady's behalf, the stranger, evidently a suffering invalid, slowly left the carriage, and sought the boat. Once, again, the stir and confusion of departure were resumed, and, in a few moments, the gallant steamer, glorious champion over winds and tides, was stemming the current of the noble river.

The general appearance of the young lady had exercised a peculiar fascination over Bethune; but it was her smile upon the elderly gentleman which effected a perfect mastery of his feelings. He had caught but a partial view of it, it is true, but he saw enough to mark in it a surpassing gentleness and tenderness. It was not long, as may be anticipated, before he carelessly sought the vicinity of the twain, and endeavoured, as often as politeness permitted—when the attention of the lady was occupied—to complete that analysis of her features and appearance, which he had already so delightfully commenced. He noticed now how much of expression was centred in the delicate arch of her brow—how soft was the melting lustre of her dark blue eye—and how surpassingly enticing the sweetness of the smile that had completed his enthralment. One of the first impressions conveyed by her general appearance, was that of retiring and gentle dignity—not assumed, but inwrought—so identical with herself, as to win the heart, while it commanded the respect of the beholder.

It is a dandy's prerogative to flirt—in his own estimation, at the least;—and had Bethune selected the enchanting stranger only as a party to a divertisement of this character, he would have experienced no hesitation in boldly scanning her appearance, perhaps with the assistance of an impudent eye-glass; and in thrusting himself upon her acquaintance with the utmost nonchalance. But now that he was, for the first time, the involuntary prey of that strange, thrilling, all-pervading, and irresistible sympathy—the glorious ordination of exalted wisdom—which, asking no questions, and consulting no conveniences or predispositions, enthralls the hearts of the sexes, the one to the other, by a chain, invisible yet adamantine, that the reason may deplore, yet the heart will hug to its bosom, he was robbed of all boldness and resolution. Under ordinary circumstances, he would have delighted to catch her eye, return her glance, and convey, as readily and perfectly as possible, an impression of the interest she excited; but now his glance was turned upon the ground when she happened to direct her own towards him; and—if it can be believed of such a one as he—he felt at the time a kind of disagreeable sensation, as though a blush were stealing up over his face. But as the bird, entranced by the serpent's gaze, flutters round and round, yet cannot escape the spell, so was he drawn to her by a kind of fascination; he had no thoughts but for her—no eyes but for her. He would wander about the boat, every now and then, and look out upon the scenery, but soon found himself as often back again, by the cabin door, near which the enchantress was sitting. What would have been the sneers of his companions in the city, had they known how he was situated, as he floated up the Hudson!

No opportunity offered itself, such as he dared

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to avail himself of, to break the ice of silence and cold restraint, until far into the forenoon; when the elderly gentleman, in attempting to rise and change his position—for he was sorely afflicted by that unromantic scourge, chronic rheumatism—came in contact with a bench, and would have fallen headlong, had not Bethune sprung forward and sustained him. The young lady uttered the words, "Oh, father!" in a smothered shriek, and clasped her hands as she saw him falling, and her confusion and embarrassment, when her tremor had subsided, added a new charm to her appearance and expression. The father thanked Bethune very heartily, and availed himself of his proffered assistance in composing himself on a settee to sleep. Bethune brought cushions, and stood on one side of him, while, on the other, the lady, in most contagious proximity, adjusted them to his comfort. Here was a most ecstatic opening to conversation. They sat down a little forward of the invalid, and from talking of his ailments, went to talking of everything and anything. As their earnest voices came, now and then, upon his ear, the father raised his head on his elbow and scrutinized Bethune from head to foot, concluding his survey with an expressive frown, by no means a conclusive index that it had been gratifying. But his position was easy—drowsiness assailed him—he composed himself to sleep, and his regular breathing soon betrayed his calm oblivion. So the young people talked on; Bethune was familiar with the scenery—the lady was a perfect stranger to it, and full of enthusiasm. This formed one avenue to discourse; and they intermingled with it, by perfectly satisfactory transitions, queries and replies about each other, which elucidated sundry particulars, to the complete satisfaction of both. So it went all up the Hudson; and when they arrived at Albany, she perfectly understood that he was known by the title of George Bethune, Esq., a young man of wealth and good connections; and he as perfectly understood that she rejoiced in the name of Margaret; that her father, Silas Incledon, Esq., was a Georgia planter, and that they were travelling for his health; and they knew, too, perfectly well, that they would meet again on the morrow in Saratoga.

CHAPTER III.

GOOD ADVICE, STRONGLY ADMINISTERED.

So meet, at Saratoga, they did; and amidst the round of gaieties which distinguish that fashionable watering place in the fashionable season, they were often together, progressing with every interview to that interesting crisis when the heart's treasure of love becomes too teeming to be longer restrained. Love *is* romantic; its first impulses, of all the precious sensations that are vouchsafed to us in this world, are the most intoxicatingly delicious; and none will laugh at them and the description of them, except the lone and pitiable, who have never felt them, or those more lonely and pitiable who have felt them only to be blighted and agonized by the sting of disappointment they have left behind; and some, in addition, of the hoary heads, whose hearts time has seared, not mellowed, as it should, and who laugh at the gushing emotions of youth, and their own youthful days, because, forsooth, the canker of worldliness has expelled them from their memories, or exhibits their buoyant earnestness in a distorting mirror. Yes, love constitutes the very essence of the soul's romance, and has little in itself that hath affinity to the dull common-places of the world. But the cold and chilling ice of those common-places will thrust itself in, with its torpifying influences, to the fairest and most glowing of the spirit's ideal paradises. What were sense, and time, and materiality, to Bethune, when, alone one morning with Margaret, his faltering tongue declared his love; and in broken and sigh-fraught breathings, he awaited her momentous reply? What were sense, and time, and materiality, to Margaret then, when his hand was pressing hers with gentle fervency, and stealing one involuntary glance into his eyes only to meet their burning gaze, she turned her own upon the ground, a crimson blush mantling over neck, cheek, and forehead, and her bosom heaving with the painful intensity of her delightful emotions? But, even then, in that very ecstasy of the romance of love, the leaven of the world perforce came in to attemper their spirits with its own realities; and the first words that Margaret spoke, in broken and whispering tones, were to "refer him to her Father."

This was but just and reasonable, however unromantic. So our hero, rapturously thanking her for the evidence she had betrayed that her own heart, unbiassed, would have gratified all his hopes, and pressing her unresisting hand once more, departed from her, to "refer to her Father."

Mr. Incledon was alone in his room, when the servant entered to inquire if Mr. Bethune could be favoured with a few moments of private conversation with him.

"Certainly, by all means," was his ready reply, and he busied himself, until the appearance of Bethune, in conjecturing and wondering what he could be desirous of communicating to him in private. He had no suspicion of the position of affairs between the young man and his daughter; for his lameness had compelled him to remain in seclusion much of his time, leaving Margaret to the disposal of her own leisure; and the presence and companionship of two Southern friends, of about his own age, and possessing kindred sympathies, assisted to render him neglectful of her. Bethune's hesitating tap turned the current of his thoughts; and bidding him enter, he desired him, in a very friendly manner, to be seated.

Then he looked at him, for a moment, in silence, very naturally awaiting some communication; while Bethune brushed down the nap of his hat

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with his coat sleeve, and made a remark about the crowded state of the hotel. This excited a little conversation; and they talked for ten minutes about Saratoga and its visitors, concluding, as a great many do, who, notwithstanding, return to it for fashion's sake, the very next season, that they who seek it, through any hope of rational pleasure, are bound on a Tom-fool's errand; and then there was a second pause, while Bethune traced the figure in the carpet with his walking stick, and finally hinted something about the weather. So the weather was discussed, the chilly rains were condemned, the sunshine applauded, and the conclusion arrived at, that, on the whole, pleasant weather had been predominant. Then Mr. Incledon waited once again, in silence, for the communication that had favoured him with the young man's visit; and Bethune played with his watch key. After a while he suggested something about the summer atmosphere at the south; and the unhealthiness of the southern low country was talked over, and Mr. Incledon became somewhat interested in defending the south, finally expressing the opinion, that although he did not reside in Savannah, he was satisfied, from the general health of many friends who never deserted it, at any season, that with a little extra care, it was no more dangerous to reside there, at any period of the year, than in the north; that the "dry culture" now insisted upon in the vicinity of the city, had removed, in a great measure, the causes of disease; and that it would not have the reputation of being unhealthy, if so many of its citizens were not in the habit of running away from it every summer, as though a pestilence were assuredly at their very heels. Then came pause number four, which Bethune broke, after slapping his boot awhile with his stick, by approximating to the subject of his errand, in remarking upon the delight which Mr. Incledon must experience in the companionship of so lovely a daughter. The transition from the south, Savannah, yellow fever, and the dry culture, to Mr. Incledon's lovely daughter, was, seemingly, rather sudden and abrupt to that gentleman, however natural it might have been to Bethune; and he cast upon the young man a searching glance, simply replying, calmly—

"I do dearly love my daughter, sir."

"And I have dared to love her," said Bethune, excited to brave the crisis, yet becoming pale with intensity of emotion, "and yet further, Mr. Incledon, I have dared to tell her that I love her, and with the joyful hope that she has not thought me presuming, I have come—I have come, sir—with the deepest emotions, to implore your permission to address her."

Mr. Incledon was gifted with a face of remarkable expression. His characteristics were, in some respects, naturally diverse from those of his daughter. His hair was of a lighter brown, and his piercing gray eye revealed, in restless and searching gleams, the unusual activity of his mind. His frame was attenuated, his lips somewhat thin, and there was a volume of feeling in every play of the muscles of his mouth. As Bethune spoke the few words of his unexpected announcement, his brow contracted with a heavy frown, his lips were drawn back, displaying fully his white and regular teeth, and his eyes moved up and down, scanning the speaker from head to foot, as though he would pierce into the deepest secrets of his soul. That glance was only the accompaniment to the decision of his mind. He needed no delay for consideration, but the very instant that the final word had escaped from Bethune's mouth, he replied—

"You cannot have it, sir; and for the plain reason that I do not like you, and am unwilling to resign the one whom I love so well to your charge and guardianship. But as the man who is ready to commit the treasure of his happiness into the hands of any woman, pays her a lofty compliment, I thank you for your good opinion of her, while I must interfere most decidedly with your hopes."

Taken all a-back, as a sailor would say, at this unprepared for and paralyzing result, and turning paler than before, Bethune stammered out inquiringly—

"You will, certainly, acquaint me with the reasons of your want of confidence in me?"

"Yes, yes; with all my heart; but I warn you to receive what I may say in good part, without offence at what you have yourself requested. I have an open eye, sir, and a pretty diligent one; and although I have been but little abroad, I have mingled among the idle crowd that is around me enough to have gathered something, at least, of its peculiarities; and you, sir, from our casual rencontre on board the steamboat, have attracted my especial notice. I like neither your dress, nor your manner, nor your actions. You are always, morning, noon, and evening, in such a bandbox trim—excuse the expression, sir—and you go mincing about among the ladies, with a compliment for one, and a bow for another, and a smirk for a third, as though such trifling were the summit of ambition. I haven't seen you in any occupation capable of improving your mind or your character since I have been in Saratoga. If you have a book, it is ever a paltry novel; and while there are numbers of the sound-minded and the talented here, you do not care to be found in their society; and I am told that this is but a fair specimen of your conduct when at home. You do nothing, sir—*you do nothing!* and if there can be, to me, in three words, the most complete condemnation for any man on the earth, whether he be young or old, it is that—*he does nothing!*"

Bethune had alternately reddened with anger and grown pale with confusion during this short, yet most pithy summary of the opinion which Mr. Incledon entertained of him. But he had a substratum of common sense in his character, however deeply it might have been imbedded in the superincumbent rubbish, and he was confounded and abashed at a picture, at which a

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weaker man would have blustered with rage. He only stammered something about his wealth, which rendered it unnecessary for him to exert himself.

"I am sorry to say, sir," continued Mr. Incledon in reply, "that you only seal your condemnation by offering such an excuse for your conduct. It is one of the deepest curses attendant upon wealth, that it is so often found in the possession of those who have no just conception of its true worth and employment. What are we on earth for, let me ask you, sir? We can live here but a little while, and it is certainly of some importance for a reasonable being to inquire of himself, why he is living at all. I'm not preaching, sir: I don't wish to preach; but there is one thing that I am sure of, setting aside everything that has to do with religion, if there is any thing that, in my opinion, must wither up the very soul with a feeling of degradation at the last it is to be conscious of having lived without benefit to one's self or any else. Wealth creates a larger sphere of usefulness, and in that is its only true value. He, then, who takes advantage of its possession to let all his powers of usefulness lie fallow, is in a pitiable state of humiliation; yes, pitiable—pitiable, sir!"

Bethune hinted at public opinion, which sustained him in his course.

"You are mistaken, sir," said Mr. Incledon; "public opinion does not sustain you, by any means. Your manner of life restricts your vision to a narrow circle, and therein you may be caressed and applauded; but it is a poor criterion of public opinion. Young silly girls may be delighted with you, and simper at your compliments, and be rejoiced at your attendance and companionship; and your male looking-glasses may encourage you in your course; and mothers who love your pockets much more than they care for you, and are so degraded as to be willing to throw away their daughters for money's sake, may be earnest for your intimacy; but rest assured, sir, that the bone and sinew of the world do most heartily despise or pity you, and all that are like you; and by bone and sinew, I mean the thinking and the acting of the whole community, of every class and degree, the only portion whose opinion is worth the snapping of a finger. The poorest delver on a railroad or a canal, with his wheelbarrow, and in his rags and his ignorance, in the estimation of sound public opinion, is more worthy of honour than yourself, with all your politeness, and refinement, and wealth, and idleness."

This was certainly very plain talking, and said, too, in that blunt, pithy manner, which makes every word fall with a stroke like that of the largest sized sledge-hammer. Bethune had no reply to make; and after a pause of the most inextricable confusion, he only bowed and withdrew.

"Good morning, sir," said Mr. Incledon, with great kindness of manner, "and believe me that I am your friend, and shall ever feel interested for your welfare."

If he is the best friend who speaks the plainest, Bethune had reason to regard Mr. Incledon as the most devoted to his interests of any man in the world. He had no heart to seek for Margaret, that he might bid her farewell; but with a kind of feeling that he had never experienced before, he slowly, calmly, and yet tremblingly, packed up his clothes, discharged his bill, descended to the door, and threw himself into a carriage, without looking to the right hand or the left; and, in the train of cars, that was fortunately soon to start, was conveyed from Saratoga on his return to New York.

CHAPTER IV.

BONAVENTURE.

It was but little more than a week from the time of his departure from the city to the period that witnessed his return an altered man. He had acted from the moment of his interview with Mr. Incledon, as if under the influence of an extraneous spell, in which his own motive power had no participation; and this condition of mind did not abandon him, now that he was once more among old scenes and associations. One of his earliest acts was to submit himself to a tonsor, with directions to pass, with ruthless razor, over cheek, lip, and chin, and enable him to enumerate beard, imperial, and mustachios, among the common things that *had been;* another, to array himself in garments whose reasonable cut should not render him an object of especial attention; a third, to have the apartment which he had, heretofore, only nominally occupied as an office, swept, dusted, and made habitable; and a fourth, to enter it deliberately and seat himself at his books. As the astounding impression of Mr. Incledon's castigation gradually wore away, and his mind began to act independently for itself, its remoulded and regenerated impulses were perfectly harmonious with the course of conduct he was then diligently pursuing; and he applied himself with an energy and devotedness, a loftiness of purpose, to his profession, which in combination with his superior talents, could not fail to secure the most signal success. This ardour and assiduous application increased with every month, until it involved the abandonment of all society, and consecrated every thought to the advancement of his fame and honour. It became, finally, indeed, too engrossing for the security of health; and at the close of the third winter, he found himself so wasted and debilitated as to be placed under the necessity of relinquishing all exertion, that relaxation might recruit his exhausted strength. Towards the close of March, therefore, he embarked to spend a month or two at the south.

And, in all this time, his efforts had not been guided by the remotest hope of a reunion to Margaret. While he had not ceased to think of her, and her image was so enshrined in his memory as to contribute to induce his relinquishment of soci-

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ety, he had not indulged a thought that they would ever meet again.

His passage to Savannah was short and delightful, and, for a time after his landing, there was enough to engross his attention in the novelty of the scene. The mould and rust, the results of the dampness of the climate, that imparted an air of remote antiquity to the buildings—the numbers of negroes moving about, or in stationary groups—their hearty, resounding laugh, and but half intelligible gibberish—the peculiar drays, with each a pair of horses harnessed abreast, within three files—the sleek ponies, one before almost every store, quietly standing beneath a tree, or bearing their masters along the street on an easy gallop—the striking stillness incident to the unpaved streets of sand—and the burdens of the blacks, almost invariably borne securely poised upon their heads—these absorbed his immediate interest. When he had wandered sufficiently over the city to observe all its peculiarities, on the afternoon of the third day from his arrival, taking a negro boy as his guide, he mounted a pony, and rode out to inspect that wonder of the Savannians—Bonaventure.

Ordering the boy to maintain a slow and steady gallop in advance, he found abundant food for imagination in the striking romance of the scenery. The road from Savannah, from which "Bonaventure" radiates, is the only avenue to the city that is distinguished by any charm of beauty. The remainder are but unfenced vistas through the pine barrens, heavy, lonely, and fatiguing tracks of sand, of which any one is an average sample of the great majority of the highways near the seaboard at the south. But the ride to Bonaventure is a legitimate boast of the goodly inhabitants of Savannah. Bethune soon began to glow with the placid excitement it created. The road, through the most of its extent, a distance of about three miles, is gently undulating; often descending, by a gradual slope, from the dry and sandy soil in which the lofty pine delights to flourish, to the course of some little rivulet whose path is marked by the almost impervious luxuriance of interwoven vines. Now our hero admired the striking contrast between the brilliant green of the oaks, pines, and laurels, and the sombre white of the pendent and waving moss that was clinging to every branch. Now and then a majestic magnolia grandiflora threw its gigantic arms abroad, and soared to a lofty height, its broad leaves glistening with the peculiar shine of the evergreen, and its large pearly flower in beautiful relief against them. The season of the yellow jessamine, that is the first herald of Spring in the woods, had passed nearly by; but its place was partially supplied in the lowlands by the white Cherokee rose, that twined its running arms of a vivid green around both shrub and lofty tree to their very top, attaching itself to every branch, as the spider weaves its web around the luckless insect that has fallen into its meshes, and twining and intertwining itself in every direction, until the very eye seeks in vain to penetrate within the tangled mass of green that to the foot constitutes an impossible barrier. But it was when he paused within the hallowing limits of Bonaventure itself that his sensations were most vivid.

This was formerly a seat of the Tatnall family, a name distinguished in our martial and naval annals, and is yet retained in the possession of its descendants. In the time of its early occupancy, in the last century, oaks were planted in rows forming noble avenues that radiate from a common centre. Those oaks are now giant trees that interlace their branches far above the head, a verdant roof to the beautiful aisles through which the sunbeams struggle. But the peculiar charm is in the hanging white moss that is everywhere contending with the verdure for the mastery. Through all the south this moss, the product of the dampness of the climate, that derives its parasitic nourishment from the trees to which it clings, is a striking feature of the landscape. Its sombre and solemnizing effect cannot be adequately appreciated from any description. On the old and scraggy trees it almost completely usurps the place of foliage that can display its greenness only on the extremities of the branches, and hangs like a thousand long, silvery beads, slowly waving in the breeze, from every branch and twig, imparting an impression of age and venerableness that fills the soul with awe. But in Bonaventure this effect is immeasurably increased.—"The groves were God's first temples;" and these majestic aisles, with the silver pendents from their arching roofs, seem like the solemn ruins of a temple of nature, still consecrated and unpolluted. The intense impression is assisted by the pervading silence. The dwelling, consumed by fire some years ago, has never been rebuilt; for this silver moss, that so adds to the charm of the scenery, is the pallid banner of the deathdealing miasma that lifted up on high proclaims its undisputed triumph; and it has not been thought prudent to make it again a residence.

Bethune checked his horse at the convergence of the several aisles, where his eye commanded their long and solemn vistas, and surrendered himself so fully to the absorbing influences of the scene, that he did not perceive that his solitude had been invaded, until a carriage had been reined up close beside him and the footman was unfolding the steps for the inmates to descend. Somewhat displeased at the interruption, for the enchantment of the moment had been harshly dispelled, he was moving slowly away, when, as he involuntarily turned his gaze towards the carriage, it encountered the face of Mr. Incledon!

There could be no mistake; for his was a countenance that once seen was not capable of being mistaken; and if there had been the possibility of a doubt, the sound of his voice, that now came upon Bethune's ear, would have fully dispelled it. The suddenness of the shock was almost too violent for Bethune in the debility of health under which he was labouring; and it became almost

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insupportable, when a voice was heard in reply, whose tones had been hallowed so long in his memory! His brain reeled—his eyes became sightless through dizziness—and he had scarcely strength to call to his attendant for assistance, before he felt himself to be falling from his horse. The negro threw himself from his saddle, and sprung to his side in season to receive him as he fell; and, as he laid him on the ground, shouted in ignorant terror, to the strangers for help. Mr. Incledon hurried to the spot; but the change in Bethune had been so great since the interview that had been the one great crisis in his life, that he did not identify the pale, fainting, intellectual invalid, with the bearded and mustachioed dandy of Saratoga.

His judicious assistance soon partially recovered the insensible sufferer; and Mr. Incledon immediately proffered and insisted on the acceptance of a seat in his carriage back to the city, since the attendant could easily lead the horse. But, in a low whisper, yet with an emphatic gesture, it was at once declined, and while he continued to urge this course, which the condition of the invalid seemed to render imperative, Bethune rose from his seat on the ground, and endeavoured to mount his horse. But he failed in the attempt, through weakness, and Mr. Incledon gently restraining him from a second effort, began to remonstrate with him upon his rashness. In the meantime, Margaret and a companion approached the spot; and——

But wherefore more? Why detail what all are anticipating? Who does not readily imagine that they rode together to the city—that an *eclaircissement* immediately took place—that Bethune acknowledged the advice of Mr. Incledon to have been his rescue from continued degradation, and that that gentleman, to whom the wealth of the young man was as nothing in comparison with his worth, was rejoiced to reward his noble regeneration with the hand of his daughter?

Would that every cumberer of the ground, in the shape of a worthless fop, might make a beneficial application of Mr. Incledon's good advice.

OH WHERE, GENTLE WEST WIND!

BY J. K. MITCHELL.

"Oh where, gentle west wind, oh where hast thou been;
What sweets hast thou rifled, what friends hast thou seen?
Oh come to me now from my own distant vale;
Come, richest of breezes, and tell me thy tale!
Thy voice from the wilderness, rustling and free,
Comes loaded with incense, far dearer to me,
Than riches, or honors, or joys of the dome;
Come, breath of the wildwood, and tell of my home!"

"I've scaled with the eagle the tree-cover'd hill,
I've skimm'd with the swallow, the lake and the rill,
I've sported with bees where the fields are in bloom,
And waved in the forest, the Indian's dark plume:
I've swung the wild roses that crimson thy bower,
I've seen thy dear friends in their festival hour,
When heaping the wine-cup they drain'd it to thee,
And pledges of friendship, I've brought them with me.

"I caught, ere it fell from her eye, the warm tear
Of thy mother, who wept that her son was not near;
While father, and brother, and sister replied
To the pledge, as they flush'd with affection and pride.
I linger'd to kiss the soft blush on the cheek,
Of a maiden who sighed, for no pledge could she speak—
That half-stifled sigh I have stolen away,
To sweeten the rose-buds I meet in my play."

"Though dear to my soul is the tree-cover'd hill,
And rich in remembrance the lake and the rill,
Though bird, bee, and blossom, seem sweeter each day;
Oh take, if thou wilt, their lov'd breathings away!
But give me, dear West Wind, oh give, ere you fly,
The voice of my friends, and the tear, and the sigh;
The gold of the mountains, the pearls of the sea,
Take, take!—but the sigh—give, oh give it to me!"

SONNET.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

FROST.

Frost, the destroyer, has begun his work
Upon the foliage: leaves, that were as bright
With the young dew upon them as the light
Of new-found emeralds, show that in them lurk
Decay and death—for the rich, hectic glow
Is burning in their cheeks, and they will fall
Before, with tender ministry, the Snow
Shall hide them under an unspotted pall.
Soon will the voice of all the streams be still,
And still the choir that in the woodlands made
Harmony with the rejoicing thoughts that fill
The Universe about us! Grove and glade
Will doff their singing robes and garlands fair,
And the white shroud of icy Winter wear.

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SCRIPTURE READINGS.

BY MRS. S. E. FARLEY.

It would seem impossible, did not observation and experience attest the fact, that any rational beings should be so unmindful of their interests and duties, as either to entirely neglect the Holy Scriptures, or read them with a carelessness and indifference not more inappropriate to their contents, than unbecoming an immortal intellect, and irreverent to its Divine Author.

As the only book which can afford us any certain information of our own origin—as the sole record of a creation of magnificent worlds by Him "who spake and it was done, who commanded and it stood fast," *if for this alone*, the Bible should command our attention and excite our interest. The surge of ages has rolled its obliterating flood over all other literature that existed in early years, leaving not a wreck to tell us of what has been and is not; but this wonderful work, speaking at once of the past, the present, and the future, standeth sure, still endures, and not only now endures, but could we look down the tide of time, and scan century after century, till its billows break on the shores of eternity, we should still see this mighty fabric above the waves, pouring oil upon the troubled waters, and guiding every trembling voyager in the only sure and safe track.

To follow that way of life

> "Till faith discovers, like the dove,
> An ark, a resting-place in God;"

in other words, to regulate our lives and conduct according to the precepts and examples contained in that Holy Book, to acquire that knowledge which will make us "wise unto salvation," should indeed be our great aim, remembering the Scriptures were not intended to become a subject for "reasoning pride," or speculative doubts, but as an unerring guide to faith and a perfect rule of life.

Yet it may not be amiss to remember also that the Bible is adapted to the wants of the intellect, as well as the necessities of the soul, and is as obviously intended to expand and invigorate the mind, as truly to sanctify and purify the heart. Much of the Old Testament, especially, is a narrative of the actions of men, doubtless designed to illustrate the dealings and requirements of God, and though never to be regarded as *history only*, yet is open to the same kind of improvement and reflections as might be suggested by any other statement of facts, in addition to those of a higher purpose and more decidedly spiritual nature.

It cannot then be wholly useless, (particularly for one whose sole library is the Bible,) sometimes to contemplate the character of those men whose achievements are recorded on its pages *as men*, "men subject to like passions as we are," acting at certain seasons under the immediate inspiration of the Almighty, but at others influenced by merely human feelings, with only an ordinary measure of guiding or restraining grace, prone to wander from the path of light, yet prompt

> "To seek, when thought's bewildered aisle grew dim,
> The guiding beams that clear round Israel's altar roll."

The life of David, a scene of constant care and conflict, requiring for many years the unceasing exercise of all patience, courage, decision, vigilance, and forbearance, is more wonderful and interesting than the most inventive fiction, while the mind, untroubled with doubts of truth, or suspicions of embellishment, is moved to deep, serious, and profitable reflection.

With a highly imaginative and poetical temperament, dignity, simplicity, tenderness, and sensibility, the wise son of Jesse might be said to have risen far beyond the modes of thinking and acting belonging to his own time, and have anticipated those days of noble exploits and generous feeling called, by common consent, the age of chivalry. What connection could be more like the compacts appertaining to this period, than the covenant between David and Jonathan, and what knights of the middle ages were ever more truly sworn "*brothers in arms*."

We must ascribe much of this feeling to David, (although enlightened Christian principle could not approve such an exhibition of it,) when we read of his having slain two hundred of the enemies of his nation, for love of the princess Michal, the daughter of Saul. Truly did she return the love of the youth, and with a woman's faithfulness saved him from an early death, offending the rash and violent king to shield her husband from his wrath. That wrath fell heavily upon her own head, for the king, in his vengeance, gave his daughter, the wedded wife of David, "in all the freshness of her young heart's love," to another lord, to Phalti of Gallim. But he could not transfer her affections; he had no power to loose and bind again the cords of the heart; he could not restrain her thoughts, that they might never visit the cave of Adullam, hover over Ziklag, or wander in the wilderness of Engeddi. Nor did David entirely forget the wife of his early youth, but when God had set him on high and subdued his enemies under him, being about to make a league with the mighty general of Saul and Ishbosheth, whom he could have bound to many a hard condition, he said, "But one thing will I require of thee, that is,

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thou shalt not see my face except thou first bring Michal, Saul's daughter, when thou comest to see my face." And fit it was that she, who had suffered so greatly by his misfortunes, should also share his abounding prosperity. We cannot but lament that David did not so far rise above the sentiments of his own day, and the prevailing customs of oriental climes, as to have regarded *others* with more indifference, yet we could scarcely expect his feelings on these points to accord with our own. The great Law-giver had not then appeared who gave to man the only perfect code of morals, at the same time condescending to instruct him in what would most conduce to social happiness, restoring the sacred covenant of marriage to its true basis, on which it originally stood in Paradise, before it was undermined by the corruption of fallen man.

It must be acknowledged the "beautiful countenance," joined to the eloquent and flattering address of Abigail, the wife of Nabal, the Carmelite, might well excite the admiration of David. "I pray thee forgive the trespass of thine handmaid: for the LORD will certainly make my lord a sure house; because my lord fighteth the battles of the LORD, and evil hath not been found in thee all thy days. Yet a man is risen to pursue thee and to seek thy soul; but the soul of my lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the LORD thy God; and the soul of thine enemies, them shall he sling out as out of the middle of a sling. And it shall come to pass, when the LORD shall have done to my lord according to all the good that he hath spoken concerning thee, and shall have appointed thee ruler over Israel; that this shall be no grief unto thee, nor offence of heart unto my lord, either that thou hast shed blood causeless, or that my lord hath avenged himself; but when the LORD shall have dealt well with my lord, then remember thy handmaid."

With what high sense of honour for that period of time, did he refrain from slaying his treacherous and vindictive enemy when he was altogether in his power in the cave, suffering not his servants to rise against Saul. And Saul gave his testimony to the unexampled forbearance of David, saying, "Thou art more righteous than I, forasmuch as when the LORD had delivered me into thine hand, thou killedst me not. For if a man find his enemy will he let him go well away?"

Again, when he had bravely entered the camp of Saul, and penetrated even to the trench and tent where slept the king and the captain of his host, he would not smite, or suffer Abishai to smite, any one of the defenceless sleepers, but took, as witnesses of his courage and his clemency, the spear from the bolster of Saul, and the cruse of water from his side. Then with knightly loyalty he thus reproved Abner, the son of Ner, to whom the arrangements of the army were committed—

"Art not thou a valiant man? and who is like to thee in Israel? Wherefore, then, hast thou not kept thy lord the king? for there came in one of the people to destroy the king thy lord. This thing is not good that thou hast done. As the LORD liveth ye are worthy to die, because ye have not kept your master, the Lord's anointed."

Filial affection is considered one of the traits most necessary to a highminded, virtuous character, and this was fully exemplified in the conduct of David, when a hunted and proscribed man; with the rock his fortress, and the cave his dwelling-place, he yet left his stronghold to secure for his parents the comforts and safety of a walled city, and the protection of a powerful king.

"And David went thence to Mizpeh, of Moab, and he said unto the king of Moab, Let my father and my mother, I pray thee, come forth, and be with you until I know what God will do for me. And he brought them before the king of Moab, and they dwelt with him all the while that David was in the hold."

And when his fatigue and thirst were very great, and he longed for water to refresh him, when his three devoted kinsmen, the mightiest of the captains, had forced their way through the host of the Philistines, drawn water from the well that was by the gate of Bethlehem, and brought it unto David, with forgetfulness of self and holy devotion, he poured it out an offering unto the Lord. How great a sacrifice, only one ready to perish with thirst may know.

"And he said, my God forbid it me, that I should do this thing: shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it. Therefore he would not drink it."

With what grief and indignation did he regard the treachery which slew the chief commander of the armies of Israel, when he had made a league with him and sent him away in peace. "And David said, I am guiltless before the Lord for ever from the blood of Abner the son of Ner. Let it rest on the head of Joab and on all his father's house. And David said to Joab and to all the people with him, Rend your clothes and gird you with sackcloth, and mourn before Abner. And king David himself followed the bier. And the king lifted up his voice and wept at the grave of Abner. And all the people wept. And the king lamented over Abner and said, Died Abner as a fool dieth? thy hands were not bound nor thy feet put into fetters: as a man falleth before wicked men, so fellest thou. And all the people wept again over him. And the king said unto his servants, know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel? And I am this day weak, though anointed king, and these men, the sons of Zemiah, are too hard for me. The Lord shall reward the doer of evil according to his wickedness."

And with just and honourable anger he reproved and punished the perfidy of the sons of Rimmon, who thought to gain the favour of the new king, by destroying the son of their master and monarch. "And David answered Rechab and Baanah his

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brother, the sons of Rimmon the Beerothite, and said unto them, As the Lord liveth who hath redeemed my soul out of all adversity, when one told me, saying, Behold Saul is dead, (thinking to have brought good tidings,) I took hold of him and *slew* him in Ziklag, who thought that I would have given him a reward for his tidings: How much more when wicked men have slain a righteous person in his own house upon his bed? shall I not therefore now require his blood of your hand, and take you away from the earth!"

It was under the "eye for eye, tooth for tooth" statutes that David lived, and, indeed, revenge to extirpation was more frequent than measures of mere retaliation. It was virtue then to return like for like, good for good, and evil for evil; but the godlike precepts of loving our enemies, doing good to those who hate, despitefully use and persecute us, had not been promulgated. It was therefore magnanimous in David to endure with patience the undeserved reproaches and bitter curse of one of the house of Saul, and to refrain from punishing him when events had proved the Lord had not spoken by his mouth.

David himself informs us why he "had more understanding than all his teachers, because the law of God was his meditation all the day long." It must be allowed that the true secret of David's success even in all worldly matters was in doing "as the Lord commanded him." Whenever he violated the law, or ceased to obey the commands of Jehovah, his punishments were grievous. I pass over many remarkable events of his life, his skill and success in war, the numerous battles in which he escaped without a wound, for "the Lord preserved David whithersoever he went." Nor shall I attempt to sketch his eminent faith, his regard for the sanctuary and offices of religion, or trace his great and lamentable fall.

Who does not experience a sensation of grief and disappointment, when reading of a lapse from virtue in this extraordinary man; as if an angel, high and holy, had fallen, or as though a time-honoured father, whom we loved and revered as a mentor and a guide, had been suddenly smitten with spiritual blindness, and wandered in the depths of sin.

> In his deep darkness what a light we find
> To beacon others, that might haply stray
> Beyond the bounds of man's appointed way.

His repentance was as deep as the enormity, and "the Lord took away the sins of David, and exalted his horn for ever. He gave him a covenant of kings and the throne of glory in Israel."

When, from the turrets of his castle upon Mount Zion, he would look forth over the thousand towers, palaces, gardens, fountains, and pavilions, of the magnificent city of Jerusalem, the encampments of the army beyond, ranged under the banners of the twelve tribes of Israel, and in the same gaze embrace a view of Bethlehem and the wilderness, where, an unnoticed lad, he had gathered the few sheep of his father, how must the sight have filled both sense and soul; what must have been his feelings as he retraced all the way in which the Lord had ordered his steps, from the day that he strengthened him to slay, without a weapon, the lion and the bear, until he established him the beloved monarch of a nation superior in wealth, strength, in all the arts of civilization, and unequalled in arms, the chosen head of a people so numerous they could not be numbered for multitude—well might he awake psaltery and harp to songs of triumph and of praise; well might he exclaim with a burst of wondering, grateful, and devout enthusiasm, "Blessed be thou, Lord God of Israel, our Father, for ever and ever. Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and that is in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all. Both riches and honour come of thee, and thou reignest over all; and in thine hand is power and might, and in thine hand it is to make great and to give strength unto all."

"O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!"

TO ELLEN.

BY MISS E. N. GAMBLE.

I think of thee, beloved one! when the shades
  Of morning flee before the rising sun;
Or when the moon beams through the leafy glades,
  And darkness wraps the world in mantle dun.
My thoughts are with thee, when the gladsome spring
  Hangs her green wreaths amid the forest bowers;
And summer skies with crimson sunsets bring
  Memories of thee, and unforgotten hours.

When Autumn comes, and timid spirits fear,
  Picturing their fate upon each fading tree;
My heart's delight amid the "inverted year,"
  Oh, friend beloved, is still to think of thee.

I hear thy voice, like the melodious sound
  Of desert fountains to the traveller's ear;
The faded earth appears enchanted ground,
  When I can, e'en in fancy, see thee near.

When languid pass the listless hours away,
  I call thine image from the gloom afar;
For 'mid the changes of my devious way,
  Thou wert still steadfast as the evening star.
From care's abyss I greet that beauteous light;
  Then bow renewed in faith to Heaven's decree;
Hope weaves once more, dreams like the rainbow bright;
  Blessed is the love which Thou hast given to me!

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THOUGHTS ON TRAVELLING.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The advantages of travelling are not upon the surface, to be seen and grasped in a moment. They cannot be resolved into the pleasure of locomotion, the excitement of varied scenery, the improvement of health, or the added knowledge of human nature. Neither do they rest principally with the benefit derived from the works of art; for so well have these been delineated, both by pen and pencil, that some who remain at home, and make such descriptions their study, acquire a more accurate idea of them, than many travellers whose actual observation is subject to haste, hindrance, and fatigue.

High and sacred, indeed, are the emotions, with which we press the spots that antiquity has hallowed. This delight is doubtless more intense to the inhabitants of a young nation, whose historic legends point no farther than to the storm-driven sails of the May-Flower, or the savage court of Powhatan. We roam with inexpressible interest, among ancient monuments of bards and sages, especially those of the Mother-Land, a portion of whose fame we are pleased to claim as our own birthright. We gaze with breathless awe, on the mouldering traces of the Roman invaders; on the low-browed arches and ruinous crypts of the Saxons; on the ivy-crowned turrets of the Norman nobles; on the abbeys, cathedrals, and baronial halls, which though of more recent date, show the ravages of centuries and revolutions, and teem with the dim traditions of a buried race.

Another gratification for the traveller, and one of an exquisite nature, is the sight of the living, who by deeds or writings, have made mankind wiser and happier. We avail ourselves of this privilege, with the greater zeal, from the consciousness that it must be fleeting. We find gray hairs sprinkling the temples of the master of the lyre, and feel that another year might have been too late, to clasp his hand, or hear the music of his voice. We perceive the statesman and philanthropist bending beneath the weight of years, and thank God that we came, before the cold column should have told us where they slumbered. We see the roses thickly blossoming in the garden of the man of genius, who so oft led us captive, while time passed unheeded. But where is he? *Where is he?* There is no reply, save a sighing sound through the branches of the trees that he planted, and we drop the tear of the mourner, in his deserted halls.

Yet a sojourn in foreign climes, is fraught with other advantages, and among them, is a more correct appreciation of ourselves. At home, we are led to feel, perhaps to magnify, our own importance. Our goings out and comings in may be movements of interest to the villagers who surround us; our step be listened for by the ear of love; the casual paleness of our cheek be anxiously noted by the domestic circle. These marked attentions and fond observances may unconsciously foster the opinion that they are fully deserved; at least, they create a habitude of expecting them. But you, who are thus garnered up in exclusive regard and self-esteem, go pitch your tent among people of strange language, walk solitary along their crowded streets, be sorrowful, be sick, and recover, where no man careth for your soul. Go forth among the millions, and weigh yourself, and let the humbling result remain with you through life, atom as you are, in God's creation.

With this increase of knowledge, is often mingled an enlargement of mind, a deepening of charity. Dwelling long in one spot, contemplating the same objects through the same narrow vista, trifles assume undue magnitude, prejudices deepen, dislikes become permanent, trains of morbid thought cut their way down into the heart, and the mind verges toward monomania. A natural antidote for these evils is to study human nature on a broader scale, and to become an interested observer of masses of men, as modified by clime, circumstance, and degrees of cultivation. Perceiving a nature, whose springs are touched like our own, by joy or sorrow, by want, decay, and death, we enter into more intimate brotherhood with the great family of earth, and live more "tremblingly along the line of human sympathies." We discover goodness and nobleness of mind, where we had least anticipated them; disinterested virtue in those who were pronounced heartless; kindness and grateful attachment among menials, and learn with the heaven-instructed Apostle, not to call any one "common or unclean." Ere we are aware, some polemic tendency—some militant feature which had been interwoven with our faith, is laid aside, and we find it possible to love those of differing tenets, and to respect every form in which the Supreme Being is sincerely worshipped.

Travelling teaches the value of sympathy. The tone of kindness, the smile of welcome, are never prized according to their worth, till we meet them, or vainly sigh for them, in a foreign land. Sickness, in such a locality, strongly teaches us what is meant by the "heart of a stranger." Suffering and helplessness among those, who, without the tie of national affinity, serve you only for money, are lessons not to be forgotten. From the coldly rendered service, measured and meted out by the expectation of reward, you may perhaps, have been transferred to the care of those, who though born

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under a foreign sky, have been taught by the true spirit of a Christian's faith, to "love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous." Then during those periods of convalescence, when the events of a whole life sweep like visions through the soul, did you not resolve, if you were once more mercifully brought to your own tabernacle in peace, faithfully to obey the divine precept to "love the stranger," to "use hospitality without grudging," and like the woman of Shunem, who sheltered the lonely prophet, "to have a chamber on the wall, for the man of God."

Travelling should create a warmer, and more enduring patriotism. The depth of the amor patriæ is never fully revealed, till we see the misty line of our native hills recede, while we toss painfully upon the boisterous deep; or till after long absence, we thrill with ecstasy, as their faint outline gleams upon the horizon, like an angel's wing. Then, when every remembered dwelling reaches forth to us a loving hand, all the pleasure we have shared, all the knowledge we have gathered in absence, we long to pour out at the feet of our blessed land of birth. Every usage of order and beauty, every germ of improvement and glory, which dignify other climes, we desire to transplant to her forests, and to see flourishing around her hearthstones. We feel willing to have been an exile, if we may bring back with us, some proof of loyalty, if only a leaf of olive for the garland that enriches her brow.

The love of home is unfolded to us, in all its length and breadth, while we are dwellers in the tents of strangers. How often, when gazing at the pictured canvass of some ancient master, at the clustered columns of some gorgeous temple, has the green vine that waved over our own door, seemed to interpose itself; or the chirping from the callow nest among its branches, even the tiny peeping of the chickens that our little ones had nurtured, stolen over the boundless wastes of ocean, and overpowered the burst of the most sublime oratorio. As these modes of feeling gain ascendancy, we continue our researches less for our own gratification than for the sake of dear ones far away. We sustain fatigue with the spirit of a martyr, we search out the spots which history has consecrated, we adventure ourselves upon the mouldering tower, we thread the mazes of the ruined cloister, we ascend the mountain, we explore the mine, not for personal enjoyment, but that we may be better able, should Heaven restore us to our home, to enliven the fireside, to cheer the friend, or to instruct the child.

Travelling might not only invigorate patriotism, and strengthen the disinterested affections, but advance the growth of piety. Especially, those who visit foreign climes, after the strongest ties are bound around the heart, and leave the objects of their warmest attachments behind, find it a deep discipline to the spirit. Amid the outward semblance of joy, it operates as a perpetual sorrow, as a balance-check to everything like exultation or vanity. Who can tell, amid his most earnest and fortunate pursuits, whether the hue of the tomb may not be overspreading some face dearer than life itself. So is he driven to an intensity of prayer, that he never before knew. His risks, his perils, his uncertainty of their fate, from whom a thousand leagues of fathomless ocean divide him, force him to a stronger faith, a more entire humility, a more self-abandoning confidence in the Rock of Ages. Thus the pains of separation, the privilege of visiting ancient and classic climes, and the unutterable gratitude of return, seem all to conspire in fostering a deeper sense of dependence, a more cordial and adhering trust in the "God of our salvation, who is the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea."

THE TRIAL BY FIRE.

A FRAGMENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

SCENE FIRST.—*A desert country.*—OBADIAH *and followers.*

OBADIAH.

Go towards the east. Trace every meagre brook;
Search every vale; and if a spot ye find
Of pasturage enough to feed a mule,
Secure it—that we lose not all the beasts.
(*Followers depart.*)
I too am weary of the hopeless search,
This drear monotony of desolation.
How ache mine eyes to see the lovely plains
Of Ephraim and of Zebulon become
A parched and blighted desert, and to see
Their valleys, once luxuriant, where gushed
The crystal spring blessing the thirsty pilgrim,
Thus scorched and crumbling with unnatural heat.
The groves are withered; well and fount dried up;
The rivers, shrunk into the scanty rill,
Have scarce of moisture left to weep their loss;
Their barren rocks, their caverns void and black,
Mourn for the vanished wave. Upon the shore
The dying trees do vainly droop their boughs;
The wandering hind, the wearied bird, that seek

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Their wonted spring, find here no life, but death.
O God of Israel! will thine anger burn
Till it consume the people who have dared
Insult thy majesty, abuse thy grace?
(Sees Elijah leaning against a tree.)
Whose form is that? My bosom throbs with dread!
Or do mine eyes deceive me?—No! tis he—
It is the lost for years—the man of God!
(Falls at his feet.)
Thou art my lord, Elijah!

ELIJAH.

I am he:
Peace to thee, Obadiah; for thou fear'st
The Lord of Hosts.

OBADIAH.

Alas, alas—my father!
Since that dread day thou didst confront the king
In his flush of pride and pomp, and didst proclaim
Before his haughty court the curse of Heaven,
It hath gone hard with Israel!

ELIJAH.

Go—and tell
The king, Elijah waits to meet him here.

OBADIAH.

How hath thy servant sinned, that thou wouldst make him
The prey of Ahab's wrath? There's not a nation
Or kingdom, in which Ahab has not sought thee.
Of every monarch he has claimed an oath
Thou wast not harboured there. And now thou say'st—
Go, tell the king, Elijah waits to meet him!
Behold, when I am gone, the Spirit of God
Shall bear thee to some unknown land, while I
Remain the victim of a despot's rage!
—I pray thee, think on what thy servant did,
When Jezebel sent forth to slay the prophets;
Did I not hide an hundred in the caves,
And fed, and saved them?—Give me not, I pray thee,
To certain death!

ELIJAH.

Go. As Jehovah liveth,
This day shall Ahab speak with me.
(Exit Obadiah.)

* * * * * * *

AHAB—ELIJAH—OBADIAH.

AHAB.

Art thou
The man that troubleth Israel?

ELIJAH.

I am not
The man who brought on Israel's land the woe,
The desolation that hath seared its heart:
But thou, O king! thou and thy father's house,
For that ye have rebelled; ye have forsaken
The worship of the true and only Lord;
Have walked in sin, and followed stranger gods.
Hast thou not built for Baal a house, an altar
Even in Samaria? Hast thou not defied,
Impiously defied Jehovah? Hast thou not
Provoked His anger who hath smitten thee?

AHAB.

Lo—I have sinned! Pray thou the Lord for me!

ELIJAH.

Send now, and gather all the men of Israel
Unto Mount Carmel; and assemble there
Baal's prophets;—all that serve him in the groves—
By Jezebel at her own table fed.
There shall the people know who is the Lord:
There shall thy prayer be offered unto Him.

* * * * * * *

SCENE SECOND.—*Mount Carmel—A view of the sea on one side.*—ELIJAH *standing alone and apart—The priests and prophets of Baal assembled round their altar, on which the bullock is laid.—A great multitude of the Israelites standing at a little distance.*—JEHONADAB *and* JEHU *among them.*

HYMN OF THE PRIESTS OF BAAL.

FIRST CHORUS.

O Baal! our god!
The subject hills are radiant in thy smile;
Far o'er heaven's azure fields
Thy glory rests on many a silvery pile:
Earth joys to greet thee, and on high
Jubilant voices steal athwart the sky!

SECOND CHORUS.

Lo! as thy wheels of flame ascend,
Thy servants, to the dust we bow;
One beam to light thine altar lend—
O Baal, our monarch! hear us now!

THIRD CHORUS.

O mighty Baal!
Down on the sea his fiery columns play,
Riding the crested waves;
Their burnished heads flash back the gorgeous day!
Thy glance doth search the deep,
And crown with living light the o'erarching steep!

SECOND CHORUS.

Hear, hear us—king of light!
To thee our hymns arise!

FIRST AND THIRD.

O Baal, the lord of earth—
Accept our sacrifice!

ALL.

Hear us—O Baal!

JEHU, *(to Jehonadab.)*
What said the people when the prophet spake?

JEHONADAB.

They answered not a word. The prophet said,
Choose ye this day Jehovah, or choose Baal;
How long halt ye, irresolute, between them?
The trial then was named; the victims slain;
At sunrise one was laid on yonder altar,
While prayers and hymns invoked unmindful Baal.
——The God that answereth by fire from heaven,
Kindling his altar, and his sacrifice
Consuming—*He* will henceforth reign in Israel.

JEHU.

O sun, whom God called forth from dismal night!
Will not thy beams to flaming arrows turn,
And sweep these miscreants from polluted earth?

JEHONADAB.

In anxious awe the people wait. Alas!
The shepherd 'tis, hath led the sheep astray.

JEHU.

O for a two-edged sword, to smite the throat

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That dared defy the Lord! King Ahab—tremble;
The day of vengeance sleeps not!
(*The priests of Baal utter frantic cries, and with wild gestures leap upon, and dance round their altar.*)

SECOND CHORUS.
Hear, hear us—king of light!
To thee our hymns arise!

FIRST AND THIRD.
O Baal, the lord of earth—
Accept our sacrifice!

ALL.
Hear us—O Baal!

A SIDONIAN.
Yes—he will hear! He smiles as he looks down—
Effulgent king!

AN OLD ISRAELITE.
Will He, who gave our fathers
This land, permit his name to be forgotten?

JEHU.
How could I trample on these stubborn necks!

JEHONADAB.
Peace—peace—the prophet speaks.

ELIJAH, (*tauntingly.*)
Cry yet aloud,
Cry louder still! Your god must surely hear!
Perchance he talketh, or is gone a journey;
Perchance he's on the chase; or peradventure
He sleepeth, and must be awaked!

PRIESTS AND PROPHETS.
Baal! hear us!
(*Their actions become more frantic and violent.*)

ELIJAH.
Ye are in hundreds. I stand here alone.
Now mark, I pray, whose God will hear and answer.

JEHONADAB.
Lo, now, the orb descends: the ocean waves
Are crimson. In his curtaining clouds of gold
And purple hid, he mocks their impious prayers.
Quenched in the waters now, his rays expire.

ELIJAH.
Let Israel draw near.
(*The people approach. Elijah builds up his altar, fills the trench round it with water, and lays the victim upon the altar.*)

ELIJAH.
O Lord—the God
Of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Israel!
Let it this day be known that Thou art God,
And that I am thy servant, who have done
All these things at thy word. Hear me—O hear me!
And may this people own Thee for their Lord,
Thus turning back from base idolatry
The hearts that are thine own, to know the Truth!
(*The fire descends, consumes the sacrifice and the altar, and licks up the water in the trench. The people fall on their faces.*)

ALL THE PEOPLE.
The Lord is God! Jehovah is our God!

ELIJAH.
Haste then—and seize his impious enemies,
Take the false prophets—let not one escape.
Smite for the law! Slay all—and let their blood
To crimson turn the Kishon's stream!
(*To Ahab.*)
For thee,
Get thee up—eat and drink. The blighting curse
Is taken away. There shall be plenteous rain.
Prepare thy chariot, and depart in peace.

* * * * * * *

SCENE THIRD.—*A cave of Mount Horeb.* ELIJAH *alone at the mouth of the cave.*

ELIJAH.
Enough of life! It is a bitter burthen,
While sin in triumph rules the prostrate earth.
My hunted soul is weary—sick and weary.
Let me now die—O Lord! Why should I live
To mourn alone?

ANGEL OF THE LORD.
What dost thou here, Elijah?

ELIJAH.
Thou know'st, O Lord! the sorrow of mine heart!
Israel hath spurned thy covenant—thrown down
Thine altars—slain thy prophets with the sword:
Me, who alone am left, they seek to kill.
The land is sold to sin; the word of truth
Is heard no more; religion has departed:
They have renounced Jehovah.

ANGEL.
Go thou forth,
And stand upon the mount before the Lord.
(*Elijah obeys.*)

ELIJAH.
Wilt Thou speak with thy servant, face to face?
——Behold—the mountains riven at thy blast!
The trees bow down their heads—the rocks are shivered!
Thou sendest forth the tempest, Lord of Hosts—
But not yet doth my spirit feel Thy presence!
(*An earthquake; the air is darkened; the ground is convulsed.*)

ELIJAH.
These are Thy terrors—but Thou art not here!
(*Thunders and lightnings—and streams of fire.*)

ELIJAH.
Thus once of old Thou spak'st from heaven! Let
My soul but know Thee nigh!
(*The thunders cease. A still small voice is heard;* ELIJAH *wraps his face in his mantle, conscious of the Divine Presence.*)

VOICE.
What dost thou here, Elijah?

ELIJAH.
Lord—Thou know'st
Thee Israel hath renounced!

VOICE.
Return to them.
Know that in Israel I have thousands left
Who have not bowed the knee to Baal.—The sword
Of vengeance shall awake, and purge the land.
I will have mercy yet on Israel.

ELIJAH, (*after a pause.*)
What mortal hence shall dare bid judgment speed?
When Thou, Almighty—looked for to appear
In wrath—reveal'st Thyself in love and mercy!

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GALILEO'S DREAM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ENGEL.

[Galileo was twice summoned before the Inquisition at Rome, because he defended the system of Copernicus, which seemed contrary to the Holy Scriptures. The second time he was long a captive, and in the greatest uncertainty concerning his fate; but was finally made free on condition that he should not go out of the Florentine territory. His most important astronomical discoveries, which were in part his alone, and partly shared with others, are those of which mention is made in this dream. After his captivity, he lived at his country-house at Arcetri, where he lost his sight. He enjoyed for some years before his death the society of Viviani, who afterwards wrote his life, and was accustomed never to sign his name without adding, *The Disciple of Galileo.* With these remarks it is hoped that nothing will remain obscure in the following sketch. Circumstantial accounts of Galileo's discoveries may be found in Montucla, *Histoire des Mathematiques*, in Heumanni, *Actis Phil.*, and other well known books. See especially the biography of Galileo, by Herr Jagemann.]

GALILEO, who has rendered his name so deservedly immortal in science, lived now in a peaceful and glorious old age, at Arcetri, in the Florentine territory. He was deprived of his noblest sense, yet he rejoiced in the coming of spring; partly, for the returning nightingale and the fragrant blossoms, and partly on account of his lively recollections of former joys.

Once, in his last spring, having suffered himself to be led by Viviani, his youngest and most grateful disciple, into the fields around Arcetri, he perceived that he had gone too far for his strength, and playfully begged his pupil not to lead him beyond the Florentine limits. "Thou knowest," said he, "what I was obliged to promise the Holy Tribunal."

Viviani placed him on a little rise of ground, to repose his weary limbs; and here, surrounded by flowers and plants, enveloped, as it were, in a cloud of fragrance, he remembered the ardent longing for freedom, which he once felt at Rome, on the approach of spring. And now he would have poured forth the last drop of bitterness which was left in his soul against his cruel persecutors, but suddenly he checked and reproved himself with these words, "*The spirit of Copernicus would chide me.*"

Viviani, who as yet knew nothing of the dream to which he referred, begged for an explanation of these words. But the old man began to feel that the evening air was too cool and damp for his diseased nerves, and wished first to be led home. There, after resting a while, he began:—"Thou knowest how hard was my fate in Rome, and how long my release was delayed. When I found that even the most powerful intercessions of my protectors, the Medici, and even the recantation to which I had condescended, remained still without effect, I threw myself upon my bed one night, full of dark thoughts about my fate, and inward rebellion against Providence.

"'As long as thou canst remember,' I said to myself, 'how blameless has been thy life! Devoted to thy calling, how painfully hast thou toiled through the mazes of a false philosophy, in order to seek the light which thou couldst not find. How hast thou bent every faculty of thy soul to conquer the time-worn, powerful prejudices which have obstructed thy way! Self-denying and abstemious, how often hast thou left the delicacies which thy appetite longed for, and withdrawn from thy lips the goblet which thou wouldst willingly have drained, so that thy mind might not become indolent and sluggish in its high labours. Thou hast deprived thyself of the hours of sleep, to bestow them on science. How often, when all around thee lay in inglorious rest, strengthening the wearied body for new pleasures, how often hast thou shivered before the frost, to observe the wonders of the firmament! How often hast thou pursued thy solitary studies by the pale glimmer of the midnight lamp, in order to proclaim the glory of the Creator, and to enlighten the world. Unhappy one! where is now the fruit of all thy labours? What reward hast thou for all that thou hast done to glorify thy Creator and to illuminate the world? What reward? even this—that grief for thy fate has dried the moisture from thy eyes; that daily these truest aids of the mind are failing thee more and more; that very soon these tears, which thou canst not restrain, will extinguish the feeble light which yet remains to thee!'

"So spake I to myself, Viviani, and then I cast an envious glance upon my persecutors. 'These unworthy beings,' I cried, 'who hide their silliness in mysterious formulas, and conceal their vices under venerable garments; who, sunk in indolent repose, respect the fables of men as the oracles of God, and madly strike to the ground the philosopher who holds up the torch of truth, lest its light should disturb them in their voluptuous slumber; these objects, who are active but for their own indulgence and the injury of mankind—how do they laugh at suffering, and enjoy, in their palaces, the perpetual intoxication of pleasure! For gain they will rob their fellow-creatures of anything—even of that best possession, a good name. And the poor multitude whom they beguile of the fruit of their fields, from whom they take the fatlings of the flock, and the choicest juice of the grape, to prepare for their merry feasts,—these fall down reverently before them! and thou, unfortunate! who livest only for God and thy duty; thou who

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hast never cherished a single passion in thy soul, save that purest and holiest one, the passion for truth; thou who art a true priest of God, revealing his wonders in the sky, his wonders in the insect,—must thou fail now of the only thing for which thou longest, which even the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air enjoy—*freedom?* What eye watches over the destiny of man? What righteous, impartial hand dispenses the good things of this life? The worthless are permitted to appropriate everything to themselves; from the deserving everything is taken away.'

"Thus I went on complaining until I fell asleep, and immediately it seemed to me as if a venerable old man approached my bed. He stood and looked at me with silent pleasure, while my eyes rested admiringly upon his thoughtful brow and silvery locks. 'Galileo,' said he, at last, 'what thou sufferest now is for the sake of the truth which I have taught thee; and the superstition which persecutes thee, would have persecuted me also, had not death rescued me to eternal freedom.'

"'Thou art Copernicus,' I cried, and embraced him before he could answer me. O, Viviani! sweet are the ties of kindred which nature ordains, but how much sweeter is the relationship of souls! How much dearer and stronger than even the bands of brotherly love are the bands which unite truth's worshippers! With what blissful presentiments of an extended sphere of activity, of faculties elevated, of a free communication of all the treasures of knowledge, does one hasten to meet a friend who leads truth by the hand!

"'Behold,' said the old man, after returning my embrace, 'I have retaken this earthly covering, which formerly enclosed my spirit, and will be to thee now what I shall hereafter be, thy guide. For in that world where the unfettered spirit is ever working and never weary, there rest is merely an exchange of labour. We leave our own individual inquiries into God's wonderful works only to instruct those who have newly arrived from earth; and I am he who shall be first in the future world to guide thy soul to a knowledge of the Infinite.'

"He led me by the hand to a low cloud, and we took our flight into the illimitable expanse of heaven. There I saw the moon, Viviani, with its hills and dales; I saw the constellations of the Milky Way, the Pleiades and Orion; I saw the spots on the sun, and the moons of Jupiter; all that I had seen here below, I there saw with the unaided eye, and wandered along heaven's pathway rejoicing over every confirmation of my discoveries, as a philanthropist passes delightedly along the places which he has cheered. Every hour which would here have been painful and wearisome, was there fruitful in happiness—in a bliss which *he can never feel*, Viviani, *who enters that world with a vacant mind.* And therefore I will never, even in this trembling old age, cease to search for truth. For him who seeks her here, joys shall blossom in yonder world, wherever he glances—they shall spring up from every judgment confirmed, from every doubt annihilated, from each unveiled mystery, from each vanished error. All this I felt in that moment of ecstasy; but only the dim consciousness of having felt it remains to me; for my overtasked soul lost every personal joy in the ocean of the Infinite. While thus I gazed in astonishment, and lost myself in the greatness of Him whose almighty wisdom created all, and whose unceasing benevolence cared for all, the conversation of my guide led me to still higher conceptions.

"'Not the limits of thy vision,' said he, 'are the limits of the universe, although from an unimaginable distance a host of suns glimmer before thee; myriads are shining afar, which no glance of thine can perceive; and every sun, like every sphere which revolves around it, is peopled with animated beings, with thinking souls. Wherever an orbit was possible, there roll heavenly bodies; wherever beings could exist happily, there they live and move. Not a span remains, in the whole immensity of the infinite, where the wise Creator has not produced life, or material to sustain life; and throughout this numberless variety of beings, even down to the least atom, there reigns inviolable order; from sky to sky, from sun to sun, from earth to earth, eternal laws attune all to the most transporting harmony. To the wise, in a future world, endless and unfathomable will be the materials for contemplation, and inexhaustible the fountain of their joys. But why do I say this to thee now, Galileo? For, this blessedness a mind cannot comprehend, which, still chained to a sluggish companion, can advance no further than his companion is able to go with him, and feels himself drawn back to the dust when he has scarcely begun to rise!'

"'He may not,' I replied, 'comprehend this blessedness in all its divine fulness; but certainly, Copernicus, he knows something of its true nature, of its reality. For, even in this earthly life, what joys doth wisdom furnish! Even in these chains, what delight does a spirit feel, when the dawn begins to break on the uncertain twilight of his views, and wider and wider the bright rays extend, until at last rises the full light of knowledge, that shows to the transported eye regions full of infinite beauty. Remember—thou who hast looked so deeply into the mysteries of God, and unveiled the plan of his creation—remember that moment when the first sublime speculations arose in thy mind, and joyfully all the powers of thy soul laboured to comprehend, to form, to regulate; and when all was complete in glorious harmony, remember with what transported affection thou didst again and again survey the fair work of thy genius, and didst feel thy resemblance to the Infinite, whose thoughts thou couldst follow! Oh, yes, even here, wisdom is rich in celestial joys; and were it not so, why should we even turn from her peaceful bosom to gaze upon the varieties of the world?"

"The cloud which bore us sunk back to earth,

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and now rested, as it seemed to me, on one of the hills before Rome. The metropolis of the world lay before us; but full of profound contempt, I stretched forth my hand, and exclaimed, 'They may imagine themselves great, the proud dwellers in those palaces, because their limbs are clothed in purple, and their tables glitter with the choicest gold and silver that Europe and India can afford; but as the eagle looks down upon the caterpillar in silken web, so looks the philosopher on those short-sighted beings, for they are captives in reality, unable to get away from the leaf to which they cling; while the wise man walks in freedom on the heights of thought, and surveys the world, or on the wings of contemplation mounts to his God, and roams among the stars.'

"While I was thus speaking, Viviani, the forehead of my guide became clouded with a stern solemnity, his brotherly arm sank down from my shoulders, and his eye pierced my inmost soul. 'Unworthy one,' he cried, 'hast thou felt already upon earth the joys of heaven? hast thou made thy name glorious among the wise of all nations? hast thou cultivated all the powers of thy soul, so that through eternity they may continue to advance with freedom and power? And now, when God counts thee worthy to suffer persecution for the truth, when wisdom should be thy solace, and thy heart should be adorned with virtue as thy mind with knowledge, —is all remembrance of God's gifts effaced, so that thy spirit rebels against his holy will?'

"At this moment I awoke from my dream, and as I gazed on all the glories of the heavens reflected in my desolate prison, I was bathed in tears of penitence. And in the shades of night I raised my eyes, and said, 'O God of love! Has the nothing which through thee became something dared to censure thy ways? Has the dust into which thou didst breathe a living soul, in the boastful reckoning of its own merits, overlooked the gifts of thy mercy? Has the unworthy one whom thou hast nourished at thy bosom and taken to thy heart, for whom thou hast poured out so many drops of blessedness from thy own cup, has he forgotten all? Smite his eyes with blindness! let him never again hear the voice of friendship! let him grow gray in captivity! With cheerful heart will he bear it all, grateful for the remembrance of past joys, and happy in anticipations of the future.'

"Viviani, my whole soul was in that prayer; and my God heard not the murmur of discontent, but listened to the willing submission of a grateful heart. And how much happiness has he provided for my declining years—for, behold, I live here in freedom at Arcetri, and this very day my friend has led me among the flowers of spring."

He groped for the hand of his pupil, to press it gratefully to his heart; but Viviani seized the old man's hand, and kissed it with affectionate reverence.

C.

SPANISH ROMANCE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

TRANSLATED BY W. J. WALTER.

Aunque con sembiante ayrado
  Me mirais, ojos serenos!
No me negareis almenos
  Que me habeis mirado.

Por mas que querais mostraros
  Ayrados para ofenderme,
Que ofensa podeis hacerme
  Equale al bien de miraros?
Que aunque de mortel cuidado
  Dexeis mis sentidos blenos,
No me negareis almenos,
  Ojos! que me habeis mirado.

Pensando hacerme despecho,
  Me mirastes con desden,
Y en vez de quitarme el bien,
  Doblado bien me habeis hecho.
Que aunque los hayais mostrado
  De toda elementia agenos;
  No me negarais almenos,
Ojos! que me habeis mirado.

Bright eyes! though in your angry ray
  Such deep disdain there be,
This truth you cannot now gainsay,
  That you *have* looked on me.

Spite of the boasted effort there
  My daring hopes to slight,
What pain can with the bliss compare
  Of basking in their light?
Though victim to your proud disdain
  My wounded spirit be,
Bright eyes! I smile amid my pain,
  For ye *have* looked on me.

The effect of all your proud disdain
  And haughty scorn is this,
Not to have added to my pain,
  But to enhance my bliss.
Then, what though angry lightnings play
  Where pity's glance should be;
This truth you cannot now gainsay
  That you *have* looked on me.

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AUNT MERCY.

BY MRS. C. LEE HENTZ.

We sat together in the little back parlour the evening before our father's departure. He was a sea-captain, and bound for a distant voyage. We had not been separated from him since our mother's death, and oppressed by a sense of coming loneliness, I listened to the autumnal wind, that sighed against the windows, thinking it the most melancholy of earthly sounds. My father put his arm affectionately round each of us, as we sat on either side of him, and drew us closer to him. He did not speak for some time, but gazed steadily into the fire, as if he feared to look upon us lest he should be betrayed into some unmanly weakness. "My daughters," said he, at length, "my heart is relieved from great anxiety on your account. I have two letters, received almost simultaneously, both containing affectionate offers of a home to one of you, during my absence. The choice must be left to yourselves."

"Who are they from," cried Laura, eagerly, "tell me, dear father, do?"

"One is from your Aunt Mercy," replied my father. Here Laura's countenance fell. "The other from Mrs. Belmont, whom you once visited and admired."

"Oh! yes," exclaimed Laura, with sparkling eyes, "I remember Mrs. Belmont perfectly. She is the most charming woman I ever saw, has the most elegant house, and keeps the most delightful company. I thought when I was there I should be the happiest creature in the world if I could live as she did. Oh! father, let me go to Mrs. Belmont's, and send Fanny to Aunt Mercy's."

"And what objections have *you* to go to Aunt Mercy's?" said my father, without addressing me, who continued to hold his hand in silence, for my heart was too full to speak.

"Oh! I never did like Aunt Mercy," said Laura with a look of disgust. "She is so precise, and formal, and fanatical. She is an old maid, too, you know, and they say they are always peevish and ill-natured. Then she lives in a small house, almost in the woods, and sees no company but the cats. I am sure I would die with homesickness if I were to stay with Aunt Mercy."

"And what do you think Fanny will do?" asked my father, in a tone which I thought breathed of rebuke.

"Fanny," repeated Laura as if she were waking to a consciousness of my existence, "why Fanny is very different from me—and I dare say would content herself very well. Besides, I am the oldest, and have a right to the first choice, and if *I* choose Mrs. Belmont's, Fanny is obliged to go to Aunt Mercy's whether she wishes it or not."

"I should like to see a little more regard for your sister's comfort, Laura," he replied, knitting his brows; "I am sorry to see you manifest so selfish a disposition, and as a just punishment, I shall insist upon the reverse, or, at least, that Fanny should exercise the privilege of selection."

Laura burst into a passionate fit of tears, declaring that she would rather stay at home alone, and would do so; for as for going to Aunt Mercy's it was out of the question.

"Since you give me the privilege of choosing, dear father," said I, distressed at Laura's violent emotion and the motive which excited it, "I shall be as happy with Aunt Mercy as I could be with any one while you are absent, and I think it very kind in her to make the offer. I should feel as little at home at Mrs. Belmont's as Laura would at Aunt Mercy's."

My father laid his hand upon my head, and shading back the ringlets from my forehead, gave me a look of approbation that would have repaid me for the sacrifice of my life if it were possible to enjoy the reward of such a sacrifice.

"You are a good child, Fanny," said he, "and you will be a happy one wherever you are. How much your eyes are like your mother's now you are looking down! and you are like her in character too. She always was ready to yield her own gratification when it interfered with the happiness of others. She never thought of herself." Laura looked uneasy while my father was speaking. The pleasure of gratified desire, and the mortification of rebuked selfishness struggled in her countenance—"If I ever return," said my father, rising and walking to and fro with folded arms and bent brow, "we shall see who has made the wisest choice."

I shall pass over my father's departure and its sad accompaniments. Minute detail is seldom interesting, unless it leads to the development of character, and as it is Aunt Mercy's character that I wish to describe, rather than my own, I hasten to the moment when I became an inmate of her household, Laura having previously been received into the home of Mrs. Belmont. I had but a dim recollection of Aunt Mercy, never having seen her since my early childhood. She lived in the deepest seclusion, seldom visited her relatives and friends, and when her visits were made to my mother I was at school, so that it was only through the medium of others I had obtained my knowledge of her character. I knew she must be far advanced in years, being the sister of my grandmother, not of my mother, and a feeling of awe began to steal over me as I drew near her dwelling, a kind

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of wintry chill indicating that the snows of life were near. It was a clear, autumnal evening; the dark, brown woods skirted the road on either side, and here and there through the rustling foliage, I could see the stars sparkling and the deep blue sky shining, and sometimes I could catch a glimpse of waters flashing through the underbrush, and sometimes I could hear the low, gurgling sound of a stream, whose murmurs alone revealed its existence. The great secret of melancholy seemed diffused over the world. I felt as if I were alone in creation. I had no companion with me in the carriage. I had left no friends behind. My father was now launched on the billows, perhaps never to return. My mother slept the last, deep sleep. I was going to one, who from age, sanctity, and personal peculiarities seemed as far removed from the sphere in which I had been moving, as the planets above, revolving in their lone and distant orbits. Happy they who have never felt that orphanage of the soul which came over me with such a dreary and oppressive power. As the carriage turned into the yard, the silence surrounding the low white dwelling, almost embosomed in shade; the solitary light that gleamed through one curtained window; the complaining notes of a whippoorwill perched near the wall, added to the solemnity of the hour, and imagination, delineating the form of Aunt Mercy with cold, grey eyes, and wintry countenance and ancient costume, threw me into such a state of nervous debility, I had hardly strength to descend from the carriage and enter the door that opened as if by magic to receive me, for I had heard no sound of life. At first I thought it was a statue standing on the threshold of the inner apartment, so still and pale and erect it looked, arrayed in a robe of white, whose folds fell voluminously from the neck to the feet, and remained as calm as those of a winding sheet. A cap with a close crimped border surrounded the face, whose pallid hue corresponded with the death-like impression the dress had made. I trembled as I approached, as if an inhabitant of another world were awaiting to receive me, when the tall, still figure extending its hands, spoke in a sweet, tremulous voice, "Fanny, my child, is it you? welcome to the home of the aged."

At the sound of those kind, *living* accents, the spell of supernatural awe was broken, and throwing myself into the arms, which involuntarily opened to enfold me, I wept myself into calmness. I was hardly conscious of what was passing around me till I found myself seated by a cheerful fire, whose blaze revealed, while it warmed, the pure, white walls, the white curtains, that dropped to the floor without a single festoon, the white, ungirdled dress of Aunt Mercy: and by its bright reflection, I could see too, her gray parted hair, divided with the precision of a geometrical line, and her dark, deep-set eyes, that beamed like lamps through the mists of age. There was a fascination in the glance of those eyes, as they were steadfastly fixed on me. They did not seem looking at my face, but my soul. The memory, not the fire of human passion slumbered in their solemn depths. But, when withdrawing their fixed gaze from me, and lifting them upwards, she remained for a few moments in the same attitude, with her hands folded, there was a holy and sublime abstraction, that showed her thoughts were withdrawn from all external objects and were holding communion with the Great Invisible. Then, again turning to me she said, as if thinking aloud, rather than addressing me—"When I last saw her she was little more than a smiling infant, now she is what her mother was full twenty years ago. Time! time! what a solemn thing is time. It carries us on day and night without slumbering or pausing, and we heed it not, till borne like me, almost to the shores of eternity, we listen with wonder to the dashing of the billows we have passed over, and look back upon the dark and troubled waters that heave themselves into rest on the borders of the promised land."

I gazed with reverence on this hoary mariner of time, thus surveying with a backward glance the untravelled wilderness before me, but I sighed to think she must have survived the affections and yearning sympathies of her kind, and that I must learn to repress in her presence the ebullitions of youthful emotion. Her next words convinced me how erroneous was this conclusion.

"I pity you, my child. You have a gloomy prospect before you, as the companion of age and loneliness. But the fountain of love is not dried up in my veins. The current flows warm and deep beneath the ice. If you seek wisdom, rather than pleasure, you may not in after years reflect with sorrow that you lingered a little by the wayside, communing with an aged pilgrim, who could tell you something of the mysteries of the journey of life. And something too, I trust," added she, placing her hand reverently on the Bible, which lay on the table by her side, "of that eternal country whither the young, as well as the old, are rapidly travelling."

Though I had been but a half hour in Aunt Mercy's presence, I had already gathered some precious lessons, and I looked forward to the hoard of wisdom I might acquire during my daily communion with her. Tenderness began to mingle with the awe she inspired, and when I retired to my own room, which was an apartment adjoining hers, I thought though the hours passed with my venerable relative might be very serious ones, they need not consequently be unhappy. When I first entered the chamber, however, I could not repress a nervous shudder. The same cold uniformity of white was visible that distinguished the room below. White walls, white curtains to bed and windows and an old-fashioned toilet table, with a long, flowing, white muslin petticoat, all presented a most wintry aspect. "Surely," said I, "Aunt Mercy has selected white, because it is the livery of angels. I shall not dare to think an unpolluted thought, surrounded by such emblematic purity. I shall be reminded of Him in whose sight 'the

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heavens are not clean,' and 'who sitteth on a white throne in the midst of his glory.'"

The powerful influence of Aunt Mercy's solemn character was already visible in my reflections. That influence pursued me even in my dreams; for I dreamed that I was sailing alone in a little bark over an ocean, that seemed illimitable in extent, and unfathomable in depth, and that a tall, white figure defined on the dark and distant horizon, beckoned me onward, and ever and anon lifted a lamp that blazed in her right hand, and sent a long stream of brightness over the abyss of waters. As I came nearer and nearer, and the boat glided with inconceivable swiftness, the lamp flashed with such intolerable splendour that it awoke me, and opening my eyes, the sunbeams darted through the opening of the curtains directly in my face, and explained the vision of the lamp. My first thought was a dread of Aunt Mercy's displeasure for slumbering so late, for I had heard that she breakfasted at sunrise, but the kind manner in which she greeted me when I descended dispelled my fears.

"I knew you must be fatigued from your journey," said she, "and would not suffer you to be wakened, but to-morrow we will rise together, for your youthful frame can hardly require more hours for repose than mine. I always think when the Lord of day is on his way rejoicing and scattering blessings in his path, it is a shame for us to be laggards behind."

I blushed when I reflected what a laggard I had been, and that I, the young and buoyant, had even this duty to learn from the aged and infirm. Yet I could hardly call Aunt Mercy infirm. Her figure was still erect and dignified, her step unfaltering, and though time's engraving hand had left its tracery on her cheek and brow, her eyes, at times, not only flashed with the brilliancy, but expressed the energy of earlier years. She seldom smiled, but when she did, her countenance exhibited an appearance of indescribable serenity, reminding me of a lake by moonlight, when the wind just curls its surface, and the rays gently quiver in the motion. The first day I was excited by the charm of novelty. The perfect quiet and neatness that reigned in the household; the clock-work regularity with which everything was performed; the industry that harmonized so beautifully with this order and tranquillity astonished while it delighted me. It seemed impossible to me that human beings could live, and move, and work with so little bustle. Yet there was constant activity. Aunt Mercy herself was never idle a moment; she was either knitting, sewing or reading; indeed, her knitting-needles seemed a part of her fingers, and the stocking to grow under her touch, from a natural, not an artificial process. I wondered why she manufactured so many articles, for which she could have no possible use, but I soon learned that many were the feet she covered with her industry, as well as the mouths she fed with her bounty. Never was name more appropriately given, for far as her liberal hand could reach her benefactions and her care extended. She never encouraged idleness or vice, but wherever there was infancy, orphanage, infirmity, and age, united with poverty, her charities descended gentle and unostentatious as the dews of heaven.

"You make me ashamed of the indolence of my past life," said I, as I watched her unwearied fingers; "I feel as if I had lived in vain; I have been praised because I was willing to do something for myself, and now I feel that it is only what we do for others deserves commendation."

"Praise is sweet," replied Aunt Mercy, "from the lips of those we love, but if we do good to others for the *sake* of this reward, we sacrifice the blessing of Him, who has presented to us higher and holier motives for action. Do not praise me, my Fanny, because I endeavour to 'do diligently what my hands find to do,' for the shadows of twilight are falling round me, and that dark night will soon come, wherein 'no man can work.'"

It may be believed by some, that the solemnity of Aunt Mercy's language; her constant allusions to death and eternity, and the inspired quotations with which her conversation abounded, would fill my young and ardent imagination with gloom and terror. But it was not so; they exalted, instead of depressing me; they created in me a thirst for sacred knowledge, a spirituality of feeling as sublime as it was novel—I could exclaim with a more heavenly ambition, than that which animated the Egyptian enchantress, "I feel immortal longings in me."

It was a somewhat novel sight, to see such close companionship and increasing congeniality of feeling, between two beings, so far removed by age from each other—the snows of winter only drew us closer together, and I almost dreaded to witness the spring-time of the year, lest, in the midst of its opening splendours, I should lose something of her divine instructions. An occasional letter from Laura, varied the pleasing monotony of my existence; she always addressed me as 'poor Fanny'—then as if that expression of condolence satisfied her sisterly affection, she expatiated on her gay and happy life, and the pleasures that courted her enjoyment; her volatile mind flew from one subject to another, from the theatre to the ball-room, from the ball-room to the concert, &c., with bewildering speed; and with all these dazzling scenes, she mingled descriptions of attending gentlemen: some had 'eyes of fire,' others 'tongues of eloquence' and 'lips of music;' and all were included in the compendious epithet 'divine.' I should have profited little by the example and precepts of the evangelical Aunt Mercy, if I had not revolted at the application of this term; I grieved at the levity of her sentiments; I did not envy her the pleasures that had such an intoxicating influence on her heart; I did not sigh for the admiration of that sex, from whose society I was so entirely excluded; I had never been accustomed to it, and the rapturous expressions of Laura astonished my young simplicity. One evening, after

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the perusal of one of these letters, as I sat at Aunt Mercy's side, I ventured to address her in a more familiar manner than I had ever done before; I longed to hear her explain the mystery of her lonely life. "Dear Aunt Mercy," said I, taking her hand in mine, and looking earnestly in her face, "do you think it a sin to love?" She actually started at the question, and I felt her hand tremble in my clasp.

"Do you ask idly?" said she, fixing her deep eyes with a melancholy gaze on my face, "or do you, child as you are, speak from the heart's dictates?"

"No," answered I, blushing at the suggestion, "I know nothing yet of love, and judging from Laura's allusions, I think I never shall. But I have often wondered why you, who must have been very beautiful indeed, when young"—here a faint smile glimmered over Aunt Mercy's features, a lingering spark of vanity, flashing through the shades of threescore years and ten—"why you should have been"—I began to hesitate, for I could not allow myself to use Laura's expression, and say 'an old maid'—then after a moment's reflection, I added, "why you should have been single, when almost every one marries; I thought, perhaps, you believed it sinful to love any one else but God." I would have given anything to have recalled the expression of my childish curiosity; I was terrified at the emotion exhibited in her usual placid countenance; her eyes assumed a look of wild anguish, contrasting fearfully with their wonted calm, religious glance; then slowly lifting them to heaven, and clasping her withered hands together, she exclaimed, "sinful! oh! my Father!—sinful indeed must be the passion, whose memory even now can raise such a tumult in these wintry veins; I thought all was peace here," continued she, unclasping her hands, and pressing them tightly on her breast, "the peace of God that passeth all understanding; but no, no, the troubled waters are heaving, heaving still." As she reiterated the last words, her head bowed lower and lower, her whole frame shook, and tears gathering in large drops, glided down her cheeks, through channels, which had long been dry. I felt as if I had committed sacrilege in thus disturbing the holy calm of her soul; a burst of flame, rising from the still waters that cover the buried cities of the plain, could not be more awful or surprising, than this storm of human passion, thus convulsing the bosom of age. I knew not in what manner to express my penitence and sorrow. I wept; I threw my arms around her; I actually knelt at her feet and implored her to forgive me. This attitude roused her from her trance-like state; she held out her right hand, and commanded me to rise. I rose and stood before her pale and trembling, like a culprit uncertain of her doom.

"Leave me, child, leave me," she cried "till I gain composure, from the only source from which the weary and heavy laden can find rest—long, long years have rolled away, since any human being has struck the chord your hand has pressed. I thought it had ceased to quiver—I have deceived myself; I feel humbled in the dust; I would humble myself still more before the mighty hand of God. Leave me alone, my child, and when I am calm once more, you shall learn the history of my youth, and may you profit by its mournful lesson."

I withdrew to my chamber, grieved and agitated, yet awaiting with impatience the expected summons. But I heard Aunt Mercy enter her own room and close her door, without recalling me to her presence. She always kept a light burning during the night, that she might not disturb her servants, if one were required, but this night it was extinguished, and accustomed as I had been to see its rays streaming beneath the door, I shuddered at the darkness, of which my rashness had been the cause. I trembled when I reflected on the might of human passion—"Terrible, terrible," thought I, "must it be in its strength, if even in decay it can triumph over the coldness of age, and roll its wild waves over the traces the spirit of God has written on the soul. Let *me* be spared its desolating power; let me live on as I now do, calm and passionless, striving to walk in the path of duty, with an eye directed to heaven, and a heart devoted to God. Here, in this solitude, I am secure from temptation, and can know nothing of the struggles, of which to-night I have been a fearful witness."

The next morning I almost feared to look at Aunt Mercy, expecting to see the same wild and agitated countenance, but the placidity of heaven was on her brow. There might be an air of deeper humility; of more saintly meekness, if that were possible, but there was no other change. I felt a tenderness for her I had never experienced before. Aunt Mercy, the anchorite, the saint, was a being I reverenced; but Aunt Mercy, loving and suffering, was a being I loved. The day passed away, as usual, in industry and quiet, but when the evening came on, and we were seated again, side by side, at the lonely hearth, my heart began to palpitate with expectation, for Aunt Mercy suffered her knitting to remain untouched in her basket, and her book lay unopened on the table.

"My dear Fanny," said she, "your asking eyes shall not seek mine in vain; I have been steadily looking at the past, and am astonished at the calmness with which I can now review events, from which last night I recoiled with such dread; I have not slept, but prayed, and towards the dawn of morning, it seemed as if an angel came and ministered unto me. Like Jacob, I had wrestled for the blessing and prevailed. It is humbling to me to know that the reverence with which you have regarded me will be diminished, and that you will look upon me henceforth as a sinful and sorrowing woman; and yet I should rejoice that you will no longer ascribe to an erring creature, perfections which belong to God alone.

"When I was young—can you roll back the winters that have frosted my head, and restore me

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to the spring-time of life? If you can you must think of me, at this moment, not as I am, but as I was, with the bloom of youth on my cheek, and its hopes warm in my heart. Let this thought, my child, check the high throbbings of youthful vanity; as sure as you live to reach the confines of age, you will, like me, present but a faded image of what you once have been; the eyes, those windows from which the soul looks forth, will be *darkened*, and the grasshopper prove a burthen to those elastic limbs. But the soul itself, my child, is undecaying and immortal; and can smile calmly over the ruins of the body, in the grandeur of its own imperishability."

She paused, and as I gazed wistfully in her face, I thought that Ossian could never have seen such a countenance as Aunt Mercy's, when he said that age was "dark and unlovely," for to me she was still beautiful, in her piety and meekness, with the chastened memories of other years blending, as they now were, with the holiest hopes of heaven.

"When I was young," continued she, "I was, like you, the companion of an aged relative, though my mother was living; but having the charge of a large family, she was willing to yield to my grandmother's wishes, that I might be taken into her household, even as her own child. I was the youngest of the family, and had never been out, as it is called, into the world, so I was contented in my new home, where I had leisure to indulge in my favourite amusement—reading. My grandmother, unfortunately, had a large library of ill-assorted works, a great portion of which were romances and plays. She never restrained me in my choice, saying, she had always read everything she liked, and had never been injured by this indiscriminate reading, and she saw no reason why children should be wiser than their grandmothers. She was fond of hearing me read aloud to her, and all the long winter evenings, while she plied her knitting-needles, I amused her and delighted myself with the wildest and most extravagant productions. But there were some volumes, containing scenes so highly wrought, which excited such a thrilling interest in my bosom, I could not read them to another. These I reserved for my secret perusal; and, when summer built its green bowers, I used to conceal myself in their shades, and perusing alone these impassioned pages, forgetting every thing but the visions they inspired, I became a vain and idle dreamer. The realities of life were insipid to me; and I was happy only when breathing the atmosphere of the ideal world. My grandmother never reproved me for my wanderings. She did not seem to miss my companionship, for, in the genial season, she loved to sit in the open door and windows, and look at the flowers as they opened to the sunbeams, and listen to the songs of the birds as they made their nests in the trees that shaded the walls. I had one brother, two or three years older than myself, who always visited me during his college vacations, and transformed our quiet dwelling to a scene of gaiety and amusement. Arthur was a light-headed, frolicsome youth, with a temperament very different from mine. *He* loved to sport with the foam of the ocean; *I* to fathom the depths of its waves. And now, Fanny, look on me no longer. I would not waver in my purpose, and I cannot bear that wistful gaze; it melts me, and I would have my eyes dry, and my heart firm. Poor Arthur came to us, the last year of his collegiate term, accompanied by a classmate, of whom he had often talked, Frederick Cleveland. I said he had often spoken of him; and to my romantic ear his name implied all those graces and accomplishments I had never yet seen embodied. Grave even to pensiveness; pale almost to feminine delicacy; yet with a deep-toned voice and manly figure, he formed a striking contrast to my merry, blooming and boyish brother. Arthur pursued his accustomed sports, fishing and hunting; Cleveland soon learned to linger behind, finding more congeniality in my enthusiasm and poetry of feeling. He was a poet himself; and he loved to read his own strains to one who listened with an ear so rapt as mine. He was a naturalist; and as we walked together, he explained to me the wondrous laws of nature, and gave me enlarged and elevated views of the creating power. He was an astronomer; and as we stood beneath the starry heavens, he directed my gaze to the planets, walking in their brightness, and endeavoured to carry my soul into the depths of infinity, and teach it to take in some faint glimpses of God's unimaginable glory. Fanny, I thought not of my God, but of him. I forgot the Creator in adoration of the creature he had made. He departed, and existence was a blank to me; or rather, it was filled with one image, one ever multiplying yet never changing image. My first thought at morning was not an aspiration of gratitude to the Divine Being, whose wings of love had overshadowed and sheltered me during the darkness of night, but a remembrance of Cleveland. My last thought, when I closed my eyes in sleep, did not ascend to Him, in whose awful presence I might be ere the midnight hour, but lingered round one, a frail creature of the dust like myself. You asked me, Fanny, if love was sinful. Not that love which, emanating from a heart which conscious of its weakness and its dependence on God, sees in the object of its affections, a being of clay, yet an heir of immortality; a traveller of time, whose goal is eternity; not that love, which, purified from earthly fires, glows with a divine ardour and mingles with the celestial flame that rises from the soul to the source of everlasting love and light. But the pagan maiden, who pours out her life-blood at the feet of her idol god, is not more of an idolater than I was, the baptized daughter of a Christian mother. Winter glided slowly away. My grandmother's sight entirely failed, and I was compelled to become eyes to the blind, and also feet to the weary, for her increasing infirmities confined her to her arm-chair. I performed these duties, but with

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a listless spirit; and, could she have looked upon me, she must have known that my thoughts were wandering. At length spring returned, and she had her arm-chair moved into the open air, and as the fragrance of the season floated round her, and its melodies breathed into her ear, she revived into child-like cheerfulness. The time for my brother's annual visit returned, and Cleveland once more accompanied him. Even now, when years gliding over years have dimmed the memories of the past, and religion, I trust, has sanctified them, I cannot recall those hours without a glow, like that of sunshine, pervading my wasting being. But the gloom, the horror of thick darkness that followed! One day, as Cleveland and myself were sitting at the foot of an elm tree, reading from the same book, Arthur passed us with his gun in his hand, his green hunting pouch swung over his shoulder, and his dog bounding before him. He laughed, looked back, called Cleveland a *drone*, then went gaily on. How long he was gone I know not, for the happy take no note of hours; but the sun was nearly setting, when he returned by the same path. I felt a sensation of embarrassment that I had lingered so long, and, looking at Cleveland, I saw the colour on his cheek was deepened. The sky was reddening with the clouds that generally gather around the setting sun, and their reflection gave a beauty and brightness to his face that I had never seen before. Arthur seemed animated with more than his usual vivacity. 'Cleveland,' said he, with mock gravity, 'that blush bespeaks the consciousness of guilt. I have long thought you a criminal, and you must now suffer the penalty due to your crimes. Die, then, base robber, without judge or jury.' Then, aiming his gun like an experienced marksman, his eye sparkling with mirth, he shot—and Cleveland fell."

Here Aunt Mercy paused, and a long silence ensued. I dared not look at her, as she thus bared the fountain of her grief. I felt as if the death-shot had penetrated my own heart. I started at the sound of her voice when she again resumed her narrative, it was so hollow and broken.

"Yes! he fell by a brother's hand. I saw him extended at my feet, and the grass crimsoned with the blood that gushed from the wound. I saw Arthur dash down his gun, rush forward, and throwing himself on the bleeding body, exclaim, 'Gracious Father! what have I done!' 'Done!' cried I, pushing him away with frantic violence, and clasping the murdered Frederick in my arms; 'Done! you have killed him—you have killed him;' and I reiterated the words till they became a piercing shriek, and the air was rent with my cries of agony. I remember how he looked; with what bloodless cheeks and lips he bent over him; what indescribable anguish and horror spoke from his eyes! I remember, too, how my blind old grandmother, roused by my shrieks, came groping to the spot, and dabbled her hands unconsciously in the blood of the victim. It was she who cried, 'he may yet be saved;' and Arthur flew for a physician, and dragged him to the very tree, and looked him in the face, while he sought the symptoms of that life which was gone for ever. My Fanny, I dare not describe the madness of despair that took possession of my soul. I rejected all human consolation; I sought no divine comforter; I knew not that there was a balm in Gilead, or a heavenly Physician near. My poor grandmother tried to soothe my grief, but I turned away from her in bitterness. My brother attempted to approach me, but I fled from him as from a monster, and hid myself from his sight. He wrote to me, entreating me to forgive him. He painted the misery he endured, the remorse that was consuming him; and yet he was innocent, innocent of everything but levity, whose excess is criminal. He knew not that the gun was loaded; for a boy, who was hunting like himself, had taken his rifle, which he had left for a few moments leaning against a tree, and substituted his own in its stead. It was an instrument of inferior value, though of similar appearance, and contained a heavy load. These circumstances were afterwards made known to him, and explained the mystery of Cleveland's death. Poor, unhappy Arthur! he was innocent, and yet I loathed him. I made a vow that I would never see him more. 'Tell him,' said I, 'that I forgive him, but I can never live in his sight; I can never look upon him, but as the destroyer of all I held dear.' Finding me inexorable, he left me to my sullen and resentful sorrow to seek friends more kind and pitying. My sole occupation, now, was to wander abroad and seat myself under the elm tree which had witnessed the awful tragedy, and brood over its remembrance. Oh! how hard and selfish must have been my heart, that could have resisted the prayers and tears of my only brother; that could have turned from a doting grandmother, whose sightless eyes pleaded so painfully in his behalf; that could have left her to the care of menials, instead of ministering to her declining age and smoothing her passage to the grave! But that hard heart was yet to be broken. The prophet's wand was near; I received a summons to come to my brother who was dying. He raved for his sister; he could not die without seeing her once again; I felt like one waking from a terrible dream, in which the incubus had been brooding like a demon on the soul. A voice cried in my ear, 'Thou too wilt be a murderer, less innocent than he, for thou knewest what thou wast doing.' I obeyed the summons, but it was too late; he was dead. I saw him in his winding sheet—the brother whom my unrelenting lips had vowed never to behold again; with his last breath he had called on my name, and prayed me to forgive him. I stood and gazed upon him with dry and burning eyes. The merry glance was dim and fixed; the glowing cheeks, sunken and white; and the smiling lips closed for ever. I had hung over the corpse of my lover, my bosom had been moistened by the life drops that oozed from his own, and I thought I had drunk the cup

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of sorrow to its bitterest dregs. But I now learned that there were dregs more bitter still. Oh! the anguish of remorse; surely it is a foretaste of the undying worm, of the fire that never can be quenched; I could not bear its gnawings—its smothered, consuming flames; I was laid for months on a bed of sickness, in the same chamber where my poor Arthur breathed his last. I thought I was dying. I did not wish to live, but I recoiled from the dark futurity that stretched illimitably before me; I shrunk from the idea of a holy and avenging God; I, the unforgiving, could I hope for forgiveness? I heard, as it were, the voice of the Lord saying, 'The voice of thy brother's blood cries to me from the ground;' and I looked in vain for a city of shelter, where my soul could fly and live. I revealed to no one what was passing within. In the sullen secrecy of despair, I resolved to meet the doom which I believed irrevocable. Like the Spartan boy, who sat unmoved while the hidden animal was preying on his vitals, glorying in the pangs he had the fortitude to endure, I lay on my bed of torture silent and unmurmuring; feeling that the agonies I suffered, and which I expected to suffer, as long as Almighty vengeance could inflict them, or the immortal spirit bear, were a sufficient expiation for my cruelty and guilt. I shudder, as I recall the workings of my soul; I looked upon myself as the victim of an uncontrollable destiny, of an omnipotent, vindictive Being, who, secure in his own impassibility, beheld with unpitying eye, the anguish he caused. Had I created myself? Had I asked for the gift of existence? Was mine the breath which had warmed the senseless dust of the valley with passions so fiery and untameable; or mine the power to restrain their devastating course? As well might I be responsible for the ruin caused by elemental wrath. Oh! Fanny, had I died in this awful frame! Had my rebellious spirit then been ushered into the presence chamber of the King of kings, thus blasphemous and defying! But he who remembers we are dust, who, tempted once himself, has pity on human weakness, gently withdrew his chastening hand. He raised me from my sick bed, and bid me live. I returned to my grandmother, who was now helpless as a child, and who wept like an infant when she heard my voice once more. The bible, the only book in her library which I had formerly passed over as too uninteresting to read, was now taken from its shelf and laid on the table by her bed-side; on my knees I read its sacred pages. With no teacher but the Holy Spirit, I prosecuted the sublimest study in the universe, and, as I studied, I felt a holy illumination pervading the darkened recesses of my soul. I saw myself in the mirror of eternal truth, in all my pride, rebellion, ingratitude, and heaven-daring hardiness; and I loathed the picture. The more I abhorred myself, the more I adored the transcendent mercy of God, in prolonging my life for repentance and reformation. Like Mary, I arose and prostrating myself at the feet of the Saviour bathed them with such tears of sorrow and love, it seemed as if my heart were melting in the fountain. I loved much; I felt as if I were forgiven; and ten thousand times ten thousand worlds would not purchase the hope even of that blessed forgiveness. My aged grandmother, too, placed as she was on the confines of two worlds, acknowledged that it had been reserved for that moment, for the power and glory of religion to be manifested in her soul; she had hitherto rested in quietude in the consciousness of a blameless life, but about to appear in the presence of infinite purity as well as justice, the life which had seemed so spotless, assumed a dark and polluted aspect, and she felt that if she ever joined the white-robed throng which surround the throne of the Everlasting, with branching palms in their hands, and hymns of glory on their lips, her raiments like theirs must be washed white in the blood of the Lamb. She died in peace, in hope, in faith, bequeathing me her little fortune, and what was more precious still, her blessing. Blessed, for ever blessed, be the God of Israel, that I have been so gently led down the declivity of life, and that I can hear without dismay the rolling of the waves of Jordan, over which my aged feet must shortly pass; and, blessed too be his holy name, that he has brought you hither to minister to my infirmities, listen to my feeble counsels, and close my dying eyes."

Aunt Mercy rose, laid her hand for a moment solemnly on my head, and retired. I had wept, without ceasing, during the latter part of her narrative, and, long after I had laid my head on my pillow, I continued to weep. I wept for the ill-fated Cleveland; the unhappy Arthur; for Aunt Mercy unrelenting and despairing, then, sorrowing and repenting; I wept to think what a world of tribulation I had entered, and prayed that I might never know the strength and tyranny of human passion. I had always thought it a fearful thing to die; but now it seemed more fearful still to *live* in a world so full of temptation, with hearts so prone to yield, surrounded by the shadows of time, which seem to us *realities*, and travelling on to an invisible world, which seems so shadowy and remote. The mystery of my being oppressed me, and I sought to fathom what is unfathomable, till I remembered the sublime interrogation of Scripture, "Who can find out the Almighty unto perfection? He is higher than heaven—what canst thou do? Deeper than hell—what canst thou know?" I acknowledged my presumption, and, humbled and submissive, felt willing to wait the great and final day of God's revealing.

The next morning, Aunt Mercy requested me to accompany her in a walk. It was a mild, sunny morning, and the breath of spring, floating over the hills, was beginning to melt the frosts of winter. I thought she was going on an errand of charity, till she turned into a path, to which the leafless shrubbery on either side now gave a dreary appearance, and led me to a tree, whose bare spreading branches bent over a rustic bench, that

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was seen at its roots. I trembled, as I approached the spot, for I knew it was there the blood of Cleveland had been spilled. "This, then," thought I, "is the very tree, that witnessed, almost simultaneously, the vows of love and the tears of agony."

"Yes," said Aunt Mercy, as if I had spoken aloud, "this is the spot, where, more than fifty years ago, in the flower of youth, he fell. His body sleeps in the cemetery of his fathers, but this is his monument. Long as this aged tree remains, it will be sacred to the memory of Cleveland. Like that tree, now withered and shorn of its summer glories, I too stand a memento of his fate; but the spring will come to reclothe those naked branches, and pour the stream of vegetable life in their veins; and I too await the coming of that spring-time, whose flowers and verdure no after winter can blight." As I looked round me, the conviction that all that I saw was associated with Aunt Mercy's youth; that here her aged grandmother had lived, and she herself grown old; that here too I might grow old and die, was very solemn. Aunt Mercy, who always seemed to read my thoughts, explained to me all the changes which had gradually taken place. The inroads of time had been constantly repaired, so that it was the same cottage in appearance that had sheltered her in childhood. She had respected her grandmother's peculiar habits, and continued them, perhaps, in many respects unconsciously. The white livery which at first startled me from its singularity, but to which my eye had become accustomed, had been adopted by her predecessor, when her failing sight found it difficult to distinguish objects, and every thing darkened round her. "And I love to look upon white," continued Aunt Mercy; "I love the winter's snow for its whiteness. It reminds me of the blood-washed robes of the saints."

I would have lingered near a spot hallowed by such deathless memories, but Aunt Mercy drew me away. I trembled for the effect of such excitement on one so aged. I thought her face looked paler than usual, and her step seemed less firm. I placed the easy chair for her on our return, and stood by her with an anxious countenance. "Fanny, my love," said she, pressing my hand in both hers, "I have laid bare my heart before you, but the curtain must now fall over it—never again to be lifted. I have done with the past—God and eternity must now claim all my thoughts."

Perhaps at some future hour, I may continue my own history, as it is connected with my sister Laura's and the close of Aunt Mercy's life, a life continued beyond the allotted period of existence.

TO ——.

Weep not for Mary—though the light
  That shone within her starry eyes,
Is quenched for aye in death's stern night,
  And darkness on her blue orbs lies;
Weep not—a light more lovely still
  Shall yet those gentle eyes illume,
A light whose radiance never will
  Again be dimmed by earthly gloom.

Weep not for Mary—though the brow
  Where that soft hair so smoothly lay,
Is resting cold as marble now,
  Beneath the damp and mouldering clay;
'Tis well—for that fair brow shall pale
  Beneath the touch of pain no more,
And with the cares of life's sad vale
  Shall ne'er again be shadowed o'er.

Weep not—though o'er the earlier home,
  Her smile so sweetly lighted up,
A desolating change has come
  And sorrow poured her bitterest cup.
Though lonely now, the heart of him
  Who waits for her return in vain;
Whose silent hearth, and mansion dim,
  Her presence shall not cheer again.

Weep not—for Heaven has claimed her now,
  For earth she was too fair and meek;
With that calm softness on her brow
  And tender paleness on her cheek;
'Mid earth's deceitful weary shows
  'Twas sinful to implore her stay,
When heavenly scenes before her rose,
  And angels beckoned her away.

She rests in peace in that bright land,
  Whose blest inhabitants behold
Th' Eternal's throne, and near it stand,
  With glittering crowns, and harps of gold.
Oh! may we seek, as she has sought,
  That blest abode to enter in,
And count all earthly gain as naught,
  The heavenly heritage to win.

NOTE.—The preceding lines were addressed, on a recent melancholy occasion, to the bereaved parents of a lovely woman, their last remaining child, who died while on a visit to the parental mansion, and while her husband was still at his far distant home.

The author, Miss S. L. L. was from early childhood intimately acquainted with the deceased.

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MR. AND MRS. FOLLETT;

OR,

MORE THAN I BARGAINED FOR.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Mr friend Follett married a lady contrary to my advice. I gave the advice contrary to my wont and against my will. He would have it. The lady was a tolerably pretty woman, on whose original destiny it was never written that she should be a belle. How she became one is not much matter; but nature being thoroughly taken by surprize with her success, had neglected to provide the counterpoise. I say it is no great matter how she became a belle,—nor is it,—for if such things were to be accounted for to the satisfaction of the sex, the world would have little time for other speculations; but I will devote a single paragraph to the elucidation of this one of many mysteries, for a reason I have. *Fænam habet in cornu.*

Poets are the least fastidious, and the least discriminating of men in their admiration of women, (*vide Byron,*) partly because their imagination, like sunshine, glorifies all that turns to it, and partly because the voluptuous heart without which they were not poets, is both indolent and imperial, from both causes waiting always *to be sought.* In some circles, bards are rather comets than stars, and the one whose orbit for a few days intersected that of Miss Adele Burnham, was the exclusive marvel of the hour. Like other poets, the one of which I speak was concentrative in his attentions, and he chose (*why,* the gods knew better than the belles of the season,) to have neither eyes nor ears, flowers, flatteries, nor verses for any other than Miss Burnham. He went on his way, but the incense, in which he had enveloped the blest Adele, lingered like a magic atmosphere about her, and Tom Follett and all his tribe breathed it in blind adoration. I trust the fair reader has here nodded her head, in evidence that this history of the belleship of Miss Burnham is no less brief than natural and satisfactory.

When Follett came to me with the astounding information that he intended to propose to Miss Burnham, (he had already proposed and been accepted, the traitor!) my fancy at once took the prophetic stride so natural on the first breaking of such news, and in the five minutes which I took for reflection, I had travelled far into that land of few delusions—holy matrimony. Before me, in all the changeful variety of a magic mirror, came and went the many phases of which that multiform creature, woman, is susceptible. I saw her in diamonds and satin, and in kitchen-apron and curl-papers; in delight, and in the dumps; in supplication and in resistance; shod like a fairy in French shoes, and slip-shod, (as perhaps fairies are, too, in their bed-rooms and dairies.) I saw her approaching the climacteric of age, and receding from it—a mother, a nurse, an invalid,—mum over her breakfast, chatty over her tea,—doing the honours at Tom's table, and mending with sober diligence Tom's straps and suspenders. The kaleidoscope of fancy exhausted its combinations.

"Tom!" said I, (looking up affectionately, for he was one of my weaknesses, was Tom, and I indulged myself in loving him without a reason,) "Miss Burnham is in the best light where she is. If she cease to be a belle, as of course she will, should she marry——"

"Of course!" interrupted Tom very gravely.

"Well, in that case, she lays off the goddess, trust me! You will like her to dress plainly——"

"Quite plain!"

"And stripped of her plumage, your bird of Paradise would be nothing but a very indifferent hen—with the disadvantage of remembering that she had been a bird of Paradise."

"But it was not her dress that attracted the brilliant author of——"

"Possibly not. But as the false gods of mythology are only known by their insignia, Jupiter by his thunderbolt, and Mercury by his talaria and caduceus, so a woman, worshipped by accident, will find a change of exterior nothing less than a laying aside of her divinity. That's a didactic sentence, but you will know what I mean, when I tell you that I myself cannot see a pair of coral ear-rings without a sickness of the heart, though the woman who once wore them, and who slighted me twenty years ago, sits before me in church, without diverting a thought from the sermon. Don't marry her, Tom!"

Six weeks after this conversation, I was at the wedding, and the reader will please to pass to the rear the six succeeding months—short time as it seems, to record a change in the bland sky of matrimony. It was an ellipse in our friendship as well; for advice (contrary to our wishes and intentions) is apt to be resented, and I fancied from the northerly bows I received from Mrs. Follett, that my friend had made a merit to her of having married contrary to my counsel. At the end of this period Tom called on me.

Follett, I should have said, was a man of that undecided exterior which is pefectly at the mercy

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of a cravat or waistcoat. He looked "snob" or "nob," according to the care with which he had made his toilet. While a bachelor, of course, he could never afford in public a negligence or a mistake, and was invariably an elegant man, harmonious and "pin-point" from straps to whiskers. But alas! the security of wedded life! When Tom entered my room, I perused him as a walking homily. His coat, still made on the old measure, was buttoned only at the top, the waist being rather snug, and his waistcoat pockets loaded with the copper which in his gayer days he always left on the counter. His satin cravat was frayed and brownish, with the tie slipped almost under his ear. The heel of his right boot (he trod straight on the other foot) almost looked him in the face. His pantaloons, (the one article of dress in which there are no gradations—nothing, if not perfect,) were bulged and strained. He wore a frightfully new hat, no gloves, and carried a baggy brown umbrella, which was, in itself, a most expressive portrait of "gone to seed." Tom entered with his usual uppish carriage, and, through the how-d'ye-dos, and the getting into his chair, carried off the old manner to a charm. In talking of the weather, a moment after, his eye fell on his stumpy umbrella, which, with an unconscious memory of an old affectation with his cane, he was balancing on the toe of his boot, and the married look slid over him like a mist. Down went his head between his shoulders, and down went the corners of his mouth—down the inflation of his chest like a collapsed balloon; and down, in its youth and expression it seemed to me, every muscle of his face. He had assumed in a minute the style and countenance of a man ten years older.

I smiled. How could I but smile!

"Then you have heard of it!" exclaimed Tom, suddenly starting to his feet, and flushing purple to the roots of his hair.

"Heard of what!"

My look of surprize evidently took him aback, and, seating himself again with confused apologies, Tom proceeded to "make a clean breast," on a subject which I had not anticipated.

It seemed, that, far from moulting her feathers after marriage, according to my prediction, Mrs. Follett clearly thought that she had not yet "strutted her hour," and, though everything Tom could learn behind the curtain, in society she had flaunted and flirted, not merely with no diminution of zest from the wedding day, but, her husband was of opinion, with a ratio alarmingly increasing. Her present alliance was with a certain Count Hautenbas, the lion of the moment, and though doubtless one in which vanity alone was active, Tom's sense of connubial propriety was at its last gasp. He could stand it no longer. He wished my advice in the choice between two courses. Should he call out the Frenchman, or should he take advantage of the Massachusetts interpretation of a "land of liberty," accuse his wife of "moral insanity," and shut her up in a mad-house.

My advice had been of so little avail in the first instance, that I shrank from troubling Tom with any more of it, and certainly should have evaded it altogether, but for an experiment I wished to make, as much for my own satisfaction as for the benefit of that large class the unhappy married.

"Your wife is out every night, I suppose, Tom!"

"Every night when she has no party at home."

"Do you go with her always?"

"I go *for* her usually—but the truth is, that, since I married, parties bore me, and after seeing my wife off, I commonly smoke and snooze, or read, or run into Bob Thomas's and 'talk horse,' till I have just time to be in at the death."

"And when you get there, you don't dance?"

"Not I, faith! I haven't danced since I was married!"

"But you used to be the best waltzer of the day."

"Well, the music sometimes gets into my heels now, but, when I remember I am married, the fit cools off. The deuce take it! a married man shouldn't be seen whirling round the room with a girl in his arms!"

"I presume that were you still single, you would fancy your chance to be as good for ladies' favours, as any French Count's, that ever came over?"

"Ehem! why—yes!"

Tom pulled up his collar.

"And if you had access to her society all day and all night, and the Frenchman only an hour or two in the evening, any given lady being the object, you would bet freely on your own head?"

"I see your drift," said Tom, with a melancholy smile, "but it won't do!"

"No indeed—it is what *would* have done. You had at the start a much better chance with your wife than Count Hautenbas; but husbands and lovers are the 'hare and the tortoise' of the fable. We must resort now to other means. Will you *follow* my advice as well as *take* it, should I be willing again to burn my fingers in your affairs!"

The eagerness of Tom's protestations quite made the *amende* to my mortified self-complacency, and I entered zealously into my little plot for his happiness. At this moment I heartily wish I had sent him and his affairs to the devil, and (lest I should forget it at the close of this tale,) I here caution all men, single and double, against "meddling or making," marring or mending, in matrimonial matters. The alliteration may, perhaps, impress this salutary counsel on the mind of the reader.

I passed the remainder of the day in repairing the damage of Tom's person. I had his whiskers curled and trimmed even, (his left whisker was an inch nearer his nose than the right), and his teeth looked to by the dentist. I stood by, to be sure that there was no carelessness in his selection of patent leathers, and on his assuring me that he was otherwise well provided, I suffered him to go home to dress, engaging him to dine with me at seven.

He was punctual to the hour. By Jove, I could

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scarce believe it was the same man. The consciousness of being well-dressed seemed to have brightened his eyes and lips, as it certainly changed altogether his address and movements. He had a narrow escape of being handsome. After all, it is only a "man of mark," or an Apollo, who can well afford to neglect the outer man; and a judicious negligence, or a judicious plainness, is probably worth the attention of both the man of mark and the Apollo. Tom was quite another order of creature—a butterfly that was just now a worm—and would have been treated with more consideration in consequence, even by those least tolerant of "the pomps and vanities." We dined temperately, and I superseded the bottle by a cup of strong green tea, at an early moment after the removal of the cloth, determined to have Tom's wits in as full dress as his person. Without being at all a brilliant man, he was, the next best thing, a steady absorbent, and as most women are more fond of giving than receiving in all things, but particularly in conversation, I was not uneasy as to his power of making himself agreeable. Nor was *he*, faith!

The ball of the night was at the house of an old friend of my own, and Mr. and Mrs. Follett were but newly introduced to the circle. I had the company very clearly in my eye, therefore, while casting about for *dramatis personæ*, and in fixing upon Mrs. Beverly Fairlie, for the prominent character, I assured success, though being very much in love with that coquettish widow myself, I had occasion for some self-denial in the matter. Of Mrs. Fairlie's weak points (on which it seemed necessary that I should enlighten Tom,) I had information not to be acquired short of summering and wintering her, and with my eye solely directed to its effect upon Mrs. Follett, I put the clues into my friend's hands in a long after-dinner conversation. As he seemed impatient to open the campaign after getting these definite and valuable instructions, I augured well for his success, and we entered the ball-room in high spirits.

It was quite enough to say to the mischievous widow that another woman was to be piqued by any attentions she might choose to pay Mr. Follett. Having said thus much, and presented Tom, I sought out Mrs. Follett, myself, with the double purpose of breaking up the monopoly of Mons. Hautenbas, and of directing her attention, should it be necessary, to the suavities between Tom and the widow.

It was a superb ball, and the music, as Tom said, went to the heels. The thing he did well was waltzing, and after taking a turn or two with Mrs. Fairlie, the *rustic* dame ran up to Mrs. Follett with the most innocent air imaginable, and begged the loan of her husband for the rest of the evening! I did not half like the look of earnest with which she entered into the affair, indeed, and there was little need of my taking much trouble to enlighten Mrs. Follett; for a woman so surprized with a six months husband I never saw. They were so capitally matched, Tom and the widow, in size, motion, style of waltzing, and all, that not we only, but the whole party were occupied with observing and admiring them. Mrs. Follett and I (for a secret sympathy, somehow, drew us together, as the thing went on,) kept up a broken conversation, in which the Count was even less interested than we, and after a few ineffectual attempts to draw her into the tea-room, the Frenchman left us in pique, and we gave ourselves up to the observation of the couple who (we presumed) severally belonged to us. They carried on the war famously, to be sure! Mrs. Fairlie was a woman who could do as she liked, because she *would;* and she cared not a straw for the very *prononcè* demonstration of engrossing one man for all the quadrilles, waltzes and galopades, besides going with him to supper. Once or twice I tried to find an excuse for leaving Mrs. Follett, to put in an oar for myself, but the little woman clung to me as if she had not the courage to undertake another person's amusement, and, new and sudden as the feeling must have been, she was pale and wretched, with a jealousy more bitter probably than mine. Tom never gave me a look after the first waltz, and as to the widow, she played her part with rather more zeal than was set down for her. I passed altogether an uncomfortable night, for a gay one, and it was a great relief to me when Mrs. Follett asked me to send Tom for the carriage.

"Be so kind as to send a servant for it," said Follett, very coolly, 'and say to Mrs. Follett, that I will join her at home. I am going to sup, or rather breakfast with Mrs. Beverly Fairlie!"

Here was a mess!

"Shall I send the Count for your shawl?" I asked, after giving this message, and wishing to know whether she was this side of pride in her unhappiness.

The little woman burst into tears.

"I will sit in the cloak room till my husband is ready," she said, "go to him, if you please, and implore him to come and speak to me."

As I said before, I wished the whole plot to the devil. We had achieved our object, it is true—and so did the man who knocked the breath out of his friend's body, in killing a fly on his back. Tom is now (this was years ago) a married flirt of some celebrity, for after coming out of the widow's hands with a three months education, he had quite forgot to be troubled about Mrs. Follett, and instead of neglecting his dress, which was his only sin when I took him in hand, he now neglects his wife, who sees him, as women are apt to see their husbands, through other women's eyes. I presume they are doomed to quite as much unhappiness as would have fallen to their lot, had I let them alone—had Mrs. Follett run away with the Frenchman, and had Tom died a divorced sloven. But when I think, that, besides achieving little for them, I was the direct means of spoiling Mrs. Beverly Fairlie for myself, I think I may write myself down as a warning to *meddlers in matrimony.*

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AN ORIGINAL SERENADE.

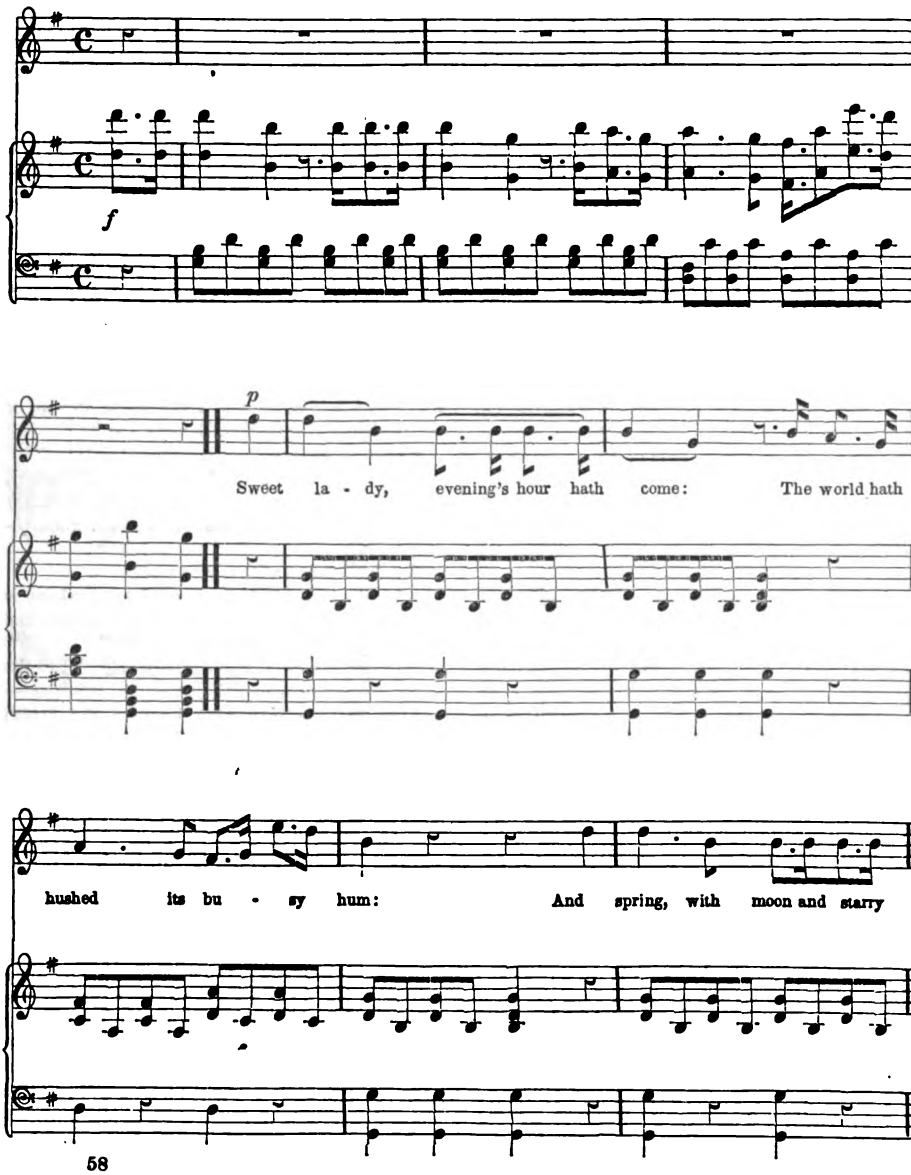
DEDICATED TO MISS —— OF VIRGINIA.

THE MUSIC ARRANGED

BY MISS MARY C******.

THE WORDS COMPOSED BY HER BROTHER,

S. E. N. THE FINALIST.



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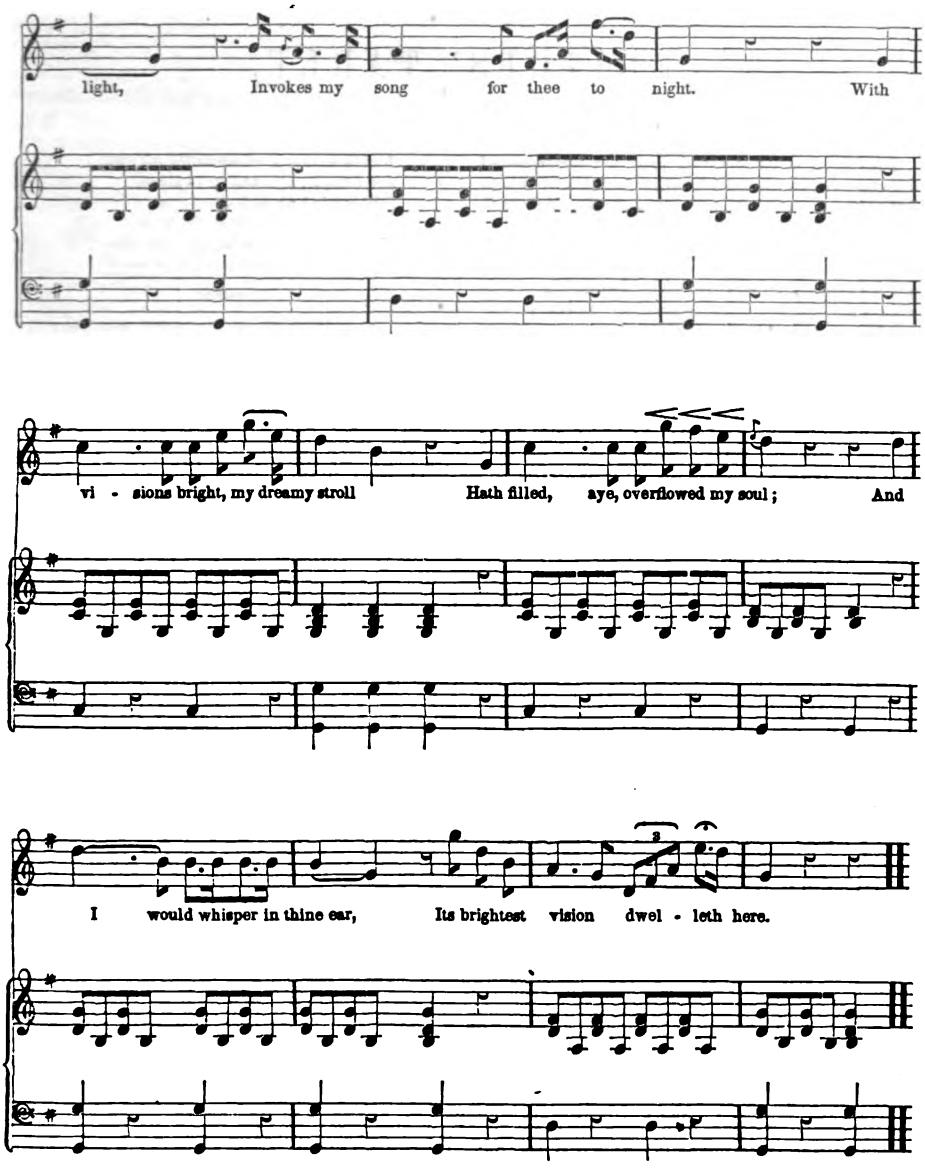

II.

In simple truth I would impart
The secret of a loving heart,
Whose trembling lip and wistful eye
Betray love's unwise mastery;
Whose step unwatched amidst the throng,
When thou art near, doth loiter long;
Whose bosom swells to think thine ear,
Beloved girl, is listening near.

III.

Thine ear hath heard the hopes I nurse,
Thy lip hath asked another verse,
As if to love responsive stirred,
Thy heart had felt each faltering word.
Then, lady, list my one lone prayer,
If thou for me hast thought or care,
Oh! take away this deep suspense,
These withering hours of doubt intense.

IV.

'Twere better far that I should know
My love must unrequited go:
Or, dare I breathe the cheering thought,
Hear words with happy meaning fraught.
Then, lady, list my one lone prayer,
If thou for me hast thought or care,
Oh! take away this deep suspense,
These withering hours of doubt intense.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

The "knell of the departed year" has hardly ceased sounding, yet we come to join in the expressions of hope and enjoyment which the morning of the New Year is always expected to inspire. In our world, joy and sorrow, like day and night, are constantly alternating; we cannot expect that happiness and prosperity will be perpetual, yet we think it no evidence of wisdom or piety to be always sad and despairing, because the "time to mourn" must come. We like, therefore, the custom which has set apart certain days for the expression of kind affections and glad feelings, when even grief may be softened by a smile from the lip of hope, and age forget its weary cares in its sympathy with the merriment of youth.

A custom obtains in the city of New York—and we believe to a considerable extent throughout the state—which we wish were adopted universally. In that city business is suspended on New Year's day, and the gentlemen make calls on all the families with which they wish to associate during the year. The ladies, of course, must be at *home* and receive their friends.

Many a chain of friendship is thus brightened, which had been suffered to rust by the neglect of little attentions; and the heart is made better by feeling the demands of social life. We can hardly fail to be happier ourselves when wishing happiness to others; and this holiday might be so improved, in cheering those who had been unfortunate in the past year, or encouraging those who were just beginning the "experiment of living," that the philanthropist and Christian would hail it as the time of doing much good. What benefits might be effected on this day, by a word of encouragement, of advice or warning, as the case might require? If uttered in a kind manner, with a smile of friendly wishes on the countenance, the ladies might urge their brief appeal to the best feelings of human nature, and thus rouse the minds of men to their greatest and noblest aspirations. Perhaps, however, it might be urged that our sex are not yet qualified to act the part of social mentors. We hope the influence of the "Lady's Book" will do something towards fitting them for this high station. *Improvement* is our motto, for the work and its readers—and we trust to show how much can be effected in the present year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

When remarking, in our last number, that we had "cleared our editorial drawer," we were not aware that a number of communications were then in the hands of the Publisher. The writers will see that we have now received them. The following are accepted.—"*Arietea*," "*Lines*," "*The Mother's Lament*," "*Stanzas to E. M S.*" and "*The Tourist*."

We must decline, as usual, a much larger number; the high literary as well as moral character we wish our work to sustain, obliges us to a rigid discharge of the revisor's duty. We are often compelled by this to reject articles which, considering the age and opportunities of the writers, are really excellent. Such are the "*Broken Hearted*," "*Edward—A Sketch*," "*The Stranger Minstrel*," (which has much poetic thought, but is injured by commonplace expressions,) and "*To my Sister on the Eve of her Bridal*." "*The Poet to his Wife*," is pretty enough to deserve an extract—here it is:—

"But youth is gone, youth's hopes are fled,
Loved friends are numbered with the dead,
And those dear ones we called our own
Are gone, for aye, and we're alone.
Still we do love each other now
The same, as when upon thy brow
No sign there was which told that time
Would ever mar thy youthful prime."

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1. Ball dress of pink Gros de Naples, the corsage very low in the neck, tight to the bust, and finished to a point, with lace and stomacher of the same. Sleeves very short and puffed, with a bouillon at bottom. Skirt ornamented with rows of pearls, two at each side of the front, and between them small bows and tassels. Head dressed with roses, and a Bird of Paradise. Gold féronnière, white kid gloves, the tops trimmed with lace; white satin shoes.

Fig. 2. Low dress of straw colour Poux de Soie, shot with white short sleeves, finished by two puffings. Lace cape with deep falls over the shoulders. Cap trimmed with lace, and pink ribbon. Hair in smooth bands; long black silk mittens. Lace ruffles, and black satin shoes.

Fig. 3. Dress of pink satin. The corsage of this dress it will be perceived, is wholly of a new cut, and very much in the style of a corset. It fits the shape as tightly as it is possible, has a long point, and three seams in front; the corsage is a heart shape, sloping downwards from the shoulder, both at back and front; the sleeves are tight and plain, and very short, and present a new feature, that of being without shoulder straps; they are trimmed with two quillings of satin ribbon, and a small bouquet of three feathers, each in front of the arm. The skirt of the dress is ornamented with two rows of these same bouquets of feathers placed alternately, and a similar branch is to be seen in front of the corsage. The hair is in bandeaux, a little frizzed inside, and the back coiled up in thick rouleaux like cables (see plate); two branches of the pink acacia droop at each side of the face. White kid gloves, the tips trimmed with a puffing of ribbons, the long ends floating. White shoes.

Fig. 4. Dress of figured gauze over satin. The corsage low; sleeves very short, and perfectly plain and tight; the skirt has two deep tucks, ornamented at distances with bows of ribbon, a third row of bows is placed above the upper tuck, and a fourth row of very small ones goes round the top of the skirt, a short distance below the waist. Hair in bands, part of the back hair forms a braid, and the remainder is in ringlets falling at each side of the neck; a puffing of geranium colour ribbon is intermixed with the back hair, and a rosette bow of the same is placed immediately below the left ear. Festoons of pearls depending from the braid at back, fall over the front hair. (See plate.) Bracelet on the right arm; white kid gloves, with a quilling of satin ribbon at top; white satin shoes.

NOTICE.

Notwithstanding we give this month SIXTY PAGES of letter press, we have allowed so large a space to our numerous and excellent correspondents, that we are compelled to omit several editorial articles; and to transfer our opinions of the few books—selected from the very many laid upon our table—which we are able to notice at all, to our cover.

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

FEBRUARY, 1842.

MARY RYAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"I NEVER saw any beauty in her, that's the truth," exclaimed one of a group of females who, lounging around a cottage door, were watching the progress of a young woman as she toiled slowly up a steep hill, leading by the hand a very slight child. The cottage was in the valley, and the traveller must have passed the group, for, like the generality of Irish dwellings, it was on the road side.

"I had the greatest mind in the world to ask her how she had the impudence to wear a bright goold ring on her wedding finger, as if she was an honest woman!" said another.

"And she asking with such mock modesty for a drink of water; I wonder how she relishes water after the fine wines she got used to," suggested a third.

"It was for all the world like a story written in a book," observed the first speaker, "how she left the up hill farm, as good as seven years come Easter; and no one ever knew exactly who she left it with, only guessing it must be one of the *sporting squireens*, that thronged the country about that time. Since the ould gentleman at the hall died, and the place was pulled down, we have none of the kind going."

"Small loss," was the reply. "They were only good at divarshin—for themselves, I mean; there was no use in them at all at all, for others."

"Did you see how white her hands were?" remarked another; "well, I expect there will be murder of some sort done, for her father will never own her: and it's little she thinks there's a new mother to meet her. I hadn't the heart to tell her her own was dead, bad as she is!"

"Bad as who is?" exclaimed a clear but aged voice. "Who is bad in particular, girls, agra! It's a comfort to hear of bad people, so it is; it makes one say, well, the saints be praised, I'm not as bad as *that*, any how."

"Oh! Daddy Dinny, is it yerself that's in it! Oh, thin, that's luck!" they exclaimed together; "think of that now, and we never to see you coming, Daddy, honey."

"How could you see me coming," replied the stout beggarman, "when your backs were to me?"

"And that's true, Dinny, dear! but look, Daddy, what do you see going up the hill?"

"Ay, wisha! how do I know; sure, I'm sand blind any way."

"Don't bother us, your eye's as clear as a kitling's; who do you think that is?"

"A woman, dear."

"Sure, we know that, what else?"

"A child, my darling."

"What news you tell us; but who's the woman, and who's the child?"

"Ah, thin, is it a witch ye think me; how can I tell?"

"Do you know Mister Phill Ryan of the up hill farm?"

"Do I know my right hand?"

"Did you know his wife?"

"The Lord be good to her! is it know her—the holy saints make her bed in heaven! I never say a prayer for myself without bringing her into it.

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Oh! she was the darling with an open hand—there's few like her now, by the road side—with her bag of meal open, an' the plate on it, to help the stranger."

"Well, Daddy, and you knew her daughter."

"I did—I did," replied the old man with visible emotion. "I did, the poor darling, I did; God help me, she's heavier on my heart this many a day, than all my sins; I often drame of her. Oh, Mary Ryan, dear, I wish you were as near all hearts as you are mine!"

"She may be near enough to you, then, any time you like, for the future," replied one of the women, "for there she goes."

"Where—where?" inquired the beggar eagerly. "Oh, as you hope for mercy, tell me where."

"She's out of sight, now," answered the first speaker, "but it was her you saw going up the hill."

"And did none of you tell her, her mother was dead?" inquired Denny.

"Why, thin, what's come to you, Daddy," said the eldest; "my father would go mad, if he thought we spoke to her."

"He'd do no such thing; he'd go with her himself sooner than she should go alone. Ah, girls, girls, one woman should never lean heavy on another. We should leave judgment to God, my darlings, and mind mercy, for we all want it, girls." The old man grasped his stick more firmly in his bony hand, and wiping the dews from his brow, which fatigue and emotion had created, exclaimed, "The blessing of the poor be about you!" and proceeded up the hill.

"Stop, Daddy, stop, and have something to eat; sure, the meat father promised you is ready, and you promised to bring us word of Ellen Mullin's wedding, and what she'd on, and all."

"Another time, another time," answered the old man without turning back.

"And there's a drop of something in the black bottle, Daddy," shouted another.

"Well," exclaimed Stacey, the eldest of the sisters, "that bates all; I never knew Daddy refuse the bit and the sup before. Mary Ryan always had the way of bewitching the men, though to be sure, *now* she's both old and ugly."

"She's just your age," said Rose, the youngest girl.

"How do you know that!" was the query.

"Father said so."

"Father knows nothing about it," and so forth, retorted the offended elder;—but I must leave them to settle a question the most difficult of all to arrange between women or men, and proceed with my story.

It is already known that Mary Ryan had left her father's house—but no one knew with whom—to which she was now returning, with a child of her own, ignorant of the fact that her mother was dead, and her father again married; and that there existed, at all events, one human being who felt interested in her fate, although he was only old Dennis, commonly called "Daddy Denny," as notorious a beggarman as ever importuned upon the Irish highway.

Daddy Denny had as many acquaintances in Waterford, as Reginald's Tower, and in Wexford, as the Bridge; but he only visited towns occasionally, loving better the by-roads, gentlemen's kitchens, and comfortable farm houses of Wexford and Wicklow; feeling a particular interest in shipwrecks and the waifs and strays appertaining thereunto; having an active mind, and an active body, as far as walking was concerned; being a devout beadsman, a good story-teller, and well read in the domestic history of every house in what he called his three native counties, Waterford, Wexford, and Wicklow. His bold spirit and reputation for sanctity gave him an ascendancy over the poorer class, and his quaint good humour caused him to be more than tolerated by the farmers and gentry.

"It's lead that's in my brogues this blessed day," he said aloud, as he mended his pace. "Holy Mary, speed me! Ah, yah! I never think I'm growing old, barring when I have something good to do in a hurry. The poor girleen! she little knows what I know;" and on he trudged heartily and hastily, muttering every now and then according to his custom, about what he thought, and praying for what he desired. Having reached the top of the hill which had been already climbed by Mary Ryan—for it was one of those small perpendicular ascents that are so common in the county Wicklow—Daddy Denny saw at a glance (notwithstanding his being "sand blind") what was passing at the up hill farm, which lay a very little to his left: indeed if he had not seen, his attention would have been arrested by the voice of a woman in loud anger. A group of young elder trees overshadowed the dwelling, which partook more of the nature of a farm, than a cabin; against one of these, which had been planted by her father at her birth, Mary Ryan, unable to support herself, bent in hopeless anguish, uttering no words, shedding no tears, but listening with open eyes and gasping lips, to the vehement abuse poured upon her by her father's wife. Her child, a pallid, weary looking little girl of about seven years old, was clinging to her dress; and her own younger sister, a woman in appearance, yet cowed into subjection by her stepmother, was standing half in half out of the door, not knowing how to act. Mrs. Ryan was one of a class by no means rare, who imagine that their own virtue is best evinced by condemning with the utmost violence, every woman who has suffered under the supposition of swerving from the right path. She had known Mary in girlhood; she knew how beloved she had been by the mother to whom she succeeded; she saw her changed, faded, and in despair; but notwithstanding all this, the harsh tones of her voice mingled with the balmy breezes of a July evening.

"Go back from where you came. Father! 'deed an' it's himself that's in fine health, Lord be

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praised, dacent man; and has enough to do to provide for dacent, well-behaved children, without having shame, and shame's daughter to pick the potatoes God sends, for — Oh! you brazen face, take yer brat to yer mother's grave, and cry there!" Here Mary's sister interposed, but Daddy Denny could not hear the words. "If you touch her, and go near her, you sha'n't stay here; depend upon that," exclaimed Mrs. Ryan. "I'm yer father's wife, and I'll have none like her to curse our house. If we're poor we're honest—not like other people."

"And who says she's not honest," said the stout beggarman, interposing his portly person between Mrs. Ryan and the almost unconscious Mary, "who *dares* to say it! Fetch yer sister a drink of wather to bring her to herself, Anty, this minute. I'm ashamed of yez all, so I am. I never heard tell of the like before in my own three counties. Setting a case, she had been deluhded—to shame I mean—did you never see a holy picture about a prodigal's return? Why Mrs. Ryan, the print of it is hanging against yer own wall; the father houlding out his arms, and the calf, red and white and fat, standing ready for killing; and yet ye see the craythur dying upon these stones, and don't lift her up! Ah, yah! Mary, mavourneen, asthore, a machree! Ye've supped sorrow sure enough a-lannan; but I know my own know, a cushla; and I tell you," he continued, while, kneeling by Mary's side, he supported her on his arm, "I tell you, and call the Almighty, the blessed Virgin, and all the holy saints of heaven to witness that she, who rests on me now, in a dead faint; I tell you all, that, though foolish in what she did, she's freer from sin than e'er a one here, barring her own child. Don't cry, my pet; your mammy's only in a faint, my bird. Here!" he continued, as the farmer himself, unconscious of what was going on, leapt heavily over the ditch—"here! look here, sir, if you plaze, and may the Almighty, that stands the innocent's friend, turn yer heart to your own flesh and blood!"

James Ryan walked to where his daughter was still supported by Dennis; his wife hung back, for she did not quite like to encounter the beggarman's eloquence, which was to the full as energetic as her own, when excited. Mary Ryan was very like her mother, and lying pale and speechless, without sense or motion, the resemblance to her parent on her death-bed appealed so powerfully to her father's feelings, that he raised her in his arms, calling upon Dennis to account for her appearance.

"I wonder at you, James!" said the wife, "don't you see it's Mary, whom you often swore should never break the daylight at your door? I wonder at you, Denny, to be taking advantage of the poor man's softness and innocence. Get up, James; don't be demeaning yourself to the like of *her* before your honest wife and children."

James Ryan looked bewildered; but, as he collected his scattered thoughts, his horror of his daughter's sin overpowered every other feeling.

"And that's true," he said; "but she's so like her mother; but it's true for all that. She left us of her own accord; and the mother that bore her could find no place but the grave to hide her sorrow in. She broke the heart of her own mother; and, poor as I am, she was the first that ever brought shame on her name."

"Come away, come away, James," whispered her stepmother. "Come away, and don't be letting yourself down with thinking of her."

"Let me alone, woman!" he exclaimed, rudely shaking off her hand; "let me alone, and do not turn your tongue on her; mind that. Go in, children. I swore she should never darken my door; and she never shall." He rose up, and walked steadily towards his cottage; but, before he had time to enter it, the sturdy beggar interposed.

"Look here, James Ryan," he said, "I tell you what I told her, who, I trust to the Lord, is now in glory. I said to her, when that girl left your house, that sorrow would follow her, but not shame. I tell you that she has never known a happy hour since; but I tell you, besides, that she'll be righted yet; and that, though the sunshine of her life is gone, you'll be proud of her—all of you—proud of her, and proud of Mary Ryan's daughter. I tell you this, Mrs. Ryan, ma'um, because I know you're of the sort that would give to get again; and the time will come when you'll be glad, maybe, to pick her potatoes, and to winnow her corn: and I tell it to you, Mister Ryan, because you're her father, and because the dread of her shame is just now stronger in you than your natural love; that's why I do it."

"Hear the big beggarman!" exclaimed Mrs. Ryan.

"That's all one ever got by being a beggarman from you, any way!" he answered sharply; "but it's the man of the house I'm speaking to—the father of her who lies there suffering from another's sin, and not sinning herself."

"You speak like a book, Mister Denny, but it's no good to you," said Mrs. Ryan. "Don't look back at her, James, honey, though, sure enough, I wouldn't be where I am but for her. If she hadn't broke her mother's heart, I'd never have been so happy as to be your wife." Whether or not this artful piece of feminine flattery succeeded, I cannot tell; but certainly James preceded his wife into the house, and she shut the door, pulling the latch string inside to prevent its being opened.

"What 'll I do with her at all!" soliloquized Denny, while surveying Mary Ryan and her daughter; "the foolish ould nagur, to be led that way by his young witch of a wife. She may have years of trial still, God help her! And where will she shelter? Rouse yerself, Mary; my own ould heart's darlint!—rouse yerself. What's that you say?—that you murdered your mother, jewel? Faix, no—'twas the will of God, avourneen—nothing passes his holy will;—rouse, darling, and see if ould Daddy Denny can't find you a night's lodging somewhere. Oh, the hearts of some fathers—and

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sisters, too—to see how that young clip of a sister deserted her like the rest. Where will I take her to? I know," he said, after giving his head one of those earnest scratches which seem mysteriously to revive the Irish intellect. "I know!—ould Jenny Harper, the baroney Forth, the woman whose husband was killed in the mines, has a sore heart still, and that makes a feeling one."

And the Daddy fussed and talked, and, at last, succeeded in rousing poor Mary into a flood of tears, while her child kept entreating her not to cry. Still the broken-hearted creature sat before her father's closed door, moaning, "If he would only forgive me, only forgive me!" The night dews fell, and the moon rose; and, at last, the kind-hearted beggar persuaded her to accompany him to a cabin hard by, where she'd be sure of shelter. Silence not being one of his qualities, he muttered and jabbered all the way, like most great talkers, expecting no reply; and so busy was he with his own thoughts and opinions, that he did not hear the light foot of Anty Ryan, who flung her arms round her sister's neck, and was sobbing on her bosom.

"Mary! it's your little sister that I am, and dare not speak to you before *her*. Your *dawshy* Anty. Agra! don't take on too much about our mother. It was an inward complaint she had for ever so long. And sure, before the breath was out of her, she prayed for you with all her heart and sowl. Yes, she forgave you."

"But she thought me guilty?" inquired the poor creature breathlessly.

"She forgave you, sister; I have no more to say: but here, don't be cast down, here's a thrifle I saved; and that saving doesn't often trouble me; but I did save a few shillings just for something; but I'd rather give it to you, my poor Mary; it's all I have. Well, if you won't have it, the child, God help it, will! I'm your aunt, honey; and while you're Mary Ryan's daughter, I'll love you. My poor innocent baby! there, God be with you. Daddy will tell me where you'll be. I must run back, for I pulled the loose stones from where the window's to be to get out."

"Why, then, that's right," exclaimed Denny; "and a good husband and soon to you, my brave hearty girl; that's the rale sort, mother's own child. Success, and cross of Christ about us! that nothing may cross yer path worse than the beam of the May moon."

Mary Ryan and her daughter were, within an hour from that time, established quite to Daddy Denny's satisfaction in the cabin of the widow Harper—a miserable dwelling, composed of turf and loose stones, and consisting only of one room; but she had not forgotten the neat habits of her childhood; and, small and poor as it was, the floor was even and well swept; the chimney did not smoke; and the bed of dried heather was raised from the floor by some long boards, and covered by a patch-quilt. The old woman showed every attention to her guests; boiled them some potatoes for supper, and afterwards bathed their feet in the potatoe water, taking care to throw it out when done with that it might not be converted into any improper use by the fairies—who, it is said, have a great fancy for floating boats upon bath water, and thereby sorely bewildering the imagination of those who sleep either in a cabin or a palace.

Denny betook himself to a neighbour's barn, as was his custom, and when he reappeared in the morning, he found poor Mary Ryan suffering from the rapid approach of fever.

"I well know the sickness that's coming over her," said the widow; "and I'll tell you what, Daddy, all I have to give her is the poor bed and the shelter; she's welcome to that: and I'll make a turn among my husband's people for a couple of weeks. I'll take her little girl with me, if she'll come, and the neighbours won't let her want a mouthful through the window, quite convaynent. I can't stay within a mile of a fever myself, on account of a promise I made my mother—and she on her death-bed—never to do so; so that's all I can say, except, may the Lord forgive unnatural relations." The widow strove to prevail on the child to accompany her, but in vain; the little creature clung to her mother, importuning her with questions of when would she go home, which she had not the power to answer.

"God be with you, Mrs. Harper, ma'um, you've done a Christian turn; and if there's virtue in prayers, you shall have them, dear; maybe I won't pepper away at them for your sake;" and the widow cheerfully gave up her dwelling to the outcast from her own father's house.

"The neighbours" did watch as they always do, and the beggarman positively insisted upon having "a drop of wine and a grain of tea" from the gentry "for the sick woman, who had no one to look to her only God and the poor." This was common enough, for, as I have often said, and am never tired of repeating, the Irish peasant is rich in the virtue of generosity: but the care and tenderness, the watchfulness of the child over the parent was subject of astonishment to all who knew it. By day or night she never left her mother's presence; caring for her wants; and sitting quietly upon the ground, in the light of day or the darkness of night, her large lustrous eyes fixed upon where her mother lay. Anty Ryan, and Anty Ryan's sweetheart had contributed largely to Mary's recovery by bringing her those morsels of luxury which the rich do not value, and which were given to Anty by a kind lady for the purpose. The watchful child knew who approached by the step, and her thin arm and eager hand were thrust immediately through what the widow had pompously designated "the window," and the food placed in it, and hallowed by a blessing, was immediately conveyed to her suffering parent. Mary recovered: her mysterious absence—the loudly repeated declarations of Daddy (who either was, or seemed to be, deep in her secrets) that she was innocent of shame—the harshness of her father—the benevolence of the widow,

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and the extraordinary conduct of her child, created and kept alive an interest in her fate which operated in her favour. When she was able to creep about in the sunshine, and enjoy the light breeze that sports amid the woods and glens of all beautiful Wicklow, she was assailed by numerous questions as to "Where she had been living?" "Who was she with?" "Was she going back?" "Why did she leave?" and so forth. To all these questions she meekly replied, "I cannot tell;" and though every one feared "she had been very wicked," they felt for the poor shadowy, worn-out creature, in whose behalf natural instinct seemed reversed; for strangely enough her little girl had grown into her protector, and the mother looked to the child for her small store of comfort. Wonders are wonders longer in the country than in the town; but Mary Ryan continued to be regarded with sympathy long after astonishment as to her whereabouts and position had ceased, although three years had elapsed since her reappearance. She still sheltered beneath the widow Harper's roof, knitting stockings of the finest wool, which were sought after by the visitors to "the meeting of the waters," and the immediate neighbourhood; and her daughter, who had none of the mother's timidity in her composition, would offer them for sale. She had become most useful to her mother and the good widow; and Daddy Denny was perpetually on the watch to inform her *how* her zeal and activity might be turned to the best account.

"Darling, dear! gather a handful of them flaggers—the blossoms, I mean—bind them with the fairy flax, and be ready with yer curtsey at the Avoca Hotel, and there offer them to the ladies—the quality, darling, will be soon astir to see God's works below and above the earth—and sling a pair of the stockings on yer arm. Don't take any notice of me forenint the quality; it will do you no good to be talking with the big beggarman; you're not begging, but selling, avourneen, so you're above your poor Daddy. Hould up your head in the world, my girleen; and, above all things, don't take common charity; if they give you a penny have something to give them for it; never let any one have to say you was a beggar avourneen, mind that:" or he would watch her going forth with a couple of baskets, into either of which she could have almost crept herself, her abundant hair hanging over her fawn-like eyes, when not tossed by the breeze; her cloak, more an incumbrance than a protection, tucked up by her arms, and her small bare feet, beautiful in shape and proportion, rendering her appearance a picture worthy the painter's skill. "Ye'r going after eggs now, I'll go bail; and I heard them say at the wooden bridge, that Mary Ryan's daughter's eggs were always fresh; and, better than that, the farmers would trust you to market their eggs sooner than many a grown woman—and sure that is a proud hearing for your mother;" and then the poor mother's eyes would fill with tears, and she would continue her monotonous occupation, knit, knit, knit for ever; walking, sitting, standing—"the needles" were never out of her hands. As the girl grew stronger she would cut turf for their fire, and do so with an energy and determination that astonished every one.

"Ye'r for the bog to-day, dear," the gaberlunzie said, "and by the blessing of God, it will not be *soft* weather. We had great prayers entirely last Sunday against wet, the poor man's foe; but in troth, jewel, I don't like to see you working forevermore so cruel hard, and you so young."

"Then come and help me, Daddy," laughed the child.

"Ah, darling! I own to it, I'd do anything rather than work; it never came nat'ral to me; every one said I'd take to it as I grew ould and steady; but, jewel, I suppose I never did grow steady, though I grew ould, for I like it less than ever. I used to herd sheep on the mountains, and used to lie and think how happy the sun, moon, and stars, would be travelling—it was their nature, you understand, as well as mine. It does not take much to keep an Irishman; the tongue in his head will do it, without his hands; though I don't travel much now. No, dear, I'll advise you, and think for you, *and watch for the time*;—but as to working, it's too late in the day for me. Bedad! the Wicklow Hills would shout with wonder if they looked down on Daddy Denny clamping turf."

Sometimes Mary Ryan's daughter would encounter her grandfather, and then her eye would kindle, and her cheek flush, and she would spring out of his path with the fleetness of a wild doe. It is quite impossible to describe the tenderness and love she bore her mother—*she had no self, but in her;* and the more feeble Mary Ryan became, the more devoted grew the child. Daddy Denny was the only one who knew what Mary's position really was; but he kept it a profound secret, never hinting, but once to the priest's housekeeper, as he was waiting to see his Reverence, "That poor Mary Ryan was like Hagar and Abraham in the picture, only much worse treated." Denny had great scripture knowledge in his own estimation, and was known frequently to argue thereon; and the poor people not understanding what he said, came to the invariable conclusion, that in Denny's particular case, "The poverty had spiled a fine priest."

Days, weeks, months, and years went by; and Mary Ryan's daughter was fast emerging from the girl into the woman. She had gleaned a little learning from a hedge schoolmaster, one of the clever political old fellows, who in bygone times, taught the big boys "Law and Latin, Politics and the Read-a-made aisy," in the same breath; he generally got up such a scene as the following:

"Spell tyrant, James Sullivan,—now Jimmy hould up yer head like a man to show ye defy it."

"T-i—"

"Och! murder, no; what spells Ty, besides T-i?"

"T-n, sir."

"Och! why ye'r only fit for a slave, Jimmy; I'm

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sorry for ye, you poor craythur. Try *your* tongue at it, little Neddy."

"T-y-r-a-n-t!" spells out the young rogue, his bare foot placed firmly on the damp floor, and his eyes sparkling with triumph.

"There's my haro! take the top of the class. Oh! not the Latin class, my boy, ye'r not up to that, Neddy, yet, but above Jimmy Sullivan. Now for the meaning: who was a Tyrant?"

"Naro," replies one.

"Queen Elizabeth," says another.

"Oliver Crummel," shouts a third.

"My daddy's landlord," observed Neddy, "when he turned us to the wide world to starve."

"That's bould spoken," said the schoolmaster; "I see you understand the word, little Neddy."

"I have good right, sir," answered the child.

"Spell Mother, girls," said the schoolmaster, who gave them, as he stated, 'word about,' and managed to appropriate domestic words to the female class.

"I'm not in two syllables yet, sir," said Mary Ryan's daughter, upon whom the schoolmaster's eye fell.

"M-u-d," began one of the class.

"No, that wont do; sure, you ought all to be able to spell it; for sorra a one that does not know what it is to have a good mother, barring one or two. Mary Wright, poor child, your mother's in heaven since the day she gave you to a broken-hearted world; and, indeed, yours," and again his eye fell on Mary Ryan's daughter, "never did much for you—so I'll excuse you."

"If you please, sir," said the girl, growing very red, "I'll not be excused for that reason: my mother did the best she could for me;" and she burst into tears, and then as suddenly checked her emotion, and spelt the cherished word correctly.

From that hour she became the old man's beloved pupil; and he suffered her to come without any payment, or at any hour she could; and often would she enter his lowly dwelling at night, with a long piece of bog wood, or a farthing candle, and crouch at his feet, to con from borrowed and half torn books the lesson which he not only heard, but assisted her to learn; dismissing her with the invariable assurance that "She would be a bright girl yet."

Daddy Denny greatly encouraged this love of learning; he brought her a slate from Wexford, and a book from both Arklow and Waterford; one being the "Seven Champions," and the other "Cinderella."

"Learning," he would tell her, "is better than house and land, they say; but I'm sure it's better with the house and land than without it. Who knows what will turn up yet, if the Lord only spares poor Daddy till the time comes; that's all I pray for, jewel; and I take care of myself, and all for you; though the Lord he knows it's a great loss to me—the wearing brogues, I mean—to keep the could from my chest; for, when I attend the coaches, the vagabone beggars set the quality again me, shouting, 'What does he want, look at his brogues;' and then they call me 'brogey,' and all because I want to live for your sake, agra! for I'm almost kilt walking the world for divarshin, until it has turned into hard labour on me. I wish we could rouse your mother, Peggy, honey; but she's sat under the trouble so long, that I'm thinking she'll almost miss it, when it goes. Oh, yah! well, it is a weary world; a long weary road, to travel from one's birth to one's death; an unbearable road, if a poor sinner dare say so; *only for what it leads to*, the heavenly Jerusalem. Oh! that's great glory to think on, and them that raise their eyes to that, wont faint with the length of the road. It raises a poor man's heart to think that a Lazarus like myself, may lay in some great saint's bosom. Well, dear, ye'r growing to be almost a woman, Peggy, and don't keep company with any of the boys about the place; sorra a one of them fit for *you*. I hope you haven't got a sweetheart in your sweet head, jewel? it's mighty inconvanient, and—"

"Oh, Daddy! if I do get such a thing into my head, it's you that will put it there, and so I'll tell mother;—and have you seen my hen with eleven chickens at her foot? Mother minds them; and the poor widow has taken ever such pains at the needles, and we're going to be rich, sure enough; so I'll hold my head as high as you please, for I've got two silver tasters in my pocket, and I'll give one to you, Denny, who have been my best friend."

The old man took the little coin and deposited it in one of his numerous pockets, muttering, "I'll fasten it on my *bades*, God bless her, for a mimorial."

"There's one thing I often want to speak about, but can't, never *to her*," said the girl, "because it almost kills her. Do *you* know anything of my old home, and my father?"

"Whisht, acushla! how should I know anything; you never saw me there?"

"No, never; I wish I could forget it, but I can't. I remember my mother catching me out of my sleep, and flying from the house like mad; and mind, too, the oaths and the curses that followed us. Oh! then, I was glad to keep wandering anywhere from him!"

"Whisht, avourneen! it's foolish to give sorrow a tongue; what do I know about such things? Hould up yer head, sing at yer work, say yer prayers, mind yer mother, and, as the schoolmaster says, Mary Ryan's daughter will be a bright girl yet."

Two months after this little scene had passed, the widow, on waking in the morning, found that Mary Ryan was up before her; this was something new. Peggy, indeed, was always a-foot early; the first to rise on the town land, but Mary was feeble, and seldom awoke until long after the lark had finished his matins. For a moment, the widow thought the girl had grown careless; the few sods of turf necessary for boiling potatoes were there, and the three-legged pot was hanging over them;

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but the fire, so seldom extinguished in an Irish cabin, was out; and the kitten, singed by the turf ashes from black to red, was seated on the stone, guiltless of pur or gambol, and looking as sullen as possible.

"Where are they, pusheen?" said the widow, who would rather talk to a cat than remain silent. "Is Peggy gone after some quality speciments for the bride and groom at the wooden bridge? but where's Mary Ryan? Oh! then, don't be winkin' that way, but tell us the news."

"Pusheen" seemed as perplexed as her mistress, and said so in her own way, uttering an abrupt mew, and then humping her back with a dissatisfied air. The morning advanced, but no Mary returned. No Peggy, with careful step and thoughtful face, swept the floor that day, or fed the hens, who looked about as if in astonishment at not receiving their usual attention; her three books were on the poor dresser; but her bonnet and shawl and her mother's cloak were gone. Before night, Mrs. Harper had inquired of every neighbour if they had seen her friends; no one had seen them, but a "wise woman," who had been called in the middle of the night to attend a farmer's wife, had met two women and a man, as she jogged double on the farmer's horse, and was fully convinced that the youngest was Mary Ryan's daughter. The country people were both astonished and alarmed at this mysterious disappearance; and Mary's father, who had maintained his harsh conduct towards them, relented, when it was too late, and endeavoured to trace them in every way. At one time, he thought they were in Erniscoothey; at another, in Bray; but still he found them not. Some called to their remembrance that they had seen Daddy Denny and Mary Ryan in close conversation several times, and on several days previous to her disappearance; but then, as the bluff old beadsman was in the confidence of half the women in the parish, nothing strange was thought of it, at the time.

Mrs. Harper was in a state of distraction; and declared to every one, she would travel the world until she found them. They had replaced what was lost to her, in a great degree; and while the helpless nature of poor Mary worked upon her affections, the steady industry and activity of the daughter commanded her respect.

It was perfectly true that the beggarman had brought information to Mary Ryan and her daughter which obliged them to leave the roof that had so long sheltered them.

"All we got to say to you, jewel, agra," he said, when they were arranging how to steal away from Mrs. Harper, "is, tell no news, give no information to any one—now just mind that—and then we can let them know when the end comes; there's no use in rising a talk, dear—it's just like rising a fog, which bothers all who have any call to it. Avourneen, there's a tower of strength and a rock of wisdom in a silent tongue! I blaze out a good deal, dear, myself, but one can say a power of words without any meaning, and that's the way I manage the country; and fait, many a legislature, which means a lawmaker, ma'um, would give his two born eyes for that same sacret. Ah, yah, wisha! he's a weak-minded man that can't keep his own counsel."

By the time the morning dawned and Mrs. Harper awoke, the trio were far on their journey, and in a different direction from any it was imagined they had taken. They agreed to keep off the high road as much as possible. It was strange to observe how Denny's mendicant propensities, and his kind heart, were at variance when they reached the pretty village of Newtownmountkennedy. The Wexford coach was just passing through, and it was evident the Daddy longed to prosecute his usual attack upon the pockets of the passengers; yet he was loath to forsake his companions for the purpose, and consoled himself with rejoicing that the clumsy efforts of the clamorous beggars had not procured them a single penny.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "it's wonderful hard to soften some people's hearts; they have no feelin' in them for the poor. I've heard a gentleman swear he wouldn't give a beggar woman a farthing, barring she had some fun in her; and, at the same time, she had a matter of six soft children starving to death in the sight of her eyes—it's hard to make fun out of starving children! The insides and the outsides must have different treatment altogether. You may pass a joke with the outsides, and touch them up with a story betwixt times; but seeing it's mostly ladies and gentlemen that's inside, they must be handled like a nest of young thrushes. No matter how ould they are—the ladies I mean—a blessing on their beauty will smoothen all the frowns away. I remember once, a very stately one, and frosty faced she was—an ould residenter upon the earth, sure enough;—well, one poor innocent young woman held up her baby to her, and bid her think of her own little grandchildren at home. Och! that turned her to chilly vinegar! Another prayed the Lord might make her bed in Heaven. Well, that's foolish, for people that are rich and ould, don't like to think of their end—not a halfpenny did they get: but, at last, 'Sweet lady,' I says, 'I'm thinking of the little sixpence you give me two years ago, and God bless you for it.'

"'That's a lie!' she says, 'for I never gave a beggar a sixpence in all my life.'

"'Didn't ye, dear?' I says; 'well, then, it must have been Lady Mary, the beauty of the country: and it's no wonder I'd make the mistake, for you're as like as two peas.' I saw the corners of her mouth move up and down, and she give me a penny! If ye see a law college boy, with a goold band to his cap, sure he wants to be thought on the military line, and ye'r safe in calling him 'handsome Captain,' or 'noble Major.' I've known a shop boy have the same dress outside on a week's holiday to their people; there's no harm in mistaking every spalpeen you meet for a gentleman, though," added Denny, thoughtfully, "it's not pleasant to be de-

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grading one's self, if one could help it. When ye see a lady with little children about her, *praise* the children; and, if they're as ugly as frogs, lay on them all kinds of angels; and if they're roaring wicked with ill-temper, call them 'little lambs:' then, if she has any motherly feeling about her, you're sure of a tester. It's easy enough to work the money out of any pocket, if ye can understand the *nature* of the body that carries it—that's where the knowledge is wanting. Foreigners are mighty soft at first, and there used to be great trade entirely at the Pigeon House, and about there. Women with twins, as near to match as they could get 'em—widows—deserted wives, and fatherless children—lame men, blind men, and the falling sickness—but that's over long ago. In the heart of the war I made a purty penny myself, as a wounded soldier, with a plate in my head, and a bad leg—anything for a bit of bread! Sure the half of us would work if we could get it; and the Lord above knows that the lies we tould, *for variety*, were'nt worse than the truth. That the plain, hard, griping starvation was with us, at home and abroad, by night and day, that was true, any how; but people had heerd that so often they did not like to be bothered with it. So, after all's said and done, it was against that we strove—God help us, and forgive us the inventions—starvation makes one's wits bright! Bedad! I was so thin one or two of the hard summers, that if it wasn't that I had the wit to put stones in my wallet I'd have been blown away."

I wish I had space to recount all Daddy Denny's stories; some of them could not fail to make you weep; and his transitions from humour to pathos were truly characteristic of his calling. There are many who cannot fail to remember this energetic, yet lazy personage, who latterly begged from habit rather than necessity, and who was at all times trusty, and trusted by many of his superiors, particularly in the time of "the troubles," when, I have been told, he was in the prime of life, and rendered humane assistance to whoever needed it.

The wanderers had journeyed for nearly a week, when, on the evening of the fifth day, "Do you know where you are, Peggy?" inquired Mary Ryan of her daughter.

"I think I do," replied the girl; "I think I know the turn of that river. I think—yes, I do know those trees; that's just the way the crows used to be flying, with the same noise. Yes, mother, though I never looked from this hill before, I know that big brick house, and the gate stuck fast just as it is, which I used to be climbing, but never could swing on. Och!" she added, with an involuntary shudder, "I hope we ain't going to live there again?"

"Whisht, honey! whisht!" ejaculated the beggarman; "wishing is a mighty foolish thing for those who put their trust in God. Sure, everything will turn out well to those who have faith, dear; if not well for this world, well for the next. I'll go now and hear the news, and you can sit here with yer mother 'till I'm back, acushla," and away went Denny at his own particular and professional trot.

Peggy found a "dry ditch" for her mother to rest on; and having rolled her own shawl into a "soft sate," she made her sit upon it, placing herself higher up, so that her mother's head rested in her lap. The worn-out woman did not speak a word for more than an hour, but the large tears kept rolling from her eyes, while her daughter murmured every now and then, "Mother, avourneen! don't take on so;" "Mother, darlin', you're tearin' out my heart;" "Mother, honey, trust in the Lord;" "Oh, what will I do at all, and no one near me; she'll die here with the fair trouble o' mind."

"Trouble is a long time killin', or I'd have been dead long ago," replied her mother, to whom the shedding of tears had been a relief; "but I'm easier now, God be praised; and, Peggy, the time is come for me, your mother, to humble myself to tell you, my born child, the whole truth."

"Don't distress yerself, darlin' mother! don't—I know all I want to know," replied the girl, with a trembling voice; "where's the good of going it over—for what?"

"You know nothing, Peggy; how should you?"

"Oh, bad news travels with hare's feet," she answered; "but don't mother—I'll be happier not to hear it from your own self, because then I'd be thinking, maybe, the half was lies."

"Peggy, honey, in sight of his house, and under the blessed canopy of Heaven, and knowing the Almighty's eyes are on me—as sure as all this, so surely am I your father's wife." The girl at first made no reply, but clasped her hands around her parent's neck, and at last said:

"An' why didn't you tell me this before; sure, if it was a sacret, not to take away my shame, would I own it—only just for inward satisfaction to myself."

"Why you never let on to me you were reproached with it, my darlin'."

"No, mother, how could I! Sure, it isn't easing my own heart by chilling yours, I'd be; but what does it signify? I'm able for the world now! I can look an honest woman's daughter in the face. Oh, mother, jewel, and I to doubt *you*."

"You must hold your tongue still, Peggy, until I give you leave to speak. Your father, dear, was above me; and I'd never have known him but for his coming about our place in the shooting season. My father and mother had fixed on one in my own line of life for me, and I knew I'd be forced to marry him if I staid at home; and all the time my heart's whole love was with your father. I tried to hide this from my father and mother, as well as from the young man I loved; but, och hone! I blinded my parents, but not my lover. I was proud of his love—he was so above me; and he said he was proud of my beauty. Well, dear, I agreed to leave my parents, as he promised to marry me; but, as he was entirely dependent on his father, he book-swore me to keep it secret from

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man and mortal till his father's death. I was satisfied, and went with him one Sunday evening to return no more. He eased my heart with a marriage; but there was only us two by, and the priest, if he was a priest, who said the words. For the first few months he was very kind; and though I was under the heaviest shadow that can fall on a woman, still I was his wife, and I bowed down under it, thankful to look at him—to hear him speak; though his words became mixed with bitterness, still the voice was his. You were born; and what was such joy to me, was sorrow to him. His father, he said, grew frightened for fear he should marry me; and, instead of being allowed to sit at his table, he sent me to the kitchen, there to bear the insults of an old bad woman, whose daughter had filled my place. Oh, my darling child! may the Lord preserve you from the double death of finding out bit by bit that what you loved was below hate. Still I clung to him. I longed to go home, and then thought how I had no home. My mother was kind, but I had a hard father. I thought, maybe, that being his wife, God might turn his heart; and I told him so once. Oh, the cruelty of that laugh, when he answered that I was a fool, and dared me to find a witness for what had passed between us. As long as I thought to do him good it was well enough, but I roused against this, and he turned us from his door with curses and blows; blows, darlin', that fell only on me. I thought to tell his father the truth; but even if I hadn't taken the oath, sure it would hurt him and not have served you—for I wouldn't be believed. Since then, darlin', he openly married one of his own rank, for his father died!"

"And why did we come here, mother darlin'; and what has Daddy Denny to do with us?" asked Peggy.

"There's no time to tell that," interrupted the beggar, who had approached without being observed, "no time, the breath's in him still; and the use he made of it for the last twenty minutes is to rave about you; and my heart aches for the poor lady, who is patient as a lamb, and begs for God's sake to bring any one that will ease his mind."

"Then you were sent for, mother dear?" inquired the poor girl while assisting her to rise.

"Yes, dear; Daddy contrived to get a friend of his own into the place; and when your father got this mortal sickness, he brought me to be near; thinking that, at the last, he might do us justice."

The three hurried to the house, which was full of lamentation; and people running backwards and forwards, crying and howling for "the master." The priest, who had administered "the last rites," was standing near the door, reproving the more noisy.

Dennis advanced to his reverence, and falling on his knees to crave his blessing, which was quickly granted, told him that "the woman his honour wanted to see was come!"

"Then you have had a hand in this," said the priest; "but so best, Denny; if you never do worse, the next penance I give you, and I gave you one, I remember, about six years ago, will not put you to much trouble; let the woman come in."

"God bless your reverence. I've been to many a knee, and am grateful to yer honor for yer mercy," replied the beggar, humbly.

In another moment Mary Ryan and her daughter were in the hall. "I will go up with you," said the priest, "and the young girl can remain here."

When Mary entered the chamber of death, the last throes of dissolving nature were convulsing the frame of the dying man! She staggered towards the bed, from which the lady he had married had been forcibly removed, and, falling on her knees, clasped and kissed his clammy hand. He rallied, and recognized her; he felt her hand finger by finger; and when he touched the ring, he half rose up, stammered "Mary," fell back, and his spirit departed.

The poor woman forgot everything save the love of her early days. She uttered no complaint of his cruelty and injustice, but she wept bitterly. Not so Dennis; he had expected that wrong would have been made right; and he followed "his reverence" out of the house, when every beggar in the district crowded into it, expectant of the tobacco and whiskey, besides other good cheer, which in those days acccompanied the funeral of high and low. Whatever his conversation with the priest may have been, it was known only to themselves; but it had the effect of sending Denny back to the house, where he mingled among the crowd. An Irish wake, forty years ago, was a strange assembly of high and low, rich and poor; the body laid out according to its rank, candles and incense burning, and every one who desired, permitted to enter into the awful presence of the dead—where, having first dropped upon their knees, and said a brief prayer, they forthwith proceeded to talk and laugh, only pausing to join in the wail or lamentation of the paid mourners, who ever and anon raised high the "keen," in extemporizing on the loss of the deceased. This painful exhibition generally took place in the largest room of the house, while the others were filled with people all occupied in the same manner; the very lowest class remaining (after taking one look at the departed), in the kitchen offices, where they drank and ate; and it would have been a disgrace to the memory of the dead, if everything was not conducted on a "liberal plan"—a scale befitting the fame of Irish hospitality. Many bereaved families plunged deeper and deeper in debt, that they might comply with this semi-barbarous custom, which, generally speaking, is now modified and brought within a moderate compass. Among such varied groups the beggarman wandered, seeking Mary Ryan, or her daughter, and hoping they might not have left the house before he had spoken with either one or the other. At last one of the servants told him that the woman the "poor master called for," had fallen into such a state of insensibility that she

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had carried her to a loft, and that, for her part, she didn't think she'd live. "And the girl!" She knew nothing about her, except that she "had set a strange girl in a back house to mind the boilings, or there'd be nothing for the people to eat, the dwelling was so thronged, and would be worse as the night drew on. She locked her in, and wouldn't have thought of her for another hour or two, but for him." Dennis reconnoitred through a window, and, finding that the unwilling watcher was Mary's daughter, accomplished her liberation; and, having first told her on no account, no matter what indignity she or her mother suffered, to leave the house until he told them they might do so, he sent her in search of Mary Ryan. After much delay and many repulses, Peggy succeeded. It was a miserable loft, in a distant part of the tumbling building where Mary had been carried; the slates were off in many places; and the wind rushed through the shadowy laths, tumbling at every fresh gust some lump of mortar or clattering tile. As the night advanced, the voices of many intoxicated persons, mingled into one great discordant noise, ascended to where the heart-broken girl was chafing her mother's hands, while she laid across her feet to impart a portion of her young warmth to her parent's weary limbs. She had arranged some old curtains, that had been thrown into a corner to decay, into a tolerably comfortable bed, and moistened her lips with some milk which the servant had given her for herself. Her consolation was that there they were left to themselves; and from behind a parapet she could see all that passed in the court-yard. The moon rose to its full height, and the shadows it threw upon the floor were, she thought, very terrible.

Once a huge cat peered down upon her from a rafter, and then scampered away, while bits of the old roof tumbled on all sides. She was shivering from head to foot; and the old damp hangings she threw over her shoulders seemed to make her still more cold; but her mother slept, breathing as gently as a sleeping child; *that*, at least, was a consolation; if it had not increased her loneliness the more, it would indeed have made her heart beat with thankfulness and joy. She knelt softly down by her mother's side, and after repeating her prayers, she enumerated to herself every instance she had ever heard of God's watchful care by night as well as by day. This strengthened and refreshed her; and yet every cloud that passed athwart the moon, and so caused a partial eclipse to the small, shivering, chilly light which flickered through the aperture, made her repeat the words more fervently. Sometimes she would fix her eyes on a bright, solitary star, and then turn them on her mother, who looked in the dim, uncertain light, so deathly pale that the girl would hold in her own breath to listen for the manifestation that she was still in life. Suddenly she was roused from a nodding sleep by the fall of a stone or brick which rattled into the room, followed by a heavy grunting sort of noise, as of a person breathing hard after violent exertion. A shriek quivered on her lip, but she repressed it, and immediately felt the wisdom of having done so.

"Peg, Peggy, avourneen," puffed a well known voice, "don't be frightened, darlin'; its me, a cushla machree, ould Daddy Denny; wait till I catch my breath, which is flying from me like a widgeon from a gun. Och, hone! I'm too ould for climbing, and couldn't have reached you at all, but for the tough bames of the stable and a ladder, dear, that Peter Mullowny's houlding. I've got the girl of the house, dear, to forget where yez are; and so keep quiet till ye'r wanted, jewel; and here's more than you'll ait, I know, for the three days of the wake, or drink aither, fresh mate and white bread of *your own* father's, I mane; for, poor man, God be good to him, he's to the fore still, and a fine wake as ever I was at; lashings of everything, more especially people; the lady has a fine spirit in her; an', but faix, dear, my head's bothered somehow, and the moon's turning round on me; so, the Lord be wid yez; I needn't bid ye take care of yer mother, for sure it's Mary Ryan's daughter ye are; and pray for yer sinful soul—I mean my—hould hard and fast Peter dear, for somehow, both myself and the ladder's mighty unsteady."

Such were the last distinct words the girl heard from her elevated friend; but she crept to the parapet, had the satisfaction of seeing him safely on the roof of the stable, and then, though the ladder did fall with a crash which, if there had not been a greater noise elsewhere, would have called forth the inmates of the house, he descended safely; and she heard his voice raised to the tune of Alley Croker, in which another equally broken and inharmonious joined, while crossing the court-yard. Again she prayed; and, at last, creeping closely to her mother, the two slept beneath a roof which had refused them shelter in the days of their utter helplessness.

"The girl of the house" did, to all appearance, forget Mary Ryan and her daughter; but some one, every morning, placed a full measure of milk at the rough door of the loft—a measure so full, that after both had partaken abundantly thereof, they had enough to cause the great cat, which had so frightened Mary the first night, to pur and look as contented and cheerful as became the solidity and respectability of his ancient race. Still these three days and nights passed in all the aching anxiety of knowing nothing, and hoping and fearing all things. At last the wild, yet solemn pageantry was over. The hearse, the mourners, the priests, the people departed. Mary Ryan watched from the broken roof the road it took—the same road she and her child had traversed in years long ago. They had returned; but he who drove them to despair would return no more. Holy masses were said for the repose of his soul that day; but none prayed as fervently for his eternal repose as she whose heart he had crushed almost to bursting.

Peggy wept and prayed from sympathy with

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her mother; but she could hardly keep down the spirit of strong indignation that was roused by a full sense of the injustice they had sustained; and no hart ever panted for the water brooks more than she did for liberty.

Before the funeral was completely out of sight, the only noise that broke upon the stillness of the house was the rough shutting to of doors, and the echo of footsteps. At last "the girl of the house" made her appearance, and beckoning them to follow down a half ladder, half stair, conducted them to a large parlour from which the remnants of the entertainment had been hastily removed, and thrust them with very little ceremony and sundry mutterings of "being bothered with the like," into a sort of anteroom, to which it led. The door hung loosely on its hinges, and remained unclosed. Presently a pale, gentle looking woman entered the room, and her widow's dress made Mary's heart beat more quickly. She was followed by others, who had returned from the funeral; and in a short time the party were placed round the table, the priest being seated at the widow's right hand, while the attorney of the next town intimated his intention of reading the will of his "late respected friend."

He read and read; and all that Mary Ryan and her daughter could comprehend was, that he read the same thing over and over again, until, at last—was it, could it be possible? were they awake? was it reality? could he who had that day entered the cold and silent grave, could *he* have made such a confession? Mary Ryan, his only lawful wife! and such and such lands to pass to her and her child, *thereby hoping to make atonement for his sins.* Peggy felt her mother sinking, and clasped her in her arms; after this all was confusion: the lady who had been so grossly deceived was carried fiom the room totally insensible; her brother, roused at such indignity, declared the man must have been out of his senses, and that there was no proof; and while the attorney declared the man's perfect sanity, the priest said that without, of course, violating the sacredness of the confessional, there *was* proof, and Daddy Denny was brought forward, who declared he had witnessed the marriage, by means anything but straightforward, certainly; and of this fact even Mary Ryan was not aware until that moment. Daddy Denny was very unwilling to be cross-questioned on the subject, but was obliged to submit; and certainly the evidence was very clear, even according to his own showing, that he had been courting a "a responsible woman," the servant to the "couple beggar," who performed the hasty ceremony, and that she had put him in press, in a corner cupboard, to be out of the way, from whence he saw Mary married. After all the woman jilted him; and at any other time his bitterness on the subject would have created much amusement. Mary and her daughter had come forth in the melé, and if a doubt had existed of the nobleness of Mary's nature, it would have vanished before the earnestness which she evinced that nothing might be done "to hurt the poor lady's feelings who had meant her no harm."

Daddy Denny always stoutly denied that he knew the contents of the will—how should he? But his anxiety to keep Mary and her daughter in the house was (I quote his own words,) "entirely from a drame he had."

Be that as it may; Peggy, or as she was called on the evening of her changed fortunes, *Miss* Margaret, is living still, and often speaks to him she loves best in all the world—her husband—of the enduring patience and virtue of her mother, who lived meekly and prosperously during the remainder of her few years, and died soon after her daughter became a wife.

What a privilege it is to know a person unspoiled by prosperity: Mary's daughter is one of these. I have sat with her upon her mother's grave, and heard her story, of which I am the faithful chronicler; and at that time the beggarman, then hale and hearty as a frosty day, stood beside us. Since then, *he* has fallen asleep; but I well remember the proud expression of his bright face as he asked me what I thought of Mary Ryan's daughter?

SONG.

THE SNOW, THE SNOW!

BY J. E. KNIGHT.

The Snow, the snow! I love the snow,
With its wild and frantic curl,
As it dances along on the frigid blast,
That flings it about as it whistles past
In many an eddying whirl!
O give me the snow, the white-winged snow,
That falls from the wintry sky,
That robes the earth in a vest of white,
And sparkles and shines in the sun's rich light
Like the starry arch on high!

The snow, the snow! I love the snow;
'Tis ever dear to me!
With the gladsome cry of the bright-cheeked boy,
Who hails its flight with a shout of joy—
With a shout *so* full of glee!
Then give me the snow, the white-winged snow,
That falls from the wintry sky,
That robes the earth in a vest of white,
And sparkles and shines in the sun's rich light,
Like the starry arch on high!

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THE DISPUTED WEDDING-RING.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"Love, once lost, is never found again," said Clay, "I wonder how it is with a flirtation!" He threw the volume aside in which he had found this time-saving apophthegm, and, taking up "the red book," looked for the county address of Sir Harry Freer, the exponent (only) of Lady Fanny Freer, who, though the "nicest possible creature," is *not* the heroine of this story. Sir Harry's ancestral domain turned out to be a portion of the earth's surface in that county of England where the old gentry look down upon very famous lords as *too new*, and proportionately upon all other families that have not degenerated since William the Conqueror.

Sir Harry had married an earl's daughter; but as the earldom was only the fruit of two generations of public and political eminence, Sir Harry was not considered in Cheshire as having made more than a tolerable match; and if *he* passed for a "Cheshire cheese" in London, he passed for but the *rind* in the county. In the county therefore there was a Lord Paramount of Freer Hall, and in town, a Lady Paramount of Brook-street; and it was under the town dynasty that Miss Blanch Beaufin was invited up from Cheshire to pass a first winter in London—Miss Beaufin being the daughter of a descendant of a Norman retainer of the first Sir Harry, and the relative position of the families having been rigidly kept up to the existing epoch.

The address found in the red book was inscribed upon the following letter:—

"Dear Lady Fanny:—If you have anything beside the ghost-room vacant at Freer Hall, I will run down to you. Should you, by chance, be alone, ask up the curate for a week to keep Sir Harry off my hands; and, as you don't flirt, provide me with somebody much prettier than yourself for our mutual security. As my autograph sells for eighteen pence, you will excuse the brevity of

Yours truly,

ERNEST CLAY.

N. B.—Tell me in your answer if Blanch Beaufin is within a morning's ride."

Lady Fanny was a warm-hearted, extravagant, beautiful creature of impulse, a passionate friend of Clay's, (for such women are,) without a spice of flirtation. She was a perennial belle in London; and he had begun his acquaintance with her by throwing himself at her head in the approved fashion—in love to the degree of rose-asking and sonnet-writing. As she did not laugh when he sighed, however, but only told him very seriously that she was not a bit in love with him, and thought he was throwing away his time, he easily forgave her insensibility, and they became very warm allies. Spoiled favourite as he was of London society, Clay had qualities for a very sincere friendship, and Lady Fanny, full of irregular talent, had also a strong vein of common sense, and perfectly understood him. This explanation to the reader. It would have saved some trouble and pain if it had been made by some good angel to Sir Harry Freer.

As the London coach rattled under the bridged gate of the gloomy old town of Chester, Lady Fanny's dashing ponies were almost on their haunches with her impetuous pull-up at the Hotel; and returning with a nod the coachman's respectful bow, she put her long whip in at the coach window to shake hands with Clay, and in a few minutes they were again off the pavements, and taking the road at her ladyship's usual speed.

"Steady, Flash! steady!" (she ran on, talking to Clay and her ponies in the same breath,) "doleful ride down, isn't it?—(keep up, Tom, you villain!)—very good of you to come, I'm sure, dear Ernest, and you'll stay; how long will you stay! (down, Flash!)—Oh, Miss Beaufin! I've something to say to you about Blanch Beaufin! I didn't answer your *Nota Bene*—(go along, Tom! that pony wants blooding)—because, to tell the truth, it's a delicate subject at Freer Hall, and I would rather talk than write about it. You see—(will you be done, Flash!)—the Beaufins, though very nice people, and Blanch quite a love—(go along, lazy Tom!)—the Beaufins, I say, are rated rather crockery in Cheshire. And I am ashamed to own, really quite ashamed, I have not been near them in a month. Shameful, isn't it? There's good action, Ernest! Look at that nigh pony; not a blemish in him; and such a goer in single harness! Well, I'll go round by the Beaufins now."

"Pray consider, Lady Fanny!" interrupted Clay deprecatingly, "eighteen hours in a coach."

"Not to go in! oh, not to go in! Blanch is very ill, and sees nobody; and—(come, Tom! come!)—I only heard of it this morning—(there's for your laziness, you stupid horse!)—We'll just call and ask how she is, though Sir Harry"——

"Is she very ill, then?" asked Clay with a concern which made Lady Fanny turn her eyes from her ponies' ears to look at him.

"They say, very! Of course, Sir Harry can't forbid a visit to the sick."

"Surely he does not forbid you to call on Blanch Beaufin!"

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"Not 'forbid' precisely; that wouldn't do—(gently, sweet Flash! now, Tom! now, lazy! trot fair through the hollow!)—but I invited her to pass the winter with me without consulting him, and he liked it well enough, till he got back among his stupid neighbours—(well done, Flash! plague take that bothering whipple tree!)—and they and their awkward daughters, whom I might have invited—(whoa! Flash!)—if I had wanted a menagerie, set him to looking into her pedigree. There's the house; the old house with the vines over it yonder! So then, Sir Harry—such a sweet girl, too—set his face against the acquaintance. Here we are!—(Whoa, bays! whoa!) Hold the reins a moment while I run in!"

More to quell a vague and apprehensive feeling of remorse, than to wile away idle time, Clay passed the reins back to the stripling in gray livery behind, and walked round Lady Fanny's ponies, expressing his admiration of them and the turn-out altogether.

"Yes sir," said the lad, who seemed to have caught some of the cleverness of his mistress, for he scarce looked fourteen, "they're a touch above anything in Cheshire! Look at the forehand of that nigh 'un, sir!—arm and withers like a greyhound, and yet what a quarter for trotting, sir! Quite the right thing all over! Carries his flag that way quite nat'ral; never was nicked, sir! Did you take notice, begging your pardon, sir, how milady put through that hollow? Wasn't it fine, sir? Tother's a goodish nag, too, but nothing to Flash; can't spread, somehow; that's Sir Harry's picking up, and never was a match; no blood in Tom, sir! Look at his fetlock: underbred, but a jimpy nag for a roadster, if a man wanted work out on him. See how he blows, sir, and Flash as still as a stopp'd wheel!"

Lady Fanny's reappearance at the door of the house interrupted her page's eulogy on the bays; and with a very altered expression of countenance she resumed the reins, and drove slowly homeward.

"She is very ill, very ill! but she wishes to see you, and you must go there; but not to-morrow. She is passing a crisis now, and her physician says, will be easier if not better, after to-morrow. Poor girl! dear Blanch! Ah, Clay! but no—no matter; I shall talk about it with more composure by and by—poor Blanch!"

Lady Fanny's tears rained upon her two hands as she let out her impatient horses to be sooner at home, and, in half an hour, Clay was alone in his luxurious quarters, under Sir Harry's roof, with two hours to dinner, and more than thoughts enough, and very sad ones, to make him glad of time and solitude.

Freer Hall was full of company—Sir Harry's company—and Clay, with the quiet assurance of a London star, used to the dominant, took his station by Lady Fanny on entering the drawing-room, and when dinner was announced, gave her his arm, without troubling himself to remember that there was a baronet who had claim to the honour, and of whom he must simply make a mortal enemy. At table, the conversation ran mainly in Sir Harry's vein, hunting, and Clay did not even take the listener's part; but, in a low tone, talked of London to Lady Fanny—her ladyship, (unaccountably to her husband and his friends, who were used to furnish her more merriment than reverie,) pensive and out of spirits. With the announcement of coffee in the drawing-room, Clay disappeared with her, and their evening was a *tete-a-tete*, for Sir Harry and his friends were three-bottle men, and commonly bade good-night to ladies when the ladies left the table. If there had been a second thought in the convivial squirearchy, they would have troubled their heads less about a man who did not exhibit the first symptom of love for the wife—civility to the husband. But this is a hand-to-mouth world in the way of knowledge, and nothing is stored but experiences, life-time by life-time.

Another day passed and another, and mystery seemed the ruling spirit of the hour, for there were enigmas for all. Regularly, morning and afternoon, the high stepping ponies were ordered round, and Lady Fanny (with Mr. Clay for company to the gate) visited the Beaufins, now against positive orders from the irate Sir Harry, and daily, Clay's reserve with his beautiful hostess increased, and his distress of mind with it, for both he and she were alarmed with the one piece of unexplained intelligence between them—Miss Beaufin would see Mr. Clay when she should be dying! Not before—for worlds not before—and of the physician constantly in attendance, (Lady Fanny often present,) Clay knew that the poor girl besought with an eagerness, to the last degree touching and earnest, to know when hope could be given over. She was indulged, unquestioned, as a dying daughter; and, whatever might be her secret, Lady Fanny promised that at the turning hour, come what would of distressing and painful, she would herself come with Mr. Clay to her death-bed.

Sir Harry and his friends were in the billiard-room, and Lady Fanny and Clay breakfasting together, when a note was brought in by one of the footmen, who waited for an answer.

"Say that I will come," said Lady Fanny, "and stay, George! See that my ponies are harnessed immediately; put the head of the phæton up, and let it stand in the coach house. And, Timson!" she added to the butler who stood at the side table, "if Sir Harry inquires for me, say that I am gone to visit a sick friend."

Lady Fanny walked to the window. It rained in torrents. There was no need of explanation to Clay; he understood the note and its meaning.

"The offices connect with the stables by a covered way," she said, "and we will get in there. Shall you be ready in a few minutes?"

"Quite, dear Lady Fanny! I am ready now."

"The rain is rather fortunate than otherwise," she added, in going out, "for Sir Harry will not see us go; and he might throw an obstacle in the

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way, and make it difficult to manage. Wrap well up, Ernest!"

The butler looked inquisitively at Clay and his mistress, but both were preoccupied, and in ten minutes the rapid phæton was on its way, the ponies pressing on the bit as if the eagerness of the two hearts beating behind them was communicated through the reins, and Lady Fanny, contrary to her wont, driving in unencouraging silence. The three or four miles between Freer Hall and their destination were soon traversed, and under the small *porte-cochere* of the ancient mansion the ponies stood panting and sheltered.

"Kind Lady Fanny! God bless you!" said a tall, dark man of a very striking exterior, coming out to the phæton. "And you, sir, are welcome!"

They followed him into the little parlour, where Clay was presented by Lady Fanny to the mother of Miss Beaufin, a singularly yet sadly sweet woman in voice, person and address; to the old, white-haired vicar, and to the physician, who returned his bow with a cold and very formal salute.

"There is no time to be lost," said he, "and at the request of Miss Beaufin, Lady Fanny and this gentleman will please go to her chamber without us. I can trust your ladyship to see that her remainder of life is not shortened nor harassed by needless agitation."

Clay's heart beat violently. At the extremity of the long and dimly-lighted passage thrown open by the father to Lady Fanny, he saw a white curtained bed—the death-bed, he knew, of the gay and fair flower of a London season, the wonder and idol of difficult fashion, and unadmiring rank. Blanch Beaufin had appeared like a marvel in the brilliant circles of Lady Fanny's acquaintance, a distinguished, unconscious, dazzling girl, of whom her fair introductress (either in mischief or good nature) would say nothing but that she was her neighbour in Cheshire, though all that nature could lavish on one human creature seemed hers, with all that high birth could stamp on mien, countenance and manners. Clay paid her his tribute with the rest—the hundred who flattered and followed her; but she was a proud girl, and though he seized every opportunity of being near her, nothing in her manner betrayed to him that he was not counted among the hundred. A London season fleets fast, and, taken by surprize with Lady Fanny's early departure for the country, her farewells were written on the corners of cards, and with a secret deep buried in the heart, she was brought back to the retirement of home.

Brief history of the breaking of a heart!

Lady Fanny started slightly on entering the chamber. The sick girl sat propped in an arm chair, dressed in snowy white; even her slight foot appearing beneath the edge of her dress in a slipper of white satin. Her brown hair fell in profuse ringlets over her shoulders; but it was gathered behind into a knot, and from it depended a white veil, the diamonds which fastened it, pressing to the glossy curve of her head, a slender stem of orange-flowers. Her features were of that slight mould which shows sickness by little except higher transparency of the blue veins, and brighter redness in the lips, and as she smiled with suffused cheek, and held out her gloved hand to Clay, with a vain effort to articulate, he passed his hands across his eyes and looked inquiringly at his friend. He had expected, though he had never realized, that she would be altered. She looked almost as he had left her. He remembered her only as he had oftenest seen her—dressed for ball or party, and but for the solemnity of the preparation he had gone through, he might have thought his feelings had been played upon only; that Blanch Beaufin was well—still beautiful and well; that he should again see her in the brilliant circles of London; still love her as he secretly did, and receive what he now felt would be under any circumstances a gift of Heaven, the assurance of a return. This and a world of confused emotion, tumultuously and in an instant, rushed through his heart; for there are moments in which we live lives of feeling and thought; moments, glances, which supply years of sweet or bitter memory.

This is but a sketch—but an outline of a tale over true. Were there space, were there time to follow out the traverse thread of its mere mournful incidents, we might write the reverse side of a leaf of life ever read partially and wrong—the life of the gay and unlamenting. Sickness and death had here broken down a wall of adamant between two creatures, every way formed for each other. In health and ordinary regularity of circumstances, they would have loved as truly and deeply as those in humbler or in more fortunate relative positions; but they probably would never have been united. It is the system, the necessary system of the class to which Clay belonged, to turn adroitly and gaily off every shaft to the heart; to take advantage of no opening to affection; to smother all preference that would lead to an interchange of hallowed vows; to profess a sensibility equally polished and hardened on the subject of pure love; to forswear marriage, and make of it a mock and an impossibility. And whose handiwork is this unnatural order of society? Was it established by the fortunate and joyous—by the wealthy and untrammelled, at liberty to range the world if they liked, and marry where they chose, but preferring gaiety to happiness, and lawless liberty to virtuous love? No, indeed! not by these! Show me one such man, and I will show you a rare perversion of common feeling—a man who under any circumstances would have been cold and eccentric. It is not to those able to marry where they will, that the class of London gay men owe their system of mocking opinions. But it is to the *companions* of fortunate men—gifted like them, in all but fortune, and holding their caste by the tenure of forsworn ties—abiding in the Paradise of aristocracy, with pure love for the forbidden fruit! Are such men insensible to love? Has this forbidden joy—this one thing hallowed in a bad world; has it no tempta-

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tion for the gay man? Is his better nature quite dead within him? Is he never ill and sad where gaiety cannot reach him? Does he envy the rich young lord, (his friend,) everything but his blushing and pure bride? Is he poet or wit, or the mirror of taste and elegance, yet incapable of discerning the qualities of a true love; the celestial refinement of a maiden passion, lawful and fearless, devoted because spotless, and enduring because made up half of prayer and gratitude to her maker? Does he not know distinctions of feeling, as he knows character in a play? Does he not discriminate between purity and guilt in love, as he does in his nice judgment of honour and taste? Is he gaily dead to the deepest and most elevated craving of nature—*love*, passionate, single-hearted, and holy? Trust me, there is a bitterness whose depths we can only fathom by refinement! To move among creatures embellished and elevated to the last point of human attainment, lovely and unsullied, and know yourself (as to all but gazing on and appreciating them) a pariah and an outcast! to breathe their air, and be the companion and apparent equal of those for whose bliss they are created, and to whom they are offered for choice, with the profusion of flowers in a garden —(the chooser and possessor of the brightest your inferior in all else)— to live thus; to suffer thus, and still smile and call it choice and your own way to happiness—this is mockery indeed! He who stood now in the death-room of Blanch Beaufin, had felt it in its bitterest intensity!

"Mr. Clay! Ernest!" said the now pale creature, breaking the silence with a strong effort, for he had dropped on his knee at her side in ungovernable emotion, and, as yet, had but articulated her name; "Ernest! I have little time for anything—least of all for disguise or ceremony. I am assured that I am dying. I am convinced," she added firmly, taking up the watch that lay beside her, "that I have been told the truth, and that when this hour-hand comes round again, I shall be dead. I will conceal nothing. They have given me cordials that will support me one hour, and for that hour—and for eternity—I wish—if I may be so blest—if God permit—to be your wife!"

Lady Fanny Freer rose and came to her with rapid steps, and Clay sprang to his feet, and in a passion of tears exclaimed, "Oh God! can this be true!"

"Answer me quickly!" she continued, in a voice raised, but breaking through sobs, "an hour is short—oh *how* short, when it is the last!—I cannot stay with you long, were you a thousand times mine—tell me, Ernest!—shall it be?—shall I be wedded ere I die?—wedded now?"

A passionate gesture to lady Fanny was all the answer Clay could make, and in another moment the aged vicar was in the chamber, with her parents and the physician, to all of whom a few words explained a mystery which her bridal attire had already half unravelled.

Blanch spoke quickly—"Shall he proceed, Ernest?"

Her prayer-book was open on her knee, and Clay gave it to the vicar, who, with a quick sense of sympathy, and with but a glance at the weeping and silent parents, read without delay the hallowed ceremonial.

Clay's countenance elevated and cleared as he proceeded, and Blanch, with her large suffused eyes fixed on his, listened with a smile, serene, but expressive of unspeakable rapture. Her beauty had never been so radiant, so angelic. In Heaven, on her bridal night, beatified spirit as she was, she could not have been more beautiful!

One instant of embarrassment occurred, unobserved by the dying bride, but, with the thoughtfulness of womanly generosity, Lady Fanny had foreseen it, and drawing off her own wedding-ring, she passed it into Ernest's hand, ere the interruption became apparent. Alas! the emaciated hand ungloved to receive it! That wasted finger pointed indeed to Heaven! Till then, Clay had felt almost in a dream. But here was suffering—sickness—death! This told what the hectic brightness and the faultless features would fain deny; what the fragrant and still unwithering flowers upon her temples would seem to mock! But the hectic was already fading, and the flowers outlived the light in the dark eyes they shaded!

The vicar joined their hands with the solemn adjuration, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder;" and Clay rose from his knees, and pressing his first kiss upon her lips, strained her passionately to his heart.

"Mine in Heaven!" she cried, giving way at last to her tears, as she closed her slight arms over his neck; "mine in Heaven! Is it not so, mother! father! is he not mine now? There is no giving in marriage in Heaven, but the ties, hallowed here, are not forgotten there! Tell me they are not! Speak to me, my husband! Press me to your heart, Ernest! Your wife—oh, I thank God!"

The physician sprang forward and laid his hand upon her pulse. She fell back upon her pillows, and with a smile upon her lips, and the tears still wet upon her long and drooping lashes, lay dead.

Lady Fanny took the mother by the arm, and with a gesture to the father and the physician to follow, they retired and left the bridegroom alone.

* * * * *

Life is full of sudden transitions; and the next event in that of Ernest Clay, was a duel with Sir Harry Freer—if the Morning Post was to be believed—"occasioned by the indiscretion of Lady Fanny, who in a giddy moment, it appears, had given to her admirer, Sir Harry's opponent, her wedding-ring!"

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WILTON HARVEY.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

LETTERS.

"If life were slumber on a bed of down,
Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,
Sad were our lot."

We pass over so much of the lives of our dramatis personæ as flowed in a still and even current, and only glance at those turns and changes that most obviously affected their after lives. We say *obviously*, but, in reality, is there any period in the mental development that does not more or less affect its after condition. There were qualities in Stanley Gretton's character which do not often coexist, and their singular combination was probably owing to the early and striking change in his circumstances, which, on a nature social to diffusiveness, generous to profusion, and full of humour, that sweet sunshine of life, had superinduced providence, thrift, and habits of deep reflection. This is not the stuff that heroes of romantic days were made of; but we have to do with the realities of our working-day world.

Stanley was fifteen when he announced to his uncle, Wilton Harvey, to his astonishment and displeasure, (at least as much of it as the good-natured man could feel,) that he had procured an employment by which he could earn enough to support himself.

"The deuce you have! and what is to become of your education in the meantime? You never thought of that, hey?"

"Pardon me, my dear uncle; I have been thinking of it for the last three years. I am now, in my studies, two years in advance of boys of my own age, and am prepared to enter the junior class at Columbia College."

"Bless me! is it possible? are you indeed? My dear boy, you shall have every advantage—you deserve it. I'll hold up your example to your cousins; I'll spare no money on you at any rate."

Stanley smiled. "It is in part that I may dispense with your money, Uncle Wilton, that I have exerted myself to get ahead."

"I thought you had more sense, to say nothing of gratitude, Stanley. Have not I treated you like my own children? Have you felt any difference?"

"Never the slightest, except when you reminded me of it by being more lavish upon Mary and me than upon them—more indulgent to us."

"How could I help that? I should have been as cruel as the babes-in-the-wood-uncle if I could have done otherwise. I had to be father and mother, as well as uncle to you—poor children! Have my boys done or said anything to hurt you? has Grace?"

"Nothing in the world; but you are all spoiling us with your kindness."

"Then if you have nothing to complain of, what in the world are you going away for? I never heard such confounded nonsense—you fifteen, and Mary six. Do you mean to take her on your back, and go begging through the world with her, instead of staying where you have a natural right to everything you want?"

"You have indeed, my dear uncle, made our wants seem to us like rights. Mary has never been an orphan, and I only in the memory of my parents' love."

Again Mr. Harvey interrupted him, but with a little fidgeting, and turning away to wipe his eyes. "This is talk, Stanley; you know I don't like *talk;* actions speak louder than words. If you truly feel so, what do you go away for?"

"In the last conversation I had with my father," replied Stanley, "he told me how his youth had passed in exertion and self-denial; he spoke of the power he had acquired by his struggles and self-reliance. I remember—for I remember every word he said upon that last day I was with him—I remember he said, 'Stanley, do not let my success spoil you. Sofas, lolling-chairs, a carriage, and a luxurious table make a bad bringing up for an American boy. If I were to die a poor man to-day I believe you would be the better for it; you would take care of your sister, and make something of yourself.' Now, uncle, am I wrong:—am I superstitious in thinking there was something of prophetic counsel in this?"

"No, no, by George, Stanley! But then it's—it's—it's *very* hard upon me. I won't oppose you. Go, and God go with you, my boy. Live as poorly as you choose—rough it as you will, but then you must take money enough from me to pay your college fees—to buy your clothes, and nick-nacks, and supply your little expenses, you know."

"This would be an odd way of roughing it, uncle. No, I must cast off entirely."

"But you can't do it, my son."

Stanley explained. He told his uncle that he had engaged to give lessons, for which he should receive money enough to defray all his necessary expenses; that he had taken lodgings at Harman Staats', an old friend of his father, of decayed fortune, whose plain joints of meat and frugal allowance would certainly tend to save our young philosopher from any self-imposed restrictions.

Stanley's plan worked admirably: his income

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increased, and his expenses did not. As soon as he had the means, he endeavoured to remove his sister from her luxurious town-home to a country residence; but in this he was thwarted: he had something more stubborn to contend with than his uncle's opposition—the resolute temper of his cousin, Grace Harvey, who, though four years older than Mary Gretton, found in her loving and earnest disposition, quick wit, and cheerful temper, the elements of most delightful companionship, so that she was her friend as well as pet. From time to time Stanley made ineffectual efforts to remove his sister. Grace was too strong for him. She had showers of reasons to oppose to him; and if reasons failed, a woman's substitute, showers of tears.

The course of life ran on for five years: Stanley won all the honours the college could confer, studied law, and was admitted one of the multitudinous legal fraternity of the city of New York. Just at this time it was determined that Mr. Harvey should go abroad with his family. Mrs. Harvey had been dead many years; her sister, a widow, Mrs. Randolph Salton, was to attend her niece. Mr. Harvey's two boys were to be placed in a foreign boarding-school. Miss Grace Harvey was to remain with her aunt in Paris for two or three years to perfect herself in French and sundry accomplishments; and it was agreed on all sides, but not till after a stout resistance from Grace, and many keen pangs, that Mary should be consigned to her brother. The parting hour came: Grace Harvey was just fifteen—at that happy age when the freshness of childhood had not passed away—when the gates of life are just unfolding—when all around breathes grace, love, and beauty, and all beyond promise and hope. Her dark flashing eye indicated her generous and vehement temper, and when quite unexcited, and in seeming repose, there was a depth of expression that revealed an unsounded and unknown power. Her complexion was dark, but so quickly and richly kindled by mental excitement, or a glow of feeling, that she seemed to be a child of the south rather than of our cold latitude. Her features were not regular; to tell the truth, they were very irregular, and unconformable to all the standards and rules of beauty, but they produced the effect of beauty; and, by those who felt it, it was attributed to the classic form of her head, to its graceful set upon her shoulders, to her buoyant step and graceful movement. The simple truth was, that her soul lit up her face, and animated her whole form, giving it an expression far beyond what mere beauty of outline and colouring can produce. Mary Gretton was very different from her cousin, but not inferior to her. Though four years younger, she was much less liable to mistakes and perversion. She dwelt in the clear sunshine of love, simplicity, and truth, too high for the vapory delusions of the world to reach to her elevation. At the period of her parting with Grace she was a happy, confiding, intensely-loving little girl of eleven years.

The last preparations were finished. Mrs. Salton was already in the carriage, the servants were bustling through the rooms with the last parcels, and the boys thundering up and down the stairs.

"Is everything ready, Stanley?" asked Mr. Harvey.

"Yes, I believe everything. I have put Halleck's and Bryant's poems, for my cousin, in the red bag, with the books for Mrs. Salton; and here, uncle, are all the morning papers for you."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, my dear fellow, you think of everything—the last newspapers I shall have, perhaps, for a month to come; this is the worst of going to sea. Come here, Stanley," he added, lowering his voice, and withdrawing to the extremity of the room farthest from the girls, who stood by the mantel-piece encircled in one another's arms: "Now don't answer me, Stanley," continued his uncle; "I don't want any altercation with you, and that's why I have left speaking to you till the last minute." He gave Stanley a paper: "You will see in this that I have ordered a thousand dollars a year, to be paid to you quarterly. It is not to await your draft; the order is peremptory that it be given to you, and you must take it, or my agent don't perform his duty—so you have no choice. I could not go away with any comfort and provide less for you and that dear little girl, who is going forth among strangers, fatherless and motherless."

"I cannot choose but take your money, my dear uncle," replied Stanley smiling, "and will use it if we need it."

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times; this is a great relief to me. God knows, if you would but consent to it, you should stand on even ground with my own children; but you have done manfully, bravely, and I am proud of you—I must own that, though it's hard I can't do anything for you."

"You have done everything in giving me your confidence and affection."

While uncle and nephew were thus interchanging their kind feelings, Grace was giving her last charges to Mary. "Be sure, you or Stanley, to write by every packet—no, both write, and don't write in French to please Dumas—I did not promise him, and I shan't do it. I can't turn my letters to you into French exercises. What we feel will come gushing out of our hearts in English."

"Oh, I am sure I shall never write to you in French," said Mary; "I should think French people would rather write in English what they really feel."

"And Mary, dear," resumed Grace, "don't grow tall and gawky; be just the dear little round thing you are now, and don't get that upright, demure, boarding-school-girl way of sitting; and don't alter this way of dressing your hair—I don't like it in any other fashion whatever: and keep the same way of making your frocks, and always wear these little plaited frills round your neck and arms." Mary smiled through her tears. "But, above all, Mary, don't change in your love for

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me; grow tall, fat, straight, crooked, anything you please, but keep your heart the same."

"That I certainly shall; but it's you, Grace, that I am afraid will change—you that are going so far away among strange people; there's nothing to change me. *We* can't change, can we, Stanley?" she added to her brother, who, his uncle having left him, had joined the cousins.

"No, *we* cannot," he replied.

"You are both very unkind to think that I can change." Mary protested she did not think so, and begged Grace would take back that word unkind, which she said would stick in her ears all the while Grace was gone. "Oh, I'll take back anything—everything—if Stanley will take back what he said."

"Grace, the carriage is waiting," called out Mr. Harvey.

"I merely said, Grace, that *we* could not change."

"But you know what you meant, Stanley. Faith and love go together; and if you have not faith in me, you do not love me."

"Not love you!" exclaimed Stanley and Mary, in a breath. Mary looked Grace in the eye; Stanley turned away and walked to the window; his cheek was colourless.

"Why, what are you about, children?" said Mr. Harvey, appearing at the door; "you will have time enough for your last words going down to the Hook;—poor things, keep together while you can. I'll go in the carriage with Mrs. Salton and the boys; and you, Stanley, go with the girls. If you were like other folks, Stanley, we might all go to Europe together; but I'll be shot if I'd have you like them," he half uttered, half murmured to himself, "or different from what you are; not even, to have you always before my eyes."

The dismal parting was over; and the brother and sister were nearing the wharf on their return to the city. "I know," said Mary, raising her head from her brother's shoulder, and wiping away her tears, "that I ought to bear this better; but this is the first real sorrow I ever knew."

"And the first *I* ever knew, Mary, was such as to make all that come after it supportable."

"Oh, how could I forget that?"

"Simply because you did not know it, my dear sister."

"How strange it is, Stanley, that we should be unconscious while such changes are going on?"

"Yes, most strange!" But so it is through the whole of life; there are events changing, or circumstances moulding our destiny, over which we have no control, whose progress we neither see nor hear. Why, then, may we not now have relations with the invisible world hereafter to be developed to us?

Mary Gretton was soon after transferred to a happily chosen rural home, where, under the supervision of a most excellent teacher and friend, her character unfolded without any shackles or clogs whatever. Few young persons are so dependent for their happiness on external circumstances as Mary was—few of any age less so for their character. She was not moulded by outward things, but gave her impress to them. She was easily startled and disheartened by the evil aspects of life; but there were moments when she found good in everything; when "the million of spirits that unseen walk the earth," seemed to enfold her in an atmosphere of light. Then she enjoyed rapturously everything; an aspect of nature, a flower, the sweet note of a bird, a book, a stanza of poetry. Sometimes her delight was deep and quiet; sometimes it burst forth in pleasant words, and a laugh so joyous, that the young involuntarily joined with her, and the old and dreary gave an answering smile, and wished the child's happiness might last! Alas! perhaps the next hour her disposition was like "sweet bells jangled out of tune," jarred by some misery which she could not cure nor help. She was a strange mixture of gentleness and boldness, of timidity and courage; so that you could never calculate beforehand, whether she would shrink from a difficulty, or conquer it. Such a character, with its eager desires, and ever active feelings binding it with an electric chain, so that every touch is a sensation, is very inconvenient to those who have, or fancy they have, its training; trained it can only be by the infusion of a principle of duty, giving motive, force, and authority to self-direction. That principle, rooted in religion, will carry the soul through all the clashings, shocks, obstructions, and miserable trials of this world to heaven; and if it have not this holy principle, it will be sure to be wrecked on the stormy ocean of life. It is not the oak tree only that is lost by being planted in a china vase.

LETTER FROM STANLEY GRETTON TO HIS SISTER MARY.

My dearest Mary:—Mrs. Bayard arrived in the Havre packet on Sunday, and brought you the enclosed letter from Grace, and the box that goes with it. I have no letter from Grace, but Mrs. Bayard brings us startling news of her. It is reported in the American circle at Paris, that she is engaged to Clavers! I see you drop my letter and tear open Grace's to see if this be true. Whatever she may have written on the subject, write to me by return of mail. If the report be true, it explains Clavers prolonging his stay so much beyond his first purpose. I perceive he has been made an *attaché* to the embassy. This would give him a certain stamp that would make him more acceptable to Mrs. Salton. At home, I think he had not quite the *distingué* air, (to use that lady's favourite term,) to secure a high place in her good graces; but at Paris, "on change tout cela." Clavers is certainly not quite the person you or I would have chosen for Grace; but he has merit; and who has merit equal to such fortune? I imagined Grace did not particularly fancy him; he was too reserved in his disposition, too elaborate in his manners to please her. But she was then

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sixteen and uninstructed—*unperverted* by the world. Clavers, to do him justice, has always aimed at the highest mark. In college he was a severer student than I, and it was rather accident than desert that gave me a rank above him. In the law students' debating clubs, and in the young men's political societies, he was always a leader. He had not mingled with society till I introduced him at my uncle's. An introduction there led to a general circulation in fashionable life, and he thanked me for the favour I had done him with more fervour than the occasion seemed to me to deserve. He said to me with a frankness that surprised me, "I am infinitely obliged to you, Gretton; if I had lived a hermit all my life, I would have gone into none but the best society." "An *entrée* into what you term the best society," I replied carelessly, "is easily obtained." "Not so easily to those who are born in obscurity," he answered, "as you who are bred in it imagine." This was the first time I ever heard him allude to his origin. His face was deeply suffused. I felt a momentary contempt for him, but I checked it, remembering that human weakness rather deserves pity. I said, sincerely, that I thought an humble origin, if honest, was an advantage in this country; for it gave a man an opportunity of making that a merit, which was a mere accident to another. He coldly replied, that "experience was the only test in these matters," and so the conversation ended. I was surprised at Clavers' going abroad. He had formed a fortunate partnership, and he is not a person deliberately to sacrifice a substantial advantage. Was it with the purpose of obtaining Grace, and—Mary, my pen almost cuts through my paper while I write it—Grace's fortune? God knows I would not do Clavers injustice; but he belongs to the order of men who make their feelings defer to their interests, and whose interests, by a great but common mistake, are made to consist in pecuniary acquisitions. My uncle has the reputation of an immense and rapidly accumulating fortune. He has been a fortunate speculator in stocks, in town lots, and western lands. He says that he seems to himself a Midas; everything he touches turns to gold. He is vexed and would be angry, if angry *he* could be, that I will not put my sickle into the golden harvest which he sees on every side, while I believe that harvests which appear without ploughing or sowing, will vanish like the mirage of the desert, leaving unsated this thirst after riches. Besides, money is not, in my estimation, happiness, or the representative of happiness; enough of it for independence to myself and to you, my dear little Molly, I hold to be essential; and if, in the honourable pursuit of my profession, I get more than this, I trust, that having become rich, the wise theories of our poverty will not be forgotten. My dear sister, I pour out upon you all my feelings, experiences and purposes. Since Grace has come to be a fine lady in Paris, you are my only intimate friend. • • •

Since writing the last page, an odd circumstance has occurred. I have been moving my office to the rooms our dear father occupied at the time of his death. It is wonderful how many recollections this locality has already awakened—how these blank walls touch the springs of memory and awaken tones, words, emotions that but for them might have slept for ever.—But to my story. I told John, my office boy, to get me a carpenter to put up some fixtures in my new place. This morning I heard a man hobbling and stumbling up stairs, and John calling to him, "come on—come on; the shelves are wanted in this inner room." "I can come no further," replied the man in a broken voice, "my breath is gone." I went forward, and seeing an old, blasted-looking creature, apparently sinking under the weight of a few shelves, I took them from him, and sharply reproved John for getting me a person incapable of doing my job. "He is not so poorly, sir, commonly," whispered John; "he was taken so just as he got to the door; you'll see, sir, he is a smart workman; for all he is such a bit of car'on to look at, he's always at it." John's term was not ill chosen. The man's bones were absolutely fleshless; his skin seemed glued to them; and in Scripture phrase, "darkness had gathered over him," settling in the deep hollows of his cheeks and temples. His eyes were all that looked like life about him, and they were as restless, bright and wild as a maniac's. His hair was perfectly white, but too thick for a very old man's; his whole appearance struck me as one who had been prematurely smitten, and had not grown old by the gentle process of time. I certainly have never seen the poor wretch before; and yet it seemed to me that his features mingled with the dim images of my childhood. "Are you so feeble, or are you ill?" I asked. "Neither; it was only a giddiness took me coming up the stairs; please give me your directions." I gave them, and John brought forward my office-plate with my name to ask if it should be put up. The man grasped my arm convulsively, then let it drop, and shook as if an ague had seized him. I told John to go for a physician; but the man said "no, he should be over it in a minute," and directly he rallied, and went to his work, and, except a slight tremulousness of his hand, as if nothing had occurred. When he had finished with the shelves, he came up to my desk, and again a tremor seized him. "I am not right well this morning," he said; "and if you'll get some one else to put up your sign, I'll—but what's this?" and he convulsively grasped a letter lying open on my desk. I replied gently, for his actions seemed involuntary, and what, in ordinary circumstances, would have been impertinent, deserved no displeasure. "This," I replied, "is a letter from a friend of mine in Paris, Mr. Clavers."

"Good God!" exclaimed the old man, "is Augustine Clavers *your* friend?—Good God!" He pressed both hands on his head, and laughed like a madman. After a moment he again became calm,

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and speaking with great effort, but steadily, he said, "Augustine Clavers is a friend of yours, then, sir; is he well?—is he prospering?—have you news of him?"

The questions were all uttered in a breath, indicating irrepressible curiosity. I took advantage of it to try to find out what his acquaintance with Clavers amounted to. I asked "if he knew him well?" "Well!—yes, pretty well—I have worked for him—worked hard!" (there was not much in the words, Mary; they might have been uttered on an ordinary occasion; but there was a mingled bitterness and misery in the man's emphasis quite indescribable;) "and the young man has been good to me, but I have seldom seen him; and now it's a long time since I have heard from him; I am alone in the world, sir; I know nobody, and nobody cares for me; and that's why I am thinking of this young man; and if you have but the least thing to tell me of him, I'll thank you." Perhaps, Mary, it is the tendency of our profession to make a man suspicious; at any rate, the habit of examining witnesses sharpens the observation. I felt sure this old wretch had an interest in Clavers he wished not to betray; so I determined, in gratifying it, to find out its source if I could. "I have a great deal to tell of Mr. Clavers," I said, "if you have heard nothing from him in the last year."

"Nothing—nothing—nothing—he has heard from me though! No, no, I did not mean that—there's a singing and roaring in my head to-day; I'm confused."

"Then you have not heard that Mr. Clavers has come to honours?"

"No—what is it?—I knew he would."

I explained to him that he was attached to the embassy, that he was much courted in the American circle in Paris, that he visited in the houses of English lords, &c. He heard me with greedy ears and open mouth; but when I had finished, he seemed disappointed. "Is that all?" he said, "them lords won't pay the fiddler for him. Have you told me all!" "Not quite all"—my tongue faltered, Mary, while I added the report that he was going to be married to a very fine young lady—my cousin.

"*Your* cousin!" he screamed, yes, absolutely screamed, Mary; "No—no—no—oh, my head goes giddy again!—I must go home." He staggered away from the table; I took his arm to assist him. He shrunk from me as if my hand were a branding iron, and hurried off. I called after him that I had not paid him; he did not heed me. I followed him down stairs, and gave him the price John had agreed on; he thrust it into his pocket without looking at it. I followed him up the street with my eye; he ran a-foul of everything in his way, turned half over the old woman's apple stall, at the corner of the street, and there he disappeared from my sight. Now, dear Molly, though I have boasted my sagacity, you see I am at fault; and if your mother-wit can throw any light on the subject, pray use it for me. I confess it possesses my imagination, perhaps unreasonably. I forgot to mention to you that John tells me the man's name is Ross, and that he occupies a small portion of a house, of which he is proprietor, in Cherry-street; the rest he lets. John's mother, a widow, occupies a part of it. I bade him ask her if she had ever noticed anything unusual about the man. His answer was, that his mother said he was the "comicalest old thing she ever came across; he was always at work; always muttering to himself; that he seemed to have neither friend nor acquaintance in the world; that he was eager to get his rents, but never spent a penny; he was a quiet body, that harmed no one, and a good landlord, except that he would allow none of his tenants a privilege in the cellar; he pretended he wanted it all to store his stuff in; he would not let any one set a foot in it." John's mother once finding the door open had gone down to see for herself if there were no spare room, but before she could take a look round, Ross met her, and was in a towering passion, and told her if she did not keep to her own quarters, he would toss her out of the house, and her goods after her. John has made inquiries among the neighbours, but without effect. Cherry-street, like the rest of the city, changes its inhabitants for the most part every May day. One family had lived there four years, another six, but they knew nothing of Ross, but that nothing is known of him. So I am not like to have my curiosity gratified till Clavers returns, and not then, for I should not venture to dive into his secrets. Now, my dear Mary, I have done, and, in return, let me know how the gentle current of your life runs—its great events, a difficult lesson mastered, a glowing sunrise, or a brilliant aurora. Life should glide smoothly on to one who, at the end of the week, when "do unto others," &c. is given out as the text to live by, asks for another, that being too easy! Do not reproach Mrs. Carey with telling tales out of school. You are my whole patrimony, and I have a right to know its worth.

Your loving brother,

S. GRETTON.

MARY GRETTON TO HER BROTHER.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Do you believe it? Surely Grace would have written it to us if it were true, and, thank Heaven, she has not. I never will believe it, till I can't help it.

I wish Grace would not write to me again. Oh, no, that's not what I wish, but that she would not have every other sentence about Clavers. You wish me to tell you what is in Grace's letter—there is nothing you will much care to hear. She has been presented at Court, and Clavers has been there repeatedly with our minister; and they have all been to a grand fancy ball at the house of a French lady of high rank. Clavers appeared as an Indian chief, and the French ladies said his dress

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was "admirable," only surpassed by the propriety of his action—that was "vraiment Americain! parfaitement savage!" "Admirable judges they," says Grace. Grace personated a "Bohemienne," (gipsy, is it not?) "I assure you, Molly," she writes, "as an enthusiastic Scotch audience once said of Mrs. Siddons's Lady Macbeth, 'it was not bad!'" There is a good deal about operas, (Clavers goes everywhere with them.) You would not care for it, so I shan't copy it. Do you like Clavers? I am sure you do not, though you had a sort of *outside* intimacy with him. You will tell me that I was too young to judge of him, but I think, Stanley, little girls see people as they really are—they do not take pains to be anything else to them as they do to grown up people. Grace thought just as I did then. We often laughed together at his flattering her aunt Salton. Mrs. Salton, who saw through everything else, could never see through that. I wonder if he *dares* to flatter Grace now! If Paris can make Grace vain and trifling, and devoted to outside things, it can do anything. I do not believe she is so. I wish she would write to us what she is thinking and feeling. Perhaps it is because I am but a school girl, and live up in the country, that this Paris life of Grace seems so like baby-house play. Oh, Stanley, it does not signify writing any more about it; you will see how my tears have blotted all I have written, and you will know by that how I feel at the bare thought of Grace being changed—no longer our own *real* Grace.

One thing pleased me. The case contained an embroidered cape, a present from Mrs. Salton, with a scrap of paper pinned to it, on which Grace had written "Don't furbelow yourself in this, Molly!" and in the case were half a dozen neck and sleeve ruffles, just such as she begged me always to wear, except their exquisite French plaiting. I kissed the scrap of paper and the plaiting over and over again. I burned the letter.

My dear brother,—I wrote the above under strong excitement; upon second thoughts I should rather not send it to you, but I do not wish ever to seem other than what I am to you, so let it go. Stanley, a new light seems to me to have fallen on the volume of life, and I read things therein that have heretofore been hidden from me. Is it not strange that a circumstance with which, apparently, we have no concern—sometimes a word, and that not spoken to us, will touch a deep-seated spring in the mind, awakening feelings and purposes that give a new colouring of life? But I am putting my moral before the story from which I draw it.

Mrs. Carey told us girls yesterday that Mr. Hubbard, the man who keeps the town's-poor, had lost his only daughter, a very good young woman, and she wished us to go to the funeral with her. She thought we might learn there something better than our school-lessons. It was cloudy and drizzling, and a walk of two miles: and, to tell the truth, none of us were much disposed to go. Julia N—— said she didn't see what girls in our condition could learn from a woman who lived with paupers. Do you remember our ride down that pretty winding road under the shadow of Fox Mountain? well, just between that and Willow Brook Mr. Hubbard lives. His house is up the little lane where you stopped to look at a magnificent elm, with a seat fixed in its branches. Anny Hubbard, the person that's dead, placed it there for a little blind girl, who used to sit there with her knitting, and listen to the birds, and the "song of the leaves," as she called it. Around Mr. Hubbard's house are two or three smaller ones where the paupers live. There are not more than ten or twelve, and they are all either very old or very young. The girls sat down on a bench under the elm. Mr. Hubbard, a tall, rough-looking man, came forward, and twisting his thumbs, and looking quite unmoved, asked Mrs. Carey to come into the "mourners' room." She beckoned to me to follow her. Mrs. Hubbard, a sickly woman, was on a bed in the room unable to rise. The paupers were "the mourners" assembled there. The coffin, with the lid thrown back, was in a room beyond, and before an open door. The clergyman had not yet come. One old woman was much discomposed because her cap was not plaited. She seemed conscious only that it was a dress occasion. "I hope you'll all excuse my cap," she said; "it's the first time Anny ever neglected me; she knows I doat on having my borders plaited, and she always plaits them. I mistrust something is the matter with Anny." "Why, don't you know Anny's dead, ma'am?" screeched an old crone next to her. "Dead! you don't say so! then I shall never have my borders plaited again—never! never!" and she whimpered like a little child.

An old man, ruined by intemperance, got across the room on his crutches, with much difficulty, to Mrs. Hubbard's bedside: "I can feel for you, ma'am," said he; "I've lost everything in the world, my friends, and my property. I paid the highest tax in the town of Berwick once, but it's all gone now—we must take the world as it comes, ma'am—here a streak of fat, and there a streak of lean!" "Won't you please to sit down, sir?" said the poor mother, "my head feels bad." "I didn't mean to worry you, ma'am," said the old man, hobbling back to his seat: "it's a stroke, I know; Anny's death is a stroke to us all." "And that's what we must expect," said a very old woman, pitching her chair to Mrs. Hubbard's bedside, "stroke after stroke—it's a dying world, ma'am. I've buried six daughters and one son, besides my husband." "Anny was my all!" replied the mother. "And she was *our* all," said an old woman, who had sat silent, leaning on her staff, bent almost double. She spoke with such energy that every one in the room started. "Highly favoured among women was you to have her so long, Mrs. Hubbard. The Lord has spared her five-and-twenty years to you, and I'm thinking now you

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[illegible] what we've had, and [illegible] Who was the Lord's servant—[illegible] We are all [illegible] the old for their [illegible] mother." She [illegible] me. "Lead me to [illegible] on that face once [illegible] like sunshine in [illegible] with great difficulty I [illegible] another old woman, with the [illegible] the place. She had her [illegible] over the dead. She [illegible] "Anny is laid out pretty, is [illegible] for she took pains enough [illegible] to have as all neat and gen- [illegible] her snuff-box to my old [illegible] a pinch. Miss Sylv- [illegible] "I'm sure it's the last. Anny filled it [illegible] She added to me. [illegible] allow as snuff: but Anny said I [illegible] nice, my dear, sin' last [illegible] so she kept me [illegible] change. Now, I've [illegible] to fill my box, and I need [illegible] a pinch of snuff is a support in [illegible]

"Stand away, Miss Searx, and let me have your [illegible] and having got it, and [illegible] on Anny's countenance, which, even to me, a stranger, seemed impressed with the sweet records of her blessed life, she said, "The Lord's peace lies on her; child," she added, addressing me, "it's good for you to be here. You are looking upon one who loved God, and lov everything he made, and served him with a will heart and a cheerful countenance. She thought it hard to do a good turn for the est of God's creatures. She was alway to come when we wanted her, and n hurry to go away. She'd come o' wir when the wind was howling and the ing, and if we were any of us poorly morning. She was God's witness became hunter and broken. "G she added, "it will be lonesome the Lord could not spare yo we'll shut our mouths!" I sat, and, except now and remained there in silence.

Mr. Sydney, a churc came to perform the co wait for his office as [illegible] as I have [illegible]

While he was reading [illegible] little chuck times or four ye [illegible] back to us, he [illegible] He looked over into th [illegible] little louder each time. [illegible] wake up: Johnny wil his letters to you. [illegible] Please to wake up [illegible] his head quite [illegible] his cheek to her [illegible] Anny's [illegible] who till then [illegible] interrupted till [illegible] the little boy [illegible] such simple [illegible] seeing and [illegible] so far from [illegible] town hav [illegible] gin of [illegible] a gentl [illegible] Mour [illegible] They [illegible] were [illegible] for [illegible]

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[illegible] dear Uncle Harvey, and thank [illegible] iful writing desk he has sent me. [illegible] its contents, besides all possible [illegible] the French paper on which I [illegible]

[illegible]

HIDE AND SEEK.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] N.

[illegible] d will let them know that one [illegible] not ashamed to solicit their friend- [illegible] ying, Edward with a flushed brow [illegible] s the door.

[illegible] me, my son; if you are so bent upon [illegible] ll not refuse you; they will aid in [illegible] ms: but remember, let not your en- [illegible] ire to patronize Miss Lovel, make you [illegible] is due to yourself and to us; bear in [illegible] ou are the representative of an ancient [illegible] l that an accession of wealth will be [illegible] to support its dignity."

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[illegible] return you my thanks, madam, and shall bear [illegible] nd your wishes, in gratitude to your prompt [illegible] liance with mine;" and bowing to the ladies, [illegible] ard left the room.

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"I was impressed with the same idea, and there- fore yielded with a good grace, as it will be easy to cut them after the ball."

"Mr. C—x, madam, wishes to speak to you about the lamps," cried a footman as he pompously flung open the doors.

"Oh, show him in by all means," cried Mrs. Stanton with alacrity.

"Well, C—x, good news, I hope."

"Why yes, madam, I am happy to inform you that I have been able to make arrangements for the lamps and candelabras by the time you will want them; you will do me the favour not to mention the circumstance to your friends, as I wish to pro- duce them quite a new thing."

"That you may depend upon I will not; and I shall want all your silver forks; and those exqui- site silver tureens, and various other articles which I cannot now remember."

"They will be at your service, madam, if not disposed of previously to the night of your ball."

After many orders and counter orders, the pre- liminaries were at length settled, and Mr. C—x made his exit; and the all absorbing subject was for the time forgotten by the arrival of evening visitors.

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should be thanking him for what you've had, and not be murmuring. She was the Lord's servant—she did his work, and did it well. We are all mourners here with you, ma'am—the old for their child, and the young ones for their mother." She lowered her voice, and said to me, "Lead me to the corpse, child; I want to look on that face once more—it always came before me like sunshine in a dreary place." When, with great difficulty I got her to the door, another old woman, with the shaking palsy, occupied the place. She had her spectacles on, and was bending over the dead. She turned to us and said, "Anny is laid out pretty, is not she? I'm glad on't, for she took pains enough when she was living to have us all neat and genteel." She offered her open snuff-box to my old woman. "You're welcome to a pinch, Miss Sylvy," she said, "though it's the last. Anny filled it the very day she took sick." She added to me, "The town don't allow us snuff; but Anny said I was rather old (I'm eighty-one, my dear, sin' last fifth of May) to cure bad habits: so she kept me in snuff with her little odd change. Now, I've none in the wide world to fill my box, and I need it more than ever; a pinch of snuff is a support in trouble, child."

"Stand away, Miss Sears, and let me have your place," said my old cripple; and having got it, and having gazed intently on Anny's countenance, which, even to me, a stranger, seemed impressed with the sweet records of her blessed life, she said, "The Lord's peace lies on her; child," she added, addressing me, "it's good for you to be here. You are looking upon one who loved God, and loved everything he made, and served him with a willing heart and a cheerful countenance. She never thought it hard to do a good turn for the poorest of God's creatures. She was always ready to come when we wanted her, and never in a hurry to go away. She'd come o' winter nights, when the wind was howling and the snow adrifting, and if we were any of us poorly she'd stay till morning. She was God's witness!" Her voice became fainter and broken. "Good-bye, Anny," she added, "it will be lonesome without you; but the Lord could not spare you any longer, and we'll shut our mouths!" I led her back to her seat, and, except now and then a low groan, she remained there in silence.

Mr. Sydney, a church of England clergyman, came to perform the ceremony—*ceremony* is a bad word for his office as he did it. In his address he did not, as I have heard some men, use just such topics, and words even, as he would have used any where else, but such as would have fitted in no other place.

There was a fitting word for each; and I am sure, Stanley, he made those poor old creatures feel that there is

> "A spirit and pulse of God,
> A life and soul to every mode of being,
> Inseparably linked."

While he was reading the service, I observed a little child, three or four years old, creep into a vacant chair that stood by the coffin, and, having his back to us, he seemed to imagine himself unseen. He looked over into the coffin, and whispered a little louder each time, "Anny! Anny! Anny, dear, wake up; Johnny will be a good boy, and say all his letters to you. Anny! Anny sleeps too long! Please to wake up, Anny—please to!" At last he got his head quite over into the coffin, and laying his cheek to her's, he started back screaming, "Anny's too cold!" At this, poor Mr. Hubbard, who till then had maintained his stoical composure, burst into tears and sobs, and the service was interrupted till Mrs. Carey succeeded in soothing the little boy. I am afraid you are tired, Stanley; such simple scenes as these are so different in the seeing and the relation; but you must let me mention one more circumstance. Mr. Hubbard lives so far from the village burying-ground that the town have set apart a corner of a field on the margin of Willow Brook for the paupers. It is on a gentle slope, almost enclosed by a curve of Fox Mountain, whose gray rocks stand beetling over it. These poor wretches fancied that, set apart by wretchedness from the prosperous and happy while living, they were to be cast out when dead, and they objected to the new burial place. The day before Anny died she said to her father, "Bury me in the new burying-ground." "What, away from all your friends, Anny?" "Oh, no, sir. I think if I am buried there, my old friends here will be willing to be buried around me. Give my love to them, and tell them so." He did tell them, and one and all said, "Yes, where Anny lies we are willing to lie."

The day, as I told you, had been sour, cloudy, and dripping, but the air had softened, and just as they were placing the last sods on Anny's grave the sun shone out clear, and played athwart the white locks and wrinkled cheeks of the paupers as they stood leaning on their crutches and staves about the grave. The little brook brightened into smiles, the swollen drops on the trees glittered like gems, the stern old rocks kindled in the light, and a glorious rainbow appeared in the east. I think a thrill went through every heart; even the old paupers turned their dim eyes to the glowing sky, and to me there seemed a voice coming out of this sudden bursting forth of light and beauty, crying, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord—yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."*

I found Grace's letter awaiting me when I came home. Do you wonder that it grieved me? Do you wonder that comparing my cousin with her high gifts and privileges, wasting them on court balls and French milliners, to Anny Hubbard, in her humble but most blessed ministry, I felt that I would rather be this unknown woman? Not that I

* It is due to obscure, unknown, and unpraised worth, to say that the character of Anny Hubbard is no fancy sketch.

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am so foolish as to think that serving the poor is the only way of serving God, but I desire to serve Him, to fly a little above the world, and to rest in its lowly humble places. I began my letter with telling you that I had seen a new light on life. I have been taught religion from books, from the pulpit, by my teachers, by many good examples, but never—do not deem me superstitious—did I feel my relation to my Father in Heaven—my duty, my destiny, as since I went to the funeral of that faithful woman.

My love to my dear Uncle Harvey, and thank him for the beautiful writing desk he has sent me, and its contents—its contents, besides all possible desk furniture, and the French paper on which I am writing included; the hundred dollar bank note I enclose to you, and which, in pursuance of your plan, you will be pleased to add to the rest. What can my uncle think we do with all the money he showers on us! When will he bring Grace home? She says she longs to come. I *hope* she does. Ever yours, dearest brother,

M. G.

P. S. Oh, how could I forget to say anything about your queer old man! I did wonder a little, Stanley, that you should be so curious about him. He only seems a poor cracked body, as I should think any one would be who grubbed along alone in the world without having any one to love him, or to love.

HIDE AND SEEK.

BY PROF. W. J. WALTER.

(See Plate.)

Des lebens Mai bluht einmal, und nicht wieder.—SCHILLER.

Life's May blooms once, it knows no second blooming.

HAVE you not seen at early morn
The flowery branches of the thorn
Gemmed with the dewdrops of the night,
A glittering show, a glorious sight!
If you but lightly touch the spray,
How beauteous is the sparkling play
Of all those diamonds set in green,
Contrasted with the blossomed sheen
Of all the glory of the May,
In all its freshness of array.

In life's May-morn, the heart revealing
All the first freshness of its feeling,
Gives back an image of the flowers,
Baptized in dew of early hours.
O! 'tis a touching sight to see
The sparkling of its youthful glee;
How lightest movement, airiest thing,
Mere fanning of the zephyr's wing,
A gentle impulse can impart,
And stir the dewdrops of the heart.

Look at yon blythe and rosy troop
Of youngsters, what a happy group!
Dull books and work are thrown away,
It is the hour of mirth and play;
Who upon earth so blest as they?
When through the veins the life-blood prances,
And to gay tune the young heart dances,
How irksome is restraint, how dull
Lag the long hours in village school;
The eye upon the page may look,
But far, far absent from the book
Is the blithe spirit, roving free
In its own native liberty.

The clock has told the hour for play:
And what shall be the sport to-day?
Decided has the general voice,
The game of HIDE AND SEEK the choice.

The laugh that late re-echoed gay
Through all the cot, has died away;
The breath is held, no whispered word,
Nay, not the lightest breathing's heard;
For now the warning "Whoop!" has showed
That all the hiders are bestowed;
All but yon urchin—ill betide
The laggard; why so late to hide?
What awkwardness, O fie, for shame!
Quick, quick, or you will spoil the game!
Scramble up, clumsy! hide your head
Beneath the coverlet of the bed.
He finds it hard, poor dog! and so 'tis,
To hide him at a moment's notice.
And there are men of keen discerning,
Whose lore goes far beyond book-learning,
Who, spite of all the dexterous arts
With which they've learned to play their parts,
And all their ready tact beside,
Find it no easy thing "to hide."

Hush! a soft footstep on the floor
Approaches to the open door;
'Tis she, the fairest of the group,
The eldest sister of the troop,
To her by lot it fairly came
To be the seeker in the game.
With cat-like step, and lynx-like eye,
And finger pointed knowingly,
In every corner does she pry,
Till hider in the nook concealed
Is to the seeker's eye revealed;
Then bursts of laughter peal again,
Till roof and rafters ring amain.

Ah! happy troop, enjoy your play:
This is your merry month of May,
When all is freshness, all is dew,
And nature wears one roseate hue.

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Enjoy the blessing while ye may,
For short, alas! is pleasure's day;
And dark, on the prophetic eye
Come the dim forms of destiny;
The thousand sorrows that beset
Life's pathway; all the ills that threat
The bosom's peace; the cares, the fears,
That hang with gloom our riper years,
Too prompt to crush the germs of joy,
And all life's promised hopes destroy.
Then, ho! my rosy romping troop,
Shout on, raise high the merry whoop!
Yes, thoughtless ones, enjoy your play,
Be blythe, be happy, while ye may,
Let bursts of laughter peal amain,
Till roof and rafters ring again!

If the plain truth these rhymes might speak,
What a grave game of "Hide and Seek"
Is half the world this moment playing.—
And in pure innocence?—Betraying
Such secret might, perchance, offend,
Without the slightest chance to mend
The evil: we must weigh our rhymes,
When living in such ticklish times.
And yet, *allons*, come what come may,
Why should not we, too, have our say?

Your public spoilers, fat and sleek,
Have their own game of "Hide and Seek;"
And when, from every moral tether
Set loose, they lay their heads together,
E'en as a hare, when midst of trouble,
Will oft upon her footsteps double,
Till, by her turns and windings crossed,
The hounds at last all scent have lost;
So will these hiders in the game
Such arts to foil the seeker, frame,
That fairly left at last i' the lurch,
He in despair gives up the search.
Good-bye for aye the plundered pelf,
Did not some disappointed elf,
When least expected by the troop,
Startle the public with his "Whoop!"

Gravest and silliest have their freak,
And play their game of "Hide and Seek."
How would the spouter at the rostrum,
How the pert vender of his nostrum,
How the great speculation troop,
Get on without this magic "Whoop!"
Yes, 'tis the "open sesamé,"
By which men find to wealth their way.

And there are those who meanly sneak,
And play their game of "Hide and Seek,"
To undermine their neighbour's fame,
Still envious of his honest name.
Let all the good join heart and hand,
And "whoop" such pests from out the land.

Your modest author finds too late
What spurns on patient merit wait;
That bashfulness makes little way,
That "Hide and Seek" is silly play
And that the ready way to speed,
Is to be prompt in hour of need;
Before the public keep in sight,
Nor 'neath a bushel hide his light.
The door is closed to silent merit,
Then let your modest man take spirit,
And do as thriving worldlings do:—
The "whoop's" the genuine *passe par tout*.

Fond woman, coy, retiring, meek,
Has, too, her game of "Hide and Seek."
Deeply lies treasured in her breast
The love, by reckless man confessed;
Nay, often vaunted as a thing
For jest, or idle triumphing.
Yet sometimes may her maiden pride
So close th' important secret hide,
That the dull object of her flame
May doubt, or ne'er suspect the same:
Prudes, spare the maiden, spare I pray,
If "Whoop!" half heard, should find its way.

THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

(See Plate.)

THAT noble boy! what hues of thought
Steal o'er his forehead high,
As on the flower, he fain would grasp,
He bends an eager eye.

Child! child! 'tis but a chase of flowers,
Throughout this earthly glade,
A toil, to seek,—a smile, to win,
A tear, to see them fade.

But she, whose earliest, best belov'd,
Sleeps in the church-yard low,
What thoughts are hers, to find a babe,
Sole solace of her woe!

For if a happy mother's love,
Which hovering angels teach,
Hath ever been too deep for words,
Too exquisite for speech,—

With what a strange absorbing thrill,
Of grief and gladness wild,
A lonely widow to her soul
Doth seal her only child.

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THE VOTARY OF FASHION.

BY MRS. ELIZA VANHORN ELLIS.

CHAPTER I.

"If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it."

"WELL, mother," cried Jane Stanton, "I have down half New York, and can make up only four hundred."

"Only four hundred," cried Mrs. Stanton, musingly; "we must muster up more names; I wish to impress the world at once with the *ton* of our society. I hope you have secured the Count, my love."

"Oh yes, mamma," cried Miss Jane, looking down, and endeavouring, by a compression of the breath, to blush deeply.

"By the by, mother," cried a strikingly handsome youth, starting from the sofa on which he was reclining, "are not the Lovels relations of ours?"

"Yes, Edward, the mother is some sort of a cousin to your father, but why do you ask? I have not heard their name for ages."

"Why?—by Jove, they must be at this ball, as the daughter is a perfect angel of beauty, and would grace any drawing-room."

"What nonsense!" cried both mother and daughter in the same breath; "why Edward, you are taking leave of your senses; the Lovels, although descended from our best families, are entirely out of the question—they are so poor."

"But virtuous, I should presume to judge, from the manner they are spoken of by those who know them."

"Pray, Edward, where have you become so well acquainted with those whom no one knows, or of whom no one ever hears?"

"You are much mistaken, mother, in the belief that no one knows or ever hears of the Lovel family, as not a girl in New York is half so much admired as their daughter, and they are actually adored by those who know them. I must beg as a personal favour, you will lay aside, for once, your prejudice to *poverty*, and in respect to high-souled worth, leave your card for the Lovels, and invite them to this magnificent fête."

"I know not where they reside, my son, and it would be an absurdity to put them to the expense of fitting out the daughter; I have not a doubt they would starve a week, to make her the least presentable, if she is pretty."

"Well, my request is made; out of four hundred, I have asked for one solitary card, and have been refused, on account of *poverty* forsooth! Be it so; I will ask Thornton to introduce me there this evening, and will let them know that one cousin at least is not ashamed to solicit their friendship." Thus saying, Edward with a flushed brow walked towards the door.

"Listen to me, my son; if you are so bent upon the wish, I will not refuse you; they will aid in filling the rooms: but remember, let not your enthusiastic desire to patronize Miss Lovel, make you forget what is due to yourself and to us; bear in mind that you are the representative of an ancient family, and that an accession of wealth will be necessary to support its dignity."

"If you mean to warn me to beware of falling in love with Agnes Lovel, trust me it is needless. Now that I have relieved your mind on that point, will you allow me to accompany you and Jane to their house on the morrow?"

"Certainly, Edward, I shall be happy to do so."

"I return you my thanks, madam, and shall bear in mind your wishes, in gratitude to your prompt compliance with mine;" and bowing to the ladies, Edward left the room.

"Strange boy; his kindly feelings are not calculated to combat with the cold heartless world," said Mrs. Stanton.

"His warm feelings in regard to the Lovels, I shrewdly suspect, were prompted by our visible reluctance to comply with his wishes."

"I was impressed with the same idea, and therefore yielded with a good grace, as it will be easy to cut them after the ball."

"Mr. C—x, madam, wishes to speak to you about the lamps," cried a footman as he pompously flung open the doors.

"Oh, show him in by all means," cried Mrs. Stanton with alacrity.

"Well, C—x, good news, I hope."

"Why yes, madam, I am happy to inform you that I have been able to make arrangements for the lamps and candelabras by the time you will want them; you will do me the favour not to mention the circumstance to your friends, as I wish to produce them quite a new thing."

"That you may depend upon I will not; and I shall want all your silver forks; and those exquisite silver tureens, and various other articles which I cannot now remember."

"They will be at your service, madam, if not disposed of previously to the night of your ball."

After many orders and counter orders, the preliminaries were at length settled, and Mr. C—x made his exit; and the all absorbing subject was for the time forgotten by the arrival of evening visitors.

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CHAPTER II.

"High stations tumult, but not bliss create,
None think the great unhappy but the great."

The Stantons were descended from an old English family of some pretension. The father of the present Mr. Stanton arrived in America soon after tranquillity was restored to the disenthralled land. Having established himself in a flourishing mercantile house, he married a pretty little Dutch heiress, and with old Von Keitter's wealth and his own persevering industry, he amassed large possessions, and became in time a person of great importance in the new world. Upon his death, the wealth was divided between his two sons and a daughter. The eldest son followed the footsteps of his father, united himself to a lady of humble family, but some fortune, lived handsomely, gave good dinners, good wines, became an alderman, and in short, was a "*devilish clever fellow.*" The brother was a wild roving fellow, spent his portion faster than his father was making it for him, and died pennyless. His sister married at an early age, a clergyman, and settled in the north of the state of New York, in what was then a wilderness: death awakened the fond husband from the dream of domestic happiness in which for two short years he had lived, by removing his gentle wife; but the winning smiles of his little girl insensibly beguiled his grief, and lured him back to earth. Faithfully did the affectionate father fulfil his duty to the motherless child; ere he closed his eyes to the world and its delusive joys, he beheld her united to Mr. Lovel, a young man of brilliant parts, and every way calculated to win a woman's heart, though he had naught but his noble soul to offer, and only a profession to baffle the iron hand of poverty. Upon an investigation of the worthy clergyman's affairs, but a small stipend was all that was left (through the villany of his agent) of the fortune of his lamented wife. Being of an easy disposition, and far removed from the busy haunts of men, he implicitly believed the stories constantly sent to him of the depression of stocks, and the fall of real estate, and died contented with what was allowed him; but Lovel and his young wife were rich in the heart's best affections—for which possession they would not have exchanged the earth's hidden treasures. They settled in New York, and in cultivating the virtues and talents of their little Agnes, they heeded not the frowns of the world.

After an interchange of a few visits, the Stantons and Lovels lost all knowledge of each other. The one moved from the bustling part of the city, to an elegant mansion, in one of the gayest and most fashionable streets. The Lovels, contented with their lot, lived in a retired street, through which the splendid carriage of Mrs. Stanton never deigned to pass. The one family spent their lives in a whirl of gaiety, and in searching for happiness —which like the *ignis fatuus* had ever eluded their pursuit—the other *realized* the enjoyments of life by steady perseverance in the path of rectitude. Their society was limited, but a select few of talented friends often assembled around their social board; thus enabling Agnes to overcome the shyness of youth, without mixing enough with the world to assume the air, and confidence of a belle a-la-mode.

The sun peeped through the chintz curtains into their small but cheerful parlour. A beautiful bird hung near the window, and as he basked in the bright rays of a winter's sun, he sent forth his thrilling notes. A few, but choice plants were also placed near the window, to expand to the genial warmth. Mrs. Lovel sat sewing near a bright fire, whilst at her feet sat Agnes with a book she was reading aloud to her mother.

Looking up from her book to chide Bob for his long and repeated warblings, her attention was attracted by the carriage of the Stantons, as it drove to the house. And ere mother or daughter could make out the arms upon the highly polished pannel, the door opened, and Mrs. Stanton with her son and daughter entered the room.

The greetings between the ladies wore the semblance of cordiality. Edward was delighted with both mother and daughter, and thought the room the mirror of refined taste, blended with comfort. Not so Miss Jane; from curiosity she had condescended to make one of the party, and was surprised at the beauty of Miss Lovel, and the perfect ease with which she received her guests. Although she despised the small room and plain furniture, still she envied the luxuriant curls that clustered around her face, and scrutinized narrowly the finely formed head, to detect one pin or comb to fasten a borrowed lock; but in vain—she *felt* convinced that nature had placed them there; she sat in haughty silence, and only with a bow answered when addressed.

Edward regarded his sister with displeasure, and endeavoured to draw the attention of Agnes to himself; he chirped to the bird; admired the flowers; he next examined the paintings that hung around the room, and with surprise heard they were the mutual production of mother and daughter. Miss Stanton actually raised her glass, and half uttered "indeed!" At length the ladies arose, and made their exit to the carriage, and as it whirled from the door, Edward, casting a lingering look behind, asked his mother if she was pleased with her visit.

"Oh! of course; Mrs. Lovel is a fine woman, and her daughter appears a nice little creature."

"I never saw you behave unlike a lady until this morning, Jane," angrily said her brother; "but you really looked at poor Miss Lovel's head, as if you would have stolen those beautiful tresses, and appropriated them to your own use, instead of those of Manuel."

"This is past all endurance, Edward, first to inflict the visit upon me, and then to insult me; and as for the curls, I dare be sworn her father's last fee paid for them, and her colour too, with all her excessive *naivete.*"

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"Fie, Jane, you are now asserting what you know to be unjust; for if ever a head was adorned with *natural* ringlets, (which I confess is hard to tell in the present age of refinement,) *that* of Miss Lovel's is; and as for her colour, why it comes and goes with every breath."

Jane commenced an angry retort, but the mother commanded silence, and adroitly turning the conversation from the Lovels, she succeeded in restoring harmony. Driving to S******s, in Broadway, they amused themselves in selecting satins and blonds, and overthrowing boxes of finery without once reflecting on the trouble they were giving their obliging attendants. Whilst the mother and daughter were thus idling away the morning, Mrs. Lovel and Agnes were quietly pursuing their occupation of sewing and reading. So interested was Mrs. Lovel in the story reading, that the morning visitors were almost forgotten; but it must be confessed, that ever and anon the pleasing manner, joined to the handsome figure and face of Edward Stanton, would flit across the mind of Agnes, and cause her to forget to commence a sentence—a circumstance hitherto unusual with her.

Concluding that Agnes was fatigued, her mother bade her lay aside the book, and prepare the slippers and coat for her father; and when Mr. Lovel did return to his home, the fond smile of welcome from his wife, the ardent embrace and happy greeting of his beloved child, repaid him for the trials and vexations he endured with the world; but he never brought shadows of the cloud that often darkened his pathway through life, to his happy home, nor saddened the brows of those that surrounded his fireside, by sighs and unavailing discontent. Mr. Lovel enjoyed the lively sketch drawn by his daughter, of their morning visitors; and wondered to what to attribute the *honour;* little was said on the subject by the parents; but Agnes caught herself wondering if Edward Stanton would ever call again. That evening arrived a card for the ball.

"Oh, how I should like to go, mamma."

CHAPTER III.

"Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
Steal with an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes."

"Fondness for Fame is avarice of air."

At length the important evening arrived, and was ushered in by a cold bright moon. The dwelling of Mr. Stanton shone with unrivalled splendour, and illumined the square; causing the Queen of Night, in jealousy, to hide her face behind a fleeting cloud.

Mrs. Stanton had descended from her dressing room to the apartments below, which were decorated with great taste. C—x had surpassed himself in the arrangements of lamps, candelabras, vases, and china ornaments without number and name. The massive damask curtains were so disposed as to form beautiful canopies, with seats to correspond, for some fair one to recline beneath their graceful folds. Before the full length glass in the front room stood a choice Hebe, a fine piece of sculpture; the mirror in the back room reflected the stately figure of Mrs. Stanton, as she, with a measured step, advanced to take her station to receive the expected guests.

Fifty winters had passed over the brow of Mrs. Stanton, and though touched with a gentle hand, had left their frosty mark; art now repaired the ravages of time—pearly teeth sparkled when she smiled, and dark tresses fell from underneath her velvet cap; whilst the satin dress with mystic skill concealed the almost skeleton frame. She stood for a moment and surveyed herself in the glass, then sighed deeply; she seemed labouring under some mental anguish; ringing the bell, she desired the servant to inform Miss Stanton her mother was in the drawing-room—"and do stop, James, and ask nurse if Miss Mary still sleeps;" her darling child—her youngest born lay dangerously ill with measles.

Mrs. Stanton was the mother of four children, two sons and two daughters; Jane had just completed her twenty-ninth year, and her taking precedence to her brothers in the dawn of life, was to her a never-failing source of vexation and chagrin. She now swept into the room; without regarding her mother, she stopped before the mirror, and with a complacent look contemplated her image, reflected there.

"How do I look, ma?"

"Exceedingly well, my love; do you not think that wreath *rather* high? and your curls droop a *leetle* too much."

"Not at all, ma'am, it's the fashion, Manuel says: he placed it in the most becoming manner; it gives a queen-like dignity to the figure, he thinks; my dress fits well, do you not think so?"

"Very well, dear, it displays the form to great advantage; but do hold yourself up, child, you bend over like a bow."

"Lord, mamma, you would have me stand like a criminal in stocks, head up and feet turned out; it is not graceful—a slight bend is easy elegance."

"Well, Jane, as you please; our ideas of grace differ widely—how late the people make it—I only hope that eternal bore, old Bedwin, will not be here, telling all he sees how well they look for their age."

"And defend me from that odious Mrs. Church, asking who every one's grandfather was,—Lord bless us, here she is, I hear the wretch's voice in the hall."

"Ah! dear Mrs. Church, how do you do? How kind to come early and have a little gossip before the rooms fill," cried Mrs. Stanton.

"That is my way, my dear; I know everybody

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root and branch, and it amuses me to see the vast airs that some people put on."

"Oh! dear Mrs. Church," cried Jane, "do sit near where we stand, and then you can tell us who many are."

"Who don't know themselves; yes, child, I'll keep near."

"Horrid old creature! how I wish she was safe at home," mentally ejaculated Jane.

The rooms now filled fast; Mrs. Stanton was in ecstasies at having her lace veil nearly torn in shreds in consequence of the crowd; and Jane was in Elysium, at having Count Flaughenragues once more at her side, and listening to vows which told how remained

"Unalterably firm his love entire."

Mrs. Church had drawn around her a group of people who were convulsed with laughter, at the manner in which she was serving up some, whose airs had rendered them obnoxious to ridicule; one young beau rivalled the others in mirth, and in aiding Mrs. Church to names, when she was at fault; at length, turning round full upon him, she exclaimed:

"Your name, my dear sir, I think they call Wheatly; good man your father, he made the best hot rolls and buns I ever tasted; I hope, for the benefit of the present generation, he left a receipt!"

The beau coloured—bowed; and indirectly sauntered away.

"That young gentleman richly merits his rebuke, as in defiance of good breeding, he encouraged that old lady

'To convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down';'

and wound the feelings of those who would scorn to perform the part of *crier* to a company." Thus spoke a gentleman who had witnessed with pain the by scene—Mrs. Church being the chief actor.

As the deep tones of the harp floated through the rooms, the buz "who is she," heralded the arrival of a new face, and as the dense mass gave way, Mr. Lovel advanced with Agnes leaning upon his arm, her eyes timidly cast down, and her cheeks glowing with confusion, at meeting the eyes of so many persons fixed upon her.

Mrs. Stanton received her guests with the most flattering distinction; likewise the Alderman, whose ruddy face glowed with fatigue, and anxiety of mind, at watching the *waiters*, and his old wine, and the expected arrival of his honour the Mayor, and the common council; for although late in the evening, not one of his honourable brethren had yet made their aprearance.

Edward Stanton immediately claimed the hand of Agnes for the dance, and her pretty mouth was wreathed in innocent, happy smiles, "sweet as spring-time flowers," at having him for a partner. If Edward thought Agnes handsome before, this evening he looked upon her as an angel of beauty, and as he listened to her sprightly remarks, and marked the playfulness of her expressive countenance, he felt, though unconscious of its power, "the first impassioned dream of youth."

What a relief to turn from the automaton of *fashion*, set in motion by the spring of self-importance, to the artless child of nature, untrained in the arts of the intriguing world, whose actions emanate from the fountain of purity and disinterestedness.

Notwithstanding the brilliancy that reigned around, Mrs. Stanton's bosom was ill at ease; she noted with sad forebodings the animated looks of her son, and his entire neglect of the rich Miss Grimps, in violation of her express injunctions, for Agnes Lovel. While the laugh was loudest, and the dance the merriest, she would steal from the room to seek the sick couch of her daughter, and drop a tear on the fevered hand that lay almost unconsciously, upon her jewelled fingers.

The mother did not lack feeling; but so long had she been the slave of the tyrant world, that not for a sick child could she break the chains that bound her.

Jane cared not for the admiration that the beautiful Agnes excited; as in perspective glittered the coronet of a Countess, and soon, she thought, it would shadow her brow, as the Count had uttered ambiguous expressions, and looked an offer in every blink. Meanwhile the voice of inquiry was not silent respecting Miss Lovel.

"Beautiful creature, Jim—fortune, hey?"

"No! great pity, such a sweet face—her father a poor lawyer."

"Oh, the devil! why Ned Stanton will be bit, he is a greenhorn in such matters."

"Not he, faith; his politic mamma will take care of *that*; but by Jove, if she was *only* rich I'd be introduced, she is so pretty."

"Don't, don't, it will not be safe; but come, let us be presented to the rich Miss Grimps; they say that her father is worth a plum, within the smallest calculation."

"But, Jim, she is so infernal ugly."

"What of that, think of her *golden* charms." Thus saying, they joined the votaries of Pluto that surrounded Miss Grimps, and joined their voices in the chorus of adulation offered to the shrine of wealth.

Agnes heard not the remarks, nor would she have heeded them, if they had met her ear; she moved through the rooms the happiest of the happy. Many admirers of her personal charms were presented to her, and she reigned the belle among the disinterested and intellectual—Miss Grimps amongst the sordid and selfish.

As the band struck an inspiring march, the crowd squeezed their way up the stairs to the supper room. "How beautiful," "how vastly pretty," "what a sweet idea," exclaimed the ladies as they passed along the table, to be jammed two and three tiers deep along the sides of the banqueting room.

The supper table presented a fairy scene of

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Lilliputian temples, grottos and bowers in sugar so refined, that, as the rays fell upon them they glittered like various gems and crystals; but a more solid banquet, than candies was disguised upon the massive silver dishes; and amidst the profusion of nymphs, flowers and roses were found every delicacy that our own or foreign lands could produce; and as champaigne circulated wit sparkled, and for a moment every breast forgot its own internal care, and yielded to the influence of the enlivening scene.

Matrons and chaperons, now alarmed by the warning voice of time, gathered their trains and curtsied their adieus; the rooms thinned fast, and amidst the vociferations for carriages, answers of coachmen, trampling of horses and clanking of steps, many a soft good-night was given. Edward wrapped the shawl around Miss Lovel, and drawing her arm within his own, he whispered, "you will not lose that rose-bud, Miss Lovel, but when you look upon it remember that 'angels from friendship gather half their joys.'"

As the carriages turned from the door, the voices of discontent and envy were heard within them. "Oh, how horrid Jane Stanton looked; what an odious dress; only imagine, a fawn colour with such a sallow complexion; and how delighted she appeared with the attentions of that ape, Count Plaughenragues."

"Yes indeed; but she will never catch him, notwithstanding the intrusion of her mother's head between him and any lady he chanced to speak with during the evening—do you not think Mrs. Stanton at least fifty, Pa?"

"Fifty," growled the father, (who had not recovered the equilibrium of his temper, in consequence of the loss of sundry delicacies that disappeared at supper, while he was supplying the wants of two beauless daughters,) "fifty indeed; she will never see the snug side of fifty again."

And for such "half a hundred dear friends," did Mrs. Stanton sacrifice the feelings of her heart, and pass an evening of internal anguish. How many laid their heads upon their pillows with a secret sigh of envy, at the happiness of Mrs. Stanton, who was at that moment shedding tears of bitterness over the burning brow of her daughter, a beautiful girl just budding into womanhood.

The ball was over; the long wished-for evening passed, and in the train of hours had flown many a fond hope, and many a dream of love had awakened to a sad reality; some, however, had tasted of the elixir of enjoyment—pleasure unalloyed by jealousy or envy.

But there was one heart in that vast city that beat with envy at the brilliancy of the fête, and nearly burst its bonds by rage and disappointment, that *illness* should have prevented her from participating in its pleasures. That one was a Mrs. Rawdon, next neighbour to the Stantons, a rival to that family in dash and dissipation.

The dress and jewels were all in readiness, that were to have excited the envy of all present, when lo! a violent ague in the face increased the natural roundness of one cheek to twice its original size, and the night that was destined to cause so many hearts to ache, was passed alone upon the bed of pain, in fretful repinings, tears and groans, as every burst of the festive strain met her ear;—but the Rawdons must not be introduced at the fag end of a chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

"This is a notable couple."

At the commencement of the fashionable season in New York, (that is, when the chilling blast drives pleasure, and consequently visitors, from the various watering places, and the heavy dews warn the loiterer of a longer sojourn on the sea-shore,) Mr. Rawdon made his debut upon the stage of notoriety; his tandem, handsome livery, and lastly, his extremely stylish *self*, soon attracted observation; the voice of inquiry was silenced by "lately arrived from New Orleans," "immense income," "pleasing address." He soon ingratiated himself into the good will of the hotel, by his liberality in money, wine and good nature: however, it was soon whispered that the handsome Rawdon was a gambler; what did *that* signify! he was rich, beyond a doubt. The belles would slightly blush, as Mr. Rawdon, leaning upon the arm of a fellow dandy, would saunter up and down Broadway, and with a broad stare, gratify himself and the ladies; (no! the gods forbid, not the ladies;) then would the mammas walk at a convenient distance *behind*, to catch a passing word; and how would hearts palpitate if he condescended to join some fair one; and *then* would the mammas watch with eager eyes who passed, and what friend witnessed that child's triumph, and whose lip blanched with envy; as few young persons have such control of the inward thoughts, as to prevent the reflection from flitting across their countenances. It is only in after years, when the realities of what were before the ghosts of sadness and sorrows, oblige us to wear the mask of dissimulation.

But the attentions of young Rawdon were general to the ladies of New York; one day he would walk with Miss Dash, to appearance absorbed with her lively sallies and ready wit; and ere the busy world had well arranged the wedding, he was seen driving the pretty Miss Blush in his exquisite tandem; and now the gossips lost scent, and stood at fault, when Mr. Rawdon suddenly departed for Washington, and a few days after appeared in the daily papers, "*Near* Washington, was married Adolphus C. Rawdon, Esq., to Miss Anna M. Twibold, of England"—alas! the sighs that were heaved that day would have wafted the Delaware out to sea in a dead calm.

Ere many a bright eye had recovered its lustre, the Rawdons had arrived in the city, and put up

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at Astor's; now were all on the *qui vive* to catch a glimpse of the bride, and many a card was left, before the poor lady had well-nigh reconciled to herself that she actually made one of the thousands that throng that famed city.

At length Mr. Rawdon established himself in a handsome mansion, next door to the Stantons, at —— Place; his horses were the envy of the jockeys, his equipage of the ladies, and his famous French cook and *old* wines of the gourmand.

It was soon discovered that Mrs. Rawdon was a novice, as to the ton of the *beau-monde;* and not being blest with a mind of her own, she conformed herself to the *regle* of her many dozen friends; at the gentle hint of one dear creature, (who had a "love of a dress" to show off,) she gave a masked ball; at the suggestion of another, a *private* concert, where her friend *might* sing in *public;* thus she became a puppet for *tout la monde* to pull the golden wires.

The Stantons were their sworn allies; mamma gave advice (which was never taken), and Jane introduced her beaux, and confided her love affairs, whilst Mr. Stanton left (to use his phrase) no stone unturned to bring Rawdon round to the Whig cause; for which neighbourly kindness, he induced the worthy Alderman to *gamble*, for which amusement he always had a secret *penchant*. At length the pressure of funds began to be heavily felt by Mr. Stanton; what with losses at play, extravagances at home, and mercantile embarrassment, his hitherto firmly established house tottered, notes were protested, not a paper could be discounted, and execution threatened; all beyond appeared utter ruin, had not Mr. Rawdon stepped forward, and in a most unequivocal manner, relieved the sinking merchant, and propped the falling house. Everything now wore a new aspect, the Alderman's cheek resumed its ruddy hue, the long banished smirking smile played again around the broad full lip, and the wife, feeling the gentle breeze of prosperity, dashed, dressed, and panted as usual for the applause of the world.

Rawdon pursued the tenor of his way as usual, patronized horse-racing, cock-fighting, and gambled high; was never at home except at a dinner party, or ball; and thus was left to her guidance, his silly young wife, who consoled herself for the loss of his society, by her opera box, and Count Flaughenragues, as that incomparable personage managed with much adroitness to keep up the flame of love for the unconscious rival neighbours. But, alas, time was rapidly bringing to a close the denouement, as debts of the Count pressed sorely upon him, and in vain had the two beautiful diamond rings (pledges of friendship and love) followed the *gold*, attached to the lovely miniatures, to the jewellers with sundries bestowed by the fair ones, and *some* borrowed; in vain was every effort of economy; even the luxury of *picking* his *teeth* on the hotel stoop was abandoned, as the poor Count was obliged to keep close, or be dis-counted. To elope with Jane Stanton, was the only alternative left.

CHAPTER V.

"Bright blown hopes dispersed in air."

The latter part of March still found the dreary winter lingering, loath to resign its reign to balmy spring; the timid wild flower shrunk from the touch of the chilling blast, and nature wept at the usurpation of its favourite season; at length the bright sun hurled the sceptre from the tyrant's grasp, and by its genial warmth lured onward the gentle gale, and decked the flowers with their gaudy colourings.

Broadway was now deserted for that delightful retreat, the Battery; various were the passions that swayed the breasts of those that mingled with the motley throng. There might be seen the merchant, standing with looks intent, gazing as far as the limits of sight would permit, to catch a glimpse of the lingering bark laden with his *soul's* best treasures; and how his heart leaps, as the white-crested wave comes dancing over the dark blue waters, and cheats him into a momentary belief that the much wished-for sail is in sight. Near him stands the fond young mother, whose anxious looks are turned upon her sickly child, while its plaintive wailings blanch with a deadlier pallor her wan cheek—*her life* is likewise one of care; the timid wooer, and successful lover, the bashful maiden, with the intriguing matron, all mingle together and hurry down the stream of life in search of that phantom—happiness.

Edward Stanton had become a constant visitor at the Lovels. Afraid to probe the feelings of his heart, he persuaded himself into the belief that *friendship* was ever luring him to the cheerful dwelling of Agnes, or that accident alone found him always at her side during her promenades. The crowded haunts of fashion were a desert to him, if he met not there those deep blue eyes, beaming so softly bright upon him; and with what silent rapture would he mark the tell-tale blush steal gradually over the finely rounded cheek, as he, to revel upon her artless countenance, lingered a moment ere he joined her.

But with what different feelings did the parents view the increasing love of Edward and Agnes. Mr. Lovel would have preferred bestowing the hand of his daughter upon one whose mind and habits were more matured, and whose principles had not been formed in the school of worldly views and extravagances; still, he could not but admire the noble, generous bearing of Edward Stanton; his expressive countenance bore the stamp of a pure and uncorrupted heart. Although Mr. Lovel held in contempt the parents, Edward he respected, and ever extended to him the hand of genuine friendship.

Mrs. Stanton knew very little of the Lovels, and unless they came in contact in the streets, they were forgotten. At length her pride and fears were aroused by meeting Agnes constantly with Edward by her side. Her increasing beauty awakened a

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twofold hatred in the breast of the politic parent. She represented in glowing colours the misery arising from such *disinterested* marriages, the effects of poverty upon the feelings in wedded life; and lastly, the absurdity of love being requisite to render the chains of matrimony lightly worn; but Edward was in love, and liked not his mamma's sophistry.

As for Jane Stanton, she seemed a perfect mystery; letters were received and answered in solemn silence; the whole tenor of her conversation was ambiguous; she noticed not her mother's anxious countenance; for no thought of feeling was in common between the parent and child. The Alderman looked less rosy, and more thoughtful; and although to the eyes of the world appearances were the same, still a mighty incubus rested upon the breasts of all the family, and each felt unhappy.

CHAPTER VI.

"To this complexion it has come at last."

In a small room, (the ceiling scarcely of sufficient height to allow its inmate to stand upright in his boots,) walked up and down its narrow boundary Count Flaughenrague; his tall gaunt figure shrouded in a faded silk morning gown; whilst his stockingless feet were thrust into a pair of red slippers. Upon a small dressing-table lay his wig, and a woollen nightcap covered his bald head; his whiskers and mustachios, which usually figured in jetty black, were now of a dirty snuff-coloured brown.

His cogitations were interrupted by a gentle knock, and with pale lips he opened the door to admit his landlady.

"Well, sir, I come once again to demand my just dues. I can't no how be put off any longer. Why it's good four months since I have had any thing from you but promises; and you——"

"Stop a bit, my good lady; I am so happy, I could hop, skip, and jump for joy; listen, I have a secret to tell you;"—thus saying, he laid his long bony fingers upon his nose, and gave her a sly wink.

"Law suz, a secret did you say! but it won't do. I want my money, and have it I will; or else I will set the boogaboes roaring around you, that's what I will, count or no count."

"Don't talk so; oh, how you make me perspire. But will you listen to my secret? I am about to run away with a great heiress, a girl of most prodigious wealth; and the first use I make of her money will be to pay you, my dear good lady; and a wedding present shall my adored Jane send you. Now I think of it, you had better dispose of this room; I shall not return to it." The count drew himself up to his full height, stuck his hands into his pockets, and cast upon his listener a look such as men suddenly made wealthy are apt to bestow on those they think their inferiors. Here the landlady cast her eyes around the room to note what was worthy of detention for the rent; but the wig only met her view, and that was nearly brushed bare. With heightened colour, she exclaimed:

"And so, sir, you think you will just take to your heels and trot off. But I'll tell you someit different sort of a thing to that."

"Now, my angel of a landlady, have patience. Don't hint at a tip-staff as you love life. Believe me, the first use I make of my wealth will be to satisfy your demands. In the meantime, to convince you of my honourable intentions towards you, I'll leave this valuable trunk in your care until my return to the city. Be so good as to look at its contents." Thus saying, he raised the lid, and presented to her astonished sight sparkling gems, which appeared to her gaze of countless value. Even her blunt gray eyes looked for a moment bright; reflection, no doubt.

"Ah, my dear marm, how much I have suffered rather than to part with these. They belonged to my lamented mother, the countess."

The landlady touched with the corner of her apron her eye, and endeavoured to cast upon the possessor of so much wealth a look of sympathy. At that instant the door was thrown open, and a man rudely entering, encountered the sensitive pair.

"Indeed, Mr. Solem, this is most vulgar conduct. I haven't forgotten your bill, and will settle it to-morrow; for I am about to be married to a very rich lady to-night, and will have it in my power to satisfy all my creditors."

"That cock won't fight; bird in the hand, you know—confound your rigmaroles about the marriage. Come, sir, plank up, or march with the constable below."

On hearing these frightful words, the landlady stepped forward, and offered to stand security for the count.

"Well, old lady, if you choose to stand for the same, well and good; but as for such coin as promises, you are welcome to my share of 'em." Accordingly, he pulled out a small vial of ink, and producing some writing-paper from his capacious pockets, he drew up a bail-bond, and requested the landlady to sign her name, which she did promptly.

"Well, that's settled," sighed the count as he followed the hostess to her front parlour, to quiet his perturbed nerves by a glass of "cogniac." Ere his tall figure shadowed the door-way, a thin, dapper looking man stepped up and presented his bill.

"Ah, I see, Mr. Tapestay; will positively send you the sum to-morrow, one o'clock. Good morning, sir."

"Pardon me, Count," bowing, to the threatened annihilation of his straps, "but I must take the unpardonable liberty of demanding my bill."

"Oh, is that all? There is your bill; you are right to take it. I have a dozen copies of the same in my room."

"Oh, ho! he! he! you are pleased to be facetious this morning; but it's the sum specified upon that

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small bit of paper that I must beg your immediate attention to."

"Upon the honour of a gentleman, Mr. Tapestay, you shall be paid to-morrow. But I will inform you, in confidence, that this evening I shall be united to Miss Stanton, the rich Miss Stanton."

"Allow me to congratulate you. But you will see the necessity of my being urgent, when I inform you that I shall likewise lead to the *hy-meal* altar a beautiful young lady. So, sir, once more, will you pay the money?"

"Mr. Tapestay, I must beg your patience; I cannot now pay you."

Mr. Tapestay bowed low, touched his hat, and ere the door could be closed, an officer gave the count an ominous clap upon the shoulder. At the earnest request of the unfortunate nobleman, a carriage was sent for, and being permitted to resume his wig and cloak, he appeared "dressed like a gentleman," as the landlady exclaimed. An affectionate adieu was exchanged; and on leaving his humble dwelling, he kindly took her hand, and whispered, "consider the jewels all your own, and try to free me from that horrid place."

Casting one lingering look behind, Count Flaughenragues drove from the door.

With a mighty effort, the forlorn hostess gulped down the rising sobs, and hurried to her *treasures above*. As she flung open the door, she remained for a moment motionless, at the air of desolation that reigned around: there stood the toilette, the combs, brushes, and pomatum pots, but what gave life to the scene, the wig was gone,—there lay the faded gown, and there reposed the red slippers; but where now rested the gawky limbs and ponderous feet, that were wont to fill their ample dimensions?—thrust into a jail, reclining upon straw.

Rummaging through the room, the landlady found some notes, which induced her to make immediate application in behalf of the captive knight, to the fair authors of the tender effusions before her; and with much care and no small difficulty she accomplished a note to the two ladies whom she considered most interested.

Having thus quieted her conscience, she proceeded with much satisfaction to examine the contents of the trunk. Carefully bolting the door, her cold gray eyes dilated with coming expectation of their destined feast. Applying the mystic key with much care, the lid flew open, and the rays of the bright sun fell full upon the sparkling gems. With feelings of awe she removed a necklace and bracelet, then the cotton on which they reposed, when lo! a pebble met her horror-stricken gaze. Eagerly she tore aside the coverings and heeded not the various rings that rolled over the floor, for with passion indescribable, she saw her dream of future wealth and castles of greatness flit from before her astonished sight, and naught remaining, but a few cobble stones.

No redress could the poor woman obtain; the count was in jail, and her jewels were coloured glass. One thought, however, soothed her,—she would hasten to Miss Stanton, and expose his baseness to his destined bride.

CHAPTER VII.

"Was it for this I loved him so?"

The gaudy tone of day had given place to the gentle glow of a summer's twilight, when a female figure, closely bonneted and veiled, slowly crossed the Park, and arrived opposite to the jail; casting a cautious glance around, she demanded admittance to Count Flaughenragues. After some hesitation on the part of the jailor, a *golden key* at length unlocked the door.

As the lady entered, the loud shrill voice of a female in the Irish accent met her ear; and looking in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, she saw the object of her visit stretched upon a flock bed; while by his side sat an aged, but athletic woman, wiping the tears from her ruddy cheeks with the corner of her plaid cloak, and swinging her body to and fro as she wailed forth,

"Och, och, that I should be livin' to see this day; och but that I was in my could grave wid Barny and Teddy. I've always been afther telling yez, Pat, that it wud come to this—but here comes a leddy (blessings upon her beautiful face) that is jist come to carry yez away, Pat, my darlint."

"Cease, good woman," cried Miss Stanton, throwing back her veil, "your boisterous voice quite overpowers me."

"Boisthrous is it, and who should be boisthrous in sich an hour if it isn't his ould mother, who has kilt herself to make him a gintleman? Why thin, Pat, haven't I?"

"Count Flaughenragues, explain this mystery; oh, I am ready to faint with horror at what I hear! Are you indeed the Count Flaughenragues to whom I plighted my vows, or—are you" (in a tragic voice) "an impostor?"

"May the divil catch this ould tongue: an' is it the Count that ye'r afther? arrah, sure an he is, as was ever born of two honest parents, aren't yez, hinny?"

"Count Flaughenragues, in one word, is this woman your mother?"

"My adored Miss Stanton forgive this silence, but I am so distracted at my unfortunate situation, that all thought but my thanks for this amiable condescension in the most lovely of her sex, are absorbed in the horrors that surround me—my kind nurse here——"

"Och Pat, my jewel, sure yez thin wouldn't be afther denying the mother that bore yez—harm wud come to the tongue that would be doing it. Why thin, if the leddy has a liking for yez, she will kape the *sacret*, and *be* none the *bit* the wiser. Sure an isn't he a gintleman born, as was his father before him, honest Pathrick M'Gee?"

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"Base man," screamed Miss Stanton, "I see through your vile deceptions; I am the victim of your perfidy; under false delusions you have engaged my young affections, but I'll be revenged; here you may lie and enjoy your countship to your full satisfaction." Thus saying, she rushed towards the door, and encountered Mrs. Rawdon. Both remained spell-bound with the recognition.

"Miss Stanton, and in such a place!"

"Mrs. Rawdon, on a secret visit to a single gentleman; mighty fine indeed; no doubt his countship will be much indebted to your platonic friendship."

"A married lady, Miss Stanton, let me tell you, may venture to relieve the wants of a fellow being, where it is highly indecorous for a maiden lady to be seen!"

"Oh, no doubt madam, for you married ladies are always most fortunate in finding objects to bestow your kind sympathies upon; but before I leave you and the object of your commiserations, allow me to introduce to your notice *Mister* Patrick M'Gee, *alias* Count Flaughenragues."

The rivals saw at a glance that each was in the power of the other, and that their conduct, in the eyes of the world, would appear most ridiculous; therefore, with seeming good feeling towards each other, they joined in a war of words against the unfortunate impostor, who stood the very personification of rage and despair, giving vent to his feelings by invectives against his sorrowing parent.

"Can't yez be aizey now; I don't belave there's a bigger plague livin' than yez are—and didn't I make a thaif of myself to make a gintleman of yez—and all for nothing at all, at all, but curses and swearen." Thus would the old creature mutter as she heard his imprecations.

"I'll clear yez yet hinny, so never heed them. Och, sure, but I'll jist give out that my Pat is dead, and raise a sum for ye'r wake, and what with begging and lying, I'll put yez in ye'r right place yet. So kape up a heart, my darlint, and don't be afther cursing ye'r ould mother, who will stick to yez when no one else will."

The affection of the mother touched the hearts of the fair votaries of fashion, who immediately tendered her notes of some value, and then with looks of direful ire, flashing lightning rage, they sallied from the room.

This event caused the ladies to be firmer allies than ever; for fear of betrayal made them almost inseparable, as sometimes the bonds of mutual interest are more tightly woven than disinterested friendship.

By hard labour and various stratagems, the poor mother amassed a sufficient sum to liberate her "darlint boy," who immediately commenced an excursion through New Jersey, in the capacity of a pedlar, and the "moon had not yet filled her horn," ere the existence of Count Flaughenragues was utterly forgotten in the fashionable circle where so many had *vowed* to him *eternal friendship*, and devoted affection!

CHAPTER VIII.

"Love, then, hath every bliss in store,
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more;
Not to know love, is not to live."

Edward Stanton was a successful wooer, and Agnes, the artless and loving Agnes, lived in a dream of happiness; not a cloud shadowed her fair brow; even the fashionable Mrs. Stanton and the haughty Jane were metamorphosed into amiable women by the magic influence of Cupid. Bright season of joy, why so fleeting?

Guided by the mild and salutary advice of Mr. Lovel, Edward determined to turn his attention to the law; and, notwithstanding his high expectations of wealth, to become a man of *business*, and occupy hours of leisure, that sometimes hang heavily upon the hands of the man of pleasure, and thereby lead him with slow and stealthy steps, insensibly into the paths of vice.

With deep displeasure, Mrs. Stanton heard of Edward's engagement; but although the veil of *fashion* shrouded almost every feeling, still she loved her son; and as her health became greatly impaired by late hours and crowded rooms, she had the good sense to acknowledge that riches brought not happiness nor enjoyments to the domestic fireside without reciprocal affection. Even Jane became suddenly bitten with a mania to patronize Miss Lovel, and to show her off against her *bitter enemy in secret*, though sworn friend in *public*, Mrs. Rawdon; therefore, much to the surprise of Edward, the ladies paid a visit of congratulation to his blooming Agnes, who received them with so much unaffected pleasure and native grace, that they quite forgot to play the *condescending*, and overpower her by their excessive elegance.

Invitations to a dinner followed, and for the first time in many years Mrs. Stanton heard the voice of *real* sympathy, as Mrs. Lovel marked with regret her apparent declining health. The look, and tone of voice affected Mrs. Stanton; it touched a chord within her breast that had not vibrated for a long, long while; and secretly she determined to see more of Mrs. Lovel.

CHAPTER IX.

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel."

Summer was fleeting fast, notwithstanding the many cares and sorrows that load the wings of time.

Many of the leaders of *ton* were at the various resorts of pleasure and matrimonial speculation; still Mrs. Stanton lingered in the city, finding more comfort, in her debilitated state, within her large airy rooms, and surrounded by luxuries that only can be found at *home*, than in country air, with small apartments, and wretched accommodations.

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Not so thought Jane. Finding her mother resolved not to stir from the *horrid bricks* and mortar, and *hot* streets, she joined a party of pleasure to the springs, and left her sick parent to the care of menials. Then did the guardian angel of Mrs. Stanton hover around her in the form of Agnes Lovel; she was constantly by her side to soothe the hours of languor, and by her cheerful smile, and happy temperament, she upheld the drooping spirits of the invalid.

They rode daily together, and scenes through which Mrs. Stanton had passed for years, without dreaming of casting an admiring glance over them, were now viewed in a new light; for with a painter's eye Agnes beheld the setting sun, and glowing landscape, and from even the wild flowers that decked the road side, would she glean instruction blended with beauty. Silently did her pleased companion listen, as with the enthusiasm of a youthful mind would Agnes dwell upon the wonders of creation and the goodness of the *Creator*. The words sank deep into Mrs. Stanton's breast; they awakened a train of new-born thoughts; she felt an aching void, a something that fashion and the *world* could no longer fill. Thus left to *herself* and to the gentle guidance of mother and daughter, Mrs. Stanton lived to bless the hand that had stricken her; and to abhor the shrine, where she had for so many years sacrificed the best feelings of her nature.

LETTER FROM JANE STANTON TO HER MOTHER.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, August 3d.

DEAR MAMMA:—I cannot convey to you an adequate idea of the world of fashion that has assembled this season at the springs. All the elite from the south are here, and you know that they are such charming people, that it is delightful to be in their society. We are so crowded, and the bedrooms so small, that a breath of air cannot squeeze through to cool our fevered brows; but the balls are delightful, and I assure you that my net lace dress, with my diamond ferronniere, cuts no inconsiderable figure here, so Mrs. Stubbs says, and I think her taste very good in dress; her son Adolphus is the most distingué person here; he patronizes nothing American, everything Parisian, so you may imagine, I feel not a little flattered at his decided attentions, for, *entre nous*, it is the talk of the whole place. His mother is a charming woman, rather too short and fat to be elegant in appearance, but so kind. Adolphus assures me, he has known me by sight for a long time, and was only deterred from being introduced by that foolish report of my engagement with a certain person, which I told him was utterly false. A promised stroll with Adolphus (is it not a beautiful name?) will oblige me to leave off rather abruptly; which I trust, you will excuse. I hope you are better than when you wrote last. It gave me pleasure to hear that Agnes has made herself so useful. I think that match may turn out better than we at first expected. Ned's wealth will make the display, and we may find Agnes convenient in time of sickness; so I think you are right to make the best of it—love to all, and believe me,

Your affectionate daughter, JANE.

Sadly did Mrs. Stanton sigh as she read her daughter's epistle, so cold and heartless; and self-reproach increased the pang of maternal anguish; she was now reaping the fruits of her ill-advised training. "Poor Jane," mentally ejaculated Mrs. Stanton, "how deeply must the love of pleasure be planted in your breast when you can thus forget your dying mother. But I alone am to blame, I *forgot myself;* and how could I guide her." She wiped from her pallid cheek the scalding tear, and her thoughts turned for consolation to her youngest daughter.

The worldly Mrs. Stanton had placed Mary at one of the most expensive and fashionable boarding schools in the city, that she might there become perfected in the follies of a woman of fashion, and learn with greater facility to spend her father's reputed wealth.

Although of an age to leave school, still Mary was obliged to clip some years from her age and still play the child, until her elder sister should think proper to admit so dangerous a rival at home. Her mother was now awakened from her dream of folly, and immediately sent for Mary to share with Agnes the cares of the drooping invalid; cheerfully did she obey the summons; and soon learned to regard Mrs. Lovel as the most perfect of human beings, and the hearts of the youthful nurses were closely knit by bonds of mutual affection.

Mary Stanton was the opposite in disposition to her sister Jane. Naturally cheerful and amiable, she culled pleasure from every passing event. Her mind was easily biased to good or evil; her formation of character depended entirely upon the influence of the one to whom she attached herself. The mild and gentle bearing of Mrs. Lovel formed a striking contrast to her usual associates, while the simple elegance of Agnes struck upon her fancy, and without solving why, she determined to become like her.

Edward Stanton grieved to see his mother thus gradually sinking into the arms of death. When he looked upon her, so mild and resigned, so entirely withdrawn from the follies that had for years shadowed her better feelings, he remembered but her devoted love to him, her indulgence of every boyish wish, however absurd or arbitrary; and when he beheld his beautiful Agnes soothing with patience and gentleness his mother's pillow, and heard her breathe words of bright hope and peace to the sufferer, she seemed an angel sent by heaven to smooth the weary path of the poor worldling.

Mr. Stanton, although kind and gentle, appeared not sensible to the declining health of his wife. During the day he was seldom at home, and sometimes when the cool evening breeze fanned her wan cheek would Mrs. Stanton rally her fading powers, and thus deceive the unthinking husband.

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CHAPTER X.

"Farewell—in that word—that fatal word—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair."

The day had been unusually warm and sultry; scarce a leaf stirred; the daisies and rosebuds in vain courted the passing zephyrs; and as twilight usurped the gaudy day, dark clouds gathered over the face of heaven; flashes of lightning gleamed through the heavy atmosphere, whilst every burst of thunder proclaimed its nearer approach.

Mrs. Stanton reclined upon a sofa in the parlour; Mary sat near her mother, watching with deep anxiety her contracted brow, and Edward hovered around the sofa endeavouring by gentle attentions to dispel the fear of the trembling females. Mr. Stanton looked dull, appeared ill at ease, and with unusual harshness, negatived a trifling request made by his daughter. His hurried strides through the apartment were arrested by a low sepulchral cough; for a moment he contemplated the wan frame of his wife, his heart softened, and while a tear dimmed his eye, he took her hand, and endeavoured to persuade her to try change of scene, and the influence of another climate. The shower increased, vivid streams of lightning were followed by tremendous explosions of thunder, the very foundation of the house seemed to shake, and the wind swept in fitful gusts through the streets. Each sat absorbed in deep reflection, and not a sound was heard but the pelting rain between the thunder's roar. Amid the war of elements, a servant requested Mr. Stanton's presence in the hall, as two persons wished to see him. After a brief space he returned, deathly pale, but with a voice calm and composed, he took his wife's hand and bade her "good night," "as," he continued, "urgent business requires my presence down town."

"What a fearful night, Mr. Stanton, to venture out."

"The shower is passing off, my dear, good-bye, the sooner I go the quicker back"—he kissed her cold cheek and left the room.

The morning after the storm dawned clear; as the sun soared above the horizon, its genial rays dispelled the lingering clouds, and dressed (the now smiling) nature in glittering robes, like the tear in beauty's eye, chased away by the youthful smile of gladsome mirth.

Breakfast was over at Mr. Lovel's, and the cheerful parlour was arranged for the morning occupations. Mr. Lovel lingered with boot in hand, and foot suspended, listening to some tale of horror that his wife was reading from a daily paper, whilst Agnes (her thoughts far from the scene before her) sat plying her needle when a messenger suddenly entered, and announced the death of Mr. Stanton! He was found dead in his office by a servant, early that morning. For a moment the intelligence seemed to paralyze Mr. and Mrs. Lovel; the next they prepared to hasten to the house of mourning. Sincerely did Agnes feel for her bereaved friends; her hasty preparations could not keep pace with the intensity of her feelings, for every moment that separated her from sympathizing with them appeared an age.

Oh! the wonderful influence of that mighty conqueror, Death; how in a few fleeting hours is the ruddy glow of health, the active limbs, the cheerful tone, so full of coming hopes and joys, changed by the magic of *his* touch, for the cold marble hue, the stiffened, motionless frame, whilst the dreamy stillness that reigns through the house of mourning, is only broken by the quivering sigh and the measured footsteps.

——————"No wonder that we dread
The thoughts of death, or faces of the dead;
His black retinue sorely strikes our mind,
Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind."

The hours of sorrow sped onward; the remains of Mr. Stanton were committed to the tomb; many empty carriages and private equipages swelled the already lengthy train, the slow and measured pace of their horses expressing the sympathy of their owners.

Few tears were shed upon Mr. Stanton's bier; the pomp and display of wealth followed him to the grave; but not a sigh or secret prayer was heaved from the breast of gratitude.

The death of Mr. Stanton affected very differently the various branches of his family; the visible decline of his wife's remaining strength convinced the beholder that the shaft of affliction was sped with an unerring aim; whilst the absent air and petulant manner of Jane, showed that *her* thoughts were not with the silent dead.

To Mary the shock was great, although not regarding her departed parent with that *soul absorbing* love and veneration which sometimes glows within the heart—a holy flame kindled by the memory of scenes of youthful affection, and fed by the tear of never ceasing regret, when for ever removed from our sight. Still Mr. Stanton was Mary's father, and at his loss she wept with unfeigned sorrow.

Edward and Mr. Lovel were closeted with one or two friends daily, looking over the private papers of Mr. Stanton. The bloodshot eyes and haggard looks of the son revealed a heart and mind stricken by the hand of grief. Agnes, with the argus eyes of love, thought she discovered a distraction of manner, an absent air, that originated from other causes than the loss of his parent. She hid the surmise within her own breast, and trusted to time to reveal the cause.

CHAPTER XI.

"Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip."

'Twas night; neither moon nor star shone through the heavy clouds; the rain fell in torrents;

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and the fitful blast, as it swept ruthlessly onward, threatened to annihilate the dim lamps that shed their sickly rays over the deluged streets.

Clock after clock had tolled the hour of midnight; biped and quadruped, as if by mutual consent, had sought shelter and (perhaps) repose for the night. The stillness that reigned around was broken by the measured footsteps of a solitary individual as he threaded his way from the broad thoroughfare of the city through the less frequented streets towards that part called the Five Points. This tall and erect figure was wrapped in the ample folds of a cloak, whilst his mien and manner bespoke him a stranger to that place. He frequently paused, and seemed in doubt: but having at length assured himself of the way, he strode hastily onward, and soon stood before a large three storied wooden building, whose disjointed and rickety frame seemed to groan as every gust of wind swept past it. Not a ray of light could be discerned through crevice or crack; the whole place looked desolate and untenanted. Casting a keen and searching glance over the spot, he rang the bell cautiously; the door was opened, and a broad stream of light fell upon the form of the intruder, but so arranged as to shade the features of the porter. In a low tone he whispered a name, and, putting money into the hand of the man, he strode towards a door, through which glimmered a light. Ere Cerberus recovered from his surprise, the stranger had entered and the door closed.

In the centre of a large room stood a highly polished table. Upon it was burning a night-lamp; the bright rays were shaded by a large tin globe, so as to render the apartment gloomy, but throwing a strong light upon the papers beneath. Some attempt at comfort had been made; thick curtains fell before the windows; but whether to exclude the air from within, or lights from without, was matter of doubt.

By the table sat a man busily engaged in writing; his head rested upon his hand; so wrapped in thought was he that the intruder stood before him ere he was aware of his presence.

With a deep oath he started from his chair, and demanded the cause of his intrusion. Removing the shade from the lamp, the light fell upon the features of—Edward Stanton.

"Mr. Stanton! in the name of ——, what desperation has brought you here?"

"You say right, Mr. Rawdon; desperation has brought me here. In me you behold a man determined to avenge a parent's wrongs, or die in the attempt."

"What mean you, sir? Your father has never received from me any injury, but the contrary; I supplied him with means when all others failed."

"Ay, I am aware how you aided him. But know, sir, I proclaim you gambler, cheat, and forger; and demand, without a moment's delay, the restoration of my father's bond, most unjustly held by you." Thus saying, Edward took from his breast a pistol, and placed it upon the table, the muzzle pointing towards Rawdon, with his hand resting upon it.

Rawdon turned pale, trembled violently, and seemed visibly agitated. He hastily stretched his hand towards a hand-bell that stood upon the table.

"On the peril of your life ring that bell," cried Edward; and, springing forward, flung it from the table.

"D——n, do you think to bully me? Fire off that pistol, and the room will soon be filled with those who will, with pleasure, wet their blades across your weasand."

"Be it so! I came not unprovided to this den of iniquity:" and, throwing open his coat, the light glanced upon a belt well stored with arms.

"Well, well, Mr. Stanton, put up your weapon; I'll not harm you willingly: but remove the muzzle of that barker if you won't put it up; for what man can talk calmly with it staring one in the face. Well, now, to business; to a gambler I cry guilty; but, sir, produce your proof of my talent as a forger."

"The voluntary confession of your accomplice, John Gordon—a man on whom I had heaped benefits; conscience smote him, and he has confessed all."

"The villain! the perjured wretch!" cried Rawdon, foaming with ungovernable rage; "but I'll be revenged; I'll track him till I make the earth suck his blood; and the carrions shall consume his flesh."

"Have a care; harm but a hair of his head, and instantly I will prove the murderer: your own expressions of revenge shall condemn you."

Rawdon saw that he had gone too far. To do away the impression, he demanded upon what terms he was requested to restore the bond.

"For once to rob justice of its rights, and leave you unmolested by me."

"That of course, sir, if you expect to leave this place in safety: but you name no compromise. Are you aware that I advanced Mr. Stanton money on that bond, and feel not disposed to lose it?"

"How dare you name a compromise, when you perilled the honour of my poor credulous parent, by advancing the sum in forged notes and money, of which he was not aware till the night of his death—caused, no doubt, by that discovery. I have papers to prove what I have asserted."

Caught in his own toils; betrayed by his accomplice; and, dreading a discovery ere he could leave the country, he determined to give up the bond, and thus bind Edward to secrecy, and facilitate his departure.

"Upon two conditions I'll destroy that bond. First, swear to me never to reveal to mortal this interview, and your knowledge of this place; and then draw me a check for two thousand dollars, payable to the bearer; and the paper is yours."

Taking the required oath, and drawing up the check, he received from Rawdon the desired parchment. Edward glanced over the contents, at the same time keeping a sharp look-out upon his com-

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panion; who, when he observed Edward reading, rose from his chair, and made towards a side door. In an instant Edward was at his side with the pistol, and begged Rawdon, in a calm voice, to resume his seat until the deed was consumed, which he held to the lamp. Rawdon submitted with seeming good grace, for he was as great a coward as he was a villain.

With rapture did Edward behold the desired document lay a heap of ashes at his feet; then turning to Rawdon, he requested his company to the door, as, he continued, "our business is settled, I wish not to lose sight of you until we part, never, I trust, to meet again."

A satanic smile played around the mouth of Rawdon; he hesitated, but catching the stern look of Edward fixed upon him, he bowed, and advanced with him to the door. With a grateful heart Edward again encountered the rude blast and pelting rain; as he stepped from the stoop he turned to the right, but when the door closed, he sprang to the opposite side of the way, and ran with speed to the *left;* a wise precaution, as through the lower window, a bright flash, followed by a sharp report, convinced him that a leaden messenger had been sent after him. For a moment the noise made some confusion, but in a place accustomed to such nightly disturbances, it died away.

Edward reached his home in safety, and with feelings comparatively happy, he laid his head upon his pillow. He had wrenched from the clutches of a villain, what was to be resigned to his father's creditors, thus shielding that parent's honour from a censorious world.

CHAPTER XII.

"Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise, that has surviv'd the fall."

To the surprize of the *beau monde*, Mr. Stanton died bankrupt; everything was resigned to the creditors, and not a farthing was saved from the wreck. Fortunately for Mrs. Stanton, when the gales of prosperity wafted him on through the breakers of life, Mr. Stanton settled upon his wife the property that she brought him as a marriage portion,—an act of justice which saved the poor invalid from many an hour of suffering. Her yearly income was *now* no more than what she, in her days of vanity would have thrown away upon a favourite bauble, or any other article "remarkably reasonable;" still, she repined not; she had quaffed the cup of pleasure—she now tasted its dregs.

Miss Stanton heard with surprising composure her blighted hopes; talked of disinterested affection, and love in a cottage. In the midst of this rhapsody a letter was handed her; with eager haste she tore off the envelope, and read the following:

Dear Marm—We all condole with you on the loss of your Pa, a worthy man I believe; we hope you are able by this time to look upon the matter composed.

After hearing the melancholy news that is floating about your Pa, you will not take it unkind to hear that our poor dear Adolfuss is agoing to be married to the rich Miss Que—you see her at the springs. His expenses are very great, and he must have a *real* rich girl. He bid me say, my dear, that he has a very high opinion of you yet, and so has your

Friend till death,

Patty D. Stubbs.

The rage of Jane knew no bounds; to be *thus* thrown aside for an obscure tailor's daughter—it was past all endurance; therefore, much to the secret satisfaction of her family, she suddenly determined to sail for New Orleans, and reside there with her married sister, a lady till that moment *almost* entirely forgotten by that amiable relative—and there she lived, and died, Miss Stanton, *unregretted* and *unbeloved.*

Poor Edward; his "fairy dream of bliss" seemed fleeting fast away;—for how could he think of wedding Agnes—beggar as he was! He would seek in other climes, wealth—but to part with *her* whose image was entwined with every thought and impulse of his heart:—distraction was in the idea. He determined to seek Agnes, and unburthen his disturbed mind, and leave the rest to fate. With his purpose thus resolved, he hastily hurried on to that spot, which to *him* seemed always the abode of innocence and contentment.

* * * * * * *

"What a type of our lives is yonder moon," cried Agnes, as they sat by the window with her head fondly resting upon the bosom of Edward; "watch how she sheds her lustrous light over the gray earth, and ere we can welcome her silver rays, those dark clouds sweep onward with troubled haste, and leave us in darkness."

"'Tis even so, dearest," sighed Edward; "how little did I dream, when last we sat and watched yon fickle moon, so sad a change would darken my path of life."

"What is the matter, Edward?" cried Agnes, looking up into his face with great anxiety, "and how sad your voice sounds."

"Agnes, dear, beloved girl, promise me, let come what may, you will never forget your Edward; promise me, love, if you would preserve my reason."

"What *can you mean,* Edward; have I not vowed o'er and o'er again to be your own Agnes, and think you that the loss of a few paltry thousands could shake my firm resolves?"

"Say but the word, Agnes, you will *never* wed another."

"Wed another? never," cried Agnes, clasping her hands together with deep emotion, "and now let that solemn assurance calm your troubled spirits."

"Heaven bless you, dearest,—now can I endure perils and hardships—your *love* and *truth* will be

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my *star* of *Hope*, to guide me onward to recover *that* which may enable me to claim with honour, this dear hand."

Agnes wept bitterly, and ere she could reply, her father entered the room and stood before them.

"Edward," cried Mr. Lovel, "with regret I perceive your mind still borne down by the weight of your accumulated losses; this must not be—ever cherish the memory of your departed parent, but cast aside this despondency, and youth will soon recover its elasticity."

"The deprivation of *that* which I once had a right to think would have been my inheritance, has but one sting."

"I know to what you allude; Edward Stanton, the hand of my beloved child you sought and won, when you were in the full enjoyment of all that could make life desirable, and *she* the daughter of an obscure lawyer; and now sir, with *more* confidence do I again give you this hand, with the burden of $30,000, left to me by an eccentric relation in trust for my child, the knowledge of which I had intended to have kept a secret until your marriage."

Silently, but fervently did Edward press *that hand* to his lips—his heart was too full for utterance.

"Remember, Edward, it matters not on which side of the house fortune smiles, as long as the *heart* is *interested*."

Agnes, "with heart on her lip, and soul within her eye," hid her head upon the bosom of her mother, who had entered unperceived.

What a change in one brief moment came over that circle; from gloomy despair, to deep heartfelt happiness. The clouds had passed away, and the moon shone forth with unsullied splendour.

Mrs. Stanton lived to see her son united to Agnes Lovel, and to acknowledge that enduring happiness was not to be found at the shrine of Fashion.

The defects in Mary Stanton's early education, were like weeds in a garden; by care and judicious management they were easily eradicated, and when her mind became matured, and she gave her hand to one approved by her friend and preceptor, Mrs. Lovel, virtues that had been hidden by the follies of youth, shone conspicuously forth in the modest matron.

Agnes, the darling of her parents, the pride and idol of her husband, beloved, admired and honoured by all who knew her, passed her innocent life *happy* and *contented*, without once dreaming of *Le beau monde*.

A FATHER'S LAMENT.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

"Oh, the agony
Of calling up thy form to stand between
Me and my grief; to think of what hath been,
And what again on earth may never be."—M. A. Browne.

A cloud—a gloom—a shadow hath descended
Upon that home, once happiest of the earth,
In which, my Beautiful! were brightly blended
All impulses that made thy hearted mirth;
In which thy bitter tears,
With thoughts beyond thy years,
For others' pain and grief gushed forth so free;
In which, with joy and pride,
We saw thee by our side,
Nor deemed that mortal could such brightness be.

While thou wert captive in this earthly prison,
How earnest was the prayer we breathed to Him:
How many a trustful, anxious hope hath risen,
Before thy cheek grew pale, thy dark eye dim!
And when the dread *would* come,
That from this earthly home,
So early, God would summon thee away,
Our hearts' deep hope and pride
Cast that pale fear aside,
Still fondly trusting thou with us must stay.

When sickness snatched, with unrelenting fleetness,
Bloom from thy cheek, and lustre from thine eye;
Though sharp pain pressed thy brow, undimmed the sweetness
Of heart and speech—thou didst not fear to die.

Christmas Eve.

For us, for us alone,
Arose the bitter moan,
"I weep, my mother, that you soon must weep!"
Still, still our hope lived on,
When life was all but gone,
And the heart calm, as if Death were but sleep.

Two years ago! and thou wert with us, blessing
The home which now doth know the utter dearth
Of thy glad presence—thou, who art possessing,
Oh, loved and mourned! a home beyond the earth.
Brief was thy sojourn here,
Child of that better sphere,
To which thou didst return in May's sweet bloom;
Waits, with their merry chime,
Welcome the Christmas time,
Hearts throb with joy—but ours are dulled in gloom.

The cares—the griefs—the trials we have breasted,
Thou hast been spared—oh, early called to heaven!
They chased each other as the waves, foam-crested,
Beat on the shore, from morn to dewy even.
Friendship's divided chain,
Love's unrequited pain,
Sorrows which crush the heart—thou hast not known;
Thou, a child-angel, keeping
Watch o'er the loved ones weeping
Throughout this blessed eve, that thou art gone!

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MR. CHANCY'S COOKING STOVE.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

Of all comfortable people, few have a greater number of comforts to be thankful for than had the Chancys. They were rich enough to live without any laborious exertion of body or mind, yet not so much so as to be thrown into the evils of idleness. They had a handsome house, handsomely furnished, and were not afraid to use it, for they knew they could well afford to refit it, whenever that was needed. They had three children—the number under common circumstances to save any particular one from being spoiled, and make their premises cheerful, without keeping them in a continual uproar—and all three were handsome, healthy and promising. They had excellent servants, because they had not only money to pay for them, but good tempers to treat them properly. Added to this, Mr. Chancy was active, industrious, temperate, upright and cheerful, and his wife kind, prudent and notable, and they might have continued to enjoy the most enviable quiet and independence, had not Mr. Chancy, one season when business was dull, taken it into his head to be ambitious.

"It would be a very pleasant thing," said he, one evening to Mrs. Chancy, "to take a higher stand among my neighbours. I don't mean in society; all sensible people agree that middle life has the truest enjoyments, and we are just in such a circle as suits our habits and education, and if it is not called the highest, who cares? The distinctions of society in this country are very absurd, and mainly originate with the women—no disparagement to your sex, my dear—and as you are not concerned about them, of course I am perfectly satisfied. But I should like to be distinguished from the crowd by some peculiarly creditable characteristic or performance. I am tired of moving along in the beaten track. If we had lived in the country, I have no doubt I should, before now, have been sent to the State legislature, if not to Congress, but, in the city, a quiet man, like myself, stands no chance for political distinction. There is a set of brawling demagogues constantly on the watch to snap up the honours; and as to the pre-eminence of wealth, that is equally out of the question, for where the population is so large, one man cannot look around but he has a check put upon his pride, by seeing another either really or apparently better off than himself. And with regard to literature, I am not qualified to make a figure in that line. What think you on this subject, my dear?"

"Why, that we ought to enjoy what we have with gratitude, and leave seeking after reputation to those who need it, to supply the place of more substantial comforts. That's my opinion, Mr. Chancy."

"I thought that your views were more elevated, my dear; it certainly must be a source of gratification, and that of a lofty kind, to be pointed out as a man celebrated for something meritorious. You must admit that it would be much more honourable to have our children told that their father was somebody, than nobody."

"I would much rather teach our children that they will have to depend on their own merits," said Mrs. Chancy.

Mr. Chancy made no response. It had always been the custom, by tacit agreement, to suspend a subject on which they differed, until one or the other should be willing through self-conviction, or a more complying mood, to acknowledge the opponent in the right. Accordingly, Mr. Chancy kept to himself the reflections which immediately presented themselves. He took a bird's-eye view of his capabilities, both mental and physical, and at last decided that he really might be possessed of the qualifications for distinction in one work—that of mechanical invention.

He recalled to memory some of the performances of his boyhood, which, previous to his being apprenticed to a city merchant, had been spent in the country; and that he had always been considered one of the handiest youngsters of the neighbourhood. That he had constructed miniature waterwheels, and windmills, and weathercocks; had been a dabster at kites and pumpkin lanterns; that his rabbit-snares and partridge-traps had been unfailing in execution, and that he had erected on the roof of his father's barn, a marten-box, with four or five tiers of little windows on every side, which everybody admired as the very copy of a church. And now, with his matured faculties, what might he not accomplish? To be the father of some remarkable invention, to be pointed out as an ingenious gentleman who employed his leisure moments in projects for the benefit of the community, it would be almost as good as to be the mayor of the city.

Whilst his mind was thus engaged, Mrs. Chancy made an observation which coincided so well with the train of his thoughts, that he received it as an augury of encouragement. She was sitting in a fine spring-seated rocking-chair, with her knitting, and remarked: "I don't exactly like this chair, my dear, it requires too much exertion to rock it. I should prefer one which would work more easily."

"I'll invent you one, my dear!" said he, striking his hand on his knee, emphatically.

"Invent one!" exclaimed his wife, in astonishment; "you invent a rocking-chair, Mr. Chancy!

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why what puts that in your head? I don't want one invented, but I should like to have this one sent to the cabinet-maker's, to be a little altered in the rockers."

"I say, my dear, I'll invent you one!" persisted Mr. Chancy, elevating his brows, and pressing his lips together with a look of determination, at which his wife, not knowing whether to take him in jest or earnest, sat still, waiting patiently to hear something farther about it.

Mr. Chancy took a letter from his pocket, and busied himself for ten or fifteen minutes, in drawing upon the back of it with his pencil, various geometrical figures totally incomprehensible to his wife, and at last he observed, as if soliloquizing: "Yes, it can be done, and I can do it. There might be a chair invented with machinery attached, which would set it going, or stop it at pleasure, and I am pretty sure I have hit upon the plan!"

"I would not care about having such a chair, Mr. Chancy; the common plan is good enough; all I want is to have this made to rock more easily. I never saw the chair yet which I could not stop, with my own weight and strength, whenever I pleased," said Mrs. Chancy.

"But how delightful it would be to have one that would rock exactly at the proper degree, just as you might be in the notion!"

"One way of rocking suits me very well, my dear; you know I am not very *notionate*."

"You will change your opinion vastly, Mrs. Chancy, when you see what can be done by human ingenuity. I will show you something original in the chair line one of these days, I promise you."

"Why, my dear, what *has* put that into your head? you are no cabinet-maker."

"No, but I am going to be one of the men that govern cabinet-makers," said Mr. Chancy.

"Rather than you should go to that trouble and expense, I would put up with the one I have just as it is; 'let well enough alone,' is a pretty good maxim to go by," returned his wife.

"You are mistaken, my dear; if everybody were to follow it, there would be but little occasion for inventive genius. The march of improvement is a glorious thing, and these are the times for it."

Mrs. Chancy heard nothing farther of the rocking-chair for two or three weeks, and might have supposed that her husband had ceased to think about it, had he not indulged in reveries more frequently than formerly, and always finished them with taking a pencil from his pocket and drawing, or in flourishing invisible lines with his finger. At last he returned one day from his business, at an unusual hour, and after he had watched the front parlour windows for a while, with some anxiety, a furniture carriage stopped at the door.

"Here's your rocking-chair, my dear," said he, "such a rocking-chair as the city has never produced before, I assure you."

Mrs. Chancy naturally walked to the window to see it unloaded. "Why it is very much like other rocking-chairs," said she, "only that there is some odd, clumsy-looking work between the rockers, which it would look much better without."

"That work, Mrs. Chancy, is the novelty and the improvement. That's my invention, and a happy one it is."

By this time the chair was deposited in the back parlour, and Mr. Chancy, in an ecstasy, got down upon his knees to explain the operation of the machinery. "As the chair now stands, my dear," said he, "it is no rocking-chair at all—merely a common arm-chair—see, it won't budge an inch. Now, turn this screw, so; enough to loosen this perforated block, as I shall call it, through which the rocker runs—now, the one on the other side; and by moving them along a little distance, it will rock about like your old one; now, move it a little farther, and you see it rocks much more freely, and so on. Both blocks, you observe, must be moved exactly to the same distance; now, to keep them in their places, you turn the screws the other way, until you get them permanently fixed. Isn't it the very thing, my dear?"

"Bless me, Mr. Chancy! If you had just ordered in a stick of wood, or a broom-stick, and laid it on the floor under the rockers, at the place required, it would have answered just as well!"

"A stick of wood, a broom-stick!—in your parlours, Mrs. Chancy! I wonder at you—why, my dear, this chair will be a model for the whole trade!"

"And if I want to rock myself either more or less, I must get down on the floor and work with these screws for ten or fifteen minutes!"

"Why, Mrs. Chancy, I am astonished at you! but that's always the way with the ig—I mean the uninitiated; they always object to anything they are not accustomed to. Franklin was laughed at for bringing down electricity, and Fulton for talking about steamboats!"

"Well, well, Mr. Chancy," said the lady, seeing that her husband grew warm, "we won't talk any more about the plan, but you certainly have gone to an unnecessary expense. Now, if you had taken that money and bought me a new workstand, which I need very much, you would have spent it to some advantage."

"A workstand, my dear? I am much obliged to you for the idea; it will be the very thing for me; I'll invent you one!"

"I don't want one invented," said Mrs. Chancy, thinking that something must have gone wrong with her husband's brain; and she used the same arguments as against the chair, but without effect. Mr. Chancy was bent upon the exercise of his mechanical faculties, and returned to his drawing and calculating, with renewed interest, and the workstand was duly projected. In the meantime, the chair was not overlooked. He seldom entered the house without bringing some acquaintance along to do honour to his invention, and, on every occasion, the machinery was made to go through

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its whole duty, and of all seats in the house, none would suit him but that.

"Really, Mr. Chancy, you have worn your pants quite threadbare, by getting down on your knees, to work with your screws, and I am afraid you will wear holes in my new carpets by such incessant rocking," said his wife, beginning to grow weary of so much company, and such perpetual motion. Accident, however, befriended her more than remonstrance could have done. One day, on coming home to dinner, he took off the screws to do a little filing to them, when a summons to the table interrupted his work, and he laid them aside to complete them afterwards. The business of dining over, he returned to the parlour, and forgetting that his chair was without its supports, he threw himself into it, with the careless independence of a man who has just had a dinner to his liking, with no particular trouble on his mind. The weight of so bulky a person against the wrong side of the centre of gravity, threw the chair so far back upon its rockers, that they gave way, and Mr. Chancy, to the alarm of the house, was precipitated on the floor.

"Really—I can't—help—laughing! ha! ha!" said Mrs. Chancy, when she perceived him jumping up without injury; "it is well that no one but yourself met with the first serious consequence of your invention."

"It is very unkind in you, Mrs. Chancy, positively, quite unfeeling, to laugh at one on such an occasion," returned Mr. Chancy, getting in a passion to cover his mortification; "accidents may happen to anybody's invention; if you had thought a moment, your own observation must have convinced you of that. How many steamboat and railroad accidents have you heard of lately? Every newspaper, almost, brings intelligence of some shocking catastrophe originating in the best constructed machinery."

Mrs. Chancy was easily corrected; she apologized with much humility, inquired if he was hurt, and condoled with him so affectionately that he soon recovered his wonted good humour. We should have said, almost. A little pique still remained, which, instead of putting a check upon his new passion, ministered to its ardour. To be laughed at by his own wife! it was more than a man of his spirit ought to submit to, and Mr. Chancy determined that she, as well as the world, should appreciate his abilities. So, though the chair was allowed a little rest, other projects went actively on. Though previously not much of a reader, he was now seldom seen in the house without a book in his hand; some treatise or other relating to the subjects uppermost in his head. It was hard to get a sentence out of him that did not contain the word machine, or machinery, or a synonyme. He talked about the lever, the fulcrum, the wheel or axle, the pully, the inclined plane, the wedge and the screw, as understandingly as a schoolboy, reciting his well conned lesson in mechanics. His old acquaintances were much surprised, and his new ones inquired if Mr. Chancy was not rather eccentric.

The workstand was completed—a complication of intricacies. There were drawers within drawers, and boxes within boxes; an apartment for each spool of cotton, with a lid to shut over it, and a lever to lift it out; all requiring as much time in opening and shutting, raising up, and pushing aside, as it would have taken to extricate the various implements and materials from a disordered work-bag. Mrs. Chancy did not presume to laugh this time, but assuring the inventor that it was too ingenious for anything but a curiosity, she declined making any deposits in it. Mr. Chancy himself was more delighted with it than with his first performance; so much so, that he was not satisfied with the admiration and approbation of merely his friends and neighbours, but he clandestinely slipped into the communication boxes of several printing offices, copies, in a carefully disguised hand, of a note to the following effect: "The editor of —— is respectfully invited to examine a highly curious specimen of American mechanical ability; a workstand invented by our worthy and ingenious townsman, Job Chancy, Esq. It may be seen at the furniture rooms of Messrs. D—— G——, &c." Thither it had been remanded for exhibition.

The workstand was followed by a work-box and a footstool, and a coffee-roaster, and a coffee-boiler. Mrs. Chancy no longer felt any inclination to laugh. She sighed at the footstool, and groaned at the coffee-pot. She became apparently the most contented woman in the world, being afraid to complain of anything about the house, however inconvenient it was, or out of repair, lest she should hear the ominous response, "I'll invent you one." Another cause now operated against her as much as her laughing had done. No editors called, and Mr. Chancy got no puffs, and he felt compromised with his dignity to persevere, until they should be compelled to lend him a hand on his way up the hill of Fame. To accomplish this, some great effort must be made, and he determined that the result should be a cooking-stove.

His readings were now doubled, and his drawings quadrupled. The margins of every newspaper brought into the house were covered with squares and parallelograms, and triangles and circles, and spheroids, and the pans of the parlour grates, whenever he was in the house, were to the extreme annoyance of his wife, always littered with whittlings. So great an undertaking required a more practical acquaintance with the mysteries of the mechanical powers than he possessed as yet, and he daily frequented the manufactories where they operated to the fullest extent. As his plan matured, he became more and more charmed with it, and he concluded that he must have it patented. The construction of the model followed, and increased his labours as well as his satisfaction. It was now a rare chance to find him in his counting room. The clerks were running every day to his house in search of him, and of his resorts his wife

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was as ignorant as they, for he intended that his production should remain a profound secret, until he should be able to present it to the world, all finished and furnished from pipe to feet. Then came the time for the casting of the plates, and as the foundry at which this was to be executed was at some distance in the country, his absenteeism was proportionably increased. His business, for want of his attention, began to decline, and, in one week, the sometime honest and punctual Job Chancy had two notes protested. Of this Mrs. Chancy was informed, their eldest son being employed in the book-keeping, and her uneasiness became greater and greater. His friends, too, became acquainted with it, and adding it to his frequent disappearances from his post, and the abstracted and restless manner which had grown upon him, they began to question each other as to whether Chancy had not got himself into difficulties.

A journey to Washington brought matters to a climax. He had never before left home without taking his wife with him, if on pleasure, nor, if on business, without giving her a statement of what was to be transacted, and this time he did neither. Her anxiety may be imagined. Our readers, we presume, will understand that he went to enter his model, and, if they have made the trip, and noticed of themselves, in the model room of the Patent Office, or had pointed out to them by the courteous gentleman, who at that time presided there, Mr. E—w—h, or any of his polite coadjutors, a miniature stove, immeasurably surpassing in complexity the hundred others there exhibited, they may rest assured that they have seem Mr. Chancy's.

On the day that Mr. Chancy was expected home, his wife went out on some necessary business, when, turning a corner near the house, as she came homeward, she observed two drays driving from the door. Entering the house, she discovered an unusual bustle about the premises, and a loud rattling and clashing and rolling in the kitchen attracted her thither. Here she discovered an immense pile of metal deposited in the place of her well arranged and convenient cooking stove, and her husband running busily around it, with his coat off, and his outstretched hands blackened to the wrists, while the domestic force were looking on with curiosity and amazement. Without a word of salutation appropriate to his return, after an absence of several days, he exclaimed with a triumphant gesture towards his new possession, "Well, my dear, what do you think of that?"

Mrs. Chancy was gazing in consternation: "Bless me, Mr. Chancy!" she ejaculated, "what upon earth are you doing with a locomotive in my kitchen!"

"A locomotive! ha! ha!—in one sense, though, it is really a locomotive,—it will do half your work for you of itself! ha! ha!"

"What is it, Mr. Chancy?" demanded the lady, in her turn getting angry at being laughed at; "what is it?—you don't pretend to call that monstrous thing a cooking stove!"

"Don't I, madam?—what is it then, but a cooking stove?—a cooking stove of my own invention; one for which I am to have a patent—one that is to supersede all others, and to be universally known as Chancy's Cooking Stove. What should all these utensils be for, if not for a cooking stove?" and he pointed to a stack of pots and pans and so forth, covering the table from one end to the other, and a similar one on the dresser. "Look here, Mrs. Chancy," he continued; "you never saw such a collection of conveniences before, in your life. Here are cast-iron boilers, and sheet-iron boilers, and tin boilers. Here are cast-iron pans, and sheet-iron pans, and tin pans; and iron roasters and tin roasters; and iron bakers, and tin bakers, and here are an iron tea-kettle, and a copper one; and stew-pans,—see, every variety. Here are steamers of every size and form, and a large griddle and smaller ones, besides different sized gridirons, and preservers and picklers,——"

"Mercy on us! why, Mr. Chancy, you must surely be *deranged!* My kitchen already contains as many cooking utensils as we need, and can hold no more. You will have to put up a new building if you want room for all these nonsensical rattletraps."

"Ha! ha! really you amuse me, my dear! I thought you were much more judicious; send the old ones up to the store room,—you will never need them again, I warrant you. Here are utensils enough to cook dinner for a hundred people."

"I don't expect ever to cook dinner for a hundred people, Mr. Chancy, nor the half of it. When had we fifty people to dine with us, and when are we likely to have; and supposing we were, how am I, or how is anybody else, ever to learn the twistings and turnings of such a machine as that?"

"Without any difficulty, my dear,—nothing is more easy; that is, though the design of it cost me an infinite deal of thought, I flatter myself that I have made it so apparent, that it will take but a moderate degree of reasoning power to comprehend it."

"A cooking stove ought to be comprehended without any reasoning power," said Mrs. Chancy, who was no logician; "everything about it ought to be plain at first sight. Ask the best of cooks, and they will tell you that the more simple such things are, the better."

"Well, my dear, this is perfectly simple, when you understand it; have patience a moment and I will show you. Now to arrange your roasters;—unscrew this rod, and yonder plate will move along on that little railroad to this point; then by turning this crank, it will fall back against this flue, and form an inclined plane."

"I know nothing about cranks, and flues, and inclined planes," said Mrs. Chancy, snappishly, "and if I did, of what use would these monstrous roasters be to me; any one of them would roast an ox whole!"

"Well, my dear, that is proof positive that they will be large enough for any of your purposes;"

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said Mr. Chancy, intending his speech to be a poser.

"We can go the whole hog, now," said Alexander, the man-servant, with a chuckle.

"And, I suppose," pursued Mrs. Chancy, "it will take as much fuel to cook a pair of chickens, as for anything large enough to fill them."

"Fuel?—that reminds me to show you how it is to be heated. You perceive it is constructed for either wood or coal, or for both at once. Observe; the place for the boilers is intended for wood, and the part for the bakers, for coal, if you choose. You will never have smoked bread and pies after this, I promise you!"

"My bread and pies never was smoked!" said Prudy, the cook, who conceived that her own credit was concerned in the latter clause.

"No, Prudy, your bread and pastry are always good;" said Mr. Chancy, kindly anxious to convince her that no offence was intended; "I did not mean to insinuate the contrary, but I mean it will save them from the possibility of being smoked. But fill one of the tea-kettles, Prudy, and let us see how soon it will make water boil. If my calculations are correct, we could all be driven out of the kitchen by the heat, in short order."

Prudy obeyed, and Mr. Chancy himself commenced kindling the fire. "It will save us half the expense of sawing wood," said he; "the sticks need only be sawed through once to be short enough."

"But half a cord will scarely be enough to heat it all over," returned Mrs. Chancy.

"It will seldom need to be heated all over, my dear; these flues, and valves, and dampers, will regulate that," said Mr. Chancy, and observing that the wood did not take fire readily, he called for the bellows, and commenced blowing with great industry. Still the fire would not act. It would blaze up in a feeble flame for an instant, and then sink again into darkness. It was evident that there was not draught sufficient. Mr. Chancy examined the pipe, pounded on its joints, and shoved it farther into the chimney. Then he sent Alexander for some fine splinters, and after turning some of his dampers, he addressed himself again to the bellows. During this time, he proceeded by snatches, with his explanations to his wife, who, though she properly ceased to object, before the servants, looked as though she thought to apprehend it was out of the question; and Prudy, who, as it belonged to her province, was interested to learn, gazed at it in despair. At last a sickly, smoking fire was lighted, and Mr. Chancy, after giving orders that the utensils should be properly cleaned, and disposed to the best advantage, against he should wish to exhibit them, reluctantly followed his wife into the parlour.

Tea time came and passed without the appearance of tea, yet in consideration that it would take time for the stove to get into the way of performing its duty, Mr. Chancy waited with the greatest patience; and when the accustomed refreshment did make its appearance, it is needless to say that he partook of it with unusual gusto;—so much so, that Mrs. Chancy, who had made the discovery, thought it a pity to disturb him, by communicating that the kitchen cabinet, finding that the kettle would not boil on the stove, agreed, after due deliberation, to make a fire in the chimney;—a resolution rather difficult to execute, from the close proximity of that ponderous body.

The next morning Mr. Chancy was up bright and early, to superintend the preparations for breakfast; for, as a greater number of divisions must be called into action for their generous morning's meal, he rightly concluded that Prudy would not understand how to manage them. The same difficulties occurred with the fire as the evening before, and he brought the morning's paper into the kitchen, read the editorials, the selected intelligence, the prices current, the shipping list, and half the advertisements, but still the contents of the kettle could not reach the requisite 212°. Mrs. Chancy's specified half a cord was supplied, and then it did boil, while most of the viands for breakfast were burnt to cinders.

Then commenced an order of things, which had never before existed among the Chancys. Waiting for meals, eating them half done and over done, grumbling of servants, and all kinds of work hindered and delayed by the cooking stove. Washing day came, and a sufficiency of water could not be heated, though the boilers, as Mrs. Chancy said, were large enough to propel as many steamboats; and ironing day, and the clothes were in constant danger of being scorched, if not burnt, by the superfluous heat of the smoothing irons. Mr. Chancy, who had before always been a pattern of propriety in domestic matters, was now, in the words of Prudy, continually poking his nose into the kitchen, so that Rosetta the chamber-maid, who was rather pert, suggested the expediency of pinning a dishcloth to his coat skirts,—the prescribed punishment for a gentleman so offending. Nor was he satisfied to intrude alone, but daily he brought in a delegation of his friends, to aid him in admiring his performance, till, at length, poor Mrs. Chancy, who had always been placidity and forbearance personified, gave herself up to her troubles, and detailed her own grievances and the complaints of the servants without mercy.

"Alexander gave me notice this morning to look out for another waiter," said she, about a fortnight after the advent of the stove.

"He did! why, my dear, what does he intend to do?"

"To find another place, of course, Mr. Chancy."

"But, my dear, how could we get along without Alick? what has offended him? he has always appeared satisfied with us."

"And so he was, until that stove came into the house; that is what drives him away, and no wonder! He says he had work enough for all his time before, to do it properly, and now it is doubled. He has to spend half the day lifting about those

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tremendous boilers and roasters and steamers for Prudy, as they are too heavy for a woman to handle, and in splitting kindling wood. Besides that, he soils as much more clothing as formerly, and has burnt two aprons, and entirely ruined a good pair of pantaloons by scorching them till they had to be patched on the knees. Alick considers himself too genteel to be always wearing patched clothes, and he could not afford to buy as many as that stove would destroy."

"Let him go, then," said Mr. Chancy in a huff.

"It is easy enough to let him go, Mr. Chancy, but not so easy to get another in his place. You know we could leave the keys of the whole house with him, for any length of time, and feel perfectly safe; and that he always does his business well, and without direction. Everybody thinks that we have quite a treasure in Alexander, and we are to lose him on account of that stove!"

"If servants can't appreciate the conveniences their employers provide for them, all we have to do, is to change them."

"The servants or the conveniences, which?" asked Mrs. Chancy eagerly.

"The servants, to be sure; let Alick go, and I'll soon find a substitute." Alick did go, and a substitute was found, but he took leave in a few days, for the same reason.

"We are to lose Prudy, too, Mr. Chancy," said Mrs. Chancy a day or two after.

"Not Prudy! why, what's the matter now?"

"She strained her back last evening lifting one of those boilers, which she has been obliged to do herself, since Alexander went away. She was not able to go to work this morning, and has gone to her sister's until she shall be able to look out for another situation. I am afraid it is a serious affair."

"Well, then, we must get a cook who will be stronger, my dear."

"Really, Mr. Chancy! as if it were a matter of course that we should get people to suit our stoves, instead of stoves to suit our people! Prudy was the person for us, exactly, before you brought that misfortune upon us. She was not too proud to do plain cooking, and yet could cook on extra occasions with the best."

"All that is true, my dear, but it is evident that she is not strong enough in the back."

"And that is not the worst, Mr. Chancy. Rosetta threatens to go too. She has got a cold in the head, from leaving the doors open, when the stove heats the kitchen beyond bearing, and says that it is so uncomfortable, she can't stand it much longer. It is always too hot or too cold, and with so many utensils littered about, can never be made to look genteel, when her friends come to see her; you know she is a respectable coloured girl. Besides that, she can neither wash nor iron with any credit, and the cook and waiter are everlastingly grumbling at the stove, and at each other, about it."

"Then, my dear, give her her walking papers, too; a pretty story that we must submit to such rebellious creatures!"

"If you were obliged to go into the kitchen to do the work, as I shall be, if all the servants leave us, you would talk in a different strain, Mr. Chancy."

"Why, my dear, that stove, if properly managed, would do half your work for you," said Mr. Chancy; and his wife, for the first time since their marriage, a period of sixteen years, interrupted him by flouncing out of the room, and slamming the door after her.

With much difficulty Mrs. Chancy persuaded Rosetta to stay, and as she had Alick's work as well as her own to attend to, the lady herself was obliged to do the cooking, a substitute for Prudy not having been found. This, in itself, would have been no great hardship to her, as she had been an adept in all household affairs, before she became well enough off to secede from their performance, but to cook with Mr. Chancy's stove was another matter. She was obliged to confine herself to a simple routine of dishes, which it was the least impossible to prepare with it, and Mr. Chancy, who had been accustomed to good living, and was fond of variety, had to partake of them without complaint. Yet he never lost faith in the excellency of his invention, and he felt inclined to pronounce, mentally, his wife to be as stupid as the domestics.

"My dear," said he, a few days after the departure of Alexander's successor, "you know I do not make it a practice to invite company without first consulting you, but to-day I met with a party of gentlemen, who I am anxious should see my stove tested, and asked them to dine with me to-morrow. They are, an eastern gentleman; a professor of natural philosophy; two or three editors, who can materially assist my reputation; a celebrated machinist, and also I invited a few of my more immediate private friends,—about a dozen in all."

"Why, can it be possible, Mr. Chancy, that you would do such a thing!—invite a dozen of gentlemen to dinner, when we have not a single servant but one chambermaid, and I am compelled to do the cooking myself!"

"But I'll get you servants plenty. I have just engaged an Irish waiter at one of the Intelligence offices, an active, willing lad, as can be found. I was resolved to have nothing more to do with those impertinent black fellows. He'll be here in the morning. I believe he has never served in the house before, but white servants, Europeans, think of nothing but obeying orders. And I'll hire you a professed cook for the day."

"There is no cook who could do anything with that stove," said Mrs. Chancy, tartly.

"Nonsense, my dear! a cook who understands her business thoroughly, a professed cook, can cook with anything. When you have the whole structure in operation, which it has never been yet, you will find it to work to a charm. I will attend to heating it properly myself, so that you need give yourself no uneasiness about it."

Mrs. Chancy's disaffection, serious as it was,

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had not yet arrived at such a crisis as to lead her to combat what was irremediable, and, the gentlemen being invited, she no further demurred, but set to work upon a plan for the morrow's entertainment, though it was not without many misgivings. She, however, stipulated that her husband should not bring any of his guests into the kitchen before the dinner was over.

The next morning Mrs. Chancy arose before the sun to do the marketing, Mr. Chancy insisting that even a greater variety than is usual on such occasions, should be prepared, that the stove might be tested to the fullest extent. She returned with a bountiful supply, having spared neither trouble nor expense in collecting it, and found her husband busy, as usual, with the stove, preparatory to breakfast; and well he earned his morning's meal! While eating it, he whetted his appetite with conjecturing what would be the complimentary terms relating to himself in the paragraphs of the next day's papers, which he expected to notice:—"A sumptuous and elegant repast, prepared at the mansion of Job Chancy, Esq., by a cooking stove of his own invention."

Breakfast over, the cook made her appearance. She cast a scrutinizing and suspicious glance at the stove, as she untied her bonnet strings, and asked if *that* was what she was to cook in. Mr. Chancy replied in the affirmative, and, all alert, threw back some of the plates, and commenced an explanation of its *modus operandi*. She tied her bonnet again.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, sir," she said, resolutely; "but I never undertake to cook in a stove unless I understand it. Them that cook for a living must take care of their reputation."

Mrs. Chancy tried persuasion, and Mr. Chancy offered double wages, but without success; and she withdrew. It was time to commence preparations, and Mr. Chancy set off at full speed in quest of some one who would engage in the arduous undertaking; but without there being any apparent reason for it, except to disappoint Mr. Chancy, cooks seemed, for that day, to have been particularly in demand. Not one could be obtained, and Mrs. Chancy was obliged to draw upon the services of an old woman, living in an alley close by, who was considered a useful hand at work in general, and to prepare for being the principal official in the kitchen herself, which she did on condition that her husband would stay at home to regulate the stove.

The morning wore round, and the new waiter presented himself—a sturdy Irish youth, of eighteen or nineteen, with a new pair of boots, which creaked and thumped at every step; his coat buttoned so closely that it seemed a marvel that he could move at all, and his hat set on one side of his head on the top of an immense pile of rough, sandy hair. Rosetta being engaged with the parlours and the table things, he was taken into the kitchen to assist there. Through Mrs. Chancy's labours and directions, everything that hands could do was done well and soon; but what was to be effected by the stove, threatened to prove a failure. Some divisions were too much heated, and others scarcely heated at all, and Mrs. Chancy heard the first ring of the bell, announcing an arrival, with a sinking heart.

The hour came at which the dinner should have been served, and some of the dishes were ready, while others had scarcely commenced cooking; and as Mr. Chancy was now obliged to remain in the parlours with the company, matters grew worse and worse. At length it became necessary to bring him out; and Mrs. Chancy directed her new waiting man to call him. He did so, literally, presenting himself at the folding-doors in an apron of Rosetta's, having come unprepared for immediate service, and said, in the loudest voice, "Mester Chauncy, will ye come intil the kitchen if it plase ye!"

The professor of natural philosophy was in the midst of a scientific harangue, and Mr. Chancy, keeping his seat through deference to his guest, gave a nod to the messenger, and continued to listen.

"Mester Chauncy, plase to come intil the kitchen, will ye!" persisted the summoner, presuming that he had not been heard the first time.

"In a few minutes, Patrick," Mr. Chancy was constrained to answer, forgetting, as he did so, the name of his new ally, who, not willing to submit to a misnomer, promptly corrected him—"Ye've made a mistake, sir; my name is Ar-r-tur, at your service."

"Very well, Arthur," said Mr. Chancy, with a wink and a gesture to him to retire; but just then Mrs. Chancy came to the kitchen door to see what detained her husband and her aid, and beckoned through the window to the latter. "Yes, ma'am, I'll tell him!" He returned, and again entering the doorway, he continued, at the height of his voice, "Ye're very badly wanted, sir; if ye don't haste ye intil the kitchen, and help to turn the roast pig out of the stove, it'll be burnt till death, and ye'll have till ate the turnips raw! Mestress Chauncy is waiting for ye at the back door in a terrible pucker!"

Thus entreated, Mr. Chancy was obliged to hasten out; and he found matters as Arthur had described. Then for the first time his own confidence began to be shaken; but concealing his apprehension, he proceeded with his usual process of opening and shutting valves, turning dampers, and so forth. But it grew later and later. The guests began to look anxiously towards the back parlour, and to show signs of hunger in their countenances; and it was necessary to send in the dinner cooked or uncooked. Some of the dishes were burnt until it would have been difficult to discover their specific names; some showed the faintest possible proof of the action of fire, while others, which had been perfected by it too soon, and would have been spoiled by standing, had been replaced by a new set. Never had a meal so abun-

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dant, and abundantly bad, been seen in the house before. Poor Mrs. Chancy, all smoked and red and perspiring, was necessitated to dress and present herself at the table, conscious as she was that the failure of everything upon it would disable her from doing the honours properly; nor was her husband less disconcerted, both on account of his wife and of the stove. The new waiter, also, constantly added to their annoyance by his blunders; and though they were inclined to dismiss him from the room, he could not be spared. Rosetta was also in attendance, but she could not have done his part with her own. On his removing the soup, Mrs. Chancy noticed that his hands were so thickly streaked with black, that everything he touched was in danger of receiving the same hue, and when he came near her she pointed to it significantly.

"Don't I know it, ma'am?" he returned, in a loud, wheezing whisper, which could be heard all round the table, and farther yet, Mr. Chancy having corrected him for his loud parlance in the drawing-room; "but where's the use of being for ever washing one's hands? Every time I go out, the ould lady in the kitchen is for making me temper the stove and lift some of them smoky boilers."

Mrs. Chancy shook her head to silence him. "What d'ye plase to say, ma'am?" he asked, not taking the hint, and in rather a louder tone, at which one or two of the gentlemen smiled, and Rosetta giggled.

Mrs. Chancy now felt herself obliged to apologize for some of the dishes, and her husband, with regard to her feelings, was kind enough to assist her by saying, that any deficiencies must be attributed to the cook not having got into the way of managing the stove.

The second course having come on, Arthur, who had been bringing it in, after depositing the last article, asked, in another of his whispers, "How long 'll it take ye, ma'am, till ate up this tableful? The ould lady wants me till go intil the cellar and split her a faggot of pine to poke among the stone-coal and keep it a-going, or the pies 'll be dried intil water crackers."

Again Mrs. Chancy shook her head, at which Arthur again demanded, "What d'ye plase to say, ma'am?"

Then came another course as bad as those preceding, and, to increase her vexation, Mrs. Chancy noticed that Arthur had brought in knives more discoloured than those he had taken away. She ordered him, in a low voice, to "bring the clean ones." "These are the clane ones, Mistress Chauncy," he returned, this time forgetting to whisper at all; "I upset the vinegar on them when I was saving the turkey from bein' drounded by the soup, and forgot till scour them, when the ould lady put me at paaling the last diggin' of potaties."

Mrs. Chancy once more shook her head, and Arthur replied, for the third time, which, indeed, proved the charm, for, fearing farther communications, she ordered him from the room, "What d'ye plase to say, ma'am?" and, as he was going, he added to Rosetta, who, as he passed her, in an energetic whisper, explained his fault, "Hould your tongue, ye jade! d'ye think I have till be tached my manners by a nagur?"

His exit, however, was not final. In a few minutes he came rushing back, exclaiming, "Presarve us, Mester Chauncy! och, murther! the chembly's a-fire, and we'll all be burnt out of house and home! och, that stove! the ould boy's in it, to a sartainty!" and Mr. Chancy flew to the kitchen. The guests hastened to the windows, and, in truth, beheld volumes of thick smoke, with a dusky blaze, bursting from the chimney. Mr. Chancy, in his impatience to set up his stove, had neglected to have it swept, and serious danger was now apprehended. The day was windy, and large masses of burning soot were blown about the roof. The boys in the street immediately raised the alarm, the nearest firebell rang, and in a few minutes three or four engines were rattling around the house. The fire was soon extinguished, but the damage did not end with it. There had been a dearth of conflagrations for some time; and the youths who had been so prompt to save the house, in their delight to show off their engines, continued to pour floods of water, not only down the kitchen chimney, until everything in their way, the stove excepted, was ready to swim, but down that of the back parlour also, and Mrs. Chancy's elegant new carpet and needle-worked rug sustained such an injury as could never be remedied.

Of course, to return to dinner after such a turmoil was not to be thought of, and the gentlemen, after waiting until they saw their entertainers out of danger, took their hats and their leave.

"It is all your fault, Mr. Chancy, with your abominable stove!" exclaimed Mrs. Chancy, as soon as the guests had retired, easing her fright and her vexation, as it is common for ladies to do, by a hearty fit of crying; "you have turned off my servants, half killed me with labour, ruined my temper, disgraced my housekeeping, and now given me this terrible fright; I shall never get over it!"

Mr. Chancy did not gainsay her reproaches; but the next day he quietly had his invention removed from the kitchen, and the former stove restored to its place. Though he did not acknowledge it even to himself, but blamed all the mischances on the obtuseness of his household, he was convinced that the mere desire to be thought a genius is not alone sufficient to make one. He did not stop here, but recalled Alexander, paid Prudy's doctor's bill, and brought her back; and the next time he gave a dinner, though it was not prepared with the expectation of a newspaper puff, he had the satisfaction of knowing that it well deserved one.

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SOMETHING FROM THE OLD SCHOOL OF ENGLISH POETRY.

BY W. J. WALTER.

There has recently come to my hand a very rare volume of old English poetry, with the quaint title "A Handful of Pleasant Delights, London, 1584." The collection is anonymous, with the exception of some of the pieces, which have the initials of H. C., probably Henry Constable, several of whose compositions which have reached us indicate poetical talent of no common order. The following effusions, bearing the above signature, will be perused with pleasure. They breathe all the native vigour of the Elizabethan era, with but little of the stiffness and formality of the greater part of the poetic productions of that period. The first piece is marked by much tenderness and depth of feeling; its only fault, as a lady remarked to me, "is the too great facility with which the injured wife pardons the recreant husband, and courts the truant's return." And yet if this be a fault, we may surely say:

"And e'en the falling leans to virtue's side."

LINES

From a deserted Wife to her Husband in Italy.

Imagine when these blotted lines,
  Thus scribbled out of frame,
Shall meet thy careless sight, and woo
  Thine eyes to read the same:

It is no fault of pen, nor yet
  From feeling of disdain,
But only through surpassing grief,
  And through exceeding pain;

Through blinding tears distilling fast
  These lines do I indite,
And ah! this hand it trembles so,
  It scarce the words may write.

These tears, perchance, may have the power,
  If thou no tiger be,
To mollify thy stony heart
  To feel remorse for me.

Ah wretched me! what luckless star,
  What frowning power above,
What sorcerer with direst skill
  Hath changed our former love?

Italians, send my lover home—
  He's no Æneas born—
Unless ye welcome him because
  He leaves me here forlorn;

As erst ye did Anchises' son,
  The founder of your soil,
Who falsely fled from Carthage Queen,
  The soother of his toil.

Oh! send him to Britannia's coast,
  Unto his trusty frere,
That she may press him to her heart,
  Whom she esteems so dear.

Canst thou forget thy plighted love,
  Thy home, and loving spouse?
Remember when, to whom, and why,
  You pledged those solemn vows?

Remember her who placed her all
  Within thy only power,
Both heart and life—I speak not now
  Of my rich wealthy dower.

And last of all, which grieves me most
  That I was so beguiled,
Remember, most forgetful man,
  Thy pretty prattling child.

O, come with speed, I long to see
  Thy bark within the bay;
The seas are calmer to return,
  Than erst to flee away.

Behold, the gentle breezes serve,
  Be sure a friendly gale
Will soon convey to happy port
  Thy most desired sail.

Return will make amends for all,
  And banish former wrong;
O that I had, to lure thee home,
  A Syren's flattering song!

But out, alas! I have no art
  Or cunning to entreat;
All that my tongue can do is still
  My sorrows to repeat.

Could'st thou have seen my wretched plight,
  Since thou art far away,
The dreams that haunt my sleep by night,
  The fears my soul by day.

Oft of their own accord my feet
  Will hurry off apace,
To see if I may find thee in
  Some once frequented place.

Now here, now there, now up, now down,
  As silly fancy leads,
Now through the garden walks, and now
  Along the flowery meads.

Each thing unpleasant now appears;
  All viands vain of taste;

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My handsome raiment is despised;
  My tresses rudely placed.

Nay, to be brief, I boldly say
  That there remains no care,
No shape of grief, no ache of heart,
  But I possess a share.

O then, return, my dear, return,
  And find a place of rest,
Not found elsewhere, upon thy wife's
  Most fond and faithful breast.

A LAMENT.

Though wisdom bids my tongue refrain
  To tell the griefs that rend my heart,
Yet can I ill that tongue restrain,
  It will its busy tale impart.

My grief doth grow by brooding o'er
  The causes of my bitter woe;
The more I think, I pine the more:
  Alas! why did he serve me so?

Had ever woman such reward,
  Such sad return for her good will?
Had ever woman hap so hard,
  Or for her faith such store of ill?

Alas! what bosom gave him food,
  Who thus unkindly works my woe?
What creature of such cruel mood,
  As hurt the heart that loves him so?

When I my weary limbs would rest,
  My sleep unsound hath fearful dreams;
Sad fancies, too, my mind molest,
  E'en in the daylight's cheering beams.

And yet, forsooth, it doth me good
  To haunt the place where first we met,
To kiss the ground whereon he stood:
  Ah, how can I the place forget?

Bitter as was our parting day,
  It soothes me to recall the pain;
And oft my bursting heart will say:
  "Kind powers, restore my love again!"

But all is lost; it may not be,
  Another doth possess my right:
Yes, his hard heart disdaineth me;
  New love hath put the old to flight.

Alas! he scorns my bitter tears,
  He laughs to see me droop and pine;
No kindly word of mine he hears—
  Alas! was ever grief like mine?

Ladies, a warning take from me,
  Suspect sweet words of fickle trust;
Be wise; from my example see,
  Those fondest words oft prove unjust.

Yet such the art of truant man,
  And such the way of woman's will,
Be he as false as traitor can,
  You will be fain to love him still.

The following is prettily turned.

TO JULIA.

When I behold your comely grace,
Your golden hair, and angel face,
Your coral lip and crimson cheek,
That men, that gods themselves might seek:

Your fingers small, so apt that be
To call forth heavenly harmony;
Such harmony from answering lute
As makes the rudest to be mute:
And bids the Muses, for a space,
In skill like yours to give you place.

In graces each to other true,
E'en as your mind your body too
Doth bear such shape, that Beauty may
Give place to thee, and go her way.

From the same volume the following vigorous stanzas are selected:—

The wind is great upon the highest hills,
  While tranquil life is in the dale below.
They want not care who curious arts would know:
  Who lives at ease and can content him so,
Is perfect wise, and sends us all to school:
Who hates this lore, still let him act the fool.

There is much practical truth in the following:

Thou need'st hang out no bush to sell good wine,
So nectar of good wit will sell itself.
If any cobler prate above his shoe,
  What can we do but pity such an action?
While ignorance still maketh much ado,
  Wisdom sits still, and laughs at base detraction.

The following is malice outright:—

It may be said of worthy Mistress Lunn,
She is a Venus, but the setting one;
Seeing her wrinkles, it may well be said,
In Nestor's youth she *was* a pretty maid.

NECESSITY.

O powerful need, art's ancient dame and keeper,
Thou early watch-clock of the slothful sleeper.

CARE.

That light-foot lackey that runs post to death,
Bearing the message that shall stop our breath.

CONTENT.

Content feeds not on glory or on pelf:
Content can be contented—with herself.

BEAUTY.

As Beauty's power can subjugate the strong,
So simple Truth abashes daring wrong.

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THE BEAUX.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Continued from page 23.)

PART II.

We forgot to mention, that as each of the beaux successively made some remark to the Miss Dennings, on the beauty of the fair stranger, those young ladies always replied by hinting that "Cousin Sabina was a bit of a blue," which had the desired effect of causing the gentlemen to say that they should be afraid to talk to her. The literarian, however, on being told that *he* was the very man to confer with Miss Westmore, consented to a special introduction. That office being performed, Ellen Denning gladly returned to her quadruple flirtation with Messrs. Fiddleford, Skipton, Capers, and Twining.

Mr. Jackaway Jempson was attired in the very tip of the mode, (literary people wear good clothes now,) and his visage, so far from being "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," rejoiced in full pink cheeks, full sky-blue eyes, and small delicately pencilled eyebrows, while his ears and neck were concealed beneath a fall of hyacinthine curls. By the by, it may be well to inform such of our "ingenious youth" as may have occasion to purloin verses, that the term "hyacinthine," when applied to a *chevelure*, refers to the curl or twirl, and not to the colour, as is supposed by many ignoramii who have been much puzzled with the idea of blue or lilac hair. The tint of Mr. Jempson's was amber. So much for the colouring of the portrait—the present expression was a smirk.

Having tripped up to our heroine, "on the light fantastic toe," he poised himself before her, and grasping in both hands a Cologne-watered cambric handkerchief, he saluted the young lady by inquiring in a key scarcely above a whisper, "If there was anything new in the literary world?"

"Upon that subject"—replied Miss Westmore, —"you must, of course, be much better informed than myself."

"You do me honour, madam,"—said Mr. Jempson—not aware that it is *mauvais ton* to address an unmarried lady as "madam." And, taking a seat beside her, he proceeded in the same low mincing tone, which he meant for soft and silvery. "Pray, madam, what is your opinion of American literature? Do you not rejoice with me in perceiving how completely our rising stars have succeeded in casting for ever into the shades of perennial darkness, as black as midnight, those boasted luminaries the authors of Albion? Have we not here in Columbia's infant localities, an array of bards before whom the late Watty Scott and Georgy Byron, Toms Moore and Campbell, Bill Wordsworth, and old Sam Rogers must veil their bonnets and hide in them their diminished heads, according to Will Shakspeare? Have we not female novel-writers, in whose presence Ladies Bury and Blessington, Miss Edgworth, and the honourable Mrs. Gore must bite the dust? Have we not writers of thrilling tales to whom Mat Lewis and Bob Maturin (also Nancy Radcliffe) are unfit to hold a candle;—and comic authors whose shoes Charley Dickens and Frank Marryatt are unworthy of wiping?"

"We have undoubtedly a large proportion of excellent writers"—replied Sabina—"but with those whose works outshine the glorious literature of Britain, I must confess myself as yet unacquainted. Will you favour me with their names?"

To her great surprise, instead of illustrating his over-strained eulogy with the designations of those American authors to whom the first rank has been universally awarded throughout their own country; and whose genius is acknowledged even in Europe, Mr. Jempson ran over the names of certain writers of third and fourth rate position. These were persons, as he averred, that possessed minds of transcendent power, but were shamefully kept down by the stupidity and injustice of the public; and by the inborn wickedness of the booksellers, who, he asserted, were always meanly and selfishly unwilling to print any work that, according to *their* bad taste and ignorant belief, was not likely to *sell;* as if the popularity of a book was any proof of its merit. He then alluded by name to the principal publishers in the principal cities, asserting that every one of these fellows (as he called them) were united in a conspiracy of the blackest dye, for the purpose of depressing native talent wherever it actually existed; and of trampling out every spark of real genius that was to be found among their own countrymen.

"What can be their motive?"—inquired Sabina.

"Their motive, madam, their motive!"—exclaimed Mr. Jempson, raising his voice; "do you suppose the miscreants have candour enough to tell. No —— deep, dark, designing, and malignant, reptiles with souls of iron, with the fangs of serpents, and the scowl of demons ——"

"The booksellers I have seen were generally

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very pleasant, good-looking men"—interrupted Miss Westmore.

"Art, madam, all art,—booksellers' faces are merely put on. Villains with smiling cheeks!"

Sabina then enumerated a series of American authors, who (as she had heard) could certainly have no cause to complain of any difficulty in getting their works published, or in obtaining from the publishers an ample remuneration for them.

"That's the crying sin, madam,"—exclaimed Jempson—"the root of all the evil. Partiality, madam, the partiality of these selfish harpies for books that they think will sell best, and that they can make the most money out of."

"A very natural partiality," observed Sabina.

"Madam!"—ejaculated Jempson—"Are you an American? Where is your patriotism? You cannot be an American born!"

"I am, indeed," replied Sabina; "this is my own, my native land! And I have heard several of our distinguished American writers, in conversation with my brother, bear testimony to the liberality, punctuality, and integrity of our American publishers."

"What then"—proceeded Jempson—"are we to think of the multitude of American works that they reject, and the multitude of British works that they print? Why, madam, my friend Skimberly Skamberly Skelps, whose rapidity of genius is such that he seems to write by steam, whose pen races along the paper like a locomotive on a railroad; ideas rattling after it like an endless train of cars—this man, I say, who is American to his heart's core, and whose ancestors have been settled here for almost half a century; this very man has by him, at this moment, nineteen different works, in manuscripts of five to six hundred pages of close written foolscap—among them eleven great poems of more than twenty cantos each, and not a scoundrel of a bookseller will publish one of them. Nay, there is reason to suspect that the vagabonds do not even take the trouble to read the manuscript through; having the presumption to suppose they can form an opinion of a work from the first fifty pages. While, at the same time, these very same miscreants, these renegades to their country, are absolutely printing new editions of that old king-lover, Scott; and that lordly scamp, Byron; and of the two Toms, Moore and Campbell—Yes, and of that Mitford woman too; when a delightful young lady of my acquaintance, Miss Louisa Le Possum, has offered in vain, (even though assisted by *my* interest,) a series of Indian tales that she wrote at boarding-school—tales of two volumes each—Tales that in soul-harrowingness and heart-sickeningness yield the palm to none that have issued from our most agonizing pens. Tales in which the shootings, burnings, torturings, scalpings, tomahawkings and all that, are described in their most minute horrors, and with tremendous power. And yet (though she is a fair young rosebud with dove-like eyes) not a single bookseller is gentleman enough to take this prodigy of juvenile feminine genius by the hand, and introduce her to the temple of fame; from the sordid fear that, perhaps, her works might not take; and that *he* might lose some paltry dollars by them. And still these fellows pretend to understand their business, and to have some judgment in books, and to be encouragers of genius. Why, madam, they have even had the assurance to reject a work of mine—a most elaborate work—an essay of four hundred pages on the superiority of our American dramatists to those of Britain—a truly American composition, and full of new ideas that have never been broached on the other side of the water."

"So I should suppose"—said Sabina—a little mischievously.

"But I'll be even with them"—pursued Mr. Jackaway Jempson—not comprehending her remark, and trying to assume an awful and withering frown; but as his brows were too small and light to be knitted effectively, they could do nothing more than perk. "I'll be even with them—I'll totter their thrones, and make them shake in their shoes!"

"By doing what!"—inquired Sabina.

"By signing Miss Martineau's next petition for the international copy-right—I'll teach the bookselling gentry to 'shake their gory looks at me.'"

In the progress of this bitter philippic against the unhappy bibliopoles, the "still small voice" of Mr. Jempson had gradually risen into something like the noise of a cracked trumpet; and its last scream went so loud and high, that Miss Anna in the back parlour opened wide her sleepy eyes, and directed them wonderingly towards the front parlour. The man of wit, Mr. Norbert Lankley, quitted his place on the lounge beside her, and striding up to the vengeful literarian, who had just stopped to take breath, he patted him kindly on the back, (as Hume patted Rousseau on witnessing an outburst of sensibility in the ever-excited Genevan,) and first soothing him with the words "poor fellow—poor fellow—" asked him the pertinent question of "What's the matter now?"—Mr. Jempson turned away from Mr. Lankley in offended silence, started hastily from his chair, looked at his watch, and declaring it was time he was drest for Mrs. Scarceman's party, he took leave of Miss Westmore, with "Well, madam—I wish you a good evening, and a little more patriotism."

"Enough is as good as a feast"—remarked Norbert Lankley—as Mr. Jempson, forgetting his tiptoe step, hurried out of the room *au naturel*. "There may be too much of a good thing.—Now patriotism is all right, and love of one's own country, and so forth—I have a great deal of it myself, for I keep nothing but domestics; and I do a pretty heavy business in that line. But I don't see why we should always be bristling up and firing out. I've heard that chap talk often, and I've set him down for a ninny, notwithstanding that he writes reviews and poetry for the papers; and it is said also that he wrote a play, which was acted half a night. The reason he hates booksellers is because

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be can get none of them to print his books: and I dare say they have good reasons why. Now, when a man comes to my store, he can look over my ginghams, and shirtings, and calicoes, piece by piece, and unroll them and examine them to his heart's content, and know the quality of every article, and judge whether it will suit him or not, and whether he will get the worth of his money out of it. But if I go to a bookstore to furnish myself with a book, I always have to buy a pig in a poke, (as the common people say,) and to take my chance as to its being good or bad. And if I find that it is not worth the trouble of reading, there is no taking it back and getting it changed for another one. I must abide by my bargain. And so, as our booksellers are mostly honest men, and seldom like to take in a customer, it behoves them to be particular as to what sort of books they print, both for their own benefit and that of their readers."

"Certainly"—said Sabina—"And I am well assured that they are never so absurd as to refuse a good work merely because the author is an American—And also that, in our country, there are now but few instances of neglected talent wearing itself out unnoticed: or of genius being allowed to pine in obscurity."

"Very true"—replied Lankley—"and from all I hear, it is nearly as profitable now to be a great author as to keep a dry-good store."

"Norbert dear"—said the *fiancée*—in a whining voice from the back parlour—"Norbert, have you forgotten Anna?"

"There"—said Norbert—smiling confidentially to Sabina—"you hear my summons—I see that my lady-fair is determined to keep me in close attendance—I begin to perceive that a lengthy engagement, may possibly become a lengthy bore. But, however, you know the old saying, that 'good times and bad times, and courting-times, and all times get over—'(That about courting times I put in myself, you understand)—Shall I take you to Anna—you will enliven our talk."

"Thank you"—replied Sabina—"I should more probably interrupt it—I will go to the sofa-table and look over the *magazin des modes*."

Mr. Lankley gave Miss Westmore his arm across the room, and then slowly returned to his Anna, who was by this time pouting. But as she turned her shoulder to him, he pacified her by admiring the profusion of long curls that hung over it.

We must remark (*par parenthèse*) that the beaux had been coming and going all the evening. Sabina took her seat in the vicinity of Rosa Denning, who was commencing an animated flirtation with Mr. Stribling, a no-particular-sort of young gentleman who had just arrived, and placed himself beside her. Miss Westmore found that the flirtation was conducted somewhat as follows:—

"I heard something about *you*"—said the young lady to the young gentleman.

"Indeed! what was it you heard?—Anything new?"

"Not new to you, I dare say."

"Was it good, bad, or indifferent?"

"What would you give to know?"

"I really cannot tell what I would give. Is it a great secret?"

"Oh! the curiosity of men!"—(slapping him with her handkerchief.)

"That is rather a new accusation against the *un*fair sex."

"Now don't pretend to say that men have not more curiosity than women."

"Just as you please. But tell me what you have heard about me."

"As to that, people are always talking of you."

"Really! I did not know I was so fortunate. But what is this last piece of news?"

"I intend to be very cruel, and keep you on thorns all the evening."

"Barbarous! But at least tell me the name of your informant."

"Oh! indeed, that *would* be telling."

"Is it any one I am acquainted with?"

"May be you are, may be you are not."

"But what *is* this you have heard about me? Come, now, be kind, and tell me at once."

"No, I am never kind. And if I were, kindness would be thrown away upon *you!*"

"What reason have you for judging so unfavourably of me?"

"I'm not going to tell.—I hope I can keep my own secrets."

"I see you can."

"Come, now, Mr. Stribling, suppose you try to guess."

"Guess what?"

"That which I heard about you."

"I'm a very bad guesser."

"Yes; but what do you *think* it was like?"

"Like something not true."

"I declare, now, you are beginning to be quite smart."

"I have always been smart."

"In your own opinion, I suppose."

"In your's too, I hope."

"Ah! you are growing gallant, are you?"

"How can I be otherwise in your presence?"

"Another compliment, I declare! But I know you men are never sincere."

"Yes we are."

"No, you are not."

"Give me a proof of our *in*sincerity."

"I never believe a word any of you say."

"That's hard. What shall we do to retrieve our characters?"

"Oh! why—I don't know."

The young lady was now at a nonplus. But fearing that if this interesting conversation was allowed to drop, Mr. Stribling might quit his seat beside her, and stroll to another part of the room, she returned to the charge.

"But still, you have not found out what it was I heard about you."

"Very true. How unfeeling it is to keep me

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so long in suspense. I really thought you had more compassion."

"I never had the least compassion on men."

"Yes—I have heard that character of you."

"Have you? Who said so? Who gave me that character?"

"Aha! now I have *my* secret."

"Oh! but I'll make you tell"—(slapping at him again.)

"No you won't."

"Yes I will."

&c. &c. &c. &c.

(To be continued.)

CAUSE AND CURE;

OR,

CONVERSATIONS BY THE FIRESIDE.*

BY MRS. HALE.

"How I wish I had a kaleidescope which would show the future!" exclaimed Ellen Marvin.

The conversation had been concerning the great changes and revolutions which the present remarkable movements throughout the world indicate.

"I should like," she continued, "to put in all the hopes, wishes, plans, promises, and prophecies which will this evening be uttered or formed, then give the kaleidescope a few turns and see what combinations and catastrophes will take place in the next twelve months."

"Would you confine your view to the fate of nations? or would you like to see the patterns of private life?" inquired the schoolmaster, with a slight smile.

"O, I am all for the public weal," replied Ellen, blushing, while she returned the smile of her kind old friend. "At least," she added, looking down as she spoke, "I did not intend to examine my hopes and wishes for my own friends through such a shifting and cheating medium as a kaleidescope."

"You would prefer to look into your heart for *his* image," returned the schoolmaster, laying a perceptible emphasis on the pronoun; "and you do wisely. While you find your own feelings true, never doubt the truth of the absent. It is a false mirror that distorts and magnifies. I feel sure that Charles is with us in spirit this evening."

"Ay, that he is," interrupted Mrs. Marvin, earnestly. "He said he should think of us on New Year's Eve, and Charles Howard never forgot a promise. For my part, I think of him every evening; but a traveller, who has so many new and strange objects to occupy his attention, cannot always have his thoughts on his friends at home. But he remembers us to-night."

There was a pause of several minutes in the conversation, while each individual seemed occupied in reflections they did not wish to communicate; yet, could we have read their thoughts, we should have found the same idea—their absent friend. Was he not with *them*, while their hearts were thus communing with *him?* The thousands of miles of this round world, that interposed between them and the object of their thoughts were annihilated or rather travelled over by imagination at a glance. They saw his features as distinctly, in the light of memory, as though he stood before them. As warmth brings out the letters which have been traced in sympathetic ink, so love reveals its impression stronger and plainer as its truth is tested by obstacles which bring its power into exercise. Could Charles Howard have then appeared before that fireside circle, what cordial welcome would have greeted the returning wanderer! And yet he would not have known, or even in his sanguine fancies have conjectured, a tithe of the affection which was cherished in those warm hearts for him. We never reveal our deepest emotions, or speak our most sacred thoughts. The heart's mysteries cannot, in this life, be revealed.

But, while the friends are musing, we will give a slight sketch of their position in the world, and towards each other. We owe this introduction to our readers, who have several times before met this fireside circle in the Lady's Book.

Mrs. Marvin was the widow of a clergyman, who formerly officiated in one of the small towns of Berkshire county, Massachusetts. He was a good man, and passed his short life in doing good to others; and though, at his sudden death, he left his widow and infant daughter without any means of support, yet his trust that their Heavenly Father would provide for them was so perfect that he told his wife with his dying breath, he blessed God she was thus entitled to become a pensioner on the divine bounty, which would never fail to the widow and fatherless, if they required, and, in faith, depended upon it. The promise had been to them literally fulfilled. Immediately after the decease

* This sketch was intended for the January number, but omitted for want of room. The reader must transfer the scene to New Year's Eve.—*Publisher.*

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of Mr. Marvin his devoted parishioners pledged themselves to provide for his widow and child. They did this kindly, delicately, and efficiently for fifteen years, never, in all that time, making Mrs. Marvin feel her dependence as a humiliation. Indeed, she and her beautiful daughter were the pride of the village, as every stranger who entered it was soon sure to learn. And then the excellent character of Mrs. Marvin, and the judicious manner in which she educated Ellen, were examples of great benefit to her neighbours. It was often remarked that the village in which this poor dependent widow lived was the pleasantest place of residence in the county, as all the people appeared amiable, and were far more refined and intelligent than in any other town in the vicinity. So surely does goodness promote happiness, and real benevolence exalt and bless those who give as well as those who take. When Ellen was about sixteen, Mrs. Marvin, by the decease of an old bachelor uncle, became possessed of quite a fortune; that is, to her moderate wishes, it seemed so. She had a lovely little cottage, with ample grounds, situated in the very pleasant town of Roxbury, near Boston; and, moreover, was to receive, during her lifetime, the interest on twenty thousand dollars, securely invested in railroad stock. The whole property was to go to Ellen at her mother's decease, provided she married with her consent, and that of a guardian, whom the said testator named. This guardian was Mr. Zachariah Learnard, better known by his friends as *Master Learned*, or the *Schoolmaster*. He had been a successful teacher of youth upwards of thirty years, and had well earned the right to the *otium cum dignitate*, which he now enjoyed.

The long tried and trusted friend of her uncle, at once became the friend and adviser of Mrs. Marvin. He had boarded for several years in the neighbourhood, and always made it a rule to see his old friend, the uncle of Mrs. Marvin, every day while he lived, and therefore his frequent visits to the cottage seemed a matter of course, and he soon was in the habit of passing almost every evening with the new inmates. To Mrs. Marvin this friendly intercourse was advantageous in many respects, but in none did she prize it as highly as in the assistance he rendered her in the education of Ellen. She did not subscribe to the fashionable doctrine that a young lady could complete her course of studies at sixteen or seventeen, and then ought to "come out" and display her dress and accomplishments in order to obtain a husband, which it was indispensable she should do before she was twenty, or else be considered quite passée, and the expense of her education (viz. accomplishments) as good as thrown away.

But the opinions of Mrs. Marvin on these points, her reasons for wishing that Ellen might not marry till she was, at least, twenty-five, and how the schoolmaster agreed with her opinions and strengthened her arguments, and entered into her plans of prolonging the period of lessons, till the *habit* of improvement had become confirmed in the young lady, and how he took upon himself the direction of her studies—all these points we may, at some future time, discuss in our "Fireside Conversations." At present, we can only say that Ellen was made so happy at home, in the way which her good mother and kind guardian approved, that she showed no disposition to leave them. It was, however, generally asserted, by the beaux who failed to win her favour, that she was positively engaged to Charles Howard, and his constant visits at the cottage would have confirmed this idea had he not been a connection of the family. He was the son of Mrs. Marvin's step-brother; of course, always called her "aunt," and Ellen "cousin." Now Mrs. Marvin had quite a horror of cousins marrying together, and so also had the schoolmaster; (their reasons for this opinion we may some time give); and so the young ladies of the neighbourhood declared there could be no engagement. But they were mistaken.

Charles Howard was freshman in Harvard College when the Marvins came to reside at Roxbury. From that time, till he had completed his law studies, the cottage of his aunt was his home. Seven years had passed since he first saw Ellen, and their intercourse had been marked by the most perfect confidence, that friendship which knows no shadow of evil surmise. Could we say more to prove their mutual excellence of heart and mind, and the purity of their affection for each other? It was one of those rare examples of happy love which, in its truth, innocence and serenity, remind us

"Of Eden's bliss ere sin was known."

But no human lot can be exempt from change and care. Charles Howard is no longer a constant visitor at the cottage. He sailed last September for Europe, where he intends passing a year or more. When he returns, and Ellen reaches the prescribed age, twenty-five, we hope to describe their wedding.

"What do you think of this preaching of the 'latter day saints,' as they call themselves, that the world is to be changed or destroyed in '43?" said Mrs. Marvin, abruptly addressing the schoolmaster. She was thinking of the return of Charles Howard about that time.

"I think it is sheer nonsense, so far as naming the time is concerned," replied the schoolmaster. "The word of God expressly tells us that the time shall not be known, but come as a thief in the night. That the Millennium, or time of universal peace and supremacy of moral goodness in the world will come, appears to me evident from the history of man in his progressive improvement since the Deluge. But the manner in which it is to be wrought out, and the precise period of its commencement are mysteries which human wisdom cannot solve."

"There must be some astonishing changes in the coming year, if the world is so soon to be pre-

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pared for the reign of the just," said Mrs. Marvin. "Our own country certainly seems in a sad way; banks failing, forgeries, murders and dreadful accidents fill our papers."

"You remember Aunt Dolly's favourite proverb—'It is always darkest just before day,'" said Ellen.

"The world, or rather, to speak precisely, society is in a transition state, and rapidly developing new features in political and moral as well as physical economy," said the schoolmaster. "We cannot predict what a year may bring forth; and therefore it is the more incumbent on all who wish for the triumph of truth and justice to put forth their whole strength now in this struggle between the good and evil principles of our nature. Your sex could, if they chose, turn the scale in favour of the good."

"Ah, that reminds me of your promise to write something on this subject for my especial benefit," said Ellen. "Pray let me hear it now. I see the MS. in your hand this moment."

This charge the schoolmaster could not deny, as in the earnestness of his conversation he had unconsciously taken the paper from his pocket and unfolded it;—so without any apology, except that what he had written were mere desultory thoughts, he read as follows:—

"*The evil of our times and its remedy.*

In this country, there being no established rank and privileged class, wealth has been found to be the surest letter of introduction into the highest and most polished circles, and the representative of power and consequence. Hence it has happened that a breathless chase after this supposed *sine qua non* of respectability and influence as the standard of *gentility* is kept up with all the interest which a concern of life and death would alone seem to warrant. The best energies of the mind are thrown into this channel, and he who is successful obtains, what is considered, an ample equivalent for days of fasting and weariness, and nights of restlessness and watchfulness, when he is acknowledged as a *rich man!*

And this haste to be rich is the evil of our times; the Upas tree, whose poison is paralyzing and destroying the life of the soul, and withering every green hope for the future. There is a cramping and debasing influence exerted by this systematic, absorbing pursuit after wealth. Let money be made the one thing needful, the all-important object of desire, and to its attainment let everything be considered poor and trifling in comparison, and the history of our Republic will, ere long, have been written. On its crumbling ruins, if it be doomed to fall, this memento as a warning to other nations will be inscribed—'*This people fell through a passionate and slavish devotion to wealth!*'

How shall we extirpate this great and growing evil from our social system? We must trace it to its source in the unwise and injurious systems of education, which have almost exclusively been practised among us. Here the remedy must be applied, if we would purify and correct public opinion. And here it is that our country needs the power of female talent to be exerted, the efficiency of moral training to be tested.

Let this besetting sin of our times be studiously watched by the Christian mother. Let her guard against this insidious influence of mammon. Let not *gold* be the standard value of everything. Let not childhood be taught to adjust by this alone the worth of its little joys, pursuits and friendships. We do this when we offer *money* or anything which *represents* money, as the incentive to study, or the reward of good conduct. By this defective plan, a child is early taught to place a high value on the external motive which is presented to tempt his ambition or his appetite. The nobler powers *within* his own soul are left uncultivated, or only awakened to selfish desires. He is led to look *around him* for some excitement to exertion, when in *his own mind* are principles lying dormant, which need only to be awakened and rightly directed, to carry him onward and sustain him in well-doing.

Some of these principles are the love of parents, instructors, friends, and also the love of knowledge and truth and goodness. All these may be developed and trained to vigorous exercise. And by these the youthful mind might be led onward in the paths of learning and good conduct. Then there should not be permitted in our schools those *incitements* to ambition, *medals* and *prizes*, which usually injure the heart while they stimulate the head. A fictitious value is usually placed on them by the young, and thus is often laid that foundation of the love of outward distinctions and external honours, which, to be gratified by the man or woman, requires wealth in after years.

When will men be persuaded that education commences with existence? Impressions that are stamped on the mind in its infancy, are rarely eradicated. The man receives in childhood the tone and elements of character which his after life developes; and much of what appears to be a sure indication of original depravity in human nature, may fairly be traced to some defect in the early training of the young. If every woman in our country, who now fills the awfully responsible office of *mother*, and all who, for the next twenty years, will become mothers, were qualified for their station, and faithful to perform its duties, what a revolution would be wrought in the social and moral world! What an improvement in the character of man! Then moral worth, useful talent, refined taste, and the mind's culture would be made the passport to respectability; the fashion of society would foster genius only when elevated by a virtuous life; and the highest rank would be accorded to those whose intelligence and moral worth entitled them to become exemplars of that perfection at which the world was aiming."

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Here the schoolmaster discovered, somewhat to his annoyance, that he had left the last sheet of his MS. at home. Ellen was very sorry, and Mrs. Marvin begged he would give them the conclusion extempore, which she liked better than a written dissertation.

"There is nothing novel in my views on education," said the schoolmaster; "I only enforce the necessity of fixing habits of truth and feelings of justice, not in theory only, or as applied to the conduct of others, but to be at all times the rule of action for each individual. This is the grand point, to subdue or control the selfishness of the heart, to make us true and just to others, even when the balance falls against our own dear selves."

"You wish the young to be so trained, as to feel and act on the axiom that 'True self-love and social are the same,'" said Mrs. Marvin.

"Yes, I do," returned the schoolmaster, "because it would contribute to individual as well as general happiness, to have such principles to govern us. Why, what a lesson on the folly as well as wickedness of the selfish desire to be rich at the expense of others, does the late financial events in our country teach! Do you think there is a man among the number, who have been engaged in these unwise because *unjust* speculations and schemes, who does not now wish he had pursued his own honest business in an honest manner? The mountains of prosperity, reared on the ruins of others' rights, cannot, in our age and country, long remain stable. A few swift years of fictitious wealth and greatness, what are they in comparison with the long, long days of reproach, contempt and dishonour, that await the wrong-doer! The remedy for those evils must be sought in the right training of the young. Let every mother, then, teach her sons, both by her example and precept, '*To deal justly*, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God,' and the world will be renovated."

THE SEASON OF LOVE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

The spring-time of love
Is both happy and gay,
For joy sprinkles blossoms
And balm in our way:
The sky, earth, and ocean,
In beauty repose,
And all the bright future
Is *couleur de rose*.

The summer of love
Is the bloom of the heart,
When hill, grove and valley
Their music impart,
And the pure glow of heaven
Is seen in fond eyes—
As lakes show the rainbow
That's hung in the skies.

The autumn of love
Is the season of cheer,
Life's mild Indian summer,
The smile of the year;
Which comes when the golden
Ripe harvest is stored,
And yields its own blessings,
Repose and reward.

The winter of love
Is the beam that we win,
While the storm howls without,
From the sunshine within.
Love's reign is eternal,
The heart is his throne,
And he has all seasons
Of life for his own.

STANZAS,

ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF JAMES A. HILLHOUSE, ESQ.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A troubled sound upon thy heaving breast,
Thou bear'st, Old Ocean, from my native strand,
A sound of woe! And art thou gone to rest,
Thou, of the noble race, and tuneful hand?

I saw thee last, within thy stately dome,
Thine old, ancestral trees, in beauty spreading;
While every sweet affection, round thy home,
And thro' thy heart, a genial warmth was shedding.

But now, while sullen sighs the wintry wind,
I sadly mourn thee, on a foreign shore,
Ordain'd, amid my own lov'd clime, to find
One friend the less, and one cold tomb-stone more.

Yet thou, for whom such bitter tears are shed,
Thy classic lay shall live, till memory's self be dead.

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THE OLD SYCAMORE!

A BALLAD.

THE POETRY BY HENRY B. HIRST, ESQ.

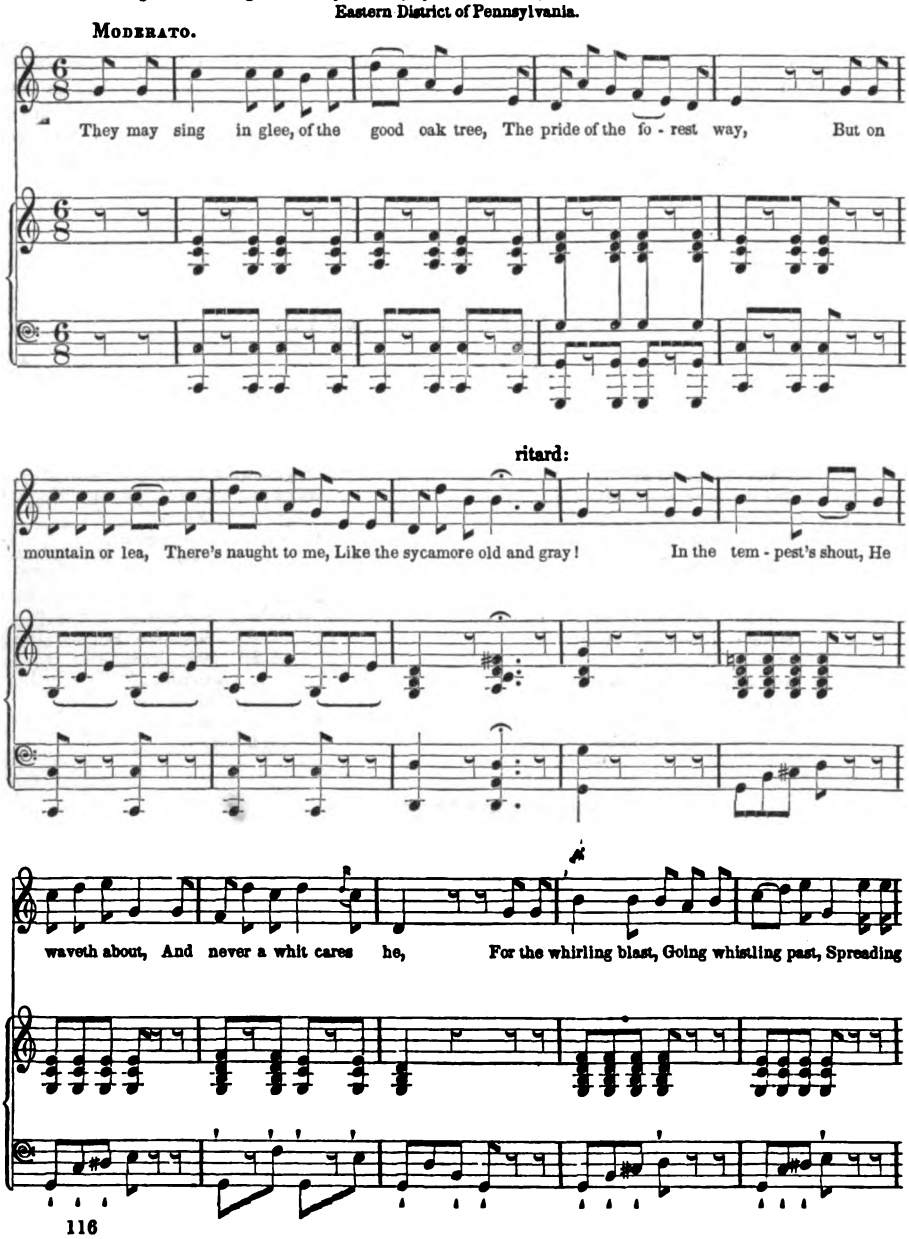
AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO

GEN. GEORGE P. MORRIS, OF NEW YORK.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO FORTE

BY PROF. THEODORE H. VANDENBERG.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1841, by J. G. Osbourn, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.



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ritard:

sorrow o'er land and sea. They may sing in glee, of the good oak tree, The pride of the fo - rest

way, But on mountain or lea, There's naught to me, Like the sycamore old and gray.

ritard:

II.

On his branches white, in the clear moonlight,
The owlet sitteth and sings,
And the night-hawk brown, looketh calmly down,
While pluming his varied wings,
And beneath him plays,
In a frolic maze,
Elfin, and fairy, and fay;
And revel and song,
The whole night long,
Rise up from the mossy way.

III.

In his green old age, when the tempests' rage,
He has faced so well and long,
Comes the woodman wight, with his axe so bright,
And his arm so brown and strong,
And his branches bow,
'Neath the woodman's blow,
And his tall trunk falls along,
And away from the spot,
He is ta'en and forgot,
As soon as my simple song.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

In this month the old Romans celebrated their festival in honour of the dead—it was called *Feralia* or *Februa*, and hence the name February was derived.

In a conversation on this subject, a lady remarked, that we ought to observe the month as one of mourning for the living, who, at this season, by careless exposure of their health, so often caught the "slight cold" which would only leave them at the tomb.

It is indeed a month which, in our climate, requires great care to escape from sudden colds. The extreme changes of temperature often affect the strongest constitution. Then the fashion of wearing thin-soled shoes is such a besetting sin among our females, of all ages and classes, that it is no wonder consumption should be the prevalent disease in our land. No doubt many a fair young girl, many an amiable and beloved matron will, during the present month, lay the foundation for this insidious disease in their constitutions. If we had the gift of perceiving things in their true relation and influence, should we not often see that grim spectre Death, marshalling the way from the heated rooms of the gay party, or crowded ball, and smiling as he watched his poor victims shrink, in their thin array, from the piercing blasts of this month of the dead?

But it is not only from such scenes that danger is to be apprehended. Few are sufficiently careful about wearing thick shoes, or India-rubbers, when going abroad at this season. If the side walks are free from ice and snow, the temptation to show a pretty foot seems irresistible; and we see delicate beings promenading the damp, cold pavement, with the same thin slippers, as neat, if not quite as small, as Cinderella's, which they had been wearing in their carpetted parlours. How can such exposures be made with impunity! True, the poet tells us that—

"There is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away,
When the bright enchantment of *health* is gone,
And the tint that glowed, and the eye that shone,
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower,
That ever in Paestum's garden grew,
Or ever was steeped in morning dew,
When all that was bright and fair is fled,
But the loveliness lingering round the dead."

But we know that the same custom which sanctions the means of her sacrifice, also strives to veil the causes that produced it. Poetry may weave its spells around her dying bed, and give the immortal dirge to her memory; it may seek through the world for comparisons to her condition, and tell us that

"———— Her soul
Faded in light, even as a glorious star,
Is hid amid the splendours of the morn."

But what atonement does all this sentiment make for the triumph of disease? What is it to the bereaved friends, that the beloved object was the theme of the poet? His praises cannot heal the broken heart—cannot restore the dead. And though the child of romance may imagine much of interest in the airy form and delicate features of the young victim of consumption, the philanthropist would, if possible, avert the causes of such early dissolution. If the possession of health is a blessing which riches cannot purchase, nor genius command, nor beauty nor wit win, is it not the part of wisdom to consider well how it may be preserved? It is not a trifling matter to neglect even little things, when great consequences depend on their performance. Perhaps the question, whether a warm cloak and over-shoes should be laid aside in a short walk to-day, decided in the affirmative, because it is troublesome to be so wrapped up, and one cannot be *seen* to advantage under such an array, will seal the early death of some fair young being, and carry sorrow and desolation into some happy household. We say then to the bright votary of fashion,

"Lady, wrap thy cloak around,
Pale consumption's in the sky."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondents will please receive our sincere thanks for their many favours, and the deep interest they manifest in the prosperity of the "Book." We cannot accept a tithe of the articles sent, but the good wishes of the writers are always welcome; and we are happy to find that, such is the confidence placed in our judgment and impartiality, scarcely a case has yet occurred, where the disappointed author has ceased to be a friend. This circumstance repays us in a great measure, for the trouble of examining the MSS. From those now before us, we have selected for publication, "*Love's Mutations*," "*Grief*," "*The Blessed Book*," and "*The Beechen Spring*." We must decline "*An Illustration of Scandal*." The article is written with spirit, but the subject is not one that we like to discuss in our pages. The author can have the MSS. We decline, also, "*Anecdotes of a Hero*," "*Observations on American Society*," "*The Guardian Angel*," "*Georgiana Radcliffe*," "*The Coquette Rose*," "*The Wife*." This last is a good story, but requires considerable pruning. "*The Winter's Day*," is too stilted, and "*The Conquest*" too long. Several articles, not here enumerated, have been disposed of as their respective writers requested. Also, we have a number of MSS., yet on hand to examine.

We will give here, the two last stanzas of "*The Nativity*," a hymn, which should have appeared in our December number.

"Glory to God, angelic trains
Shout to the midnight skies!
While shepherds hear the heavenly strains,
With wonder and surprise.

"Let earth to her remotest bound,
The joyous notes prolong,
And all that fill her spacious round,
Join in the raptur'd song!"—L. T—n.

We must add to our list of rejected, "*Woodland Scenery*," "*The Reverie*," "*I will try, Sir*," (true patriotism, but not poetry,) "*Passing Away*," "*Home*," "*The advantages of Reading*," (*en passant*, the author would profit more by reading the works named, than others would by reading his article.) "*C.'s piece*" is not quite perfect; "*The Arrival*" is not equal to the former poem by the same writer. The selected articles on "*Female Powers of Persuasion*" are good, but we do not admit selections.

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Painted by Sir A.W. Callcott R.A. Engd by E.G. Dunnel

ANNE PAGE & SLENDER.

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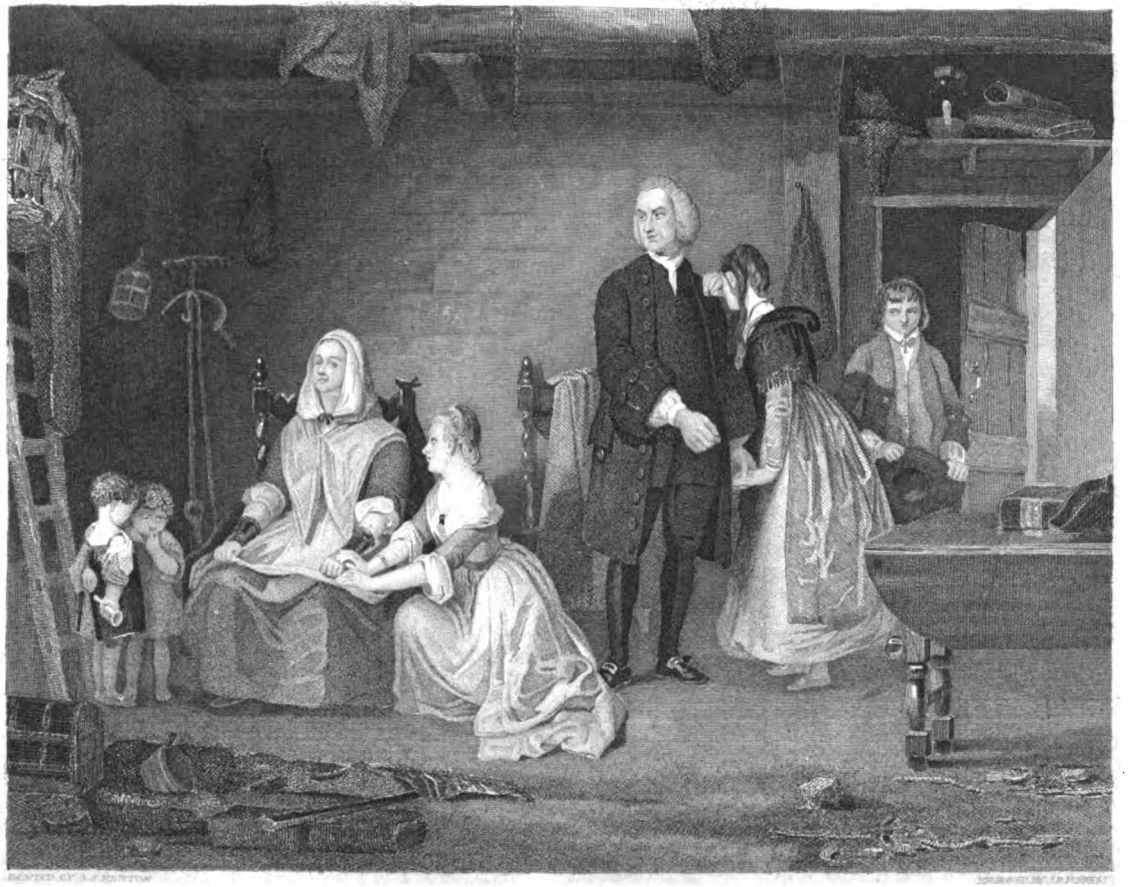

THE RETURN.

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

MARCH, 1842.

THE RETURN.

(See Plate.)

The engraving with this title which we give this month is intended to illustrate the return of Sophia Primrose, after she had been abandoned by Mr. Thornhill. We take for granted that every reader of The Lady's Book is familiar with the delightful story—the Vicar of Wakefield—from which the scene is taken, and it is, therefore, only necessary for us to quote a passage in explanation of the picture.

"Ah, madam!" cried her mother, "this is but a poor place you are come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction: yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you." During this reception, the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress; wherefore, assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner, which was ever followed with instant submission—"I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all: I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer—her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness: the real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us; let us not, therefore, increase them by dissensions among each other: if we live harmoniously together, we may yet be contented, as there are enough of us to shut out the censuring world, and keep each other in countenance The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner, than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude; and this is right; for that single effort by which we stop short in the downhill-path to perdition, is of itself a greater exertion of virtue, than a hundred acts of justice."

ANNE PAGE AND SLENDER.

(Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I. Scene I.)

(See Plate.)

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth: Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit* Simple.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England:—You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured, rough things."

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WILTON HARVEY.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1842, by C. M. Sedgwick, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

INVESTMENTS.

"The world is too much with us; late and soon
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers."

The last access of the fever of speculation is still freshly remembered, and its consequences are yet prevalent among us in sickly and dying monied institutions, shrunken properties, baffled projects, defeated hopes, suspended energies, and broken hearts. The curse of Heaven has fallen on those who make haste to be rich, forsaking toilsome enterprise, patient labour, and the appointed ways of ingenuity and industry for the legerdemain of visionaries and speculators. While the fever lasted, grown up men showed a blind credulity on the one part, and a bold imposture on the other, exceeding the exhibitions of the conjurer's room, where the child believes the flowers have shot up and bloomed instantaneously, without the tedious process of sowing and growing, and the slow intervention of earth and water; and where the leaden balls which went into the gun, come out golden guineas. The speculating charlatans slightly varied the trick; they charged with gold and the explosion yielded only sound and smoke. The dupes ought not to be confounded with the conjurers, the deluded with the deluders. The atmosphere was poisoned, and the silly and the wise alike went mad. Then cities, "Fancy cities" were projected in undrained morasses, or in unopened forests, amid "a boundless contiguity of shade," and mapped on paper, presented to the eye regular streets, and squares dotted with hotels, court-houses, academies, and churches. A "New London," or "New Paris," blossomed in the wilderness to the speculator's eye, their site, in reality, marked only by a hewn stick of timber, or a blazed tree. The foundations of Astor houses were laid in the newest settlements—the affluent farmer on our new lands abandoned the plough and cut up his generous acres into lots of a hundred feet by twenty-five. The speculator's wand covered York Island with the population of London, and made the price of land proportionate to this multiplication of human existence; and our little suburban cities, forgetting the old-world fact that it takes time for generations to be born, grow up and build houses, estimated their cockney cottage-gardens at the price they may bear in 1936, should our new world go on to increase, multiply and prosper, up to that date. As has been pithily said, "the luck of one became the hope of thousands," to become in turn their despair, when these "gorgeous palaces, and cloud-capt towers," that rose before the "eyes in fine frenzy rolling," should vanish, and "leave not a rack behind."

Wilton Harvey had all his canvass spread during these adventurous times. In the beginning of his mercantile career, his ability and activity in the regular channels of business, had been crowned with brilliant success; this stimulated a nature over sanguine and hopeful to risks in speculation, that, if called by its right name, the gamblers at Crockford's would have laughed at.

At the close of the summer of '36, Mr. Harvey, tired of living alone, wrote to his daughter, peremptorily, to return with her brothers, and leave Mrs. Salton; if that lady still found pretexts for loitering in Paris, her earthly paradise.

This was the first time Mr. Harvey had ever assumed a tone of absolute authority. Grace wrote sportively an hour after the letter was received, that even her aunt was startled by it; that their packing up was already begun; that Mr. Clavers, who intended sailing in the next packet, had gone to take places for them also; to get their passports, &c.

Stanley, on calling at his uncle's house, found preparations making for their reception. The drawing-rooms were upside down, and an elderly woman and a young one, employed in making carpets. Stanley recognized the elder, and greeted her cordially.

"I see you do not remember me, Mrs. Heley," he said.

"No sir—I beg your pardon, sir—but you have the advantage of me."

"You have no reason to beg my pardon—it is a small matter of fourteen years since you saw me; I was a boy of nine years then—but, upon my word, you are not in the least changed—you do not look to me a day older than you did then—you have the same fresh colour, white teeth, and ready smile."

A little fidgeting with her cap, and smoothing her very smooth hair, first on one side, and then on the other, showed that Mrs. Heley had her sex's sensibility to a compliment from a very handsome young man, though she modestly put in a partial disclaimer. "If I have not changed so much as some," she said, "I suppose it's because everything has gone pretty nearly square with me."

"But have you been at this troublesome business ever since you worked for Mr. Harvey's

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sister in Vesey Street, where a little boy gave you a deal of vexation in arranging the carpet for his bed-room, so that his bed might stand as near as possible to his mother's room?"

"Dear me!—why you ain't little Stanley Gretton!"

"No, Mrs. Heley, the happy days when I was 'little Stanley,' are long since past."

"Oh! I didn't mean to wound your feelings, Mr. Gretton; I was taken, as it were, by surprise—dear—dear me! how things does turn up! I remember as if it were yesterday—I had a scant pattern for the carpet, and the figure was one of them unsettled ones that are hardest to match—and there had to be a vacancy under the bed, and it run so that the vacant spot fell at the farther end of the room. Your poor mother had been confined just two weeks, and dear me! how you were all taken up with the baby—I ain't superstitious, but I remember thinking the fairest days are weather-breeders. When I had got my carpet all fixed, you came in, and you looked at the bed—and your countenance fell; and you said, 'Oh please, Mrs. Heley, don't put me out there, so far from my sister!'—this pleased me—somehow, I always enter into little children's feelings, and before I left it, I got it all to your mind."

"I remember that very well—I have never forgotten you, Mrs. Heley, and I am delighted to hear the world has gone smoothly with you."

"Well, it has, sir, for the most part—I have turned some pretty sharp corners, to be sure, but I've got by them safe. My father, Jesse Smith, was one of the first upholsterers in New York, and just as he had made a handsome independence by his business, he was persuaded to quit it, and enter into a speculation; he joined a stock company, and bought a great hotel—it proved very unlucky—he failed, and lost his reason, sir, and died in the hospital." Mrs. Heley paused, wiped her eyes, and then proceeded; "luckily he had brought me up to his business. My husband died and left me a widow with four children. I had my hands and my health—that was twenty-one years ago—I concluded to go out, carpet making—I have scarcely ever missed a day. My children, somehow, have grown up remarkable good—they never needed so much regulating as some children do; they seemed to have a feeling of what is right—you know there is a difference in children, sir,—I did my best for them, and they did their best for me. We are at our posts all day long, and when it comes evening, we meet and have pleasant times. Sabbath-day, thanks to Him that made it, comes once a week, then we are all at home and eat dinner together, and that's a treat."

"And may I ask, Mrs. Heley, without impertinence, what your Sunday treat is?"

"Certainly, Mr. Gretton. We have nothing to be ashamed of, and nothing to boast of. The treat is being together—we mostly dine on baked beans and piece out with a pie for the children; baked beans is very good, sir, when you don't eat them but once a week. This is my oldest, Mrs. Swan," (pointing to a delicate little woman beside her,) "she married young, and was soon left a widow with a child to support. She got down-hearted, and her health seemed to be failing. The doctor advised her to go to the south; but, says I, Maria, I believe all you want is variety; now, try going out with me carpet-making. It's a business, Mr. Gretton, that there's endless variety in; there's hardly any two carpets alike; you smile, sir, but it acted like a charm. Maria goes out with me every day, and is able to take our long walk morning and evening, and is as well and as light-hearted as if she had never been married—I ain't ashamed of her."

And needn't be, thought Gretton, as he looked at the youthful widow, the personification of cheerful industry. "But Mrs. Heley," he said, "this carpet-making can't last for ever; have you been able to lay up anything, or do you trust the future to your children."

"I should not fear to trust to them, but I hope they will have families of their own to support—the stream must run down, not up—yes, sir, I have laid up more than you would think, perhaps; we try to be prudent every way, and the baked beans helps," she added with a smile; "it's upwards of two thousand dollars I have saved."

"Bless me, Mrs. Heley! every dollar of it is as good as a medal to you; a sign of industry, economy, and providence; I hope it is well invested."

"Why, yes, sir, I hope so; I should feel disappointed, as it were, to have anything happen to it; it makes one sleep quiet o' nights to know if anything does happen, you are independent, and have a little keepsake to leave to your children. I can't say I feel altogether so contented about it as I did. I had it on bond and mortgage, but Mr. Harvey seemed to feel so bad at my not taking advantage of the times, that I gave it up to him last winter to do as he thought best with it."

Stanley bit his lips with vexation. "Ah," thought he, "the baked beans have been eaten in vain." Just then Mr. Harvey entered, and the conversation turned upon the splendid French furniture sent out by Mrs. Salton, and unpacking in the next room. "Come and look at it, Stanley," said his uncle; "I gave Madam Salton a carte-blanche, and it must be confessed she has not flinched in the filling it up; well, I hope she and Grace will enjoy it. To tell the truth, all these divans and ottomans, and nicknackery are in my way. I like my house as it was, a thousand times better, with good, solid, plain furniture, that my old friends and I could use and enjoy, and my friends' children play about freely; but I trust I shan't be reduced to the straits that poor Burton Smith, my neighbour, is, whose wife won't ask his relations to tea, lest a cup of coffee should be spilt on her splendid carpet, nor let his own sister's children into the drawing-room, for fear they should meddle with the toys she has brought from Paris."

"Grace is quite another sort of person from Mrs. Burton Smith, uncle."

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"Why yes—she *was*—Heaven forgive me, *is* I should say. All the varnish in Paris can't change the texture of sound wood. Well, if Grace enjoys it, I can put up with it; if she is pleased, it's nothing to me—except that I have, just when it is most inconvenient to me to make remittances, to pay for all this stuff. I have a good many irons in the fire, and to tell the truth, Stanley, the fire does not burn quite so brightly as it did. I have been busy all the morning getting the money together. Luckily I met old Staats. He had just sold his United States Bank stock at your persuasion, he says. What an absurd notion of yours that that bank can go down; however, that is nothing to the purpose; he had the money, and I wanted it—"

"I trust"—began Stanley, involuntarily interrupting his uncle, and then checking himself.

"You trust, Stanley, no doubt, that the old man has not parted with his money without bond and mortgage. You are half a Dutchman living in that old Dutch conservatory. But what should you think of my letting him have one of my Thirty-fifth Street lots, which in two years will be worth three times three thousand dollars."

"And what was it worth three years ago?"

"Perhaps four or five hundred dollars."

"And will revert to that three years hence," thought Stanley. His uncle misinterpreted his silence and the evident concern in his face. "You begin to feel how absurd it is for you to be standing idle when even old Harmann, that monument of Dutch immobility, has set his bark afloat. Say but the word, and you shall 'partake the gale.' But I must go; by the way, do you know any one of whom I can borrow four or five thousand dollars upon fourfold security?"

"No, I do not; security, so called, is the only money in the market just now, and that I believe does not answer for remittances."

"That's true, by George! Come, are you going down to your office?" Stanley excused himself; he was bound another way. "You have always leisure. Will you call on the Robinsons; they are at the Astor House; and offer to serve them in any way you can; tell them how impossible it has been for me to call on them; they are the last people in the world I would neglect. And will you just step down to Mrs. Wilson's; I have not been able to go and see her since her husband died. Poor Jemmy! he and I were friends from boys. I hear he has left her nothing. Tell her I will be responsible for her rent, or put my shoulder to the burden wherever it is heaviest. And oh! Stanley, just step into Carvill's, and tell him I will take that lot of books he offered me for five hundred dollars, though Heaven knows when I shall read one of them. I have not looked into a book for six months. Good morning, Mrs. Heley. Oh, by the way, Mrs. Heley, charge for your work and Maria's, at the rate they charge at the carpet-shop. I employ you for old acquaintance sake, and not to make a pitiful saving out of you."

Thus this kind and generous man was wasting his existence; sacrificing the rational and certain enjoyments of a short life to objects of possible attainment, and that, if attained, would, like the fine French furniture of his drawing-rooms, have obstructed his happiness. His duties were neglected, his friendships jeoparded, his social charities foregone. And Wilton Harvey was but one of a community absorbed in a passion for gain. This passion does not always rage as it did in '36, when, in the streets from the passers-by, in the drawing-rooms, by the home firesides, and in the vestibules of churches, was heard the rumour of "prodigious sales," when widows made "lot speculations," orphans' money was invested in "fancy stocks," and poets trafficked in Wall Street.

Gretton, before performing the duties his uncle had devolved on him, hastened to his lodgings. His uncle's communication had not been explicit, and he had a faint hope of intercepting honest Harmann Staats' three thousand dollars before they were converted into the *idealised* property in Thirty-fifth Street. Harmann Staats and his wife were types of a portion of the old Dutch race in our country; fair illustrations of such wisdom as is condensed in the old adages "slow and sure," "more haste worse speed," "let well enough alone," &c. They had a constitutional aversion to all unrest, mobility, and mutability. Their garments were of the fashion their parents wore before them; their very meals were stereotyped. They seemed like two autumn leaves carried by the eddy of a stream into a sheltered nook, where they remain quietly and imperceptibly decaying, while the current rushes by with the ruins of the year. Were they to be forced into the dizzy whirlpool!

It was old Harmann's custom to rise at seven as his father did before him—a sufficient reason for whatever his son did after him. After breakfast he smoked a pipe, and then walked down to Wall Street, and read over the sales of the stock exchange from beginning to end, though he never had, nor intended to have any part or lot in them beyond his thirty shares in the United States Bank, which he, innocent man, held to be as firm as the Union. Then he walked leisurely home, exchanging greetings with the few of his contemporaries who were left after the reapings of sixty-five years; and having arrived at his own domicil, he received a *rooletjeer* from the kind hand that had supplied this diurnal want of nature, (so Harmann deemed it,) for the last forty years. Then another pipe brought him to the second great event of the day, the dinner, and after dinner came an alternation of naps and pipes, interspersed with conjugal chats partaking of the nature of both, and thus softly dropped the sands of life till the song of the tea-kettle announced tea. Then followed a like train, the pipes becoming longer and the chats shorter till the worthy pair retired to bed, when the transition to sleep was so gentle that it was difficult to say where their waking life ended, and their sleeping life began.

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Dame Staats' life, compared with her husband's, was exciting. She migrated from parlour to kitchen, superintended her maid, watched the simmering sweetmeats, achieved victories over mice, exterminated cockroaches, darned a stocking one day and a pocket-handkerchief the next, knit gray stockings for her husband, and white ones for herself;—in short, her life was as varied as that of most old ladies on the verge of threscore and ten. Dame Staats' *maid* was a hale old woman who was born during the existence of slavery; and though she had been long ago freed by the statute of limitations, she continued by the mere force of habit to live on as she had always lived, giving *very* light labour and contentment for kindness, food and clothes. Luckily for her employers, Phillis Staats (the slaves, like the individuals of the Scottish clan, took the name of the chieftain,) had an obstinate predilection for celibacy and its immunities. Perhaps what she fancied as superior wisdom, was accident in the first place, and habit afterwards, for everything had a tendency to uniformity in Harmann Staats' dwelling, and going always in the same course, the rut wore so deep that it was difficult to get out of it. Once, and once only, was Phillis persuaded off her track. Some zealous young women got her into a Sunday school; but "reading and writing did *not* come by nature" to Phillis, and she soon abandoned her class on the flimsy pretext, that "it made her feel so ashamed to see them young gals go above her!" If this trio were all Staats' household, we scarcely believe that any motive of prudence or moderation would have retained Stanley Gretton their inmate for eight years. But there was one ripple on their still waters, one star in their firmament, a little blind orphan grandchild. She was but two years old when Stanley came to live with them, and his presence soon made to her the difference between darkness and light. Her ear distinguished his returning footstep from all others before he reached the door; and there she always stood full of smiles and joy awaiting him. She sat beside him in her high chair at her meals, and kept one hand on his shoulder, while she ate the food he had arranged for her with the other. He taught her to tell the time of day by passing her hand over his watch, to dust his books and papers without disturbing them —a rare art! She had the aptitude for music that so often attends blindness, and Stanley taught her to sing his favourite songs. When he was in his room she would sit knitting (Mary Gretton, in her vacations, taught her to knit,) at his feet hour after hour without interrupting him, only too happy if he now and then dropped a kind word, or stroked her head caressingly. Those who may have known what it is to make the whole sum of happiness to any human being, will not wonder that Stanley lived on at Staats' long after he was kept there by prudential motives. Latterly he had been trying to persuade the grandparents to send Adela to the Asylum for the Blind; but as yet they had resisted all his arguments, considering it as too violent an innovation of old ways, and in their hearts, I believe, assenting to Phillis' declaration, "that it was a thwarting of Providence to teach the blind to read, when it was as *clare* as daylight he never meant they should." Little Adela was neither a beauty nor a genius, but there was an expression of cheerfulness on her blind countenance that shone on Stanley like the reflection of a good deed.

It was on this child's account that he was so anxious the three thousand dollars should not be jeoparded. It was all her grandfather possessed in the world to transmit. Besides this, he had nothing but a life estate in the house he occupied, and an annuity of two hundred dollars. Gretton found Adela, when he reached home, sitting on her little bench in the corner knitting: her tears were dropping fast over her work. "Adela, my dear child, what is the matter?" he asked. At the sound of his voice the sun shone out; she dashed off her tears. "Oh, it's nothing!" she said, "that is, you will think it nothing. Phillis has drowned *all* the kittens; she might have left me one for company when you are gone. I love the old cat dearly; but she is so old, she never says anything; everything in the house is old, but you and I, Mr. Gretton." Phillis had threatened this *noyade* before Stanley went out, and he had called at Thorburn's and bought a canary to comfort his favourite. It would be home in an hour or two; he told her so, and changed her sorrow into raptures.

"Now, Addy," he said, "stop thanking me, and tell me if your grandfather has come home?"

"Yes, and he is out of tune, too; he ate but half his rooletjeer; and I hear him every two minutes knocking out his pipe. What can be the matter?"

"Something," thought Stanley, "that I fear will take the rooletjeers out of all your mouths:" and he proceeded to the next room, where he found Staats without any indication of disturbance on his round rubicund face, (his muscles had hardened into quietude,) save a little heightening of his colour. "You have been out this morning, Mr. Staats?"

"Why, yes; don't I always go out?" There was the slightest shade of petulance in the reply; but it was ominous, for it was the first Stanley had ever observed from the serene old man.

"Did you look at the stock sales? The United States Bank stock is up to-day; it is a good time to sell."

"So I thought; and I have sold."

"You have done wisely, I think. Competent judges predict trouble to that bank: and your property should be as secure as property can be made."

"Yes; and the best security, my father used to say, is in good lots in the city; there's always plenty of settlers on them, and they can't burn up, nor fly away, though they keep rising;" and the old man smiled at his own dull joke, one of the few he had ever perpetrated.

"Yes," said Stanley, "they are rising, but in such a fashion that I trust you are not one of the

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persons to be led off on a wildgoose chase after them."

"I don't call it a wildgoose chase, Mr. Stanley; city lots are sure; my father always said so. I should like before I die to own a little land; and, as Mr. Harvey says, when it is raining gold, why should I hide my head in a cellar? and would you advise me—"

"Mr. Gretton!—*Stanley*, do come here," called out Adela.

"That is"—continued the old man stumbling on like one who longs to get the benefit of a communication which he is ashamed to make—"that is—supposing—if a great bargain offered, and you had—pretty much—agreed, supposing the papers were not yet signed—"

"Stanley, do come here just one moment," again cried Adela. Stanley broke off and obeyed the impetuous call. "Hush, Stanley, listen!" The door was open into the entry. "I must see him now," said some one to Phillis, who was reiterating that she should not call Mr. Gretton, that she had orders always to send business people to his office.

"Did you ever hear such a queer, cracked, pitiful old voice; do speak to him, Stanley."

Stanley instantly recognised the voice, and was as eager the speaker should not be sent away from other motives, as Adela was from compassion. He darted into the entry. "Oh, Mr. Gretton, sir," said the man, the old carpenter, "I want to speak a word with you; I wont intrude long."

"Come up into my room, Mr. Ross."

The old man started. "Who told you my name?"

"John, my office-boy. Why, is it a secret?"

"No—no—I never denied my name—nobody can say I ever did—excuse me, I am shattered to pieces;" he wiped the perspiration from his brow: "I had rather not go up into your room, I am better in the open air, walk out here a few steps with me." Stanley snatched his hat and accompanied him, forgetting Harmann Staats, and his investments, and his last hypothetical position; 'and supposing the papers were not signed,' and when he turned round the block with Ross, by one corner, Mr. Harvey came round by the other, with a notary and the papers that, being signed ten minutes after, introduced a fatal disturbance into old Harmann's quiet bosom, that haven so fortified by nature and custom.

"I have not seen a well hour," said Ross, "since May-day when I put up your shelves, and I am afeard I shan't live to see Augustine Clavers again; maybe you have heard from him since I saw you?"

"Yes, and he is now on his way home."

"Lord have mercy upon me and spare me to that day!—how long will it be?—how many days yet?—I am very weak!" the old man was obliged to stop and brace himself against an iron railing.

"I cannot say; he has been at sea five days now; it may be thirty, or even forty; the passages are long at this season."

"Thirty—forty—I may hold out. Do you think I will?—don't look at me so, I can't be more than dead, any way."

Stanley was convinced the old man's brain was affected, and though he longed, indescribably, to find out what his relations with Clavers were, he was too manly, too generous to take advantage of the poor wretch's weakness. "I merely looked at you, my friend," he said soothingly, "to be able better to answer your question. I hope you will live to see your friend, and long after, if you desire it."

"Desire it!—I do—life is bad enough, but who can tell what will come after?"

"Something far better for you, I trust," said Stanley.

"Do you?—do you?—God reward you—but, I am failing every day, every day weaker. If I should die and not see him, give him this;" the old man drew a small parcel from his bosom; "but if I am living when he comes home, return it to me. The boy, John, can tell you if I'm living or not. Sometimes I think I will send for you to come and speak with me—the feeling takes me of a sudden—maybe I am not always in my right mind—but if, when I am at the last gasp, and can't put pen to paper, I send you a ring for a token—a diamond ring—you'll come?"

"Most certainly I will."

"And, don't think it strange I am asking a favour of you; I am a lone old man—it's nothing to you—I know that—you'll promise me not to say anything about me to Augustine Clavers—you will?"

Gretton hesitated; and after a moment, resolving not to fetter himself by any promise, he replied, "that he would say nothing unless he had some other motive than idle curiosity!" Ross looked alarmed; he intreated, he wept, but Stanley was firm, and at last quite exhausted, he sank down on a door-step. The passers by began to gather about him; Stanley called to a hackney coach. The old man refused to get into it, and seeing an empty cart passing, he beckoned to its driver, and stimulated by the desire to escape observation, he got into it with steadiness, and told the man to drive him to Cherry Street. He was soon out of sight, and forgotten by all but Stanley Gretton.

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AUNT MERCY.

BY MRS. C. LEE HENTZ.

PART II.

About three months after my interview with Aunt Mercy under the elm tree, I received a letter from my sister Laura, inviting me in the name of Mrs. Belmont, to become a guest of that lady, that I might be present at her own wedding, which was about to be consummated. A summons from another world could hardly have been more astounding. I had become so completely domesticated with Aunt Mercy, so accustomed to the regularity and solemnity of her household arrangements, and the seclusion of her cottage life, that I shrunk with dismay from mingling in scenes for which nature and education so completely unfitted me. I could not bear the idea of leaving Aunt Mercy, who seemed to me every day drawing nearer, perceptibly nearer, to her everlasting rest. I thought I could perceive a change in her ever since the agitating evening when I had so incautiously stirred the slumbering depths of memory. "No," said I, closing the letter, and laying it in her lap, "I cannot leave you, Aunt Mercy, even to attend my sister's wedding. My presence will not add to *her* happiness, and it is necessary to *yours*. Another thing, I dread the temptations that surround her, and fear I might lose the tranquillity of mind I have acquired since my residence with you."

"The principles that cannot resist temptation, my dear Fanny," replied she, "are not founded on the Rock of ages. If they are based on sand, it is better that the winds and waves should beat against them and prove their weakness, before the storm from which there is no shelter shall descend, and the soul be lost in the ruins. You are very young, and the world is all before you. You have a part to act in its busy scenes, which you must not shrink from performing. When your father returns he will claim his own, and if, through the divine blessing, you have here been taught in what manner to fulfil your filial duties, you may, by gentleness, meekness, and piety, 'allure to brighter worlds and lead the way.' Your sister, too, has a claim on your sympathy, which ought not to be disregarded. Your companionship at such a moment may be a blessing to her, without proving a snare to yourself."

"You think it, then, my duty to go?" said I, surprised to find that my inclinations did not rebel at the decree.

"I do," she replied; "for the ties of nature should never be entirely sundered. To one who, like me, is about to pass away to that country inhabited by one great family of love, it matters not how few links remain of life's broken chain. But you, I trust, have many days in prospect; and young hearts, like the vines of the forest, love to interlace together, and though weak in themselves, thus form a shelter from the tempest, and a barrier from the strong."

I was astonished at Aunt Mercy's decision, but yielding implicitly to her judgment, I commenced my preparations for a speedy departure.

"I shall shame my fashionable sister," said I, as I folded my garments of plain, undecorated white, and placed them in my trunk; "and my manners will be as rustic as my dress."

"Carry with you the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, my child," exclaimed my venerable aunt, "and you will far transcend the daughters of fashion. The lily of the valley is clothed in white, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Oh! my dear Fanny," continued she, "be not yourself ashamed of the robes of Christian simplicity, nor fear to adorn the doctrines of God, your Saviour, in the midst of an ungodly world."

"Ah! let me stay," cried I, inexpressibly affected by the solemnity of her manner; "I fear to enter upon scenes so untried and so dangerous. Laura cares not for me, and, perhaps, only asked my presence from a sense of duty."

"And does not that sense urge you to acceptance?" said she. "I wish you to love each other, and endeavour to strengthen the bonds of sisterly affection. If you tremble at untried dangers, you know whose strength can be made perfect in your weakness."

Thus, till the very moment of my departure, did this aged saint continue to fortify my mind, from the armory of the gospel, against the assaults of temptation. I cannot describe the feelings with which I bade her farewell. There seemed a halo of sanctity drawn around her, over which no dark passion ever rolled; and while near her, I could move in the light of this hallowed circle, safe from those influences which were never permitted to encroach on its lustre. But aloof from her, what clouds might darken, what meteors cross my path? Then, the dread that I should never see her more, overwhelmed me. I wanted to be near Aunt Mercy when she *died*. I wanted to see how a *Christian could die; to witness*, as well as *believe*, the triumph of faith over the terrors of death, and to catch the lingering light of the spirit's upward track. Long after I had received her parting blessing, I continued to look back through blinding tears, at her still, stately figure, as she stood, invested with time's prophetic majesty, on the threshold of her dwelling, till the winding of the road concealed her from my view.

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At the end of the second day, I arrived at Mrs. Belmont's; whose large mansion, illuminated brilliantly in front, contrasted so strikingly with Aunt Mercy's low cottage and solitary lamp, my heart died within me, in apprehension of the magnificence within. It was a mild evening in early summer, and the curtains were festooned back to admit the air that flowed in, loaded with the fragrance of the flowers that bordered the yard; and through the opening, I could discern figures moving backward and forward in the apartment, and amidst them I plainly distinguished that of Laura, leaning on the arm of a gentleman, who, I imagined, must be her future bridegroom. She was gaily dressed; her cheeks were flushed with excitement, and her eyes sparkled vividly as they were upturned to him, who was leaning down, as if to catch the faintest sound of her voice. My heart yearned towards her. She was my only sister, and she was so beautiful, so much more beautiful than I had ever seen her before! There was such a sunshine on her countenance, it surely must have flowed from the fountain of the heart.

As soon as I was announced, she came to the door to greet me, and kissed me with affectionate cordiality; but when I threw my arms around her, and clasped her closer to me, she endeavoured to loosen herself from the hold, and said in a tone betwixt mirth and vexation—"Why Fanny, you are as rustic as ever; you will ruin my dress; only see what a fright you have made of me." Then smoothing down the folds of her dress, and arranging her disordered lace, her eyes ran over my figure with a criticising glance. At length, bursting into a loud laugh, she exclaimed—"A second edition of Aunt Mercy, revised and corrected by all that's ancient! I never saw such a resemblance in my life. You have caught her very expression, and the sound of her voice."

"I wish I could indeed resemble her, Laura," replied I, wounded at her levity, and chilled by her coldness. I despaired of her ever having one feeling in unison with mine. There seemed a gulf between us with icy edges, on which sensibility shivered and sought in vain to pass over. I pleaded weariness, and was permitted to retire to the chamber prepared for me, and Laura returned to company far more congenial than mine. Never did I feel more sad and lonely than that evening, when, seated by myself in a little recess by the bedside, I heard the confused sounds of merriment, mingled with music, rising from below, and thought that probably there was not one being in the household who remembered an omnipresent Deity, or felt that He had one claim on their reverence, gratitude and love. How I longed for the wings of the dove, that I might fly back to my beloved cottage, and its holy-minded inmate! I already began to feel the effects of coming in contact with vanity and selfishness. Laura's ridicule of my personal appearance stung me to the quick. I rose, and looking at myself in a mirror much larger and more magnificent than any I had ever yet seen, contrasted my face, pale from weariness and disfigured by tears, with Laura's brilliant complexion and starry eyes, and my figure, dressed in the simplicity of childhood, yet with something of the formality of age, with hers, modelled by the hand of art, and decorated with the prodigality of fashion. Conscious of the unworthy motives that led me to the comparison, I blushed even in solitude, and turning away from a contemplation that humbled and depressed me, I met the glance of a very lovely woman, just entering the apartment.

"And this is Laura's sister," exclaimed she, taking both my hands in hers, and gazing smilingly in my face; "I wanted to welcome you the moment I heard of your arrival; but I could not leave some friends who were about taking their departure. You must not feel as if you were a stranger here. I hope, in time, you will like me as well as Aunt Mercy."

It was impossible not to be charmed by the sweetness and grace of Mrs. Belmont's manner, and the sound of her voice was inexpressibly soothing.

"You are yet, I perceive," added she, twisting her jewelled fingers through ringlets, which had never been shorn, "an untutored child of nature. You must not suffer these beautiful tresses to come under the hands of a fashionable hair-dresser. They correspond exactly with your style of dress, which is quite *taking* from its simplicity."

My wounded vanity was rapidly healing, while Mrs. Belmont distilled such honied accents.

"I feared I should shock you by my unfashionable ways," replied I; "Laura has already been laughing at my obsolete garments. But indeed, my dear madam, if you are satisfied, I would rather be permitted to dress as I have been accustomed to, for I should feel very strange, attired as my sister now is."

"You shall do exactly as you please, my dear. And I assure you, perfect simplicity is charming from its novelty, and is particularly attractive to the other sex. You must not mind Laura's raillery. Her beauty is of such a brilliant kind, that ornaments are in keeping with it; but yours is of a gentler character, and becomes the simple garb you wear."

My beauty! It was the first time I had received a direct compliment to my beauty; and after this graceful and flattering lady had retired, I again turned to the mirror to see if my features justified her eulogium. My cheeks were no longer pale, and the dimness caused by tears had vanished in the sunshine of her smiles. I smoothed the disordered ringlets she had so much admired, and as they waved in the lamp-light in golden ripples, I wondered I had not been more sensible of their beauty. Conscience, at this moment, like the ring of Syndaric, gave a warning pressure, or rather a greater than Syndaric manifested his presence to my soul, by one of those silent admonitions which were heard by the prophet in "the still small voice."

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I searched for the Bible which Aunt Mercy had put in my trunk with her own hands, and turning to some chapters we had often read together, and which were associated with the remembrance of our hours of nightly devotion, the mists of vanity soon evaporated in the heavenly beams of the Sun of Righteousness. I forgot where I was. I imagined myself once more in my little chamber, far from the temptations of the world; when a stifled laugh from behind roused me from my abstraction; and looking up, I saw Laura peeping over my shoulder.

"Well, little Aunt Mercy," cried she, "I am glad to see you so well employed. You must read a chapter for me, too, for I am too tired and sleepy to do it myself."

"Then you do read your Bible, Laura?" said I, eagerly. "I feared you would think it an unfashionable book."

"Yes, sometimes I do," answered she, carelessly; "but I don't know what good it does me, as I cannot understand it." Then perceiving me opening my lips, she continued—"Now, Fanny, do not begin to preach to me, for I cannot bear it. I sent for you, because, on such an occasion, I would not like to have you absent, and Mrs. Belmont desired it. But you must remember that you are among a very different set of people here from those you have been associated with; and if you do not wish to mortify me to death, you must lay aside your old-fashioned ways till you return. But one thing I must settle between us: there is to be no *preaching*, such as I was obliged to endure when Aunt Mercy came to see us."

"Oh! Laura," cried I, "what injustice you do to the character of Aunt Mercy. To me she seems more like an angel than a human being. She never forces religion upon you, but her whole life is a sermon; and she cannot breathe without diffusing around her an atmosphere of piety—"

Laura interrupted me by humming a gay tune; and unbraiding her long hair, she prepared for her nightly rest. I saw it was in vain to contend with such unconquerable levity; and in silence followed her example. But when I saw her lay her cheek on her pillow, without so much as bending her knee in prayer, I could not resist the impulse that threw me upon my knees by her side, and led me to exclaim—"Forgive me, my sister, but I dare not see thee court such unblest slumbers. Let us kneel together even as we have done when children, and pray the Almighty to overshadow us both with the wings of His love during the dark, midnight hour."

Laura raised herself on her elbow, and looked down upon me with unaffected surprise. Her countenance was moved for a moment; and as I watched her quivering lip, my heart palpitated with unutterable emotion. But as if ashamed of her transient sensibility she threw herself back with a faint laugh, and said, "you are the strangest girl I ever saw in my life. You may pray till you are as old as Methuselah if you like, but don't disturb me any longer." Then closing her eyes, she pretended to be in a deep sleep, while I, still kneeling, gazed intently on her face, and thought with anguish, that the time *would* come when the high pulses of youthful pride would cease to beat in that rebellious heart, and the touch of death chill the warm roses of her cheek. "Oh! beautiful, but prayerless and ungodly sister," thought I, "in that hour where will thy spirit turn for consolation, and where will be its final home?" I shuddered and wept. I could not bear the overwhelming feelings that came over me. I rose, and, extinguishing the light, sat down in the moonlight till my soul became hushed to tranquillity, in the contemplation of the most beautiful and the most glorious of the Creator's works. Then it rose in rapture, as I gazed on the stars that girdled the heavens, as with a resplendent zone, and thought that all this matchless jewelry was but the dust of the Creator's dwelling-place. My spirit expanded with this sublime idea; and, taking in world after world in their revolving course, swelled with the consciousness of its own immortal powers, and soared higher and higher till it was lost in the abyss of Deity. But I must not linger too long on contemplative heights. I have some events to relate more interesting than my lonely musings, and I will hasten to Laura's bridal eve, passing over the intervening time, which was mostly employed in preparations for the event.

There was something bewildering to me in the novelty and brilliancy of the scene. I was astonished at my own magnificence, for Mrs. Belmont had presented me with a dress, similar to Laura's in the beauty of its texture, but made with such perfect simplicity, that Aunt Mercy herself could not have condemned it. She wreathed a garland of white roses in my hair, saying it was the only ornament she would ask me to wear, and that I could not refuse to adopt the emblem of innocence and youth. Laura looked so lovely, I wondered I had ever thought her handsome before; and as she leaned on her bridegroom's arm, a tall, fine looking young man, it was remarked by many, they had seldom seen a more interesting looking pair. He evidently loved my sister, and I believe she loved him with all the depth of feeling of which her nature was capable. I trembled when I heard the solemn words that bound them together till death should part, in the awful name of God. I remembered the divine guest of Cana, and sighed to reflect that He was banished from a festival, once sanctified by his presence, and glorified by a manifestation of miraculous power.

There was a brother of the bridegroom, Eustace Moreland, who came from a distant city to be present at the nuptials. His exterior reminded me of Aunt Mercy's description of the ill-fated Cleveland. He was pale and serious, and there was something in the thoughtful depths of his eye, and the soft, but manly tones of his voice that distinguished him from all present. Our mutual relation to the bride and bridegroom naturally drew

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us together; and though at first I was too much oppressed with diffidence to enjoy his companionship, I soon gathered confidence in myself from the gentleness and deference of his manners. He had seen much of the world, and, probably, judging from my bashfulness and simplicity, that I had lived a hermit life, he sought to amuse me by describing its wonders and varieties. Then, as if he perceived through the veil of reserve, which was gradually lifting, some flashes of feeling and genius, he turned the conversation in another channel. He spoke of poetry and music in language that breathed of the eloquence of the one, and the sweetness of the other. Insensibly I forgot myself in listening to him, and uttered what nature and sensibility prompted. Surprised and delighted to find myself an object of almost exclusive attention to one who seemed so highly gifted, the evening glided away so unconsciously, I was startled when the company began to disperse. When alone, I found myself comparing the features, manners and conversation of my new friend, with the lover of Aunt Mercy; and when I remembered the impression her story had made on my mind, I trembled at the possibility of knowing from experience the truth of her vivid descriptions. Again the monitor within warned me that reflections like these were not the last that should linger in my mind before seeking that communion with God which I had learned to consider a privilege but little lower than the angels enjoy. "No!" said I, as I unbound the mimic roses from my brow, "let not the equanimity of my soul be lost. The days of bridal festivity will soon be over, and I shall return to the seclusion of my cottage. There every day I seemed drawing nearer and nearer to heaven, but here I feel I am but a child of earth. All around me whispers of vanity, and my own weak heart echoes back the sound."

Day after day passed away, and I was still associated with Eustace Moreland, in the morning ride and the evening walk. In twilight shades and moonlight hours, in scenes "where music breathed its balm," he was ever at my side, till I became accustomed to identify him with every thought of the present, and every dream of the future. His sentiments were so pure and lofty, he expressed such reverence for the Deity, such an admiration for his works, such aspirations after a higher and holier state of being, that I considered the delight I felt in his companionship but a homage to virtue and religion. So entire was my confidence in the strength of his religious principles, that I ventured to reveal to him the anguish I felt at Laura's disregard of all sacred things, and the interdiction I received from her whenever I endeavoured to rouse her to a sense of her danger and madness. He sympathized in my sorrow, and wondered how she could be insensible to the admonitions of a love so holy and disinterested. I described to him Aunt Mercy's evangelical character, and he listened with a reverence and attention which I thought nothing but religious awe could inspire. Ignorant of the world, incapable of deception, and willing to be deceived, it is not strange that I was deluded; yet I knew not the depth of the delusion, till accident revealed the true character of him whom my imagination had exalted so high above his fellow mortals.

One evening, about twilight, I sat alone in a little room contiguous to the parlour, whither I had retired to write to Aunt Mercy. Mrs. Belmont called it her *boudoir*, and allowed, as she said, but a privileged few to enter it. It was separated from the parlour by folding doors; but in summer there were green damask curtains, which could be festooned back, or suffered to fall, at the will of the occupant of this tasteful apartment. The shades were gathering so fast, I could not see to continue my occupation; and laying aside my pen, I watched the prismatic hues of the clouds that lingered in the wake of the setting sun. Footsteps and voices in the adjoining room roused me from my reverie; and as soon as I discovered the tones of Eustace and his brother, I trembled with an undefinable apprehension of guilt in listening, though I could not summon confidence enough to emerge from my involuntary concealment.

"I never thought you a hypocrite before," said Horace Moreland, the husband of Laura, "but you now act the part of a most accomplished one."

"I would rather hear you *assert* than *insinuate*, Horace, as you have often done before," replied Eustace; "but if I am a hypocrite, I am an unconscious one."

"An unconscious one!" repeated Horace, laughing; "do you not know that Fanny Bellenden looks upon you as a second St. Paul, and that you are deceiving her little saintship by a show of religion, while your heart is a stranger to its influence? Laura says that Fanny believes you a male Aunt Mercy, and as such almost worships you."

Here I endeavoured to rise and escape; but my limbs were powerless from increasing agitation, and I was compelled to remain and listen to words which dispelled the brightest illusion that had ever irradiated my young existence.

"I fear I am doing wrong," replied Eustace, in an earnest tone, "but Heaven knows, without any premeditated deception. I know nothing about religion, I confess; but in the presence of Fanny Bellenden, I feel as if possessed of a purer and better nature than I have ever known before. And when she converses of holy themes, I find myself following her unawares, without knowing the path I am treading. My soul, like a dark stream on which the moonbeams fall, reflects the light of hers, but, unconscious as the waters of the source whence the illumination proceeds, it remains, like them, in shadow when the light is withdrawn."

"Always poetical, always on the stilts of sentiment," retorted his gay brother. "But I would seriously warn you against falling too deeply in love with this little Puritan. She is pretty, I grant, and there is a novelty about her that is her greatest fascination in your eyes; but when that wears off, you will find her but an insipid com-

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panion. Depend upon it, you can never be happy with a woman whose greatest delight is in reading psalms and singing hymns, and who may turn your home into a conventicle. Laura and I harmonize delightfully. We are contented to enjoy the present without troubling ourselves about the future, and looking upon life as a fairy gift, we think we have a right to use it as we please. Take my advice, Eustace, and think not of marrying one so entirely uncongenial to yourself, and in common honesty do not sport with her feelings, or assume, to please her, the garb of sanctity and the language of priestcraft."

"I thank you for your counsel, brother," replied Eustace, in a cold proud tone; "but our views of domestic happiness are not exactly similar. It does not alarm me to think that the woman I love would turn with indifference or disgust from the voluptuousness of Moore, or the immorality of Bulwer. If she finds in the Bible a counter-charm to these dangerous authors, I would rather encourage her superstition than dispel it. I would never wish to break the delusion that has such a gentle, yet restraining influence on her character."

Here the brothers separated. Eustace walked into the garden and passed the window, where I was seated, but so shaded by the curtain, he did not perceive me, and so immovable did I remain, I must have resembled a statue more than a human being. I felt chilled to the heart's core. I had heard the faith delivered to the saints, and sealed by the blood of martyrdom, the truths for which an incarnate Deity had "bowed the heavens and come down," spoken of as *delusion*, by one whom my imagination had made but little lower than the angels. I had discovered that all the sublime and devotional sentiments he so eloquently breathed, were derived from such a frail being as myself, instead of that Being above all beings, whose attributes he professed to adore. So intense were my emotions, I forgot time and place. I scarcely was conscious that darkness was deepening around me, when Mrs. Belmont entering with a light, whose blinding rays streamed painfully upon me, reminded me of the strangeness of my situation.

"Bless me, Fanny," she exclaimed, "what is the matter with you? How pale you look! and your hand is as cold as ice."

I attempted to answer, but failing in the effort, burst into tears. Mrs. Belmont, in her own sweet, soothing manner, tried to restore me to composure; and believing me seriously ill, led me to my chamber, and lavished upon me a thousand cares. Ashamed of receiving attentions to which I thought I had no legitimate claim, I soon became outwardly tranquil, but it was the smoothness of the ice, while the current is rushing below. My resolution was formed, perhaps hastily, but I believe wisely. I determined to return to the guardianship of Aunt Mercy, where I could be once more safe from the storms of passion and the temptations of the world. I would never again be exposed to the mortification of hearing my influence so deprecated by one, or the danger of knowing it to be too deeply felt by another; for between that other and me a barrier was placed, high as the heavens and deep as the foundations of life.

When I again met Eustace Moreland, I was surprised at the composure of my feelings. It was not an assumed calmness, smoothing the surface, such as I had at first been able to command, but it came from the depths of a soul conscious of capacities it had never known before. To love a being who bounded his views to this little island, while mine were reaching over the shoreless ocean in which it is placed, seemed a degradation to me. I could not love the man I did not reverence.—I could not reverence the man, who was willing to grovel in the dust of infidelity, while gifted with powers that could bear him up to heaven, yea, the heaven of heavens, unveiled in the Apocalyptic vision. I looked at his face, and thought its very beauty was changed,—for the glory with which my imagination had invested it, was departed. The change of my feelings was visible in my countenance and manner. He could not account for it. He sought by all the fascinations of which he was master, to recall the enthusiasm which had lately animated our intercourse, but it was fled. At length unable to deceive, and entreated again and again to tell the cause of my altered manners, I told him of the conversation to which I had been an unwilling listener. At first he appeared greatly distressed and embarrassed, but recovering himself, he said he rejoiced that I knew him exactly as he was, for the consciousness that I believed him purer and better than he was, had long lowered him in his own eyes. I will not repeat the warm and eloquent language he used to convince me, that exclusive devotion to *me*, would be sufficient to secure my happiness, without regard to devotion to God. I will not repeat his sacrilegious expressions of jealousy of the *Being* who rivalled him in my affections. Then he exalted my influence, and declared that I had power to mould him at will, and to make him a proselyte to that faith, he had hitherto viewed as the dream of an enthusiast. It is astonishing how dispassionately I could listen, how calmly I could answer; but when the soul is brought up to a solemn determination, it receives strength from on high to carry out its own high resolves. I had loved Eustace as only the young unsophisticated heart can love; but the moment I found myself deceived in his character, the moment he became an object of *pity*, the spell that bound my senses was broken, and the *idol* was disenthroned.

In proportion as his power declined, the influence of that religion, whose light had become a little dimmed by the breathings of the worldlings around me, increased, and strengthened, and brightened. I longed to return to Aunt Mercy, and made known my wish to Mrs. Belmont, who vehemently opposed it. She was a kind and hospitable lady, who having no children to cheer her in

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her widowhood, and having an ample fortune, saw no better way of appropriating it than administering to the pleasures of others. Laura's beauty charmed her, and rendered the house attractive to the gay and fashionable. My simplicity pleased her, and she would gladly have retained me to fill the void Laura was about to make in her household. I was grateful for her kindness, but I was weary of the false splendour of her life. I felt something of that loneliness of spirit which oppressed the children of Israel when "by the rivers of Babylon they sat down and wept; they wept when they remembered Zion."

When I parted from Laura, who was evidently more than tired of my companionship, and angry at my rejection of Eustace, I could not repress the feelings of nature, which I feared were deadened in my bosom. "Oh! Laura," I exclaimed, "you are happy now, and may live without God in the world; but should dark days come, that come sooner or later to all, and you look in vain for comfort and support, remember us, oh! my sister; remember those who love you, and pray for you, and will continue to do so as long as they live." Laura smiled, looked at her husband as if she thought they both possessed immortality on earth, and turned away from my gaze. Eustace Moreland lingered when all others had bidden farewell. His silent grief affected me more than all his previous eloquence. I felt something of the early fascination he had exercised, enthralling me once more. The thought that we were parting perhaps never to meet again; never, through all the rolling ages of eternity, was awful! Horrible doubts swept for a moment, like cold midnight shadows, over my soul. If there were indeed no hereafter; if the heaven aspiring spirit were but the breath that warmed and animated the moulded clay, which constitutes our frames; if the grave were indeed our only portion, what would avail the sacrifice of love on the altar of religion? How bitterly I wept at the recollection of these impious surmises when the dark hour had gone by! How steadfastly did I turn my back upon the tempter, and how firmly did I clasp to my bosom the buckler that can alone resist his fiery arrows.

When I approached the cottage, my heart bounded, as if it would burst from emotion. It was the same hour, as when I first drew near it. I saw the same solitary lamp, gleaming from the windows, through the snowy folds, that looked as if they had never been ruffled since my departure. What if Aunt Mercy were dead! My bounding pulses almost ceased to beat at the suggestion. My hasty steps paused on the threshold, and my hand trembled as I lifted the latch. There she sat in her easy chair, her knitting in her lap, her open bible lying on the table by her side, the undecaying fires of eternity still flashing from her deep dark eyes. She welcomed me, as Noah did the weary dove, when she found no rest for her foot on a deluged world.

"You return to me, my child," she cried, laying her hand in blessing on my head, "to me, the aged and lonely; the grace of God has been sufficient for thee, for the strength to resist temptation cometh from above."

"I have indeed been tempted," said I, "but I am here, I am safe—I will never leave you more."

For the three succeeding months I continued to read, walk, and work, with Aunt Mercy, even as I had done before; but when the snows of winter drifted round the cottage, she no longer ventured abroad. Suddenly her limbs became palsied, and she was confined to her own room. During this time, I had heard but once from Laura, who boasted of her continued happiness, and laughed to scorn my predictions of darker days.

"You were a fool," she added, "to slight such a man as Eustace Moreland, but you need not think you have broken his heart, for since your departure he has been the gayest of the gay."

I lifted up my heart in silent gratitude to Heaven, that I had not endangered my everlasting peace, by yielding to the blandishments of one, whose love could pass so lightly away. Day after day Aunt Mercy's strength gradually declined. She could no longer leave her bed, and her palsied hands lay idly by her side. One night I sat by her, watching every breath she drew, fearing it might be her last. It was a tempestuous, gloomy night,—the wind rattled against the windows, and howled through the naked branches of the elms, with such a dismal, wailing sound, I shuddered to hear it. Imagination converted it into Aunt Mercy's funeral knell, and as I gazed upon her pale and sunken features, and thought I soon should be alone in the world, I remembered my father, and prayed the God of the mariner to keep him from shipwrecks and death, and bear him home in safety over the storm-lashed billows.

Towards midnight she seemed to revive, and calling me closer to her, bid me pass my arm beneath her head, that she might speak with less difficulty.

"Fanny," she said, "my Master is coming. He cometh on the wings of the wind. I am travelling through the deep waters, but I am not dismayed; I see from afar the green borders of the promised land. I see the shining ones walking the banks to meet me. I hear the rustling of their glorious wings." Her eyes closed with a smile, and she slumbered gently on my arm; then again arousing, she looked at me with unutterable solemnity. "I feel drawn back to earth once more," she said, "for I cannot take you with me—oh! my darling child, you know not how tender is the love of the dying. You have been to me a precious comforter. Even as Ruth clave to Naomi, hast thou cleaved unto me; and may my God be thy God, and the people of God thy friends. He who gave thee strength to resist an unhallowed love will never leave nor forsake thee. He will bless thee; He will bless thee;" continued she in a fainter voice, and once more the chamber was still as the grave. The gray shadows of death ga-

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thered coldly over her face, her head pressed heavy and more heavily on my arm, her features grew fixed and rigid, and still I moved not, but kept my eyes fastened on her brow, and my right hand clasped in her chill and powerless one, and it seemed to me I should never move again. I felt that I was upon the awful boundary line that divides time from eternity. The secrets of the invisible world seemed unveiled to my vision. I, too, seemed to have left my body of dust, and was ascending in the wake of Aunt Mercy's glorified spirit. Like the prophet of Israel, when he caught the mantle of inspiration from Elijah, as the burning wheels rolled upward, and exclaimed, "My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" my spirit's glance beheld the magnificent retinue of heaven, attending the newborn seraph on her way. How long I remained in this blissful trance I know not. The sound of carriage wheels driven hastily to the door first startled me. A loud, reiterated knocking alarmed me still more. Such a sudden tumult, contrasting with the silence of night and the stillness of death, was fearful. A servant descended and admitted the unexpected visitor. It was Eustace Moreland, alone, at the dead of night, thus disturbing the most awful, the most sacred moments of my existence. "Surely," thought I, "he comes on some dreadful errand. But the cup that my heavenly Father giveth me, shall I not drain?"

"Bid him come up hither," said I, to the weeping attendant, "I cannot leave the dead." I heard his step upon the stairs, I saw him enter the chamber, but I did not, could not move. His face was pale as marble, his hair disordered, his whole appearance indicated hurry and grief. He stopped, as though struck with horror, at the ghastly figure extended on the bed, then approaching me, he endeavoured to liberate my hand from the icy clasp of the dead.

"Oh, Fanny!" he exclaimed, "what a meeting is this! My poor, unfortunate brother! your unhappy sister! this bed of death!"

"My sister," was all I could utter. A deadly sickness came over me, and my head sunk on the cold bosom of Aunt Mercy. Eustace drew my arm gently away from the neck of her, who was no longer conscious of the caresses of affection, and raised me from my melancholy position.

"We are both mourners," cried he, in a faltering voice; "let sorrow once more unite our hearts. My brother is no more. He died by the hand of violence." Here covering his brow with his hand, his frame shook with repressed emotion.

"And Laura?" asked I, expecting to hear the consummation of horror.

"Laura," replied he, "is the most wretched of human beings. In the wild ravings of agony she calls for you. She prays you to hasten to her and save her, if you can, from madness and despair."

"She lives, then!" I cried, lifting up my hands in gratitude to Heaven; and the thought, that Laura, arrested in her thoughtless career of vanity and folly, by the mighty hand of God, might yet be brought, with the humility of a broken and contrite spirit, to declare the punishment was just, and that Eustace, too, smitten by the same chastening power, would turn from the dim shadow of philosophy, and embrace the sublime realities of religion, so melted me, that I wept, and found a consolation in my tears.

Eustace remained till the ashes of Aunt Mercy were laid in kindred dust. Long before she died, she had marked the spot for her grave. It was beneath the elm tree, in the soil that had drunk the blood of Cleveland, and her own bitter tears. The cold white snow, whose emblematic purity she loved, covered her grave; while the tree, loaded with wintry icicles, bent mournfully and bleakly over it. After the funeral rites were over, I lingered behind; and, kneeling on the chill ground, as the ancient Hebrews prayed to the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and Jacob, I implored the God of Aunt Mercy to strengthen and direct me. I thought I was alone, but Eustace was near; and kneeling by my side, evinced by that silent, but expressive act, a sympathy too deep and hallowed for words. "She is not dead, but sleepeth," cried I, as we rose together, and turned sadly homeward. "Aunt Mercy will rise again."

The last duties being performed to the dead, I hastened to comply with the request of the living. During our rapid journey, I learned the particulars of the sad catastrophe. A dispute which commenced at the gaming table, under the excitement of wine, terminated in a duel; and Horace was brought home weltering in his blood, to his wife and brother, who were entirely unconscious of the fatal transaction. The wound being in the head, caused the most excruciating and protracted sufferings, and he died in agonies that baffled description. Laura, who had passionately loved her husband, was in such a state of frenzy at his loss, and the dreadful circumstances that accompanied it, that no one dared to comfort her. Even Mrs. Belmont turned away, for kind and affectionate as she was, she could offer no antidote for grief like Laura's. I was appalled when I first beheld her, so changed did she look from the late bright and blooming bride. Her wild and blood-shot eyes, from which no tear had yet fallen, turned despairingly towards me, while her dry and quivering lips vainly endeavoured to articulate my name. Her hair, which had always been remarkable for its profusion, and which she had torn in the impotence of her grief, fell in damp, heavy masses over her colourless cheek, and her pale hands were clenched together with the palms thrown outwards, that gesture of all others most expressive of anguish.

"You told me it would come," at length she shrieked; "you told me the dark hour would come. Where is the comfort you promised? comfort me, or I die!"

Unhappy Laura! how my heart bled for her. Where was now the blithe and haughty spirit that

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had resisted my prayers and my tears, and made a mockery and scorn of those consolations she now vainly sought? Oh! if Christianity were indeed a fable, and the Christian and the infidel discovered, when they met on the brink of the grave, they had the same portion of darkness and annihilation, it would still be worth thrones and principalities and powers, for the sustaining influence it gives in sorrow and death. I will not dwell on the long and dreary days that succeeded to the paroxysms of maniac grief; nor describe the interviews with Eustace Moreland, that occasionally gilded their gloom; for were I to do so, this sketch would become a volume; but wishing to illumine these somewhat dark pages with some bright and lovely tints, I will pass on to another scene in the drama of my life. The events of years may be gathered from the simple outline presented to the view.

It was a lovely day in early autumn, before "decay's effacing fingers" had touched one hue of beauty, or dimmed one ray of glory, which adorned or brightened the face of nature. It was a lovely Sabbath-day, and the city's myriad spires glistening in the sunbeams, and the city's deep-toned bells mingling in solemn harmony, told that man was not forgetful of the commands of his Maker, but remembered the Sabbath-day and hallowed it. I walked to the sound of those sweet and solemn bells, towards one of those sun-gilded domes. I entered the church where a crowded audience were gathered to listen to an eloquence, which was said to surpass that of the sons of men. A lady and gentleman sat on either side of me. The lady was young and lovely, but she was very pale, and dressed in the deepest mourning; and her mild, dark eye had a pensive, subdued expression, that spoke of chastened sorrows, and early blighted hopes. The gentleman looked weather-beaten and brown, and his mien was that of a man who had been accustomed to tread the reeling deck. It was my father, escaped from perils on sea, and who now shared the home of his widowed daughter, on whose face the second beatitude was now stamped in heavenly characters. Mrs. Belmont also sat near, who had not witnessed unmoved or unblest, the process of Laura's moral regeneration.

When the majestic notes of the organ died away on the ear, the minister arose, and every eye was bent on his face. His cheek was at first pale, but it soon glowed with the fervour of his feelings. His voice was at first low, but it swelled with the inspiration of his soul; and as his dark, serious eye swept over the throng, it seemed to kindle where it beamed. I thought that eye sometimes rested on me, as if there was one present dearer than all the rest, and I bowed my head, fearing that some feelings of human pride mingled with the joy and gratitude that pervaded my being. It was Eustace Moreland. It was my husband, who presided over that almost breathless congregation, and ministered unto them the words of eternal life. Unworthy of a felicity, transcending the destiny of woman, I can only raise my heart to heaven, and exclaim, "Bless the Lord, oh! my soul, and all that is within me, bless and praise His holy name!"

THE INLET OF PEACH BLOSSOMS;

OR,

THE FRAILTY OF FAIR TEH-LEEN.

A passage from Chinese History

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The Emperor Yuentsoong, of the dynasty Chow, was the most magnificent of the long descended succession of Chinese sovereigns. On his first accession to the throne, his character was so little understood, that a conspiracy was set on foot among the yellow-caps, or eunuchs, to put out his eyes, and place upon the throne the rebel Szema, in whose warlike hands, they asserted, the empire would more properly maintain its ancient glory. The gravity and reserve which these myrmidons of the palace had construed into stupidity and fear, soon assumed another complexion, however. The eunuchs silently disappeared; the mandarins and princes, whom they had seduced from their allegiance, were made loyal subjects by a generous pardon; and in a few days after the period fixed upon for the consummation of the plot, Yuentsoong set forth in complete armour at the head of his troops to give battle to the rebel in the mountains.

In Chinese annals this first enterprise of the youthful Yuentsoong is recorded with great pomp and particularity. Szema was a Tartar Prince of uncommon ability, young like the emperor, and, during the few last imbecile years of the old sovereign, he had gathered strength in his rebellion, till now he was at the head of ninety thousand men, all soldiers of repute and tried valour. The historian has unfortunately dimmed the emperor's fame to European eyes, by attributing his wonderful achievements in this expedition, to his superiority in arts of magic. As this account of his exploits is only prefatory to our tale, we will

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simply give the reader an idea of the style of the historian by translating literally a passage or two of his description of the battle.

"Szema now took refuge within a cleft of the mountain, and Yuentsoong, upon his swift steed, outstripping the body-guard in his ardour, dashed amid the paralysed troops with poised spear, his eyes fixed only on the rebel. There was a silence of an instant, broken only by the rattling hoofs of the intruder, and then, with dishevelled hair and waving sword, Szema uttered a fearful imprecation. In a moment the wind rushed, the air blackened, and with the suddenness of a fallen rock, a large cloud enveloped the rebel, and innumerable men and horses issued out of it. Wings flapped against the eyes of the emperor's horse, hellish noises screamed in his ears, and, completely beyond control, the animal turned and fled back through the narrow pass, bearing his imperial master safe into the heart of his army.

"Yuentsoong, that night, commanded some of his most expert soldiers to scale the beetling heights of the ravine, bearing upon their backs the blood of swine, sheep, and dogs, with other impure things, and these they were ordered to shower upon the combatants at the sound of the imperial clarion. On the following morning, Szema came forth again to offer battle, with flags displayed, drums beating, and shouts of triumph and defiance. As on the day previous, the bold emperor divided, in his impatience, rank after rank of his own soldiery, and, followed closely by his body-guard, drove the rebel army once more into their fastness. Szema sat upon his war-horse as before, intrenched amid his officers and ranks of the tallest Tartar spearmen, and as the emperor contended hand to hand with one of the opposing rebels, the magic imprecation was again uttered, the air again filled with cloudy horsemen and chariots, and the mountain shaken with discordant thunder. Backing his willing steed, the emperor blew a long sharp note upon his silver clarion, and in an instant the sun broke through the darkness, and the air seemed filled with paper men, horses of straw, and phantoms dissolving into smoke. Yuentsoong and Szema now stood face to face, with only mortal aid and weapons."

The historian goes on to record that the two armies suspended hostilities at the command of their leaders, and that the emperor and his rebel subject having engaged in single combat, Yuentsoong was victorious, and returned to his capital with the formidable enemy, whose life he had spared, riding beside him like a brother. The conqueror's career, for several years after this, seems to have been a series of exploits of personal valour, and the Tartar prince shared in all his dangers and pleasures, his inseparable friend. It was during this period of romantic friendship that the events occurred which have made Yuentsoong one of the idols of Chinese poetry.

By the side of a lake in a distant province of the empire, stood one of the imperial palaces of pleasure, seldom visited, and almost in ruins. Hither, in one of his moody periods of repose from war, came the conqueror Yuentsoong, for the first time in years separated from his faithful Szema. In disguise, and with only one or two attendants, he established himself in the long silent halls of his ancestor Tsinchemong, and with his boat upon the lake, and his spear in the forest, seemed to find all the amusement of which his melancholy was susceptible. On a certain day in the latter part of April, the emperor had set his sail to a fragrant south wind, and reclining on the cushions of his bark, watched the shore as it softly and silently glided past, and, the lake being entirely encircled by the imperial forest, he felt immersed in what he believed to be the solitude of a deserted paradise. After skirting the fringed sheet of water in this manner for several hours, he suddenly observed that he had shot through a streak of peach blossoms floating from the shore, and at the same moment he became conscious that his boat was slightly headed off by a current setting outward. Putting up his helm, he returned to the spot, and beneath the drooping branches of some luxuriant willows, thus early in leaf, he discovered the mouth of an inlet, which, but for the floating blossoms it brought to the lake, would have escaped the notice of the closest observer. The emperor now lowered his sail, unshipped the slender mast, and betook himself to the oars, and as the current was gentle, and the inlet wider within the mouth, he sped rapidly on, through what appeared to be but a lovely and luxuriant vale of the forest. Still, those blushing betrayers of some flowering spot beyond, extended like a rosy clue before him, and with the impulse of muscles swelled and indurated in warlike exercises, the swift keel divided the besprent mirror winding temptingly onward, and, for a long hour, the royal oarsman untiringly threaded this sweet vein of the wilderness.

Resting a moment on his oars while the slender bark still kept her way, he turned his head towards what seemed to be an opening in the forest on the left, and in the same instant the boat ran, head on, to the shore, the inlet at this point almost doubling on its course. Beyond, by the humming of bees, and the singing of birds, there should be a spot more open than the tangled wilderness he had passed, and, disengaging his prow from the alders, he shoved the boat again into the stream, and pulled round a high rock, by which the inlet seemed to have been compelled to curve its channel. The edge of a bright green meadow now stole into the perspective, and, still widening with his approach, disclosed a slightly rising terrace clustered with shrubs, and studded here and there with vases; and farther on, upon the same side of the stream, a skirting edge of peach-trees, loaded with the gay blossoms which had guided him hither.

Astonished at these signs of habitation in what was well understood to be a privileged wilderness, Yuentsoong kept his boat in mid-stream, and with his eyes vigilantly on the alert, slowly made head-

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way against the current. A few strokes with his oars, however, traced another curve of the inlet, and brought into view a grove of ancient trees scattered over a gently ascending lawn, beyond which, hidden by the river till now by the projecting shoulder of a mound, lay a small pavilion with gilded pillars, glittering like fairy-work in the sun. The emperor fastened his boat to a tree leaning over the water, and with his short spear in his hand, bounded upon the shore, and took his way toward the shining structure, his heart beating with a feeling of wonder and interest altogether new. On a nearer approach, the bases of the pillars seemed decayed by time, and the gilding weather-stained and tarnished, but the trellised porticoes on the southern aspect were laden with flowering shrubs, in vases of porcelain, and caged birds sang between the pointed arches, and there were manifest signs of luxurious taste, elegance and care.

A moment, with an indefinable timidity, the emperor paused before stepping from the green sward upon the marble floor of the pavilion, and in that moment a curtain was withdrawn from the door, and a female, with step suddenly arrested by the sight of the stranger, stood motionless before him. Ravished with her extraordinary beauty, and awe-struck with the suddenness of the apparition and the novelty of the adventure, the emperor's tongue cleaved to his mouth, and ere he could summon resolution, even for a gesture of courtesy, the fair creature had fled within, and the curtain closed the entrance as before.

Wishing to recover his composure so strangely troubled, and taking it for granted that some other inmate of the house would soon appear, Yuentsoong turned his steps aside to the grove, and with his head bowed, and his spear in the hollow of his arm, tried to recall more vividly the features of the vision he had seen. He had walked but a few paces, when there came towards him from the upper skirt of the grove, a man of unusual stature and erectness, with white hair, unbraided on his shoulders, and every sign of age except infirmity of step and mien. The emperor's habitual dignity had now rallied, and on his first salutation, the countenance of the old man softened, and he quickened his pace to meet and give him welcome.

"You are noble?" he said, with confident inquiry.

Yuentsoong coloured slightly.

"I am," he replied, "Lew-melin, a prince of the empire."

"And by what accident here?"

Yuentsoong explained the clue of the peach blossoms, and represented himself as exiled for a time to the deserted palace upon the lakes.

"I have a daughter," said the old man abruptly, "who has never looked on human face, save mine."

"Pardon me!" replied his visitor, "I have thoughtlessly intruded on her sight, and a face more heavenly fair—"

The emperor hesitated, but the old man smiled encouragingly.

"It is time," he said, "that I should provide a younger defender for my bright Teh-leen, and Heaven has sent you in the season of peach blossoms, with provident kindness.* You have frankly revealed to me your name and rank. Before I offer you the hospitality of my roof, I must tell you mine. I am Choo-tseen, the outlaw, once of your own rank, and the general of the Celestial army."

The emperor started, remembering that this celebrated rebel was the terror of his father's throne.

"You have heard my history," the old man continued. "I had been, before my rebellion, in charge of the imperial palace on the lake. Anticipating an evil day, I secretly prepared this retreat for my family; and when my soldiers deserted me at the battle of Ke-chow, and a price was set upon my head, hither I fled with my women and children; and the last alive is my beautiful Teh-leen. With this brief outline of my life, you are at liberty to leave me as you came, or to enter my house on the condition that you become the protector of my child."

The emperor eagerly turned toward the pavilion, and, with a step as light as his own, the erect and stately outlaw hastened to lift the curtain before him. Leaving his guest for a moment in the outer apartment, he entered to an inner chamber in search of his daughter, whom he brought, panting with fear, and blushing with surprise and delight, to her future lover and protector. A portion of an historical tale so delicate as the description of the heroine, is not work for imitators, however, and we must copy strictly the portrait of the matchless Teh-leen, as drawn by Le-pih, the Anacreon of Chinese poetry, and the contemporary and favourite of Yuentsoong.

"Teh-leen was born while the morning star shone upon the bosom of her mother. Her eye was like the unblemished blue lily, and its light like the white gem unfractured. The plum-blossom is most fragrant when the cold has penetrated its stem, and the mother of Teh-leen had known sorrow. The head of her child drooped in thought, like a violet overladen with dew. Bewildering was Teh-leen. Her mouth's corners were dimpled, yet pensive. The arch of her brows was like the vein in the tulip's heart, and the lashes shaded the blushes on her cheek. With the delicacy of a pale rose, her complexion put to shame the floating light of day. Her waist, like a thread in fineness, seemed ready to break; yet was it straight and erect, and feared not the fanning breeze; and her shadowy grace was as difficult to delineate, as the form of the white bird, rising from the ground by moonlight. The natural gloss of her hair resembled the uncertain sheen of calm water, yet without the false aid of unguents. The native intelligence of her mind seemed to have gained strength

* The season of peach blossoms was the only season of marriage in ancient China.

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by retirement, and he who beheld her thought not of her as human. Of rare beauty, of rarer intellect was Teh-leen, and her heart responded to the poet's lute."

We have not space, nor could we, without copying directly from the admired Le-pih, venture to describe the bringing of Teh-leen to court, and her surprise at finding herself the favourite of the emperor. It is a romantic circumstance, besides, which has had its parallels in other countries. But the sad sequel to the loves of poor Teh-leen is but recorded in the cold page of history; and if the poet, who wound up the climax of her perfections, with her susceptibility to his lute, embalmed her sorrows in verse, he was probably too politic to bring it ever to light. Pass we to these neglected and unadorned passages of her history.

Yuentsoong's nature was passionately devoted and confiding; and, like two brothers with one favourite sister, lived together Teh-leen, Szema and the emperor. The Tartar Prince, if his heart knew a mistress before the arrival of Teh-leen at the palace, owned afterwards no other than her; and fearless of check or suspicion from the noble confidence and generous friendship of Yuentsoong, he seemed to live but for her service, and to have neither energies nor ambition except for the winning of her smiles. Szema was of great personal beauty, frank when it did not serve his turn to be wily, bold in his pleasures, and of manners almost femininely soft and voluptuous. He was renowned as a soldier, and, for Teh-leen, he became a poet and master of the lute; and, like all men formed for ensnaring the heart of woman, he seemed to forget himself in the absorbing devotion of his idolatry. His friend, the emperor, was of another mould. Yuentsoong's heart had three chambers—love, friendship, and glory. Teh-leen was but a third in his existence, yet he loved her—the sequel will show how well! In person he was less beautiful than majestic, of large stature, and with a brow and lip naturally stern and lofty. He seldom smiled, even upon Teh-leen, whom he would watch for hours in pensive and absorbed delight; but his smile, when it did awake, broke over his sad countenance like morning. All men loved and honoured Yuentsoong, and all men, except only the emperor, looked on Szema with antipathy. To such natures as the former, women give all honour and approbation; but for such as the latter, they reserve their weakness!

Wrapt up in his friend and mistress, and reserved in his intercourse with his counsellors, Yuentsoong knew not that, throughout the imperial city, Szema was called "the *kieu*," or robber-bird, and his fair Teh-leen openly charged with dishonour. Going out alone to hunt as was his custom, and having left his signet with Szema, to pass and repass through the private apartments at his pleasure, his horse fell with him unaccountably in the open field. Somewhat superstitious, and remembering that good spirits sometimes "knit the grass," when other obstacles fail to bar our way into danger, the emperor drew rein and returned to his palace. It was an hour after noon, and having dismissed his attendants at the city gate, he entered by a postern to the imperial garden, and bethought himself of the concealed couch in a cool grot by a fountain, (a favourite retreat, sacred to himself and Teh-leen,) where he fancied it would be refreshing to sleep away the sultriness of the remaining hours till evening. Sitting down by the side of the murmuring fount, he bathed his feet, and left his slippers on the lip of the basin to be unencumbered in his repose within, and so with unechoing step entered the resounding grotto. Alas! there slumbered the faithless friend with the guilty Teh-leen upon his bosom!

Grief struck through the noble heart of the emperor like a sword in cold blood. With a word he could consign to torture and death the robber of his honour, but there was agony in his bosom deeper than revenge. He turned silently away, recalled his horse and huntsmen, and, outstripping all, plunged on through the forest till night gathered around him.

Yuentsoong had been absent many days from his capital, and his subjects were murmuring their fears for his safety, when a messenger arrived to the counsellors informing them of the appointment of the captive Tartar Prince to the government of the province of Szechuen, the second honour of the Celestial empire. A private order accompanied the announcement, commanding the immediate departure of Szema for the scene of his new authority. Inexplicable as was this riddle to the multitude, there were those who read it truly by their knowledge of the magnanimous soul of the emperor; and among these was the crafty object of his generosity. Losing no time, he set forward with great pomp for Szechuen, and in their joy to see him no more in the palace, the slighted princes of the empire forgave his unmerited advancement. Yuentsoong returned to his capital; but to the terror of his counsellors and people, his hair was blanched white as the head of an old man! He was pale as well, but he was cheerful and kind beyond his wont, and to Teh-leen untiring in pensive and humble attentions. He pleaded only impaired health and restless slumbers as an apology for nights of solitude. Once, Teh-leen penetrated to his lonely chamber, but by the dim night lamp she saw that the scroll over his window* was changed, and instead of the stimulus to glory which formerly hung in golden letters before

* The most common decorations of rooms, halls and temples in China are ornamental scrolls or labels of coloured paper, or wood, painted and gilded, and hung over doors or windows, and inscribed with a line or couplet conveying some allusion to the circumstances of the inhabitant, or some pious or philosophical axiom. For instance, a poetical one recorded by Dr. Morrison:—

"From the pine forest the azure dragon ascends to the milky way,"

typical of the prosperous man arising to wealth and honours.

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his eyes, there was a sentence written tremblingly in black:—

"The close wing of love covers the death-throb of honour."

Six months from this period the capital was thrown into a tumult with the intelligence that the province of Szechuen was in rebellion, and Szema at the head of a numerous army on his way to seize the throne of Yuentsoong. This last sting betrayed the serpent even to the forgiving emperor, and tearing the reptile at last from his heart, he entered with the spirit of other times into the warlike preparations. The imperial army was in a few days on its march, and at Keo-yang the opposing forces met and prepared for encounter.

With a dread of the popular feeling toward Teh-leen, Yuentsoong had commanded for her a close litter, and she was borne after the imperial standard in the centre of the army. On the eve before the battle, ere the watch-fires were lit, the emperor came to her tent, set apart from his own, and with the delicate care and kind gentleness from which he never varied, inquired how her wants were supplied, and bade her, thus early, farewell for the night; his own custom of passing among his soldiers on the evening previous to an engagement, promising to interfere with what was usually his last duty before retiring to his couch. Teh-leen on this occasion seemed moved by some irrepressible emotion, and as he rose to depart, she fell forward upon her face and bathed his feet with her tears. Attributing it to one of those excesses of feeling to which all, but especially hearts ill at ease, are liable, the noble monarch gently raised her, and, with repeated efforts at reassurance, committed her to the hands of her women. His own heart beat far from tranquilly, for, in the excess of his pity for her grief he had unguardedly called her by one of the sweet names of their early days of love—strange word now upon his lip—and it brought back, spite of memory and truth, happiness that would not be forgotten!

It was past midnight, and the moon was riding high in heaven, when the emperor, returning between the lengthening watch-fires, sought the small lamp which, suspended like a star above his own tent, guided him back from the irregular mazes of the camp. Paled by the intense radiance of the moonlight, the small globe of alabaster at length became apparent to his weary eye, and with one glance at the peaceful beauty of the heavens, he parted the curtained door beneath it, and stood within. The Chinese historian asserts that a bird, from whose wing Teh-leen had once plucked an arrow, restoring it to liberty and life, in grateful attachment to her destiny, removed the lamp from the imperial tent, and suspended it over hers. The emperor stood beside her couch. Startled at his inadvertent error, he turned to retire; but the lifted curtain let in a flood of moonlight upon the sleeping features of Teh-leen, and like dew-drops, the undried tears glistened in her silken lashes. A lamp burned faintly in the inner apartment of the tent, and her attendants slept soundly. His soft heart gave way. Taking up the lamp, he held it over his beautiful mistress, and once more gazed passionately and unrestrainedly on her unparalleled beauty. The past—the early past—was alone before him. He forgave her—there, as she slept, unconscious of the throbbing of his injured, but noble heart, so close beside her—he forgave her in the long silent abysses of his soul! Unwilling to wake her from her tranquil slumber, but promising to himself, from that hour, such sweets of confiding love as had well nigh been lost to him for ever, he imprinted one kiss upon the parted lips of Teh-leen, and sought his couch for slumber.

Ere daybreak the emperor was aroused by one of his attendants with news too important for delay. Szema, the rebel, had been arrested in the imperial camp, disguised and on his way back to his own forces, and like wildfire, the information had spread among the soldiery, who, in a state of mutinous excitement, were with difficulty restrained from rushing upon the tent of Teh-leen. At the door of his tent, Yuentsoong found messengers from the alarmed princes and officers of the different commands, imploring immediate aid and the imperial presence to allay the excitement, and while the emperor prepared to mount his horse, the guard arrived with the Tartar Prince, ignominiously tied, and bearing marks of rough usage from his indignant captors.

"Loose him!" cried the emperor in a voice of thunder.

The cords were severed, and with a glance whose ferocity expressed no thanks, Szema reared himself to his fullest height, and looked scornfully around him. Daylight had now broke, and as the group stood upon an eminence in sight of the whole army, shouts began to ascend, and the armed multitude, breaking through all restraint, rolled in towards the centre. Attracted by the commotion, Yuentsoong turned to give some orders to those near him, when Szema suddenly sprang upon an officer of the guard, wrenched his drawn sword from his grasp, and in an instant was lost to sight in the tent of Teh-leen. A sharp scream, a second of thought, and forth again rushed the desperate murderer, with his sword flinging drops of blood, and ere a foot stirred in the paralysed group, the avenging scimitar of Yuentsoong had cleft him to the chin.

A hush, as if the whole army were struck dumb by a bolt from Heaven, followed this rapid tragedy. Dropping the polluted sword from his hand, the emperor, with uncertain step, and the pallor of death upon his countenance, entered the fatal tent.

He came no more forth that day. The army was marshalled by the princes, and the rebels were routed with great slaughter; but Yuentsoong never more wielded sword. "He pined to death," says the historian, "with the wane of the same moon that shone upon the forgiveness of Teh-leen."

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THE BEAUX.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Continued from page 112.)

Mr. Twining now came out from the group that surrounded Ellen Denning. He stepped up to her sister and Mr. Stribling, and after two bows and three waves, he requested permission to inquire the subject they were discussing with so much animation.

"Don't let us tell him"—said Rosa to Mr. Stribling.

"What have I done that I should be doomed to pine in ignorance?"—asked Mr. Twining.

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise"—replied Stribling.

"What am I to understand by that?"—inquired Twining.

"What would you give to know?"—said Rosa.

"Can't you be generous enough to inform me gratis?"

"No—I am never generous."

"You give yourself a very severe character"—said Stribling.

"I like to be severe."

"I know you do, to my sorrow"—said Twining.

"Many a true word is spoken in jest"—remarked Stribling.

"But I am never in jest"—said Rosa.

"I am sorry to hear that"—said Twining.

"Why are you sorry?"

"I have always hoped that your cruelty to your admirers might be only in jest."

"I am not half so cruel as I ought to be."

"Yes, you are—I appeal to my friend Stribling. You use *him* rather worse than you use *me*."

"No I don't."

"Yes, you do."

Sabina Westmore, not over-desirous of hearing the recent duet repeated as a trio, changed her place to the vicinity of Ellen Denning, and left Rosa with Messrs. Stribling and Twining to the discussion of nothing.

Ellen had just seated herself on an ottoman with a beau at each side, and three more sitting on tabourets before her.

Miss Denning was volubly descanting on the everlasting subject of love, and discussing first love; second love; third love; love at first sight; love from childhood; love ripening into friendship, and friendship subsiding into love.

"Well—after all"—proceeded Ellen—"I certainly think that love at first sight ought to be the most lasting, as it is the strongest. There was Mr. Hexagon Blackboard that, with all his mathematics, fell in love with Sophia Splash one morning when Chestnut Street was all in a thaw, as he handed her over the dreadful crossing at Strawberry Alley, where she had been waiting more than a minute, till a gentleman should come along. His love began on seeing how fearlessly, when assisted by his hand, she stepped upon the lumps of floating ice—I heard it from good authority. Then there was Moneyworth Broadlands, that married the pretty French girl Tromperine La Ruse. He fell in love with her at a party because she smiled so sweetly, and said 'N'importe,' when in helping her to raspberry ice-cream, he spilt it all over her white silk dress (which some said was gros des Indes, and others gros d'Afrique). And he went and proposed the very next morning; though he had never seen or heard of her till the evening before. I have known hundreds and hundreds of persons that fell in love at first sight. And when they married they seemed to live as happily as other people."

"For my part"—said Mr. Slowmatch—"I think there can be little chance of happiness in married life unless the parties are both of the same standing in society; equal in point of fortune; of suitable age; on a par as to personal beauty; and exactly alike in mind, manners, and disposition. And to ascertain all this with proper accuracy, it is necessary that the families on both sides should have visited each other for at least twenty years, and that the young people should have been companions from early childhood."

"Very true"—said Ellen—"you always speak so sensibly, Mr. Slowmatch. To be sure, as you say, married people cannot be happy, that is *perfectly* happy, unless all suits, and they were playmates when children."

"Another thing"—proceeded Mr. Slowmatch—"besides being in every respect suited to each other, and being acquainted from infancy, they must never have felt any other attachment."

"Oh! yes"—resumed Ellen—"that of course is understood. Indeed, I see no possibility of loving more than once. Yes, it is quite impossible to love more than once, if you love truly."

"There are, however"—observed Mr. Skipton—"a thousand instances where second love has been deeper than the first, and more worthily placed."

"True enough"—replied the plastic Ellen—"the

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second time one loves, one has more experience and better taste. Second love is undoubtedly the best. But twice only—only twice."

"I have known hundreds of men make excellent husbands even to their fourth wives"—said Mr. Fiddleford—"and they seemed to love the last best of all."

"As to that"—sneered Mr. Skipton—"by the time a man arrives at his fourth wife, he must be pretty nearly in his doatage."

"Well"—said Ellen—"I see no reason, after all, why people should not fall in love a hundred times in the course of their lives, provided the objects were always handsome—worthy, I mean—Fanny Fanfly was engaged eight times before she was eighteen."

"What are you saying about engagements?"—inquired Norbert Lankley, who, with Anna hanging fast on his arm, had strolled into the front parlour in search of amusement; the back apartment having by tacit consent, been resigned to the affianced ones.

"Oh!—we are only saying they are very praiseworthy things"—said Mr. Skipton—"and the sooner we are all engaged the better."

"Miss Westmore"—said Mr. Lankley—"don't you play?—I have just been telling Anna that I thought a little music would enliven us greatly."

"We are lively enough in *this* room—all of us"—remarked Ellen.

"Still, I think all of us would be the better for a few sweet sounds"—observed Norbert—"you know 'Music hath charms to sooth a savage breast.'"

"I don't know what savages you mean"—said Anna poutingly—"I am sure, I'm not one."

"Oh! no"—replied Norbert, quickly—"yet stay,—yes you are. You are certainly a Belle savage; don't you know that story? Have you never read the Spectator?"

"To be sure I have not"—replied Anna—"you had better ask Sabina; I believe she is a great book-worm."

"I would rather ask Miss Westmore to favour us with a tune on the piano"—replied Lankley—"and a song if she pleases."

Sabina knew herself to be a good musician, and was too well-bred to make excuses when invited to play. Norbert Lankley conducted her to the piano, which was in the back parlour: the fair Anna clinging to his other arm, as if resolved not to let him escape from her. Ellen and Rosa Denning, finding that all the beaux were wending their way towards the music room, adjourned also to that apartment.

"What shall I play?"—inquired Sabina.

"Perhaps we have none of the music that you are accustomed to"—said Ellen.

"I believe I can play tolerably at sight"—replied Sabina—as she took her seat at the piano.

The gentlemen now all gathered round the instrument; each resolving to ask for his favourite air.

Sabina Westmore, when in company, always remembered that she ought to play for the gratification of others rather than for her own amusement. Therefore she never refused to indulge her hearers with such pieces as comported with *their* taste, however at variance with her own. She played with much science and elegance. She had a delightful and highly cultivated voice: her manner was replete with expression: and her music was always charming both to the practised and the unpractised ear. She went through several popular airs, and Mr. Stribling was so impolitic as to whisper to Rosa his approbation of Miss Westmore's singing.—"As to these common ballads"—said Rosa—"anybody can sing *them*—I don't suppose she has ever cultivated Italian music—or she would not have been so willing to sing these everyday things."

Just then Mr. Twining wavered up to the piano and requested an air of Bellini's or Rossini's—"whichever was most agreeable."

Sabina immediately commenced one of Bellini's finest compositions, and went through it in the original language, and in a manner which showed her familiarity with that style of music, and which proved that she was fully competent to elicit all its beauties.

"You told me Miss Westmore was a blue"—said Mr. Fiddleford to Ellen Denning—"I had no idea that blues ever played on pianos and sung songs."

"I am sure it is very much out of character for them to do so"—replied Ellen.

"Not when they can do it so very well"—observed Skipton—"Miss Westmore plays and sings as delightfully as if she had never read a book in her life."

"The blues now-a-days seem to aim at everything"—said Ellen—"I should not wonder, if in time, they were actually to set themselves up for belles."

"Then they would be blue-bells"—observed Norbert Lankley, laughing in an exemplary manner at his own wit.

Sabina now relieved the discontent of her cousins, by playing a new waltz. Instantly their faces brightened; for Norbert Lankley declaring it was a pity such good dancing-music should be wasted, seized Anna's hand and began to whirl round the room with her; his example being followed by Mr. Twining with Rosa, and Mr. Skipton with Ellen. Sabina, who had never allowed herself to waltz with a gentleman, regretted the advantage that had been taken of her playing the air, and after the third round she stopped; but was so vehemently assailed with entreaties to continue, that, unwilling to explain her scruples in presence of the beaux, and to draw on herself the accusation of over-fastidiousness, prudery, &c., she thought it best, for the present, to proceed.

In a few moments she was relieved by the sudden entrance of Mr. Denning; at the sight of whom, all his daughters let go their partners and scuttled

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to their seats, like children playing "My lady's toilet."

The beaux looked significantly at each other. "What's the matter now?"—inquired Norbert Lankley.

"I don't know"—replied Anna—"Pa' lets us do pretty much as we please, and ma' never meddles with us at all—but somehow he sets his face against waltzing—and when he *does* set his face he's hard and stiff enough."

"Pas are the greatest bores in creation"—observed Stribling.

Rosa Denning laughed, and slapped him with her handkerchief.

"So the cat broke up the ball"—hummed Norbert Lankley, in a half voice, as he led the giggling Anna to the sofa: that dove-like maiden rarely being brought to risibility except at something concerning her father.

The pa' having exchanged two or three words with two or three beaux that chanced to be nearest the door, nodded at a few more, and then placed himself at the centre-table, and drew from his pocket half a dozen newspapers, and at once set in to reading them.

Ellen Denning now rung the bell, and some refreshments were brought in by their servant-man; Norbert Lankley going round with the waiter, and doing the honours, and dispensing the attic salt of his wit along with the cake, wine, and fruit; and his sallies were better received now, than they had been at any time during the evening.

In the mean while, Mrs. Denning made her appearance, brought home by her son Nick. She bade a general good evening, threw herself into the rocking-chair, and uttered a monologue descriptive of the excessive fatigue she had undergone, in trying all the evening to entertain her sick friend Mrs. Restless, who tumbled and tossed in her bed, and never seemed to be paying the least attention to any of the things related to her. Also, that instead of coming straight home with Nick, they had gone six squares to a certain druggist's to get a bottle of Hoffman's anodyne for her; this druggist having been recommended by the physician of Mrs. Restless, as preparing that medicine in a superior manner; the poor lady being entirely hopeless of getting to sleep without it.

"I don't wonder"—said Nick Denning to his future brother-in-law—"that dame Restless should want an anodyne after ma' had been talking to her all the evening."

"For my part"—said Anna—"the more that people talk to me, the more sleepy they make me, particularly ma'."

"A good hint for me"—remarked Norbert—"I shall find it hard work to adopt silence."

"Well"—resumed Miss Anna—"when people are once engaged, and all is fixed and settled, I don't see the use of their troubling themselves with talk, provided they sit beside each other, and keep together all the time as they ought to do."

Norbert Lankley had already begun to suspect that (in *his* case at least) courtship, (or rather *being engaged*) would prove a very dull business.

Meantime, the beaux took their departure by ones, by twos, and by threes; Norbert (as in duty bound) lingering to the last; and on taking leave, pressing Anna's hand, and uttering the words "*Buona notte.*"

"What's that?"—said Anna.

"Don't you know?"—he replied—"well, then, *Bon repos.*"

"I wish you'd talk sense"—said she, peevishly, "you'll have to give up foolishness when you are speaking to *me*, for I assure you I can't understand it."

"Surprising!"—replied the lover—"well, then, a good night, and a good sleep to you. I thought you had learned Italian and French at boarding school."

"So I did"—was the answer—"but I never could remember the meaning of any of the words."

At length the guests had all departed. The young ladies retired to their respective dormitories; and long after midnight, Sabina, whose chamber was adjoining to that of Ellen and Rosa Denning, heard the sisters talking over the events of the evening (such as they were), and discussing the beaux.

In the morning, as soon as breakfast was over, (Miss Anna never coming down to hers till after nine o'clock,) Mr. Denning and Nick went to the store; Mrs. Denning departed on her usual round of out-door kindness towards people that did not thank her for it; and the Miss Dennings went up stairs to commence their elaborate toilettes, previous to shopping in Chestnut Street; the shopping to begin at half past eleven. Sabina, who knew that a much shorter time would be sufficient for *her* preparations, remained in the parlour reading, and was sitting on a sofa deeply engaged in a book, when Orvin Westmore came in. Delicacy towards the family, in whose house she was a guest, prevented Sabina from indulging an involuntary inclination to entertain her brother with an account of the preceding evening, descriptive of the beaux and the sayings and doings. Orvin Westmore proposed to his sister that she should accompany him to see the magnificent picture of the 'Departure of the Israelites' then exhibiting in Philadelphia. Sabina gladly assented, and was hastening out of the room to prepare herself, when Orvin reminded her that civility required the invitation to be extended to the Miss Dennings; and she accordingly repaired to their room for the purpose.

The Miss Dennings did not care for pictures, but were delighted at the idea of being seen with a new beau; and particularly with one so very handsome as Orvin Westmore, whom they never called cousin, though he was Sabina's brother. Only Anna declined joining the party; alleging, that now she was engaged, it would not be proper for her to go anywhere without Mr. Lankley; and that he had promised to come at one o'clock. Ellen and Rosa put on their handsomest street dresses, and after a considerable time, joined Mr.

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and Miss Westmore, who were waiting for them in the front parlour.

"I don't believe I'll speak to you to-day"—said Rosa, shaking her finger at Orvin—"I am quite affronted at you."

"In what have I been so unfortunate as to offend?" asked the delinquent.

"Now don't pretend to be so ignorant, when you know very well how shamefully you've behaved."

"When—where—and in what manner?"

"Oh! by not keeping your promise, and coming last evening."

"You know my promise was not positive. And the truth is, I was detained by the successive visits of several of my friends."

"Oh!—but you might have brought them along"—exclaimed Ellen—"You know we told you we should always be delighted to see any gentlemen of your acquaintance. I *must* say that our house is a very popular one with the beaux.—We are not like poor Dorothea Deadweight, who says 'she cannot imagine the reason, but when a gentleman has once made her a visit he never comes again.'"

They now proceeded towards Ninth Street, Ellen and Sabina walking together. Rosa had adroitly managed to descend the steps with him and continue by the side of Orvin Westmore, pluming herself much on the fine face, fine figure and *air distingué* of her escort. As they went along, she talked incessantly, and laughed incessantly at nothing, and every few minutes (unwilling that so much glory should be wasted,) she glanced all round to ascertain if any of her acquaintance "were there to see:" like Lady Margaret Bellenden, when his gracious majesty, King Charles, vouchsafed her the honour of a salute.

On entering the gallery from whence the representation of the Israelites departing from Egypt suddenly burst upon the view of the visitors, there was an involuntary exclamation of surprise and delight from our whole party. Even the Miss Dennings were excited to a feeling which was quite new to them, that of rational admiration. They repeatedly declared that it could not be a picture, but something else; and that the objects were all made separately and cut out, standing one beyond another like the scenes in the theatre; and also that the roof had been left open so as to let in the real sky. In this opinion they were joined by several provincial strangers who had entered about the same time. The exhibitor of the painting, being within hearing, went down below, and walking along in front of the canvass, he touched it repeatedly with a long stick so as to make it shake all over: by way of convincing the incredulous that the whole scene was, in reality, depicted on one flat surface.

This doubt being set at rest in the minds of those whose eyes were not versed in the magic of pictorial genius, Sabina Westmore and her brother were allowed, for a while, to gaze in the full enjoyment of silent admiration at the imposing grandeur of this sublime painting, and its surprising look of reality, with its immense depth of perspective, extending into the distant country, to the far off pyramids, and the sea beyond them. The mists of thirty centuries seemed to have rolled away, and clear in the cool light of early morning, looking as if you could enter into them and walk around them, stood the stupendous temples and magnificent palaces of the ancient city of the Pharaohs. There sat the uncouth and gigantic idols of Egyptian worship, solemn in everlasting stone; silent, cold, and motionless; proving that the deities they were supposed to represent had no power to detain the people that were about to be led onward by the living God: the God whom Moses and Aaron were with uplifted hands invoking in their cause. The rich and glowing colours of the foreground, (where, in the portico of his palace Pharaoh and the chief of his court, arrayed in the most gorgeous dyes of the east, and glittering with "barbaric pearl and gold," had assembled to witness the departure of a whole nation,) subsided gradually as the almost endless procession with their heavy-laden camels and elephants assumed the dim hue of distance.

"Ah!"—thought Sabina—almost identifying the reality of the scene—"how little these emancipated captives know what events are before them, as 'they wind with toilsome march their long array,' and how little do they expect the visible aid of that 'awful guide in smoke and flame' that is to direct their course." She found herself repeating from the hymn of Ivanhoe's Rebecca—

> By day along the astonish'd land
> The cloudy pillar glided slow:
> At night Arabia's crimson'd sand
> Return'd the fiery column's glow.

The whole attention of the two Westmores was still absorbed in the picture, when they were interrupted by a loud chattering close beside them, and found that Messrs. Stribling and Twining had just come in. The two beaux were not allowed to take more than a glance at the painting, and to admire Pharaoh's canopy of peacock's feathers, when the Miss Dennings, who were long since tired of looking, engaged them in (not a *keen*) but "a *dull* encounter of their wits," bandying back and forwards a succession of *platitudes* and *niaiseries*, about what had been said and done at their house on the preceding evening. At last Ellen looked at her watch and exclaimed—"Well—I declare we are forgetting all about our shopping—Cousin Sabina, ain't you tired of gazing at that picture—Haven't you seen enough of it yet?"

"Indeed I have not"—replied Sabina.

There was a low consultation between the belles and the beaux, and Ellen Denning said to Miss Westmore—"Well then, as Mr. Stribling and Mr. Twining are fortunately here, we'll enlist them into our service, and make them escort us into Chestnut Street; for we have to look at scarfs, and

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lace, and gloves, and French flowers, and all sorts of things—Don't *you* want something in the shopping way?"

"I really do not."

"Dear me—how strange! But don't you want to see our Philadelphia shops?"

"Excuse me," replied Sabina, "I can do that another time, but at present I would rather remain and enjoy a little more of this noble picture."

"Oh, I forgot you were a blue," said Rosa, "and I believe blues go for pictures as well as for books."

"Cousin Sabina, a word in your ear," whispered Ellen—"It is not good policy to be over-learned or over-sensible, or to dwell too much upon authors and painters and such outlandish people—I tell you again it will not take with the beaux."

"That consideration is one of small importance to me," said Sabina.

"This indifference to the gentlemen will make you very unpopular with them," continued Ellen in the same under tone—"Take care, take care—I see plainly that you will live and die an old maid."

Miss Westmore smiled, and the Miss Dennings carried off the two beaux, though Rosa, as she went out of the gallery, "cast one longing lingering look behind;" but Orvin merely bowed to her, and as soon as they had departed, gladly resumed his survey of the picture; and he and his sister enjoyed it in quiet for about half an hour: they were then disturbed by the entrance of Mr. Jackaway Jempson, who informed them that he had come on purpose to criticise, as he was preparing an article concerning it for one of the papers. He then, after a very cursory glance, pronounced it in unqualified terms a humbug and a daub; declaring that the public taste must indeed be at a low ebb when it could devour such trash, and swallow such an acre of spoiled paint cloth. Though intended metaphorically, the idea of people masticating canvass set Sabina to laughing, and the offended Mr. Jempson turned indignantly away, and began to make memorandums in his tablet concerning the picture, which, according to him, had every defect that the pencil could create.

"However this extraordinary production may rank as a work of art, or whatever may be its faults," said Sabina, "one thing is certain, that it is more effective, and more imposing, and more universally admired than any painting of the same class that has ever been brought to America."

Westmore, though he soon repented of his condescension, made a fruitless attempt to argue Mr. Jackaway Jempson out of his prejudices against the picture; but he found that his opponent's views of "the divine art" were as deficient in knowledge as in taste.

"Here," said Mr. Jempson, "we shall have the whole population of this good city of Philadelphia running to see a big diorama picture, taken by the Frenchman Sebron from a little cabinet picture painted by an Englishman named Roberts—both of them foreigners—not an American hand has been concerned in it: and yet if my friend Dabney Sickenall was ever to get his Indian Massacre finished, I doubt whether it would draw more than five spectators a day, as was the case with his great painting of the Interior of Bush-hill Hospital in the Yellow Fever: and all because he is an American, and his subjects are peculiarly our own."

"You do injustice to our people," replied Westmore; "they are more judicious than you suppose, and their disposition is to encourage whatever is good of its kind, whether European or American, but with rather a preference for the productions of our own country. What is *not* good, deserves no encouragement anywhere, and when tested rarely obtains it."

Mr. Jackaway Jempson put on a look

> As who should say—"I am Sir Oracle,
> And when *I* ope my lips let no dog bark"—

And finding that the said look *did not* annihilate Mr. Westmore, but merely excited a smile, he turned his back to the painting and busied himself with his tablet. After awhile he put up his memorandums and departed, saying—"Now I'll go and write the article forthwith, and the press shall have it this day, hot from the brain of criticism, and fresh from the hand of patriotism."

We must, in anticipation, inform our readers that this hot and fresh critique of Mr. Jempson's had ample time to cool and wilt, for he could not prevail on a single publisher to print it, in any place where the picture of the Departure of the Israelites either had been or was likely to be exhibited. Finally, in about ten or eleven months he obtained a place for it in the columns of The Mount Desart People's Banner, a weekly paper of crown-octavo size, published in one of the States not yet admitted into the Union.

At length Orvin and Sabina Westmore forced themselves away from the picture and proceeded to one of the principal book-stores in Chestnut Street, in quest of some new publications. On their way thither they met Norbert Lankley looking very queer and foolish, with Anna Denning leaning heavily on his arm and smiling up lovingly into his face, to let their fellow-citizens know they were engaged. Also as they passed along they had occasional glimpses of Ellen and Rosa Denning in shops—their gentlemen having left them at Vanharlingen's door and wended their way elsewhere—all men (even beaux) disliking to go shopping with ladies.

In the evening the Westmores and the Miss Dennings all went to the theatre; Anna preferring to sit beside her lover on the second seat, though there was ample room on the first. The play and the actors were good, but Sabina had little opportunity of enjoying the performance, being continually interrupted by the loud whispers of the Miss Dennings respecting various gentlemen that they saw in various parts of the house; and their *lorgnettes* were incessantly applied not to the performers but to the audience, their heads being all the

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while turned away from the stage in search of "metal more attractive." In a short time numerous young men (some of them *habitués* of the house of Denning, and others but slightly acquainted there) came into the back of the box, all leaning forward towards the front, and talking flirtation-talk with Ellen and Rosa. Also, there was a perpetual group hanging in at the box-door, and looking over each other's shoulders, and conveying nonsense back and forwards to and from the young ladies. The Miss Dennings were in Paradise.

Early on the following morning Orvin Westmore was to depart from Philadelphia. When taking leave of his sister this evening he found an opportunity of saying to her—"Sabina, will you not be ready to return home before the end of a month?"

She smiled assentingly.

The Miss Dennings (particularly Rosa) were vehement in their entreaties for Orvin to make a longer stay in Philadelphia, and besought him to furnish letters of introduction to any gentlemen who might be coming hither from Boston.

Orvin Westmore departed, bidding a very polite farewell to the Dennings and a very affectionate one to Sabina, who afterwards retired directly to her room and wept as if her brother had quitted her to embark on an India voyage.

The specimen we have given of the usual routine of the Denning family will serve as well for one day as for another, occasionally varied by going to a party. And once they had a large party at home, at which there were young men by the hundred. In the courtship, or rather in the betrothship of Lankley and Anna, nothing was varied.

Their female acquaintances (miscalled friends) were very much of the same stamp as the Miss Dennings, with whom all that was said, all that was done, all that was thought of, seemed in reference to the one unfailing subject, on which their whole range of ideas were concentrated—to have young men always about them, whether the idle ones that lounged away one half the morning in their parlours and paraded Chestnut Street the other half, or the industrious class who attended to some business during the day, and made Mr. Denning's house their evening rendezvous—all were equally acceptable to the Miss Dennings. In short,

Their dream of life, from morn till night,
Was *beaux*—still beaux.

(To be continued.)

THE LAND.

BY LEWIS C. GUNN.

There is a quiet on the land:—
No dashing as of ocean waves,
Or murmurs from unfathomed caves;
The day-light dance at yonder mill,
Of water-drops, each night is still;
The thrush an evening lay doth sing,
And foldeth then her weary wing,
And all that lives begins to rest—
An emblem, to the pious breast,
Of quiet in the Upper Land.

There is a beauty on the land:—
The meadow checkered o'er with flowers,
The vine that creeps along the bowers,
The dark green leaf, and lighter shade,
And blossoms as of velvet made,
The wave on wave of yellow grain,
The deep ravine, the outstretched plain,
The rugged rock, and sloping hill,
And winding ruffle-bosomed rill;—
Behold the beauty of the land!

There is a fragrance on the land:—
The winds that make their unseen way
Through hills of drying new-mown hay,
Or seem to halt beside the bed
Of lilies which their odour shed,
Or round the spice-tree stop to play,
Or where the rose is blooming gay,
Or linger 'mid the buckwheat's bloom,
Departing bear a sweet perfume—
The wholesome fragrance of the land.

There is a music on the land:—
The untaught choir in every wood
Are chanting praise to Him that's good;
And, with its wind-harp, every tree
Doth join the sacred minstrelsy.
There's music in the tread of men
Returning to their homes again;
There's music in the prattler's glee;
The mother's voice is melody:—
Then list the music of the land.

And there are pleasures on the land:—
Domestic bliss is only there;
And pleasures Ocean may not share,
Which, at their games, the children take,
Or sailing on the frozen lake.
And Friendship hath its pleasures, too;
And holy gatherings of the true.
E'en flowers and trees in spring revive
With seeming joy, and joyous thrive—
The voiceless children of the land.

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THE TEA ROSE.

BY MRS. H. E. BEECHER STOWE.

PART I.

THERE it stood, in its little green vase, on a light ebony stand, in the window of the drawing-room. The rich satin curtains with their costly fringes swept down on either side of it, and around it glittered every rare and fanciful trifle which wealth can offer to luxury, and yet that simple rose was the fairest of them all. So pure it looked—its white leaves just touched with that delicious creamy tint, peculiar to its kind, its cup so full, so perfect, its head bending as if it were sinking and melting away in its own richness—oh, when did man ever make anything like the living perfect flower!

But the sunlight that streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the rose. Reclined on an ottoman, in a deep recess, and intently engaged with a book, lay what seemed the living counterpart of that so lovely flower. That cheek so pale, so spiritual, the face so full of high thought, the fair forehead, the long, downcast lashes, and the expression of the beautiful mouth, so sorrowful yet so subdued and sweet—it seemed like the picture of a dream.

"Florence!—Florence!" echoed a merry and musical voice in a sweet impatient tone. Turn your head, reader, and you will see a dark and sparkling maiden, the very model of some little wilful elf, born of mischief and motion, with a dancing eye, a foot that scarcely seemed to touch the carpet, and a smile so multiplied by dimples, that it seemed like a thousand smiles at once. "Come Florence, *I* say," said the little fairy, "put down that wise, good, excellent volume, and talk with a poor little mortal,—come, descend from your cloud, my dear."

The fair apparition thus adjured, obeyed, and, looking up, revealed just the eyes you expected to see beneath such lids; eyes deep, pathetic and rich, as a strain of sad music.

"I say, cousin," said the 'darke ladye,' "I've been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose, when you go to New York—as to our great consternation you are going to do; you know it would be a sad pity to leave it with such a scatter-brain as I am. I do love flowers, that's a fact; that is, I like a regular bouquet, cut off and tied up to carry to a party; but as to all this tending and fussing that is necessary to keep them growing, I've no gifts in that line."

"Make yourself quite easy as to that, Kate," said Florence, with a smile. "I've no intention of calling upon your talents; I have an asylum for my favourite."

"Oh! then you know just what I was going to say; Mrs. Marshall I presume has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and I was very pathetic upon the subject, telling her the loss your favourite would sustain, and so forth, and she said how delighted she should be to have it in her green-house, it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like, of all things, to give it to her; you were always so fond of Mrs. Marshall, you know."

"Nay, Kate, I'm sorry, but I have otherwise engaged it."

"Who can it be to? you have so few intimates here."

"Oh, only one of my odd fancies."

"But do tell me, Florence."

"Well, cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing."

"What, little Mary Stephens? How absurd! This is just of a piece, Florence, with your other motherly, old-maidish ways—dressing dolls for poor children, making caps, and knitting socks for all the little dirty babies in the region round about. I do believe that you have made more calls in those two vile, ill-smelling alleys back of our house than ever you have in Chestnut Street, though you know every body has been half dying to see you; and now, to crown all, you must give this choice little bijou to a sempstress girl, when one of your most intimate friends, in your own class, would value it so highly. What in the world can people in their circumstances want of flowers?"

"Just the same that I do," replied Florence, calmly. "Have you never noticed that the little girl never comes here without looking wistfully at the opening buds? and don't you remember the morning when she asked me so prettily if I would let her mother come and see it, she was so fond of flowers?"

"But, Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table with ham, eggs, cheese, and flour, and stifled in the close little room where Mrs. Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron, cook, and nobody knows what besides."

"Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one coarse room, and wash, iron, and cook, as you say—if I had to spend every moment of my time in hard toil, with no prospect from my window but a brick side-walk, or a dirty lane, such a flower as this would be untold happiness to me."

"Pshaw, Florence—all sentiment; poor people have no time to be sentimental: besides, I don't think it will grow with them—it is a green-house flower, and used to delicate living."

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"Oh, as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner be rich or poor; and Mrs. Stephens, whatever else she has not, has sunshine of as good a quality as that that streams through our window. The beautiful things that God makes are the gift of all alike. You will see that my little rose will be as well and merry in Mrs. Stephens's room as in ours."

"Well, after all, how odd! When one gives to poor people one wants to give them something useful—a bushel of potatoes or a ham, for example."

"Why, certainly, potatoes and ham must be had; but, having ministered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any little pleasures or gratifications that we may have it in our power to give. I know that there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it one gratification. Poor Mrs. Stephens, for example; I know she would enjoy birds, and flowers, and music as much as I do. I have seen her eye kindle as she has looked on these things in our drawing-room, and yet not one beautiful thing can she command. From necessity, her room, her clothing, all that she has, must be coarse and plain. You should have seen the almost rapture that she and Mary felt when I offered them my rose."

"Dear me! all this may be true, but I never thought of it before. I never thought that these hard-working people had any idea of *taste!*"

"Then why do you see so often the geranium or rose carefully nursed in an old cracked tea-pot in the poorest room, or the morning glories planted in a box, and made to twine around the window. Do not all these show how every human heart yearns after the beautiful? You remember how Mary our washerwoman sat up a whole night after a hard day's work, that she might make her first baby a pretty little dress to be baptized in."

"Yes, I remember, and how I laughed at you for making such a tasty little cap for it."

"Well, Katy, I think that the look of perfect delight and satisfaction with which the poor girl regarded her baby in its new dress and cap, was something quite worth creating; I do believe she could not have thanked me more, if I had sent her a barrel of flour."

"Well, I never before thought of giving to the poor anything but what they really needed, and I have always been willing to do that, when I could without going far out of my way."

"Well, cousin, if our Heavenly Father gave to us as we often give, we should have only coarse shapeless piles of provision, lying about the world, instead of all the beautiful variety of trees, fruits, and flowers which now delight us."

"Well, well, cousin, I suppose you are right, but pray have mercy on my poor head; it is too small to hold so many new ideas at once; even go on your own way:" and the little lady began practising a waltzing step before the glass with great satisfaction.

PART II.

It was a very small room, and lighted by only one window. There was no carpet on the floor; there was a clean but coarsely covered bed in one corner; a cupboard with a few plates and dishes in the other; a chest of drawers; and before the window stood a small cherry stand, quite new, and indeed the only article in the room that seemed so. A pale sickly looking woman of about forty was leaning back in her rocking chair, her eyes closed, and her lips compressed as if in pain. She rocked backward and forward a few moments, pressed her hand hard upon her eyes, and then languidly resumed the fine stitching on which she had been busy since morning. The door opened, and a slender little girl of about twelve years of age entered, her large blue eyes dilated, and absolutely radiant with delight, as she held up the small vase with the rose-tree in it.

"Oh see! mother, see! there's one in full bloom, and two more half out, beautiful buds!"

The poor woman's face brightened, as she looked first on the rose, and then on her sickly girl, on whose face she had not seen so bright a colour for months.

"God bless her!" said she, involuntarily.

"Miss Florence! I knew you would feel so, mother; don't it make your headache better to see this flower? Now you won't look so wishful at the gardeners' stands in the market, will you? We have a rose handsomer than any of theirs. Why it seems to me, that it is worth as much to us as our whole little garden used to be. See how many more buds there are on it, just count, and only smell the flower! Where shall we put it?" and Mary skipped about the room, placing her treasure first in one position, and then in another, and walking off to see the effect, till her mother gently reminded her that the rose-tree could not preserve its beauty without sunlight.

"Oh yes, truly!" said Mary; "well, then, it must stand here on this new stand. How glad I am that we have such a handsome new stand for it, it will look so much better." And Mrs. Stephens laid down her work and folded a piece of newspaper on which the treasure was duly deposited.

"There," said Mary, watching the arrangement eagerly, "that will do; no, though it does not show both the buds—turn it farther round—a little more—there, it's right;" and Mary walked round the room to view the rose in various positions, after which she insisted that her mother should go round with her to the outside to see how it looked there. "How kind it was in Miss Florence to think of giving this to us," said Mary; "though she has done so much for us, and given us so many things, yet this present seems the best of all, because it seemed as if she thought of us, and knew just how we felt, and so knew do that."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Stephens sighing.

What a bright afternoon that small gift made in that little room. How much faster Mary's tongue and fingers flew the livelong day, and Mrs. Ste-

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phens, in the happiness of her child, almost forgot that she had a headache, and thought as she sipped her evening cup of tea, that she felt stronger than she had done for some time.

That rose! its sweet influence died not with that first day. Through all the long cold winter that followed, the watching, tending, and cherishing of that flower, awakened a thousand pleasant trains of thought that beguiled the sameness and weariness of their life. Every day the fair growing thing put forth some fresh beauty; a bud—a leaf—or a new shoot, constantly excited fresh delight in its possessors. As it stood in the window, the passer by would sometimes stop and gaze, attracted by its beauty, and then how proud and happy was Mary, nor did even the serious and care-worn widow, notice with indifference when she saw the eye of a chance visitor rest admiringly on their favourite.

But little did Florence know when she gave that gift, that there was twined around it an invisible thread, that reached far as brightly into the web of her destiny.

One cold afternoon in early spring, a tall, graceful young man called at the lowly room to receive and pay for some linen which the widow had been making up. He was a wayfarer and stranger in the place, recommended through the charity of some of Mrs. Stephens' patrons. His eye, as he was going out, rested admiringly upon the rose; he stopped and looked earnestly at it.

"It was given to us," said little Mary, quickly, "by a young lady as sweet and beautiful as that is."

"Ah!" said the stranger, turning and fixing upon her a pair of very bright eyes, pleased and rather struck with the simplicity of the communication, "and how came she to give it to you, my little girl?"

"Oh, because we are poor, and mother is sick, and we never can have anything pretty. We used to have a garden once, and we loved flowers so much, and Miss Florence found all this out, and so she gave us this."

"Florence!" echoed the stranger.

"Yes, Miss Florence l'Estrange, a beautiful young lady,—they say she was from foreign parts, though she speaks English just like any other lady, only sweeter."

"Is she here now? is she in this city?" said the gentleman eagerly.

"No, she left some months ago," said the widow; but noticing the sudden shade of disappointment on his face, she added, "but you can find all about her by inquiring at her aunt Mrs. Carlisle's, No. 10, —— street."

As the result of all this, Florence received from the office in the next mail, a letter, in a handwriting that made her tremble. During the many early years of her life spent in France, she had well learned that writing; had loved as a woman like her loves, only once; but there had been obstacles of parents and friends, separation, and long suspense, till at length, for many bitter years, she had believed that the relentless sea had closed for ever over that hand and heart; and it was this belief that had touched, with such sweet calm sorrow, every line in her lovely face. But this letter told her that he was living, that he had traced her, even as a hidden streamlet may be traced, by the freshness, the greenness of heart, which her deeds of kindness had left wherever she had passed.

And thus much said, do our fair readers need any help in finishing this story for themselves? Of course not.

"FEAR THOU NOT, FOR I AM WITH THEE; BE NOT DISMAYED, FOR I AM THY GOD."

BY WM. G. HOWARD.

When summer winds are sweeping
In playful murmurs by,
And the bright waters sleeping,
Reflect the jewelled sky;
When the green trees are flinging
Their shadows o'er the lawn,
And morning larks are singing
Their welcome to the dawn:

When wintry storms have shaded
The earth with wing of wrath,
And each sweet flower has faded,
That bloomed along my path;
When suns are coldly beaming
Upon the snow-clad plains,
And watery wastes are gleaming,
Unloosed from crystal chains:

When sorrow's storms are beating
Upon my houseless head,
When fond delights are fleeting,
And hope's gay dreams have fled;
When friends are all departing,
Whose love 'twere bliss to keep,
And bitter tears are starting
From eyes unused to weep:

'Mid every change relying
On God, with faith divine,
To thy kind succour flying,
In whom all glories shine;
Thy watchful care shall shield me,
While life prolongs its light,
Till death is lost in victory,
And faith is turned to sight.

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DOMESTIC AND SOCIAL CLAIMS ON WOMAN.

BY MRS. S. E. FARLEY.

As society is constituted, the true dignity and beauty of the female character seem to consist in a right understanding and faithful and cheerful performance of social and family duties. If we consider these demands in all their variety of detail, we are compelled to admit that an American lady, when the head of a family, requires more energy, industry, equanimity and benevolence, than belongs to an individual of any other class.

To train the unfledged intellect,

"Pluming its pinions for an upward flight,"

is but one division of her charge. In how many parts is she called to act while fulfilling the duties of a day; and she must not only be prepared to meet daily wants, but equal to any emergency. Should a labourer employed by the husband leave his work before it is completed, it may remain unfinished until a substitute is found. But should the domestics of the more wealthy depart, or the one girl who is frequently the sole "help" of a person of small fortune, be long absent, the household wheels must still continue to revolve; the children must be as well tended; the board as amply spread; the rooms as regularly arranged, as if each department had its proper aid. Many people commence a married life without an income sufficient to supply their wants; thus invention, judgment, industry and untiring patience are required in the wife, to produce a "great amount of comfort with a small amount of means."

Are there any who consider an attention to the minutiæ of family affairs unimportant, or that a personal performance of its duties is degrading? There cannot indeed be much glory, but there is what we shall find a great deal better, much merit and happiness too, in that continual round of duty, which is to most females the chief circle of action.

And when wearied with the daily routine of employments so insignificant *in themselves*, let us remember that these duties, simple as they appear, have at times a bearing and tendency withheld from those more conspicuous. Besides the internal reward arising from the consciousness of doing right, there is sometimes an unlooked for, unexpected blessing.

Rebecca was performing a household service, filling her pitcher at the well, when she was met by the pious servant of Abraham; and in that simple act of kindness, "Drink, I pray thee, and I will draw water that thy camels may drink also," she was unconsciously fulfilling an appointment of the Lord.

The Shunamite, although mentioned in Holy Writ as a distinguished personage, with all her activity and influence, her many servants, and cattle and riches of all kinds known in that land, never achieved an act so momentous in its consequences to herself, her family, and the nation of Israel, as when discharging a domestic duty, preparing that "little chamber" for the man of God whom she knew only as a wayfaring stranger.

And Jochebed too, when fearfully, but carefully she constructed that little ark of bulrushes which she fondly hoped would keep its precious burden from the waters of the Nile, though prompted to this movement only by a mother's love, contributed, in fact, far more than any of the wise men or elders of the Jewish nation, to the redemption of Israel from the bondage of Egypt.

That great consequences do not always result from our common employments is true; but the duty remains the same whatever may be the present accompaniments or future results. And if no reward be found or looked for, yet surely we may dignify any service, however minute, by performing it from principle and with a pure and lofty purpose.

And a lofty and holy purpose it certainly is, to devote ourselves to the comfort and the happiness of others. Yet how many who acknowledge and act upon this principle in their own families, forget there are other and less exclusive claims, more extended in their operation, and not less beneficial in their result, than the round of daily duties performed, and often well performed, by those who have never deemed it a part of their mission on earth to raise the drooping spirit and sustain the heavy burthen of another. It is not fancy, or poetry, but a literal fact, that by so doing, our own sorrows—and who is without them?—would be materially lightened. I cannot think an individual exists who would not feel his own troubles less by a fellowship of feeling with some other sufferer. There are those who need no other charity, yet need our sympathy and kindness of feeling; and we should rejoice in the opportunity to soothe, cheer, or minister in aught to the well-being of those so "*chastened of the Lord.*" "Truly they are chastened for our profit;" let it profit us then, by enlarging our benevolence, awakening our sympathy, exercising our charity.

It has been said of American ladies, they had "each but half a heart." I am well persuaded this opinion has been derived, not from any scarcity of the best affections of our nature, but solely from our *unsocial habits.* We confine the waters of sympathy and affection within the deep and beautiful, but too narrow, channel of family interest, and do not suffer them, abundant as they are,

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to gush forth from their boundaries, to moisten the thirsty soil, and spread joy and beauty over the sterile earth.

An English writer of much celebrity, in one of his late productions, inquires, "What causes are those which produce among us that passion for the Unsocial, which we dignify with the mild term of the Domestic?" But in the reasons assigned by him, (though amply sufficient to produce such a result,) I found no one that would apply to our own country. They could not exist in a republican atmosphere. A like effect seems to have been produced, although it must have arisen from a different cause. May not the reason I have suggested be the true one?—that we suffer our manifold domestic duties so to engross our feelings and our time, as almost to extinguish the social claim.

It surely cannot be supposed we could fail to appreciate the advantages of social intercourse! The benefits accruing to our mental powers need not to be urged. All have perceived the readiness with which *men* accustomed to enlightened society manage *their* intellectual resources.

Merely the power of clothing our thoughts in words, of giving to others in appropriate terms the result of our own reflections or experience, is not an acquirement to be despised or neglected.

"Good sense will stagnate; thoughts shut up, want air,
And spoil, like bales unopened to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been denied;
Speech, thought's canal, speech, thought's criterion too!
Thought, in the mine, may come forth gold or dross;
When coined in word, we know its real worth:
If sterling, store it for thy future use;
'Twill buy thee benefit, perhaps renown.
Thought, too, delivered, is the more possessed;
Teaching we learn, and giving we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine;
Brightens for ornament and whets for use."

As society encourages cheerfulness, it must be, under proper restrictions, a material advancement or preservative of health. Manners, too, which were formerly thought mere outward adornments, of little consequence in the formation of character, are now admitted to affect, in no slight degree, the tone of moral feeling. That these peculiar habits are softened and improved by the refinements of social intercourse, is evident to all. So that society must act both directly and indirectly, upon the understanding and the heart.

Are there any who have been called to surrender the most tender and endearing ties of life: who mourn that the warmth which cheers, and the brightness which enlivens the family circle, beam not around their hearthstone? Yet let such strive to find in the cultivation of social affection, some channel for the deep, unceasing yearnings of the human heart.

There is a yet higher consolation, a surer refuge. If the lights which have formerly shone about our pathway, and in some degree illumined its darkness, have either grown dim and uncertain in the distance, or have been one after another removed until few or none remain, may we be guided by that true and perfect light which ever shineth, may we follow it more and more steadily, until in another and happier existence, we meet in the full splendour of unclouded day.

CANZONET.*

BY WM. PIATT.

Where shall the beautiful rest?—VILLEGAS.

BEAUTIFUL! where, oh! where would ye sleep,
When winter howleth around?
Do ye think on the grave so cold and deep,
When the frost shall chain the ground?

Beautiful! where, oh! where would ye sleep,
When summer has faded away,
And the sickle of autumn the flowers shall reap,
From the graves of the fair and gay?

Beautiful! where, oh! where would ye sleep,
If not in summer or spring?
Ah me! who shall then your vigils keep,
When no birds are left to sing?

Beautiful! where, oh! where would ye sleep,
By the soft meandering wave?
When willows the dewdrops tenderly weep
O'er your premature, desolate grave?

It matters not where, the beautiful sleep,
Or if summer shine brightly above,
Or the bleak winds of winter rudely sweep
O'er the graves of those we still love!

It matters not where, the beautiful sleep,
If they do but "*die in the trust*,"
For their mem'ries kind love a record will keep,
When their forms have crumbled to dust!

Oh! bury them there—or in valley, or wave,—
Or on lofty mountain's steep;
For angels of light ever watch the grave
Where the loved—the beautiful sleep!

It matters not where, the beautiful sleep,
Or if buds or frost be given—
It matters not who their vigils keep,
"For they all shall wake in heaven."

Cincinnati.

* A part of the above, the author has heretofore published.

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TIME'S CHANGES.

BY MRS. CUSHING.

"And shall I go back to my first loved home,
To find how all is changed,
Alone, o'er those altered scenes to roam,
From my early self estranged?
Shall I bend me over the glassy brook,
No more on the face of a child to look?"—Miss H. F. Gould.

It was a golden evening of June, that which preceded the morning of gentle Lucy Rivers's departure to revisit the home of her childhood; and only those who, after an absence of six years, are, like her, again returning to the scenes of their early love, can conceive of the deep and varied emotions, that agitated her heart at the thought of once more retracing the paths over which her feet had bounded in the fulness of youthful happiness and joy.

Shortly after her marriage, death had deprived her of both parents, and then the household band were dispersed, and sweet Rosedale passed into the hands of strangers. Her present home was in a populous city, far away from the beautiful and tranquil dwelling of her childhood; but never was there a soul that more sacredly garnered up the hallowed remembrances of the paternal roof, than did that of Lucy Rivers. None, not even the husband of her choice, knew with what tender sadness she brooded over them,—how ardently she longed for one more glimpse of the hills, the trees, the streams, that had been the objects of her early and passionate love, nor how, at times, she sighed, and even wept, to stand again in the whispering shade of the locusts, that tufted in fantastic groups the green lawn of Rosedale.

Hitherto, the wish to return thither, had been repressed by a dread of encountering sad and melancholy changes in that abode of peace and love,—but during several weeks of recent illness, it had grown into a paramount desire, and become the all-absorbing subject of her thoughts; and now with the coming of another day, she was actually to set forth for that cherished home. Business of importance called her husband to that part of the country, and she was to accompany him as far as Rosedale, and remain there while he prosecuted his journey. And with her heart's desire on the eve of accomplishment, she now sat at the quiet window of her dressing-room, abandoning herself to the past, or vaguely imagining what would be her sensations, when she should shortly behold again those scenes, which were so faithfully pictured on her soul. And as she watched the birds flying in and out of the old elm that shaded the little court—for even in city trees, birds are foolish enough to build and hatch—she was reminded of the woodpeckers that she had often seen tapping the hollow cherry-trees at Rosedale, and of the golden orioles, that were wont to build in the elms, which overshadowed her childhood's home, till her heart overflowed with its tender reminiscences, and snatching her pen she poured forth her feelings in the only language that can express deep and exquisite emotion—the touching language of poetry;—for Lucy had a poet's soul, and a poet's power of uttering her glowing thoughts in sweet and tuneful verse.

Her husband entered while she was thus employed, and leaning over her shoulder, he read the lines as her pen traced them. He thought them beautiful, but he feared she would not realize all that she so exquisitely painted. He spake of the changes which must have passed over the home to which she was returning—of the ruin, the decay, that doubtless had blighted many a fondly remembered object of her love; he warned her to prepare her heart for suffering, rather than enjoyment, if she were still resolved to venture amid the sad mementos of departed happiness and affection. He would fain have dissuaded her from her purpose, for he knew that its fulfilment would bring her only anguish and regret; and to lend weight to his own opinion, he read to her a beautiful passage, which he had that morning transferred to his tablets. It was as follows:—

"Let not him who has sojourned in a distant land, give way to his longing to revisit the scenes of his childhood, and retrace the walks of his youth,—let him keep the mountains and the sea between him and the place of his birth. Shrined in his heart, and glowing with the light of happier days, lies that fairy land of memory; but to revisit its scenes would be to dash the picture with shade, and to strike out from it the fair familiar faces that gladden our dreams, or touch them with the dreary traces of time,—let him therefore enjoy the beauteous vision as it exists in memory, but not seek to view the reality with a faded eye, and a disenchanted heart."

The affecting sentiment brought tears to Lucy's eyes; but still she could not be won by it to relinquish her design; to forego the cherished wish which made her soul yearn but for one more glimpse of that home, which the love of parents, of brothers, of sisters, and the golden reminiscences

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of childhood, had consecrated in her memory. But when the moment of departure arrived, Lucy felt that there were objects in her wedded home, dearer than any which the past had ever yielded her, and as her children clung fondly around her, with tearful entreaties that she would shortly return to them, she almost repented of her purpose, and but for very shame, would even then have renounced it.

It was, however, too late, for her husband was now hastening her away; yet it was long before she could shake off the sadness that oppressed her. Her thoughts still hovered around the house she was leaving, and it was not till many miles of her journey were passed, and she saw the surrounding scenery gradually assuming the form and character of that among which her earliest perceptions had been awakened, that her spirits recovered their bouyancy, and her interest again centered in the scenes she was approaching.

The summer evening was gently closing in, when, on the fourth day of their journey, Lucy found herself entering the precincts of her native village. Her heart swelled with emotion, as she drove through it, and she secretly rejoiced that the deepening twilight shrouded from her view the changes she had not courage to behold. When, however, the carriage turned from the village street, into the green and winding lane, that led to Rosedale, she leaned forward and sent her eager gaze abroad in search of the familiar objects of the landscape.

And there they all were, distinct and visible, even through the dim and misty veil of twilight—the unpruned shrubbery clothing in wild luxuriance the banks on either side, the hanging wood to the left, the smooth meadow stretching far away to the right, and bounded by gently swelling hills, whose every outline was softly defined against the western sky; and there, too, as in years past, hung the moon's young crescent, and the lovely vesper planet, like sparkling jewels, gemming the purple robe of evening. How often, with those dearest to her heart, had Lucy threaded the windings of that romantic lane, and drank in from the beauty of that landscape, the love of nature, which was interwoven with the deepest and holiest emotions of her soul.

The carriage drove on, and soon the white paling of the lawn became visible, and then the walls of the dwelling-house were seen at intervals through the trees. It entered the grounds, and passing slowly beneath the drooping branches of the elms, paused at the door,—the door of Lucy's early home! But they, who were wont to come forth, with joyous words and glad smiles, to welcome her returning steps, where were they now? Her heart sank within her as it responded to the sad interrogatory; images of the absent and the dead flitted before her, and the eloquent words of one, who in describing his own emotions, had faithfully pictured hers, rushed to her memory, and were half audibly murmured by her pale and quivering lips;

"This is the dwelling; but the look, the tone,
The heart that gave the gladness,—all are flown;
Yet, while these trees wave o'er me, and I hear
Each well known branch still rustling in my ear,
See the same window, where, as day grew pale,
I sat, oft lingering o'er some half-read tale,
Scarce can I think, within that home-like door,
No voice of love would bless me as before."

Lucy begged to be conducted immediately to her apartment, that, unobserved, she might indulge the feelings of her heart. It proved to be that which she had been accustomed to occupy before her marriage, and, with a new burst of emotion, she paused upon its threshold, and cast around her a glance of eager, yet trembling inquiry. It was the same,—the same in form and dimensions, and yet how changed,—how sadly changed its aspect! and her heart grew chill as she observed it,—as she looked upon the uncovered floor, and the few mean articles of furniture which replaced those she had been wont to see there. She missed the cool straw carpet, the simple French bedstead with its snow-white draperies, and the antique walnut dressing-table, with its polished mirror, and its many appurtenances for convenience and comfort.

But the windows were unchanged,—that one through which she had often gathered delicious cherries from the tall tree that shaded it, and that, which the white roses embowered, climbing even to the eaves above; and the other also, where the honeysuckle had turned its lithe arms, filling the apartment with the odour of its spicy flowers! She looked forth,—the cherry-tree had been cut down to make room for the extension of an out-building; the white roses which her mother's hand had planted were gone,—root and branch had perished, and one dead stalk, twisted closely round the water-spout, alone told of the beauty and fragrance which had once been lavished there. But the honeysuckle—that was surely flourishing, for did she not even then inhale its fragrance? and the better to enjoy it, she approached and leaned from the window; vainly she looked for its clustering flowers, and the rich and matted foliage, that once wreathed in beautiful luxuriance the white walls of her early home. A few sickly branches shot forth here and there, from the distorted and decaying stalk, and an occasional flower, diminutive and pale, struggled into bloom, where hundreds had formerly hung forth their nectareous tubes, and cast abroad upon the evening air their hoarded and delicious sweets.

But Lucy saw not in the dim uncertain twilight, half the ruin that had fallen on her cherished home. She inhaled the mingled odours of the lilac and the locust flowers, as she had been wont to do in other days, and she saw the chequered shade of the trees, lying as of yore upon the grass, and the rays of the summer moon, as she brightened in the west, silvering the massy rocks, and casting alternate light and shadow on the green hill-side that sloped upward from the valley, till its tree-crowned summit seemed to meet, and mingle with the trans-

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parent ether of the heavens. She saw all this, as she had seen and admired it a thousand times before, and on just such balmy evenings of June; and she cheated herself into the fond belief, that the morning sun would permit her to see unchanged, the dear original of that picture, which was so faithfully imaged on her heart.

Edward left her in the morning for the city, whither he was going to make arrangements for his journey, which was to commence on the succeeding day; and as soon as he departed, Lucy tied on her hat and sallied forth to explore the haunts of her early love. But alas! how soon was her heart disenchanted of its bright and glowing visions by the sad and stern reality, which the broad light of day revealed to her view. She saw the smooth velvet lawn converted into a broad vegetable garden, while the stately groups of trees that had once adorned it, were sadly thinned, and the few that still remained, wore not the rich luxuriant beauty of former days.

The circular avenue was annihilated; and Lucy's eye vainly sought to trace the verdant grass-plat, which, like an islet, its small sweep had enclosed, that lovely little spot, with its graceful willow, its spreading catalpas, its tall and cone-like firs, and its flowery fringe of rose-trees and acacias, which it had been her mother's delight to nurture. All were gone—all except one fir, the natural symmetry of which was destroyed by the loss of its aspiring summit; and the tangled branch of a white rose, which, half choked by the rank vegetation, she found springing from the root of that very bush, whence she remembered to have gathered its latest roses on her bridal morning.

It was too sore a trial for Lucy's tender heart, this utter desolation of a spot she had so dearly loved, and with streaming eyes she turned away to seek elsewhere some unchanged memento of the past. As she walked on, she remarked that new outhouses had superseded the old and familiar ones of her childhood; and though she felt it right that it should be so, yet still, with their new and strange look, they pained her eye and her heart. With a trembling hand she unclosed the garden gate; and there again, more drear, she felt the sadness, that, like a shadow, rested on the deserted home of her love. The terraced banks were broken down in many places, and the peach-trees that had crowned them, beautiful in their early bloom, and rich with their downy fruit as the summer advanced, where were they? Her father's hand had engrafted them with the choicest varieties; but not one remained to speak to her of his kindness and his love. The grape vines, too, had disappeared, though here and there a broken espalier stood to show where their green tendrils had entwined, and their purple clusters hung forth to ripen in the sun.

Lucy loitered not long here, but passed on to the acclivitous garden, which had exclusively belonged to her sister and herself. There they had loved to expend their taste, and to toil in the culture of their flowers and shrubs, till beneath their care, what was once a desert hill, was made, literally, "to blossom as the rose." As she entered this consecrated territory, she paused, breathless with emotion, for its general features remained the same; they were too strongly marked by nature to admit of change; and for a moment it seemed to her as if years had rolled backward, and she had again come forth with her small spade and her watering-pot to labour in her rocky garden. But as she passed onward, too soon the illusion was dissolved; for "ruin's ploughshare" had not spared even this beloved spot, to which her heart was linked by a thousand tender recollections.

Rank weeds and matted grass had overgrown both flower plat and alley, and choked with their unwholesome shade the choice plants of the parterre. Large tufts of yellow lilies, the tenacious roots of which had embedded themselves too deeply in the soil, to be easily eradicated, alone waved their long lance-like leaves, and threw up their tawny blossoms above the noisome vegetation in the midst of which they grew. But, climbing over the rugged projection of the rock, as it sloped from the ærial garden to the soft valley below, Lucy saw with delight the periwinkle and the golden moss, which had sprung from the small tufts that her sister and herself had planted in every crevice which offered them a particle of earth, now clothing with a rich and beautiful garniture the dark gray surface of the cliff. The deep green foliage and azure flowers of the former, formed a lovely contrast to the tenderer hue of the moss, and the starlike blossoms, which now in golden clusters hung thick upon its slenderest spray; and, as she gazed in admiration on this graceful drapery of nature, woven by her "sweet and cunning hand," with a skill that human art might in vain essay to equal, she wept that those, who would have shared her pleasure at this sight, were not beside her now; that she stood alone; alone, there where fond eyes had answered her smiles of love, and kind voices responded in tones of tenderness to hers. "My home! my early home!" she exclaimed—

> "The shadows of departed hours
> Hang dim upon thine early flowers;
> Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
> Something more deep than solitude."

The audible expression, which, in the exquisite words of another, she gave to her emotions, served to heighten their poignancy; and for a few moments she wept on with the passionate violence of a child. Then, pursuing the tangled path which wound onwards and upwards, passing beneath and round the base of an overhanging rock, she ascended by a flight of steps, cut in the green turf, to a platform above, in the centre of which stood a simple summer-house, which, when Lucy left her paternal home, had been surrounded with flowering shrubs and young forest trees, that promised shortly to form a verdant screen to the building, and clothe the high apex of the hill with shade and beauty.

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She slowly climbed the ruined steps, pausing often beneath the broad boughs of the chestnuts to recall those sunny autumn days, when she had gone there to gather the glossy nuts, which, as the early frosts opened the prickly husks, came showering in their ripeness on her head, and gaining at last the hill top, sat down, weary in body and in mind, to rest awhile beneath the roof of the dear old summer-house. There, as she sat, her eye roved over the broad familiar prospect around her; and the same beautiful picture met her gaze, as that which had formerly delighted it. Softly swelling hills, rich woodlands, and quiet farm houses, standing in the midst of green and sloping orchards—all wearing an unchanged look of peace and happiness that went to her heart. Over her own home only had the transformation seemed to come, and to have touched and blighted every object she had loved; for even the building in which she sat was ruinous; the vines that had so richly wreathed its lattice work, were trailing, spoiled and broken, on the ground; the choice flowers that had blossomed around it were no more visible; cattle had found their way through an aperture in the fence, and destroyed the shrubs, and made even the sylvan temple itself a shelter from the noonday heats, till desolation and decay were written on all that had once been beautiful and dear.

Yet still she lingered on this spot, round which so many tender recollections clustered; and when at length she left it, pursuing the path which marked the course of her former walks, she entered the little grove, which, in a northerly direction, sheltered lovely and sequestered Rosedale from the hum and bustle of the village. And as she threaded its leafy mazes, or paused in the deep shade of its ancient trees, what thronging thoughts crowded with almost overwhelming power upon her swelling heart! She advanced to a rocky cliff that jutted from its farthest verge, where, grasping for support the drooping bough of an old beech, on the furrowed trunk of which were still legible the initials of her own and other dear names, she looked out upon the village, or rather that which she had left a village, now grown to a populous and busy town; its simplicity, its quiet were gone; and with them the charm which had so long given it a place in her affections. Had she lived on amid the changes that had taken place, they would not probably so have offended her; but now, she could not bear to behold them; it almost seemed to her as if sacred objects had been profaned by the unhallowed hand of innovation; and, sick at heart, she turned away, and plunging into the deepest recesses of the wood, sat down at the foot of a broad oak, where, as she now remembered, she had been wont to come when the spring rains melted away the snows, to gather the earliest violets of the year. She stooped down and brushed away a heap of withered leaves that the wind had swept around the knotted trunk, and there, in soft luxuriance, still flourished the green foliage of her darling flowers; the blossoms long since passed away, but the very roots from which her hand had once plucked them, were remaining; and the young leaflets, dancing joyously in the summer air, seemed to her, in the midst of so much that was new and strange, like the welcome smiles of old and dear friends.

All day she loitered in that lovely wood, for she found it less changed than any other spot; and in the gentle rustling of its leafy boughs, and the low sighing of the breeze among its tall tree tops, her busy fancy syllabled the accents of voices that had long been silent, and she yielded herself to the sweet imagining, that the spirits of her departed ones were with her in this sylvan solitude, witnessing and perhaps sharing the deep unutterable emotions which filled her soul; sad, yearning, tender emotions, too closely blended with the dead, and with the hallowed, thrilling memories of the past, to permit of audible expression, or to ask for sympathy from any heart, though knit in bonds of closest union with her own.

Yet fraught with trial and with suffering as was this day, spent amid the sad mementos of youthful joy and affection, Lucy felt a bland and blessed influence distil from it, that fell like holy dew upon her mourning spirit. The whisperings within her were of

> "Something that finds not its answer here,
> A chain to be clasped in another sphere;"

that bright sphere where the fair flowers of human affection will no more wither and die, whose aliment is love, perfect, pure, unchangeable, radiating from the throne of the Eternal, and binding the reunited in bonds stronger and dearer and holier than the holiest and the dearest that ever knit the most impassioned souls of earth in close and tender sympathy.

Such were the thoughts of Lucy, as, humbled and chastened by the sufferings and teachings of the day, she at length arose, and slowly wended her way from the wood. As she emerged from its shadows, she met her husband coming in search of her. He had received intelligence, which rendered his projected journey unnecessary; and Lucy gladly renounced her purpose of spending a month at Rosedale, to return with him to the calm joys of her wedded home, and the fond embraces of her children. So with the dawn of another day she bade a last farewell to the scenes of her earliest love. The charm which had so long bound her to them was dissolved; and the beautiful picture which memory had imaged on her soul, was darkened with the saddest and most sombre hues.

Long it was, very long, before her thoughts dared again wing themselves to her childhood's home; nor did she ever so far forget the pain which she had felt at witnessing its changes and decay, as to fail in warning all who, after a long absence, wished to revisit the scenes of youth, "to keep the mountains and the sea between them and the place of their birth," that so the "fairy-land of memory"

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might remain undarkened by shadows, a hallowed spot, round which the warm affections should delight to cluster, bringing back from that pure shrine of early happiness, fresh flowers to strew on the toilsome path of the world's way-worn and weary pilgrim.

STANZAS.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

MANY a year hath come and past
Since mine eyes beheld thee last,—
Some in joy have speeded on,—
Some in wasting cares have gone,—
But, or in its gloom or glee,
Still my heart remembered *thee*.

When we parted, hope was high—
Hope, that cometh but to fly!
Anxious yearnings, transient sorrow,
Which expected life's glad morrow,—
Years rolled on, and still found me
Fondly thus remembering thee.

If, beloved, mine be mirth,
'Mid the crowds and joys of earth,—
When, as now, I sit alone,
In mine ear there is thy tone,
Sweet in sadness or in glee,
By which I remember thee!

Hope hath died—for thou art gone,
Thou, my heart's beloved one!
Thou art tenant of the tomb,—
Thine the gain, and mine the gloom:
Earthward turns thy thought to me,
Who too well remembers thee?

Since, beloved, thou hast gone,
Happy hours have been mine own;
Smiling faces round my hearth—
Smiling 'mid the griefs of earth—
Children clinging by my knee,
And to them I talk of thee.

Vanished in thy summer years,
Ere thy life was dewed with tears,—
Ere thy heart was wrung by pain,—
Mine the loss, and thine the gain,
Sweet, though sad, it is to be
Shrining, thus, fond thoughts of thee.

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF MISS REBECCA ANN MARSHALL.

BY MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

"The most loved are they
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice."—MRS. HEMANS.

COULD friends have stayed the dart of death,
While watching by thy side;
Could Love recall life's fleeting breath,
Thou would'st not sure have died:
But thou wert hurried to the tomb
In all the flush of beauty's bloom,
In all thy youthful pride;
Affection, powerless to save,
Could only weep above thy grave.

'Twas not the touch of long disease,
Sapping life's hidden springs,
Weaning the soul by slow degrees,
From all to which it clings;
'Twas not a summons long delayed,
And still reluctantly obeyed,
Called thee from earthly things;
A few brief days alone were given
To win thy thoughts from earth to Heaven.

The world for thee was glad and bright,
Thy path was strewn with flowers,
And pleasure shed her rosiest light
Upon youth's smiling bowers;
Yet no base fear was in thy heart,
When called from all most dear to part,
E'en in life's morning hours;
For in thy soul was heaven's own grace,
And angel brightness on thy face.

Fame plants no laurel o'er the tomb
Where thou dost calmly sleep,
But gentle memories round it bloom
And Love there bends to weep;
Thou *wert* of those the world knows not,—
Thou *art* of those the unforgot,—
Who in our hearts we keep;
A mother's love;—oh, more than fame,—
A mother's tears embalm thy name.

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THOUGHTS ON FRIENDSHIP.

GLEANED FROM ANCIENT GREEK AUTHORS.

BY DR. DEMETRIUS STAMATIADES.

What can be the reason that men listen with alacrity to tales of war, strife, and bloodshed, but are strangely indifferent to hear or learn the means of procuring friendship, whereby the peace and happiness of their fellow beings is promoted? It is a very fortunate acquisition for a private individual to possess, and much more so for those in authority, whose two ears and eyes, and one soul and body, are not enough to enable them to hear, see, and provide for all the things that they ought; but if they are rich in friendship, they will see everywhere, and hear whatever is uttered at a distance, and will know things far and near like the soothsayers, and will be, at the same time, in many places with a sort of omnipresence. It is then worth our while to consider the means by which so advantageous a thing is obtained.

In the first place, the person who is to become our friend must possess filial piety, and affection for his relatives; feelings which will cause him to be attached to us also. If any one thinks it impossible to know before a trial the very things which he must learn only from experience, we would inform him that he will have no need of divination; for according to the poet, none of us "has been carved out of an ancient oak, or hewn out of a rock," but every one has a father and mother, perchance, a brother and other relatives. When, therefore, you wish to know what a friend will be to you, you must find out how he bears himself towards his own father, mother or brother, or how he uses his wife; and if he is mild and attached to them, you have good reason to hope as good things for yourself. If, on the contrary, he proves rough and averse to them, keep at a distance from such a man, for he that is bad at home cannot be good with strangers.

In the next place, we must ascertain whether he is susceptible of feelings of gratitude or not; for some lands are unproductive, while others reward richly the husbandman. So are some minds barren and forgetful of benefits, and unfit for friendship, while in others flourishes the desire of returning favours. We cannot look for deeds in all cases, but must only examine the disposition, and whether they return as much as they are able; for they can in all cases praise and remember. Nothing consolidates friendship more than gratitude, or dissolves it like selfishness. With good reason then, the laws of the Persians lay penalties upon ingratitude, since it produces hatred wherever it exists; and where no law punishes it, there, on its account, men hate each other, and only cease to be amenable to judgment because they conceal their enmities.

We must, moreover, consider how he whom we would take for a friend withstands the allurements of pleasure, or bears privation; and whether he avoids the latter, and is a slave to the former; for it will be perhaps necessary to sustain much labour and forego many pleasures for the sake of our friend. The ancient Pylades has distinguished himself by nothing more, than because he preferred hardship in the society of his friend Orestes to royalty alone. We must ascertain, besides, whether he is influenced by envy, or is above such feeling; for we cannot expect to find a friend in him who has that passion within him which is naturally inimical to such as are near, and averse also to all that are at a distance. We should never neglect finding out whether he is of a liberal disposition, because parsimony unfits the mind for tasting of true friendship. We see those who are called friends, for a season take each other by the hand, or abide together, and walk out in company; but no sooner does chance throw any small gain between them, than they rise in competition, and bite and tear each other like dogs.

The unsocial nature of ambition likewise disqualifies its possessors for sincere attachment. Every one knows that a man swayed by ambition cannot bear the equality of friendship; neither will a proud and supercilious spirit stoop to the level of equal rights; much less he that has an ungovernable, passionate temper. What friendship could we expect from a madman? And is not anger a short madness? We must see, moreover, that our future friend has not a strong inclination to any disreputable pursuit, such as games of chance, or dice, or card-playing, or horse-racing; for we cannot expect that man to relish true friendship, who has a great passion for grovelling pleasures.

From what has been observed, it is not an easy thing to find out a person so purified; and in consequence, he that knows how to choose friends will not possess many; for besides the difficulty of finding them out, he will be at a loss how to manage them, since all will not have the same likes and dislikes, nor are the fortunes of all similar; but one person is pleased with one thing and another with another; and this one will be more favoured by fortune than that. Now let us ask those who delight in numerous friendships, when, out of their many friends, some like and others dislike the same thing, with whom will they side? And when this one desires them to go to mourning

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with him, and that one invites them to partake in his rejoicings, to which of the two will they turn? Will they not be obliged to displease one friend in order to honour the other? But inasmuch as perfection is not found among men, and we ourselves are by no means faultless any more than those whom we criticise, we should not exclude any one because he bears even a small stain of infirmity on his soul, but rather take care lest he be subject to a kindred vice with our own; for all virtue is in harmony with itself, but vice is averse to virtue, and discordant also with itself. Therefore, a passionate man cannot become the friend of a passionate, neither a slothful the friend of an indolent, nor a froward of the froward; but their tempers being intermixed, may bear each other moderately. Thus a dull person may endure an insolent one, and a supercilious man will agree with one of a submissive temper, and the slothful with the restless, the spendthrift with the parsimonious, and he that loves modest retirement, be a good associate for the ambitious. Such was indeed the cement of those ancient friendships which attained the greatest celebrity: for poets sang the friendship of Habrias and Iphicrates, the one of whom was active and energetic, but the other slow in his movement, so that the first had need of a bridle, and the other of spurs.

Having by such marks found out and chosen the person, it will be our duty subsequently not to let him slip from us, but watch and run around with more alacrity than hunters encircling the thicket where the game lies concealed, especially since the animal we are in search of is tame and not a wild one, and our effort is not for bits of flesh, but to gain a spiritual stay through life. What sort of nets then shall we spread around them? or what bait are we to set before them, which will not displease their tastes, neither afford them a false and deceitful lure, but secure without hurting them, and entice them to their own advantage! Fishermen and hunters usually catch beasts and fishes by throwing to them a variety of baits; but this animal, the friend, is caught only by the sacrifice of the captor himself. Therefore, we must be virtuous, so that when the object of our pursuit has once tasted our good quality, he may suffer himself to be caught; and this of itself will be the best means of making a good choice; for if he approaches and is pleased with us, we may believe he is the very one for whom we have been looking anxiously. But the man who does not admire virtue, or is averse to it, we ought to shun for his stupidity, or despise for his wickedness.

We shall next mention some of the hooks used in this species of angling. We must in the first place make distant approaches like those who tame young colts, appearing to commence from small and indifferent things, viz: looking upon him benignantly, and conversing with affability, sitting and walking near him, so as to make it appear that his society is agreeable to us; and in the market place we must seek the spot where he frequents, so likewise in parties, in baths, in theatres, in the army, in travelling, or in any other intercourse. These things, we readily acknowledge, are not of great consequence, but always the beginnings of the greatest things are small. I might suggest even more insignificant methods for catching a friend. I am sure to be laughed at when I say, that taking him by the hand, and pressing it in our own, infuses him with a desire of future friendship; for we see parents, when they embrace their young children, the excess of affection seems to be the indication of a desire to be united to the soul of the being beloved, by a close contact of body to mingle with its spirit. Praise, however, is the most efficient means of cementing friendship, though flatterers have made it very suspicious. Hence we must employ it moderately like wine at the table, not overstepping the bounds of truth in the one case, or of temperance in the other. We should never praise our friend in his presence, for this active drug insinuates the better when it is not offered before the person who is himself to take it; for in such a case men usually spurn it as treacherous. Praise is like an arrow shot from a bow, which thrown from a distance, penetrates with greater force. Besides, we must direct our operations not only toward those whom we intend to catch, but befriend also those who will aid us in our ultimate efforts. It will be worth while thus to show kindness to his children, brothers and parents, and conciliate them to us; for if, according to the proverb, "even a dog wags his tail to a kind person," how much more will men affably treated become mild and accessible. Yet the work here is greater, and the game not a hare, a boar nor a deer, but the noblest of animals. Let us then imitate the cunning bird-catchers, who having tamed quails and partridges, by their means entice other birds into the nets; and so make use of our old friends to catch new ones.

Having by such and similar means acquired a friend, our next consideration should be how to keep him attached to us. Nothing will so much tend to preserve and strengthen friendship, as consulting the common interests of both. We should rejoice with him in his prosperity, and never neglect him when sorrow, disease, or any affliction has overtaken him; for, unlike other acquisitions, which simply decay and become valueless through neglect, slighted friendship, besides being defeated, is prone to take the form of an enmity from which men have experienced the greatest evils. Therefore we ought to lay aside all sluggishness or indifference, and participate in the labours, vigils, dangers, expenses and dishonours of our friend, if need be, not waiting to be invited, but running of our own accord, and often even anticipating his wishes, striving thus to assume in every emergency of our friend a character suited to the occasion: in his sickness that of the nurse; in lawsuits of an advocate; and everywhere that of a counsellor and second self. We should beware also lest any difference in our fortune or birth cause feelings of

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superciliousness towards the friend who may be less fortunate in these accidental circumstances; for this will destroy quickly the bonds of affection.

I would advise those who are desirous of preserving true friendship, to associate as much as possible, and consider propinquity of residence as a circumstance of much value. They should avoid reserve and dissension, which are often the seeds of enmity. For this reason, those who wish to preserve ardent friendship must not excel in the same art or science; because similarity of pursuit, inspiring love for the same praises or gain, becomes bitter emulation. If then fortune should happen to bind you, being a statesman to a statesman, or a physician to a physician, or a painter to a painter, do not quarrel with your friend, but always yield him greater honour, though you may be more learned or deserve higher renown.

But as it is not possible to find perfection among men, we will suppose that your friend is marred by some foibles or faults. It is your duty then to assist him to get rid of these deformities of character, without wishing to inflict suffering; as able surgeons sometimes lay aside their knife and caustic, and cure the disease less painfully by external applications or internal medicines. Thus instead of burning and cutting, remove the failings of your friend by words full of affection and candour, and take care so to mingle the dose of salutary reproof with soothing expressions, as to disguise its bitterness.

Constantinople, Turkey in Europe.

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

There was a church-yard, and an open grave,
Which a small band of thoughtful villagers
Gather'd around. Pressing more near its brink,
A slender boy, of some few summers, stood,
Sole mourner for the dead,—his watchful eye
Fix'd on the coffin.—When they let it down
Into the darksome pit, and the coarse earth
From the grave-digger's shovel falling, gave
A hollow sound, there rose such bitter wail,
Prolonged and deep, as I had never heard
Come from a child. Then he, who gave with prayers,
The body to the dust, when the last rite
Was finished, turned with sympathizing look,
And said, "Poor boy! your mother will not sleep
In this cold bed for ever. No! as sure
As the sweet flowers which now the frost hath chilled,
Shall hear the call of Spring, and the dry grass
Put on fresh greenness, she shall rise again,
And live a life of joy."
Bleak Autumn winds
Swept through the rustling leaves, and seemed to pierce
The shivering orphan, as he bent him down
All desolate, to look into the grave:—
So from the group a kindly matron came,
And led him thence.
When Spring returning, threw
Her trembling colours o'er the wakened earth,
I wandered there again,—for well I love
At musing twilight, when rude sounds are still,
Amid some rural church-yard's shades to roam,
And pay a silent visit to the dead.
I thought myself alone. But a light step
Fell on my ear, and that poor orphan boy
Came from his mother's grave. Paler he'd grown,
Since last I saw him;—and his little feet
With frequent tread had worn the herbage down
Into a narrow path. He started thence,
And would have fled away. But when I said
That I had stood beside him, while they put
His mother in the grave,—he nearer drew,
Inquiring eagerly,—
"Then did you hear
The minister, who always speaks the truth,
Say that she'd rise again?—that just as sure
As Spring called up the withered grass and flowers,
She'd rise and live again?"
"Yes. But not here,—
Not here, my son."
"This is the very spot
Where she was laid,—and here she'll rise again.—
Just here they buried her. I marked it well;
And night and morning, since the grass grew green,
I've come to watch, and often pressed my lips
Close to the place where they laid down her head,
And called, and told her that the flowers had come,—
And now 'twas time to wake.—See too, the seeds
I planted here, seeds of the flowers she loved,
Break the brown mould. But yet she does not rise,
Nor answer to my voice."
"She cannot come
To you on earth, but you shall go to her."
"*I go to her!*" and his thin hands were clasped
So close, that every bone and sinew seemed
Knit fast together.—"*Shall* I go to her?
Let me go *now*."
Then, with a yearning heart,
I told him of the Book that promiseth
A resurrection, and a life of bliss
To them who sleep in Jesus:—that the word
Of God's eternal truth could ne'er deceive
The trusting soul, that kept His holy law,
Obediently, and His appointed time,
With patience waited.
"Oh! I'll wait His will,
If I may hope to die, and rise at last,
And live once more with mother."
So he turned
From that low grave, with such a piteous look
Of soul-subdued and utter helplessness,
As haunted memory, like a troubled dream.
—Months fled: and when again, with traveller's haste,
I passed that village, I inquired for him;—
And one who knew him, told me how he sought
That blessed book, which teacheth that the dead
Shall rise again; and o'er its pages hung
Each leisure moment, with a wondering love,
Until he learned of Jesus, and laid down
All sorrow at his feet. And then, there came
A fearful sickness, and in many a cot
Were children dead,—and he grew ill, and bore
His pain without complaint, and meekly died,
And went to join the mother that he loved.

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THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

BY W. LANDOR.

Mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic, potent over sun and star,
Is Love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble Woman's breast.—WORDSWORTH.

If fate should ever rest upon a mortal head the pearly circlet of absolute happiness, the brow which would, I think, be selected before every other to wear the enviable gem, would be that of a beautiful girl at the era of her first entrance into society. The arbiter, should he think as I do, would pass by kings in the pomp of their royalty, and heroes in the lustre of their brightest renown; he would leave the rich in the repose of their luxury, and the learned in the more doubtful blessedness of their wisdom; for he would find that genial feelings and a morning fancy had made of this common world such a paradise as the restless searchings and unpausing toils of all the others could neither discover nor create. In effect, the true enjoyment of our being is in the degree in which the imagination is excited and exercised by the course of our daily life; for it is the only source of high happiness. And as the portals of the great world expand before the daughter of wealth and fashion, the view which opens on her vision is all of fairy land. As she advances into the scene, hope elevating and joy brightening her glance, existence seems to be flowering into the perfection of that blissful state of which she has had before but dim sensations and distant fragmentary dreams. The spirit is intoxicated in a new atmosphere of life and gaiety and splendour: the eye is loaded by a still-varying gorgeousness of sights; the ear is mazed with the recurring witcheries of song and symphony; and the mind is enchanted by the courtly address, the finished speech, the captivating demeanour of the occupants of this new-dawning world. Heroines of resistless loveliness, and Paladins of a matchless grace are its inhabitants; its sky is beaming with "orient hues unborrowed from the sun;" while, on high, bright starry hopes flash through the golden air their silvery gleams of light: and fancy becomes a fact. Of this world she is the apparent queen; its denizens hasten to offer her the dizzying tribute of their homage; those profound flatteries, so perilously pleasing to the strongest character, gather a new art in coming before her. She is in a region of perpetual holidays and triumphs; where the sentiments of the people are glowing with the loftiest warmth of poetry; whose dialect is only the accents of subtlest fancy and rarest wit.

Bright rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

Happy is the season of such an illusion; and happiest she who most enjoys it; for it never can be renewed. Live deeply; live intensely; linger the flying hours, ye minions of a fleeting ecstasy; ye from whose almond-branch of life not a tint has faded, nor a morning dew-drop been struck down. The time will not forget to visit you, in which all this brilliancy shall be seen to be only an occasional and difficult display; this charming manner, the dull elaboration of a quickly-exhausted art; and when the sounds that were once the melodies of Alcinous' garden, shall droop coldly and dimly on the jaded ear.

To this roseate spring-time of a brighter existence the subject of our present story was arrived; living in this world, but dwelling in the region of a subtler essence; borne on the strong pinions of tireless fancy above even the sound of the wasting waves of life, breathing nothing but romance; above her the sun-lit empyrean of an endless expectancy; and beneath

Sub pedibusque vidit nubes et sidera Daphnis.

So profound is our sentiment, so tremblingly passionate the ardour of our feeling, where woman is concerned, that the style insensibly raises itself, and description assumes the colours of poetry; so that, in the eyes of one who does not follow these flights, and partake our own enthusiasm, it must bear even an air of extravagancy and bombast. This restraintless love and adoration towards women, is partly the result of a heart, which being forbidden by pride and fear, and the over-sensitive suggestions of a taste too alive to imperfections, to feel widely, *must* feel earnestly, where it feels at all; and of a mind, which incapable of worshipping much, worships fervently when it worships anything; and which must needs, together, pour out their hoarded fires of passion upon the altar of that influence which they most recognize to be divine. For, variously, and according to different gifts, some shall find in the rising or the setting sun, or the depth of the cloudless sky, or the smiling eyes of flowers, or in the more general face of nature, the object, which, as an emanation from the all-beauteous spirit of existence, most engages the force of their affections, and kindles the inspiration of the soul; to us the bright countenance of the pure and the lovely has ever been the most attractive; nor know we anything of holy and exalted, or of splendid and impressive, or of captivating and

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glorious, which is not found dwelling in the face or the character of female beauty. And this natural disposition has been farther widened and deepened by the laborious dedication of our days and nights to the study of that enlarged and genial science which waked to life for the world's enlightenment beneath the Promethean touch of the mind of Burke;—a science which, differently looked at, may seem to be philosophy or politics, or morals or poetry: nay, which in some of its aspects, wants not even the features of a religion; for it embodies the whole form and substance of all truth, and applies to all. That science bids us cultivate, obey, enthrone, sanctify the sympathies of the heart. In the compass of the world's highest literature, there is not a sentiment more august and sublime, and at the same time, accurately just before the eye of reason, than that which Burke utters, in saying that his regret and commiseration for the sufferings of the royal companion of Louis were increased by reflecting that she was a woman, and still more, that she was a beautiful woman. That sentiment is supported and defended by the natural feelings of all mankind; a sacred support, the defence of religion itself. And this high-toned deference, this philosophic interest and poetic delight in respect to this subject, we hold largely by transmission from the chaster days and loftier characters of those who preceded us; men of honourable station and accomplished manners, of grave piety and refined impressions, who beneath the stately and reserved temple which made the manner of the times, carried concealed a glowing enthusiasm of chivalry, the muse and guardian of honour; and they made sacred that spot within their mind where dwelt the recollection of a woman. What was a principle with them is with me a passion. And distant be the day when it fades from the bosom. Far from me and from my friends, indeed, be that selfish morality, or more flippant rule, which treats as valueless, the high and deathless sympathies of our spirit, or which, incapable of the dignity of deference or the fine pride of respect, asserts its independence by the base insolence of sneers. It was this mysterious and impassioned sensibility to beauty which threw around my childhood the light of other worlds; which amid the drearier train of manhood gives proof, nay, in this world of transitory things, is, in itself, a perpetual presence of the Infinite and the Eternal: "So may it be when I grow old, or let me die." My first glance of rapture was towards woman; my last memories of comfort will be hers.

This episode was meant as an apology for a style too undisciplined. We return to our subject, and take a manner more prosaic.

A tall, shaded lamp threw its soft lustre over a *boudoir*, which was sumptuously arranged with everything that wealth and taste could offer to luxury, or the most learned ingenuity contrive for the ease and comfort of its occupant. The rich decorations of the apartment, the costly hangings, the frequent mirrors, the innumerable porcelain bottles and jars of every fantastic shape, which adorned the dressing-table, all spoke of the secret retreat of one whose life was given to gaiety and pleasure. The possessor and presiding deity of this temple of the graces—a girl in the first bloom of beauty and youth—was leaning back in a large crimson arm-chair, wrapped in a loose robe, her foot resting on a high velvet cushion, reading "Kenilworth."

Ellen Paulet was eighteen, and this was her first winter in company. Her father was very rich, and boasted of his old, aristocratic family and his high fashion. Besides this, Ellen, as legatee of an aunt, possessed a good fortune in her own right. The only daughter of a distinguished name, her appearance in society had made a great impression. Rarely has life scattered its allurements and its joys more prodigally than around the path of this fair *debutante;* and certainly never has *debutante* been worthier of the grace and goodliness of fortune. The contrast of dark, lustrous, flashing eyes, and very soft and glossy hair of the same colour, with a *blonde* complexion, and cheeks of a bright, but delicate roseate hue, presented an effect rare and very striking. A *denture* of milk-like whiteness, was wont to be often illustrated by a quick, beaming smile; her features, which had an excellent outline, not too regular, were charged with a rich expression, intellectual and full of feeling. On the whole, her countenance denoted a strong character, highly imaginative, and finely passionate. She was extremely well made, a little below the common height; her foot was small and graceful; and her hand, from its faultless shape, pearl-like refinement and witching beauty, might alone have fed the hopes of a score of lovers.

Among the dainty uses of this fair person's life was this, of passing a part of the evening in the occupation we have just seen her employed in. The nice elaboration of the *coiffure* being ended, there remained usually an hour or two before it was time to dress to go out; and in this interval, her feelings agreeably agitated by the anticipations of the coming scene, she was wont to disport her glowing fancy amid the high and rich creations of the great novelist of the age. Among these, it is not wonderful if the bright page of "Kenilworth," glittering with the enchantments of knightly daring and the graces of high-born spirit, in an era when beauty filled the throne, and chivalry was seated in the council, was the most engaging of all to the romantic hopes and visionary heart of a young creature of light and joy. The passage of the story which she had just now reached was that charming scene in which the queen with her splendid suite are shown "launched on the bosom of the silver Thames." In this hour of royal festivity, the respectable keeper of a bear-garden approaches, and offers a petition, complaining of the injurious encroachments of one Will Shakspeare, who, by exhibiting plays on the other side of the river had withdrawn the custom of the gentry and nobles from the manly and heroic exercise of bear-baiting,

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once the worthy pastime of all men of rank; and invoking against this effeminate evil, the interference of her majesty as the vindicator of right taste and arbiter of just morals. The queen turns to her attendants to ask if they know anything of this Shakspeare; and while some among the older and sterner express an opinion in favour of the petitioner, the bright eye of young Raleigh catches the glance of the queen, not wholly unknowing of this culprit, and he repeats those lines which embody probably the most felicitous and appropriate compliment that genius in its most rapt ecstasy ever has conceived.

> That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
> Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
> Cupid all arm'd; a certain aim he took,
> At a fair vestal throned by the west,
> And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
> As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
> But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
> Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
> And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
> In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

As the splendid and delicious flattery sank into the heart of the royal lady, her hand declined over the side of the barge till the paper rested in the water, and as the courtly accents of the speaker closed on the ear, the petition of the bear master floated off upon the tide, and gallantry and grace again were masters of the hour.

"Exquisitely beautiful," said Miss Paulet, as she finished the scene which sets this poetical gem so richly. "I too am fancy free;" and as she laid down the volume, and leaned back her head in her luxurious chair, there stirred within her mind faint forms of hope ready to light up into visions of glory, and there were within her heart blind emotions soon to be born into fire-eyed passions:

> Fresh, full: the most mature
> Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch
> To fall, and yet unfallen.

Miss Paulet completed her arrangements, and went to the house where she was to pass the evening. When she entered the drawing-room, her attention was attracted almost immediately to a stranger who stood near the lady of the house, having been in conversation with her before her own entrance. There was indeed something very striking in his aspect. He was perhaps below the middle height, but the erect dignity of his carriage, bearing

> A natural grace
> Of haughtiness without pretence,

gave the impression of even superior stature. His features, large and distinctly chiselled, were eminently handsome; softened, as they were, by the refinement of a spirit that felt highly and thought much. A high placid expanse of forehead gave benignity to a countenance which, in the strong calm expression of the closed lip spoke of firmness, reserve and modesty. His light hair, growing to considerable length, was curled according to the mode; not the finical affectation of a coxcomb, but that deference to fashion which is always paid by a gentleman and by a man of good sense. Although his face possessed a strength even to sternness, and was marked by a force that approached to fire, yet it bore the trace withal of a proud, melancholy, sensitive spirit, which looked on life with a regret which had been scorn, had he not possessed too true a dignity to feel the weakness of contempt. His eye, rich and deep, had a noble lustre; but in the freest roll and fullest flash of its glance, something of its light seemed lingered or drawn off; as if all its thought flowed not forth upon the outer world, but a part was held to some inward interest, or it had a glimpse of some star on high, not seen by others, which took up a portion of its gaze, and left for earth but a dreamy and divided regard. But when it met the glance of Miss Paulet, then indeed for a moment it kindled with a disturbed glow, as he seemed to be startled at once with surprise and admiration. Her own quick gaze seemed to communicate as earnest a sympathy for his character as his own towards her; and as she saw the flush which faintly suffused his face, she felt a certain tremulous fulness along her temples, and a mistiness athwart her sight. This immediateness of mutual interest may often take place without being advanced to affection by farther acquaintance; but without it, without this instantaneous and magnetic recognition of soul by soul, the *most* fervent passion, the power and the progression of boundless love can rarely be felt.

As Miss Paulet joined some of her acquaintance on the other side of the room, she saw him inquire from the lady of the house who she was;—a circumstance which always agreeably flatters the heart of a woman. After a few minutes he was brought up to her and presented as Mr. Clarendon.

She pointed to a bronze medallion head of Napoleon which hung in a frame on the wall beside her. "I have just been looking at these great features, which always interest us," said she. "Are you one of his admirers?" He looked at her for a moment with a certain air of surprise, as if he wondered at the question.

"Buonaparte did great things," he replied; "but surely he was not great. When you penetrate the tumult and tempest of ostentation with which he kept himself surrounded; when you pierce the trappings of boast and preparation and promise in which he always was arrayed, and the pageantry of style and allusions and ideas with which he strove to illustrate and set off his life, it is indeed wonderful, under this glittering mass, how small a soul he hid. The great historic idea which he endeavoured to impose on Europe as the embodiment of his character, was altogether of the heroic, nay, the sublime. Of all the elements of power he was a surprising master; but they were generally such as his opponents could not use because of their vileness, and which he had found only by

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plunging. He was very base. I would far prefer the proud defeat of Pavia to the dishonouring triumph of Rivoli;—gained, as the latter was, by a mean and cowardly falsehood. He was a hero only for the vulgar. His worst acts are his most popular. And when I hear the tumultuous acclamations which the world offers up to him, I sometimes stop to ask myself, are these, in their true character, shouts of praise or execrations of infamy? Is such fame, glory or disgrace?"

"Do you then deny him all merit?"

"No; his intellectual faculties had a fertileness and force as singular as were the poverty and paltriness of his moral nature. What in him we should reverence and imitate is, his untamed, tireless energy—his still teeming wealth of hope and enterprise—the irresistible eagerness with which he seized results—the impetuosity of spirit and electric fire of soul which forced defeat into victory, and made *his* equality a certain mastery. He knew not rest; he despised fatigue. "Advance" was the watchword of his spirit as of his empire. He had learned to live with amazing swiftness. It seemed as if, for his existence, eternity had been projected upon the line of time, and in the calendar of his soul, seconds represented years, and centuries were told by moments. Since his career, there is no excuse for dulness or idleness. Those who in any course or undertaking would stimulate their souls to sovereignty, should have his name for ever sounding in their ears."

"Perhaps, if we knew as much of Alexander and Charlemagne as of Napoleon, and had as many of their private conversations recorded, we should find as much littleness in them. When his name is ancient, perhaps the features of his character may grow antique also."

"No doubt, of that class Napoleon was one of the most eminent; for he was as great as a man wholly selfish could be. But there is a greatness far other than this, and vaster than that the pedestal of vanity can support it; a greatness averse from fame and almost inconsistent with success: not the echo of opinion, but the consciousness of the mind. In the solemn hour of midnight meditation, when all mundane and temporary thoughts and cares have dropped off from the lonely soul, the aspirations of the meanest of us then point to one thing as the only real and immortal substance in our whole existence, the pure, high, self-approved spirit of man. There is an order of persons who, making this their deity, their entire universe, refer every thought and act to its effect on this; regarding the world and all that is external to themselves with a profound indifference. These are impelled to put forth their extremest energies and do great things, not by ambition, which being a vice must degrade while it raises, but by a sentiment of deep self-respect: that they may bring their minds in equilibrium with the universe, and breathe the large air of an unmastered freedom; that they may know by proof the force that is in them; because mighty deeds are as mirrors to reflect upon the heart a light which makes it comfortable, and because the high thinking that is thought in acts, is thought deeply into the soul. They fashion their lives to beauty, and build up their spirits into majesty. With them pride is the foundation of all the virtues. From everything base or wrong they are checked by the conscience of their dignity. Based on purity and not on pardon, it holds its votaries to an absolute virtue; for in this system there is no mediator. Under the taint of the smallest sin, like the ermine when its fur is ruffled, the spirit pines in careless, hopeless anguish, and finds no moment tolerable but that which brings its end."

In the strong, but refined and deliberate tones of Mr. Clarendon, there was an interest which made his conversation more engaging, than the matter of it alone would have done. His countenance and manner aided to give his thoughts an aspect of graceful loftiness, and a natural force of originality, which yet, was as tasteful as something highly artificial. Miss Paulet, as he went on to develope his opinions, was delighted and impressed with the freshness and strength that marked his tone of mind, and the distance and elevation of sentiment that gave to his character a certain mystery, very fascinating to a female heart. Anxious to be esteemed by one she so much respected, she exerted the fine powers which she possessed, and leading the conversation into regions more imaginative and romantic, was charmed to find that his clear intelligence followed her thither with the same freedom, and that on these topics his faculties of taste were equally copious and correct. He listened to her glowing words with pleasure, and without once employing anything so unrefined as direct compliment or flattery, by the careful attention which he gave, and the exact appreciation of her remark, which his reply always showed, he gratified her more than by any praise he could have expressed. Himself, too, surprised at finding so much genius where he had only looked for beauty, was roused to greater effort; and bringing forward abilities far higher than those which he had before exhibited, ranged over a rich selection of rare and animated topics, with an eloquence that was very captivating, and, indeed, not easy to be resisted. When this protracted conversation was ended, there was in Miss Paulet's heart a feeling of deep and warm delight; and though purely intellectual, it partook of the delightfulness of affection. Their minds, indeed, loved; themselves, not yet. Mr. Clarendon's manners were perhaps, perfect; grave, but pleasant and playful; easy, but with no familiarity at all; smooth, sincere, firm; they inspired the confidence of an old friendship, nay, even of a relationship.

Two persons presently came up, one of whom was not known to Miss Paulet.

"Clarendon," said he, "you know everything. Mr. Williams and I wish you to decide a question which has been made between us; whether that notion in Wordsworth, where the king of Syracuse, tormented by a spectre, prays instead for the punishment of the furies who will drive him where the

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blasted soil is not unworn, and make him feel what has been felt by others, is original. Mr. Williams cannot remember it anywhere else; it seems to me too fine a sentiment to have been conceived by Wordsworth. I do not want you to cite the Indians and Persians, in whose literature I know you are an adept; but only those classical languages which Wordsworth may be supposed to have read. His exact lines I do not remember; but you must of course recollect the sentiment."

Mr. Clarendon repeated the passage they were speaking of

"Let me rather see
The coronal that colling vipers make,
The torch that flames with many a lurid flake,
And the long train of doleful pageantry
Which they behold whom vengeful furies haunt;
Who while they struggle from the scourge to flee,
Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,
And in their anguish bear what other minds have borne."

"It is in the Prometheus, and in the ninth Æneid: I suppose you would as lief be spared the Latin and Greek. It is in Dante twice;" and he repeated the passages in Italian. "I do not remember it elsewhere; and as it has only been used three times before Wordsworth, I think, as modern poetry goes, it may be considered original."

Mr. Williams asked him how he had been able to attain so complete a knowledge of the classic poets.

"Simply," he replied, "by resolving never to look at a small author, till I had exhausted the great ones. That time," he added with a smile, "has not yet come. By that means, you do not belittle your understanding, and you save much time; for by staying a little, many a reputation that looks gathering, blows over."

"It must be a great pleasure to have a memory so richly stored."

"I think it is a greater pain," he replied, "to reflect that one cannot write such things, than it is a pleasure to remember them. That calm greatness disturbs and irritates."

"Miss Paulet," said a young man approaching her, "you are a lover of the romantic; I have just heard a story which I think will suit you. It relates to a lieutenant in the late Indian war. He was engaged in defending an encampment which was fired upon by Indians on the other side of a river. The place was little above a fall forty feet high. In the midst of the combat, a plank came floating down with a child seated upon it; they had been set adrift farther up the river. The lieutenant offered large rewards to any soldier who would save the infant; all refused, for it was within a few yards of the fall. He then plunged in himself; seized the child; floated to the brow of the fall; sprang thence to the pool below; reached the shore, and depositing the child in safety, rejoined his men and beat off the savages."

"Noble! glorious!" exclaimed Miss Paulet; "that man had the soul of a hero. O! I *will* believe it."

"Do you not think it is somewhat tainted with Munchausenism?"

"I think it is more sublime than probable," she replied. "But is it true or not?"

"I give it to you as I had it. But it seems to me a sheer absurdity,—a mere impossibility."

"What do you think of it, Mr. Clarendon?"

"I do not think that it is impossible," he replied very slowly. "It does not appear that the leap *might* not have been made; and as to the risk, it was not greater, perhaps, than the commonest soldier encounters."

"Oh! he must be a splendid creature," said Miss Paulet; "I should love to see him."

Her companion, in reference to the rather disparaging remark that had been made, said something in a low and sneering tone, about liking to see *him* undertake it. Mr. Clarendon turned on his heel and walked away.

"Have *you* heard this story?" said the lady to a person who then came; and she repeated it to him.

"I have heard it," he replied, "and I know it to be true."

"How so?"

"I was present, and saw the occurrence. It was as it is described. The author of the exploit is in this room."

"Indeed! who is it?"

"Mr. Clarendon."

"Is it possible! why, is he in the army?"

"He was there for some years and greatly distinguished. But disgusted at the treachery employed in the capture of some of the chiefs, which he could not procure to be disavowed by the government, he resigned his commission, and left the service."

She looked round for Mr. Clarendon, but he had left the room.

When Miss Paulet returned to her apartment, she threw herself upon the same chair which she had occupied before,—the same person, no doubt; but how different in all that makes up the identity of the moral being!—a difference somewhat indicated to the eye, by the flushed countenance, the fixed and brooding gaze, the rapid breath. She recalled the charming conversation of Mr. Clarendon,—much the most delightful she had ever heard; the clear measured tones of his rich voice; the freshness and original force of his thoughts; the height and nobleness of the sentiments which he disclosed; and the combination of princely features with the aspect of a spirit profoundly exercised, which threw around his air, the impression of a being untainted by the vulgarness of common life. Her glowing spirit, eager to find whatever it could figure, saw in all this, a form of enchanting interest; and when she rested on the thought of that heroic achievement, which he had so modestly passed by, all check of feeling was carried away, and she yielded her heart to the rapture of love.

Miss Paulet did not doubt that Mr. Clarendon would call upon her the next day; accordingly, she

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was in the drawing-room at an early hour, having given orders that everybody should be admitted. All the tiresome and disagreeable people in town seemed to have entered into a conspiracy that day to favour her with their presence: one after another in an unending succession, all the *most* stupid of her acquaintance came in and went out. But the morning wore on, and the wished for visitor came not yet. How often did the blush mantle to her cheek! How often did the opening door drive from her mind some remark she was about to make! But the throng gradually dropped off, and dinner was announced, and Mr. Clarendon had not called.

The next evening she saw him at a small party. He cast a hurried, agitated glance at her from the other side of the room, but did not approach her, and very soon went away. The following day she came upon him suddenly; he coloured, bowed very awkwardly, and seemed much embarrassed.

"Surely!" she exclaimed, "he is not indifferent to me. I must penetrate this mystery."

She thought at first of confiding her feelings to a friend. But that soon seemed to her unsuited to the refinement and depth of her impressions. She desired one of her acquaintance to present a person whom she knew to be intimate with Mr. Clarendon. From him she made inquiries as to his character.

"He is very poor," said this person, who guessing the sentiments of the parties, thought that an answer to be satisfactory, must be somewhat more precise than the question; "he is prouder still. Not that common pride which has in it always an alloy of vanity: but a purer and more genuine spirit, which may be called self-respect; or an enthusiasm of honour. If, for example, he admired and loved even to the greatest degree, a woman of fortune and high station, I am persuaded that he would never make any advances to her; not that he would care for the remarks of the world, for no man, I believe, is so immovably indifferent to opinion; but because he would himself be fearful of the disinterestedness of his feelings, and dreads anything which on reflection may seem to compromise that dignity which is the passion of his soul."

The next day, Miss Paulet had an interview with her man of business. This worthy person, long an attached family friend, had the care of her separate property; was employed to collect and pay over interest and rents as they became due, or to fund them anew; and often acted as her confidential adviser on many subjects which she did not choose to bring before her parents. Whether at this time, she sought counsel of him in relation to this subject, did not yet appear.

It rarely happens, I imagine, that a strong feeling of any kind is entertained by one person towards another without that sentiment being in some degree induced, as it were, in the bosom of the other. Love, especially, is a thing so wholly born of sympathy, that perhaps to exist it must be mutual; and though no doubt it may survive in one breast after its decay in the other, yet probably for some moments there must have been an accord of sentiment. In the present case, the passion inspired in the bosom of Mr. Clarendon, was even deeper than that which the sensitive fancy of the lady had conceived. When a proud man loves, no one loves more devotedly. Defended by the loneliness and severity of his temper from petty, fugitive impressions, whenever an affection pierces his guarded breast, it finds a vacant reign. The imagination, also, anxious to vindicate to the intellect the enthralment of the heart, labours to magnify and make glorious the cause of the subjection; by which means, the heart is more powerfully enslaved. Mr. Clarendon conceived that in the universe of the heart, there had never been, nor was, but one divinity, and but one worship; that deity was Miss Paulet; that worship the homage of his nature.

The workings of his thoughts, however, were rightly understood by the friend who expressed them as above, to Miss Paulet. He knew that he was poor; and though of an ancient family, yet what was that in present comparison with the lustre of wealth and distinction that surrounded her! Had he been affluent, and she penniless, he would have risen instantly to the generosity of laying all at her feet; as it was, he *could* endure the misery of separation; he *could* die in the anguish of his desolation; but he *could not* humble himself to be under an obligation. Had he been certain of acceptance, nay, had the proposal been communicated from her friends, I suppose he would sooner have perished than receive a favour. A man accustomed to confer benefits, abhorred to accept them. He resolved to check, and overcome if possible, a passion so dangerous to cherish. He would not converse with her again. He would not go to see her. As soon as he had fulfilled some engagements which detained him, he would go to another part of the country. An unexpected occurrence put an end to this resolution. A sudden revolution in his fortunes changed all his views and feelings.

He received a letter from a solicitor in the city, requesting him to call at his office upon business which would probably prove interesting to him. He accordingly waited upon him; and the man, after several inquiries about his family and connexions, informed him that he was the legatee of a large sum of money under the will of a distant relative who had died some time since abroad. The solicitor's correspondent had transmitted the funds to him with directions to pay them over, and he was entirely satisfied that Mr. Clarendon was the person entitled to receive them.

"The money is in the funds," said he. "It is past bank hours, now," drawing out his watch, "but if you will call at nine to-morrow, I will have a refunding bond ready for you to sign, and we will walk round to the bank and have the transfers made."

"Nothing in his life became him, like the leaving

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of it," said the grateful Clarendon as he thought of the judicious bequest of this most respectable relative of his. It was like a dream,—an incident in romance. Had the donor been living, the gift had been purely galling; being dead, he was relieved of the burden of gratitude,—a deliverance which, by Dr. Johnson's authority, we may venture to declare not an uncomfortable one. It was astonishing how much, under this intelligence, he at once felt more kindly and pleasant. It was amazing how his pride gave way under a consciousness of a newly acquired power, and was changed to gentleness and an amiable confidence. As he walked home from the solicitor's, he offered his hand to two or three persons whom he met. Nay, he bowed to several rich men whom before, he would have passed sullenly with a curling lip. That alteration of feeling might have suggested to him that there was perhaps a taint of falseness in that so much cherished pride of his. Perhaps, indeed, he did call to mind a remark of Lord Shaftesbury's, or another of Wordsworth's, to the same effect, where something is said about the majesty of pride being only a disguise.

But the thought which kindled his nature into rapture was, "Now I may see Miss Paulet." No longer checked by pride or by perverseness, he yielded to the boundlessness of passion; and his fancy, intoxicated by that freedom, revelled in the luxury of an endless joy. That he should that day see her, was the thought which on the morrow lay upon his heart like solid light. As soon as he had despatched his business at the bank, no other consideration occupied his memory; and I believe that the certificates must have been still in his pocket when he pulled the bell at Mr. Paulet's door. The object of his passion was alone, in the drawing-room. As she caught the first view of his figure, and rose to meet him, her countenance beamed into gladness and pure delight, as if a triumph had been gained. How warm, how free, how cordial his manner in presenting himself! hers of receiving him, no less so. She rang the bell to indicate that she was no longer at home to any one. From the first moment of their meeting, all restraint and doubt was at an end. They conversed as lovers, known, unquestioned; and inexpressibly delicious was that brilliant, genial, infinitely varied discourse. Fresh and joyous was it, and sparkling as the spray of the summer ocean as it dashes up over the rocks to catch from the morning sun all the colours of the Iris. All the inter-blended hues of fancy and intellect made splendid its changes, like the tumultuous gorgeousness of a forest in autumn. Now flowed forth from united hearts, all the gushing life of passion. Then darting upward and off, one would disclose some quaint and subtle sympathy of the mind, never before expressed; and straight the other would develope so precise and absolute an accordance of perception, that they would blush at the intimacy of their approach, and would dash back to the more direct expression of mutual feeling. Then, in long-drawn links of union were these emotions led out till they became purely painful. Then away glanced they into the fields of taste and criticism; talking of books, or flowers, or pictures, still finding in all their course a perfect concord. Exquisite indeed was this pouring out of the secret spirit; this mutual gage-giving of the heart; and protracted, till Clarendon, shocked by the monstrous prolongation of his visit, sprang to his feet, and made a hasty bow. As he retired, he perceived that she had offered to give him her hand. He returned, took it, and raised it to his lips. He walked away again, turned again, gazed a moment on that glowing countenance, then rushed forward and throwing his arms around her, imprinted kiss after kiss upon her blushing cheek.

Miss Paulet stood, the picture of confusion. I believe she forgot to ring the bell as Mr. Clarendon went out. After this, it only remained to have an interview with Mr. Paulet. The result of that was such, that the next time he called to see Miss Paulet, I believe he kissed her at the beginning of the visit, instead of waiting till the end of it.

Happy, illimitably happy were the hours that then floated by. Brightening was the lustre, still growing the interest which each now found in either's character. Deep souls, so bright as theirs, were, in their communion, like two capacious mirrors hung opposite to each other in some stately hall; one developed in the other a profoundness before unseen, and every succeeding moment was marked by some deeper reflection. Charming, too, was the mirthfulness and gay prattle of their more frolic mood. It is well, no doubt, that sagacious people should talk sagely; but never can two persons of real intellect thoroughly appreciate and love one another's minds till they have seen the complexion of each other's foolery. People's sense is much the same thing; it is the cast of their nonsense that infallibly distinguishes the blockhead from the genius.

One afternoon they were in the drawing-room together; Clarendon was leaning down at a small table in the corner, examining with a microscope some medals which had been copied by the new galvanic process; Miss Paulet was standing at the other side of the room; when the agent, or man of business whom we before spoke of as Miss Paulet's trustee, came in. A screen in front of Mr. Clarendon prevented his being seen. "Miss Mary," said he, "your father was inquiring to-day about your property, and I contrived to satisfy him without fibbing; so that he has no suspicion of the transfer which you have made to Mr. Clarendon, who is also profoundly impressed with gratitude to his unknown relative."

Clarendon raised his head. The worthy man, who had gone on to the end of his sentence without regarding Miss Paulet's earnest signs and gestures to him to be silent, now comprehended the awful mistake he had made. He raised his hands with the air of a man contemplating some incurable calamity; and shaking his head, and muttering

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something that sounded like "Good lack! good lack!" he retreated backwards across the room, and vanished through the door.

"Is it indeed so," said Mr. Clarendon advancing, "that you are the person to whom I am indebted for that wealth which alone gave me title to approach you?"

Miss Paulet was so overwhelmed with confusion, that she could not for some time speak. She at length whispered almost inaudibly, "I never meant that you should know it. But if I have wounded your pride, pardon it, as a proof of my love."

Mr. Clarendon was silent for a moment.

"Splendid, admirable being!" he exclaimed. "Can you deem that my pride would be humbled, by my being inferior, nay wholly beholden, to a surpassing excellence like thine? know, that there is no higher flight of my fortunes possible than that which brought me up to your feet. It is the most high-soared honour of my soul to be your worshipper. This only is the pride, boast and glory of my life, that I am wholly subjected by thee."

He kneeled before her, and pressing her hand to his lips, said, "You have my love; accept my boundless gratitude!"

THE DYING GIRL.

BY JOHN U. GILLER.

'Tis sad to see a lovely flower in spring's unclouded morn,
From off its parent stem in all its unblown beauty torn;
And ere upon the balmy air its fragrant bloom is shed,
The pale and wasted fragments lie uncared for 'mid the dead.

'Tis sad to see a fairy bark upon the calm blue sea,
With the gentle breeze of the summer's breath careering wild and free;
In all the glow of her bounding pride on the soft and sunny wave,
Go swiftly down in the flashing tide to find an ocean grave.

And oh, 'tis sad in the flush of youth, when the world is bright and fair,
And the merry laugh of the joyous throng rings sweet on the silver air;—
When the budding hopes of the bounding heart are bursting into bloom,
By the might of death's unerring shaft, to be struck to the silent tomb.

Yet is it not a glorious thing, in the stainless morn of life,
Ere the soul is dimm'd by the shades of woe, or the cold world's bitter strife;
With a heart untouched by care's rude hand, to kiss the chastening rod,
And with spirit free as the fetterless wind, give back the soul to God!

I knew a fair and gentle girl, upon whose angel brow,
A few short summer suns had shed their bright and gilded glow;
But ere the tender bud of hope had opened to the eye,
That fair young thing had sought her couch to lay her down and die.

'Twas the still and solemn hour of night, when silence holds her reign,
A lone but faithful watcher sat beside that bed of pain;
In sleepless agony he marked each gently heaving breath,
Of the wasted form that calmly there lay sinking into death.

"Brother!" and at that tender word, he bent an anxious ear,—
The last fond accents of that lov'd and gentle voice to hear;
"But few more passing moments yet I'll claim thy matchless love,
And then my prisoned soul shall soar to fadeless climes above.

"Yet ere I breathe a last farewell, dear brother, thou wilt bring
Thy gentle lute, and once again that simple strain wilt sing,
With which my childhood's wayward hours thy love has sought to cheer,
In sounds of blessed joyousness, that banished grief and fear."

SONG OF THE WATCHER.

Come, sister, forth to the fields with me,
Thro' the woodlands let us roam,
Where the birds are hymning their tuneful notes,
And the wild bee makes its home.
Come, chase the shade from off thy brow,
For the sun is bright above,
And nature welcomes us, sister dear,
With smiles of joy and love.

The flowers are out in their richest bloom,
To scent the balmy air:
And the happy strains of the feathered tribe,
Shall banish all thy care.
Some grief has touched thy guileless heart,
And thy cheek has lost its glow;
But the perfumed breath of the summer air,
Shall relieve thy gentle brow.

I will cull full many a lively flower,
To deck thy flowing hair;
And follow thy buoyant step with all
A lover's tender care.
Then, sister, forth to the fields with me,
Thro' the woodlands let us roam,
Where the birds are singing their roundelays,
And the wild flowers have their home.

The simple melody had ceased, the minstrel turn'd his head,
And gazed in silent anguish on the features of the dead;
That gentle spirit, freed from all earth's cares and bitter woe,
Had sought those boundless fields of light where *flowers immortal glow.*

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HIRING A SERVANT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"WELL, I'll just give up at once; so there now! It's no use to try any longer!" said Mrs. Parry, passionately, as she came into the parlour where her husband sat reading, and threw herself upon the sofa.

"Why, what is the matter now, Cara?" inquired Mr. Parry in a quiet tone, for he had seen like states of excitement so often that they had ceased to disturb him.

"The matter? Why a good deal! Sally is going away day after to-morrow, and I shall be left without a cook again. And what shall I do then? Can you tell me that?"

"Hire another," was the unmoved reply of Mr. Parry.

"Yes, it's easy enough to say 'hire another.' But saying and doing are two things. I never expect to get another as good as Sally, and *she* has been troublesome enough, dear knows!"

Mr. Parry laid aside his newspaper, folded his hands together, and assuming a resigned attitude, looked his wife in the face with an air of composure that annoyed her exceedingly.

"You seem always to think this trouble about servants a very little matter," she said, somewhat pettishly; "I only wish you had the trial of it for awhile!"

"I have no desire, I can assure you, Cara," he replied, in a soothing voice. "I never envied you, or any other woman, the pleasures appertaining to household duties. But you must allow me to think that much of the difficulty and annoyance which is too frequently experienced, might be avoided."

"No doubt you think so. All men do. I verily believe there never was a man yet who possessed true sympathy for the peculiar trials incident to housekeeping."

"Come, come, Cara! that is a sweeping declaration," Mr. Parry replied, smiling. "I, for one, think that I feel for you in all your various and conflicting duties, and were it in my power, would lighten every one of them. But, as I cannot do this, I cannot, of course, think that in entering into them you do right to allow them to make you unhappy."

"It is easy enough to talk, Mr. Parry; but how do you think that I or any other woman can look on unmoved, and see everything in disorder? If dinner is late, or badly cooked, you are very sure to speak about it; and how do you think I can feel easy when I see that, through the inattention of the servant, such a thing is going to happen, or feel at all pleasant after it has happened?"

This was carrying the truth right home; and Mr. Parry remembered all at once, that at sundry times he had grumbled because dinner was not on the table promptly; and, on various occasions, because the meat was overdone or underdone, or the vegetables cold or badly cooked. He therefore sat very still, and did not reply. Mrs. Parry perceived the impression she had made, and continued:—

"Or, how do you think that I can feel otherwise than I do in prospect of just such things occurring again, and a dozen others more annoying still! I've had trouble enough with Sally, to get her to understand how things ought to be done, and it disheartens me outright now that she is determined to go away. I don't care so much for myself, but I know how these household irregularities annoy you, and that you blame me for them, even if you don't say anything."

Mr. Parry was silenced for the time. He saw that he was thrown completely "in the wrong," and that it would be useless to attempt then to argue himself out of his unenviable position. His wife, thus victorious, had the uninterrupted privilege for that day, at least, of being just as unhappy as she wished, in prospect of Sally's departure, and the annoyances that were to follow this event.

During that day and the next, a gloom pervaded the household of Mrs. Parry. Sally felt more than ever anxious to be away. Once or twice the idea of remaining passed through her mind; but a sight of Mrs. Parry's overcast countenance instantly dispelled it.

On the morning of the day on which Sally was to leave, an Irish girl, who had learned, through the chambermaid, that the cook was going away, applied for the situation.

"Are you a good cook?" inquired Mrs. Parry.

"O yes, ma'am; I can cook anything."

"Where did you live last?"

"I am living in a tavern, ma'am."

"Why do you wish to leave there?"

"I don't like the place. You are so much exposed in a tavern."

"What is your name?"

"Margaret."

"Well, Margaret, you can come on trial to-morrow morning. Sally is going to stay to-night."

And so Margaret went away, promising to come back in the morning. At dinner time Mrs. Parry seemed a little more cheerful.

"I've engaged a cook," she said, after the meal was nearly over.

"Have you, indeed! Well, I'm glad of that, Cara. You see you've had all your trouble for nothing."

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"I'm not so sure of that," she replied. "It's one thing to hire a cook, and another thing to be pleased with her. She's an Irish girl, and you know that they are never very tidy about their work."

"But they are, usually, willing and teachable. Are they not?"

"Some of them are. But then, who wants the trouble of teaching every new servant her duty? It's enough to pay them their wages."

"Still, in thus teaching them we are doing good. And we should always be willing to take upon ourselves a little trouble, if, in doing so, we can benefit another."

"That would be too generous! I might, on your principle, be willing to do nothing else but teach ignorant servants their duty, and thus fit them to make other houses pleasant, instead of my own. For, it generally happens, that when you have made one of them worth having, she knows some one with whom she would rather live than with you. There was Nancy, that didn't know how to wash a dish, or cook a potatoe when I took her. She lived with us a year, until she could turn her hand to everything, and then went to Mrs. Clayton's, where she has been for six years. Mrs. Clayton told me day before yesterday that she was the best woman she had ever had in the house, and that she would not part with her upon any consideration. And here is Sally, with whom I have had my own time. She's getting to be good for something, and now she's contented here no longer."

"That does seem a little hard, Cara. But, then, don't you feel a gratification in reflecting that, through your means, Mrs. Clayton has obtained a servant who fills her place so well as to give satisfaction to the family?"

"I can't say that I do," Mrs. Parry replied, in a half positive, half hesitating tone.

"Then if you do not," her husband said, seriously, "it is time that you began, at least, to make the effort to feel thus. The reason that we are so often made unhappy by the actions of those around us, is, because we regard our own good and our own comfort of primary importance. Anything that disturbs these, disturbs us. But, if we desired to impart benefits as well as to receive them, we should come, as a necessary consequence, into a state of mind that could not be easily agitated. We would see in the wrong actions and in the shortcomings of others, that which affected them injuriously, as well as ourselves, and in trying to modify or correct them, we would have a reference to their good as well as to our own."

"That may all be true enough; but I am sure that I could never act from such disinterested motives. It is not in me."

"It is not in any one naturally, to act thus, Cara. But that is no reason why good principles may not be formed in us. You can at least see, I suppose, that, if all acted thus with reference to the good of others, everything in society would move on much more pleasantly than it does?"

"O yes, of course. But if only a few, why they might work their lives through for the good of others, and be no better off by it."

"A selfish idea, I see, is uppermost in your mind, Cara," her husband said kindly, and with an encouraging smile, for it was not often that he could get her to consent to talk rationally on such subjects. "The few who thus acted, would not have in their minds the idea of a reward. The delight which naturally springs up in the mind from the performance of good actions to others, would be to them a much higher gratification than anything that could be given to them as an external reward for what they had done. Let me see if I cannot make this plain to your mind. Suppose Mrs. Clayton had so thoroughly educated an ignorant servant as to make her fully acquainted with all the household duties that might be required of her; and that after she was thus fitted for the performance of these duties, this servant left her, and finally came into your family. Do you not think that Mrs. Clayton might feel delight in the thought, that through her efforts to instruct that servant, she had acquired the ability of obtaining a comfortable home at any time, and you had the pleasure of having one in your family who lightened you of many a care, and caused your household arrangements to move on harmoniously?"

"Yes, I can see that she might. But I am not so sure that she would feel thus."

"And you can see, no doubt, that to feel thus would be much better than to have none but purely selfish affections."

"Yes, I can see that, too. And farther, I should be very glad if I could have principles of action so elevated."

"You may have them, Cara. We all may have them," her husband said, earnestly and feelingly. "But then, it will be necessary for us to begin the correction in us of whatever is altogether of self; and to begin, too, in humble and little things. I must cease to complain, if everything should not happen to be as orderly as I desire, and cease to do so, because I know that to complain thus will necessarily make you unhappy. I must not regard myself exclusively. And you, in reference to your servants, should regard them and their good, as well as the perfect order of your household arrangements. Under such a system, if carefully carried out, *with the heart in it*, a wonderful change would occur. In case things went wrong—and perfection cannot be attained in anything here—you would cease to feel annoyed and dispirited as you now often do. The higher and more unselfish motives from which you acted, would superinduce a condition of mind not easy to be disturbed."

"I fear, husband, that I have defects of character which will prevent my ever acting thus," Mrs. Parry said, in a tone slightly desponding.

"A consciousness of your weakness, my dear Cara, should make you doubly watchful. The end to be gained is worth years of trial. If you can only gain your own consent to commence the

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Here, hemm'd by waters, on the polar shore,
Baffin behind and Mexico before,
Though distance spreads her veil before my eyes,
I see in fancy, half the world arise,
Mountains and gulfs, and distant sea and sail,
And each bold trait that bounds the mighty vale;
On either hand a chain of mountains rude,
Shoots high above the waving sea of wood,
And shining waters, sands, and desert plains,
Where in his might, the roving Indian reigns.
This, bars approach along th' Atlantic side,
And that heaves back the vast Pacific tide;
While bold in front, the yellow Indies plac'd,
Like golden islands, gild the watery waste.
The true Hesperides! where crowned with fame,
Columbus first, in glory set his name;
Dark oceans past—a monarch's flag unfurled,
And gave to wondering man, another world."

Then the writer, in a bold, graphic style, sketches the most prominent scenes which have occurred in American history, and we are glad to find, that he considers the settlement of the red men beyond the Mississippi as a wise and benevolent measure of our government; he then gives thus the filling up of the picture of western civilization—

"All ranks, all nations here securely meet,
Led from afar, and find a bland retreat;
From Arno's cliffs, the frugal herdsman hies,
Alps' sternest tops, or Gallia's kindlier skies;
From England's vales, where art and nature smile,
The winding Elb, or Erin's verdant isle;
Together mingling under western skies,
Wealth owns their toils, and bids the nation rise.
State builds on state, to mark the growing vale,
The shout of millions mingles in the gale.
E'en now, although but few decades be ran,
Hope thrills with heaven-born destinies for man,
And casting far behind the deeds of yore,
Sees radiant glories crown the western shore."

The poem, though chiefly descriptive, is distinguished for its comprehensive benevolence, that tone which becomes the Christian patriot, the American citizen; it cannot fail of giving pleasure to readers of the like enlightened and elevated feelings.

Pantology; or a Systematic Survey of Human Knowledge; proposing a Classification of all its Branches, and illustrating their History, Relations, Uses, and Objects; with a Synopsis of their leading Facts and Principles; a Select Catalogue of Books on all Subjects suitable for a Cabinet Library. By Professor Roswell Park, A. M.

It has been said that great scholarship at the present day, no more resembles that of former times, than a packet trip from Europe to America will compare with the voyages of Columbus. Such and so many are the means of information, that it is hardly a merit to be well informed. But vast as those resources are, the work before us is a proof of their infinity, being of a nature greatly to extend the facilities for the gaining of useful knowledge. So wide is the ground it covers, and so clear and concise the manner of treating the subjects it embraces, that we mean no ordinary degree of praise when we say, that it is a work almost dangerous to be put in the hands of the young scholar, to whom it is necessary for the retaining of his knowledge, that it should not be too easily acquired. But for men who have entered on the active duties of life, and who seek to gain an insight into the occupations and professional pursuits of those around them, or to add to their stock of general information that which they have not had time thoroughly to investigate, this work of Professor Park will be found peculiarly useful. For our own sex it has paramount advantages, affording that useful information on every subject which is so desirable, without imparting a tinge of pedantry; for who that looks over this synopsis, can avoid feeling her own deficiency in the thorough understanding of every *one* of the many branches of human knowledge! Still, the daughter, sister, mother, wife, will be led to sympathise with and appreciate more highly, the studies and mental pursuits of the men with whom she is connected, by an acquaintance with the contents of this volume. It should be in every family library; and we consider it a sure indication of the thirst for mental improvement which marks the spirit of the age that, notwithstanding the pecuniary pressure, a second edition of the book is already demanded. Published by Hogan & Thompson: Philadelphia. Pp. 587.

SECOND NOTICE.

Wealth and Worth; or, Which Makes the Man? New York: Harper & Brothers, 1842.

Such is the piquant title of a little work, which has already acquired a rapid and extensive popularity—three editions having been published in the brief space of a month. We welcome this fact as an indication of a growing taste in this country for a native, indigenous literature. We are overrun with foreign works for the young, most of which, though written with ability, are incompatible with the nurture of a due attachment for our republican institutions. In this excellent little *American* tale, we have the promise that a native writer has entered the field, who will ably supply a desideratum that has long existed, in a style that can be surpassed by no English writer for the young.

"Wealth and Worth" is an extremely interesting and beautifully written tale, with a good and impressive moral. No youth can read it without advantage—without deriving some useful practical hints at the same time that his literary tastes are judiciously administered to. In the remarkable favour with which this volume has been received by the public, we have the best proof of its merits, which, we can assure our readers, are of no common order.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1. Composed of satin, having a facing of velvet, cut in rounded points, edged with satin; the body high up to the throat, where it is finished by a velvet collar, half-high, shading the throat. The sleeves tight, and finished at the top with two epaulettes of velvet placed one over the other. A chapeau of velvet of a pale blue, the inside having a fulling of lace, descending on each side in the form of long lappets; the crown tastefully decorated on each side with a saule plume.

Fig. 2. A walking dress of pou de Soie, trimmed round the skirt with two broad tucks on the bias, each tuck being headed with a narrow fringe the same colour as the dress; body and sleeves tight; scarf of green velvet, piped all round in small vandykes of violet satin pipings; a small collar, cut in waves and edged round with piping to correspond, finishes it round the edge; this elegant scarf is lined with silk. A bonnet of pale pink satin, the brim rather open, the crown low and trimmed tastily with ribbon crossed on the top, and descending low on the front of the right side, where it is caught with the aloe and four leaves in velvet, finished by a pretty band of ribbon behind in the centre of the curtain.

Fig. 3. Coloured gros de Naples dress; corsage high and laid in plaits; small bishop sleeves finished with a narrow bend, the cap of the sleeve is laid in folds; the waist finished with a belt. Skirt trimmed with folds, a la discretion. Silk bonnet, ornamented with flowers.

Fig. 4. A walking dress of pou de Soie, the skirt trimmed with an extra wide fold cut bias; black watered scarf trimmed with rich lace, and finished with piping over the lace. Bonnet of silk; the outside trimmed with lace, and ornamented with a plume.

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"Your dinner is in good time, and in good order," Mr. Parry remarked, after sitting down to the table; "and you don't seem to look worried, though a little warm, as if you had been pretty busy. I hope your new cook has proved herself better than you had anticipated that she would be."

"She has proved to be quite deficient in every thing," Mrs. Parry replied.

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear that. I thought she recommended herself highly."

"So she did. But she confessed to me this morning, that she did so to secure the place, hoping to learn afterwards."

"That is a bad sign. I suppose you do not intend keeping her."

"Well, as to that, she seems so anxious to learn, and, withal, so willing and good tempered, that I feel very much disposed to take some trouble with her. I have been in the kitchen most of the morning, and, indeed, cooked the dinner pretty nearly myself. I see much in her to like, though a good deal that tries my patience. I must confess, that so decided an untruth as she told me prejudices me against her. Still, much allowance should be made for a defective education, and the disadvantages under which she found herself placed."

"That is sensible and kind, Cara," her husband replied, evidently pleased at finding his wife so readily making the effort to act from motives less selfish than those which had too uniformly governed her in matters relating to her domestics, "and I have no idea that your labour will be thrown away."

"I feel, somehow or other, that it will not be thrown away," Mrs. Parry said; "and I also feel, that my mind is much calmer and more encouraged than it would have been if I had left her alone in the kitchen, with the determination to send her away if she were not able to do things to my liking."

"You are getting hold of the true philosophy, Cara," said her husband, with an encouraging smile. "We never cultivate good feelings towards others, or make an effort towards being kind to them, that we have not a reward in a composed state of mind more than compensating for the self-denial or trouble it may have cost us."

"The truth of what you say is not only apparent to me, but I can realize it from having felt it," was Mrs. Parry's reply.

That evening a Mrs. Coster, one of her friends, came in to spend an hour or two. Their conversation, by a natural transition, passed to the subject of servants.

"I am almost out of all heart," Mrs. Coster said with a sigh, as soon as the topic was introduced. "Indeed, I've given up all hope of ever having any peace again while I am in the power of so unprincipled a class as domestics. Is it not too bad, that the happiness of a whole family must be interrupted by a cook, or a chambermaid? It makes me feel downright angry whenever I think about it. I see it as clear as can be that we shall have to break up and go to boarding."

"That would be exchanging one evil for a dozen," remarked Mrs. Parry.

"So I used to think," Mrs. Coster replied. "But, really, I have been forced to change my mind. Every day the trouble with servants is increased. If you get one that is worth having, she will be off at the end of two or three months; and nine out of ten I wouldn't give house room. They are, in fact, not worth the powder it would take to shoot them! But, how are you off in this respect, Mrs. Parry?"

"Well, I have my own troubles, Mrs. Coster. Sally, who has been with me a good while, left me this morning, and I've got a raw Irish girl in the kitchen, who couldn't cook a dinner in a decent way to save her life."

"O dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Coster, clasping her hands together, and rolling up her eyes. "Then you have got your hands full. I had a trial of one of your raw Irish girls once, and a pretty piece of baggage she was. I left her to cook the dinner on the first day—and such a dinner! But I will not make the effort to give you an idea of it, or the dozen other things she *attempted* to do. I never want to hear of raw Irish girls again since I had a trial of Margaret Coyle."

"Margaret Coyle!" Mrs. Parry said, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, Margaret Coyle; and I hope in mercy, it isn't her that you've got!"

"Yes, it is no other than her," Mrs. Parry replied, despondingly.

"O dear! O dear! Then you've got your hands full! Why, unless she has changed a good deal since I had her, she is not able to do a single thing as it ought to be done. And, besides, she is slovenly and dirty. You'd better send her off at once, for you'll never make anything out of her."

"She seems at least willing, and good tempered," urged Mrs. Parry, in her favour.

"Not by any means. I found her dilatory and unmanageable; and she is the only servant who ever gave me a saucy word."

"Ah, me!" sighed Mrs. Parry, "It's a hard case, truly! Why can't domestics feel some sense of justice towards the families in which they reside?"

"Because they are a low, unprincipled set!" Mrs. Coster replied, warmly; "and I don't know that we ever need expect much more from them. They're generally envious of their mistresses, and ashamed of the idea of being servants, and think, in consequence, that it shows a spirit of independence, to be saucy and disregardful of the comfort of the families in which they reside."

After Mrs. Coster went away, Mrs. Parry seemed much dispirited, and remarked to her husband, that she was afraid all her hope of making anything out of Margaret was vain.

"That may be," Mr. Parry remarked. "But it does not at all follow, it seems to me, from what Mrs. Coster has said. I am confident that she

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E. Landseer. H.S.Sadd.

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What matter, lovely one, if envious tongue,
  Steeped in the poison of malicious hate,
  Impart new anguish to thy lonely fate,
And thy young heart with cruelty be stung!
There is a sacred charm around thee flung,
  A shield whose temper nothing can abate,
  Which shall protect thy most defenceless state,
And keep thee evermore unharmed among
  Life's secret snares and battles undisguised;
For, by thy side walk Innocence and Truth,
The chosen guardians of thy spotless youth,
  And more than gold or high distinction prized.
With genius gifted and by Heaven sustained,
Go calmly on—thy triumph shall be gained!

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

APRIL, 1842.

BEAUTY AND INNOCENCE.

(*See Plate.*)

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

Innocence and beauty!
Themes the angels sung,
Mid the bowers of Eden,
When the world was young,
Ere a flower had withered,
Or a hope had fled,
Ere a cloud had gathered,
Or a tear been shed.

Innocence and beauty!
Though the world is old,
And crushed its hopes and flowers,
In the serpent's fold,
The heavens dark above us,
The earth bedew'd with tears,
Still we dream of Eden
When their light appears.

Innocence and beauty!
What their image gives?
Childhood, in its gladness,
Loving all that lives;
'Tis like spring to nature,
'Tis like stars to night,
Hope her rainbow colours
From childhood's eye of light.

Innocence and beauty!
When the curse was felt,
And manhood's brow was clouded
With the gloom of guilt,
Then mercy, as the token
Of pardon to our race,
Left the seal of heaven
On every fair young face.

Innocence and beauty!
How their holy power
Strengthens timorous duty,
And gladdens sorrow's hour;
When the soul is weary
With its wayside cares,
And life's path is dreary,
Or beset with snares.

Innocence and beauty!
Types of heavenly bliss,
Who but greets their presence
In a world like this?
The young face fraught with feeling,
Where love and thought unite,
Is fair as opening lilies,
And pure as falling light.

TO AN INJURED LADY.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

What matter, lovely one, if envious tongue,
Steeped in the poison of malicious hate,
Impart new anguish to thy lonely fate,
And thy young heart with cruelty be stung!
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A shield whose temper nothing can abate,
Which shall protect thy most defenceless state,
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THE MYSTERIOUS STATE-ROOM;

A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," ETC

"Some men, 'tis said, do love rehearsals
O' each day's acts in foregone night dreams:
So nothing happens they ha' not seen the shadow o't!"—GEOF. BRYNNE.

AMONG the numerous wild and thrilling romances of which the valley of the South-west has been so often the scene, and which have, hitherto, escaped the avidious pen of the tourist and story writer, is the one which I have chosen for the subject of the following sketch. Though not strictly Radcliffean in its tone and aspect—for there are no castles and dungeons thereaway, in which to lay terrific chapters—yet it may involve sufficient of the romantic to entitle it to preservation.

It was one of those autumnal evenings of the South when Heaven itself seemed to have descended and enthroned herself with banners of fire and crimson, and curtains of golden light upon the piles of gorgeous clouds that lay heaped up in the West, a mass of glory and splendour too intense for the eye to gaze upon! The majestic flood of the Mississippi rolled on reflecting from its dark and steely surface a hue like purple! The centurial trees that lined its shores, were gently waving their ocean surface—the red sunlight glancing along their green and billowy tops as if from wave to wave of a vast and heaving deep! A small but beautiful city, roof rising above roof, terrace above terrace, with trees picturesquely mingling with, exposing and half concealing, the white dwellings, slept upon the hill side facing the west. A rich roseate tint was suffused over it, and the red fire from the setting sun illumined its windows so that it looked like a city in flames; each dwelling a smouldering furnace within, yet, all burning with smokeless, unconsuming conflagration. Such it seemed indeed, to be to our eyes, as we approached it from the south, on board that most imperial steamer the "Empress." Every passenger stood on deck enjoying with unlimited expressions of admiration the whole magical and gorgeous scene; not even excepting the ruder portion of the motley and diverse assemblage that composed our number, many of whose faces were animated with the enjoyment which even simple and uncultivated taste is ever ready to administer to every man who will open his senses to its influence.

We had left New Orleans the morning before with a large and an agreeable party of passengers, and we were to stop at Vicksburg, the city before us, to take in another, for whom the best, because it was the largest and sternmost, state-room had been reserved to this time. There existed, therefore, among a bevy of lovely women on board, married and single, who had been particularly anxious to obtain this desirable room for some of their own party, probably because it was *not* obtainable, not a little curiosity to learn who the individual was that had thought him or herself of so much importance as to send to New Orleans to pre-engage a passage, and the best accommodations. Among these ladies were two remarkably lovely girls, cousins, on their passage to Lexington, of which beautiful city one was a resident; the other being a native of Louisiana, and on her way to make her cousin a visit. They were under the protection of the charming Kentuckian's father, a fine old gentleman, and an admirable specimen of the high chivalric school, characteristic of his state. They were the life and joy of our cabin party; and seldom has Heaven given such charms to please, and fascinations to win. Never were two young ladies so different in person, who were so like in spirit. The elder cousin, Louise Claviere, was a Creole of proud French descent. Her hair was dark as the plumage of the raven, and worn with a simple polished braid entwined around her fine head. Her complexion is indescribable. Its rich tone has no name. It was like the lotus leaf, pure as snow, and almost *dazzling* but for a soft voluptuous shade, living and glowing over it like sunlight lying warm upon marble. The colour of her cheek was not set, but was ever beautifully coming and passing away with every emotion. With the uplifting of the bending lids of her dark rich eyes, it would suffuse her cheek, but as delicately as if a rose-leaf had been laid near, and the light had poured through upon it. Her brows were arched and black, and of exquisite workmanship. Never did I conceive before the beauty that dwelt in a woman's eyebrow. It was a study, not for a painter, but for the spirit of beauty herself. Her eyes I have spoken of. Deep as wells that at noonday reflect the heavens with its stars, they seemed themselves to be a heaven of love and delight. It was impossible to meet their dark, dangerous gaze! The eye dropped suddenly before them worshipingly, while the heart bounded with emotions strange and powerful. No woman I have seen, ever possessed like her the wonderful power of beauty. It was a wand which she had but to wave to command men's homage—a talisman which she had

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but to lift to enchain their hearts—a spell which she only had to exert, and which lay in every glance, look and motion, to overpower the soul and fill the mind with awe and adoration. Beauty in itself ever irresistibly and instinctively commands adoration. The first man's sin, says the Buddha theology, was the worship of the woman whom God presented to him in all the freshness of glowing beauty, instead of her Creator. This principle is still existing in the human mind. Every lover adores the object of his attachment in degree, and it is, perhaps, only because no woman exists (can be supposed to exist) so beautiful as Eve, who, of necessity, united in her person all the perfections of feminine loveliness, that she is not now made an idol. If any woman could command the homage of men, and also the admiration of her own sex, it was Louise Claviere. Her beauty did not consist in the chaste, yet voluptuous outline of her face; nor in the round and divinely sculptured cheek and throat; nor in the majestic grace of her neck and superb bust; nor the sweet majesty of her whole figure; but, rather, these were the glorious fashioning and setting of the shapely casket which contained the bright and intelligent mind. She seemed to be created to love and dispense joy and happiness. Every generous and lofty feeling dwelt in her bosom—tenderness and pity filled her glorious eyes, ready to yield their sympathy. She was a woman whose fate promised to be unalloyedly happy, or unalloyedly miserable—who would love when her heart should be interested, either good or evil, and love with undying devotion. Her cousin, Genevieve, was, on the contrary, a sweet, graceful, laughing *blonde*, with a frank, open face, a bright blue eye, long, soft brown hair, a mischievous pouting mouth, and a cheek like the bridal of the lily and rose. Her figure was petite, and her motions free and light as the doe in its wild freedom. Her cousin was twenty, but she was two years younger, and not so tall by three inches. She was a true child of nature. She knew no evil, and therefore did not know that it existed. She was as guileless as a child. She would have been just the same as she was if man had never fallen. I could not but sigh as I gazed on her joyous and happy face, in which one could read her heart with all its emotions, like an open book, to think how soon care and sorrow would trace their lines and shadows upon it. Her heart seemed to be full of love and generous emotion for all her race. I could conceive an angel, if one came to dwell on earth awhile, to be like her. There was visible, a shade of thought in her eyes I perceived, at times, and I observed that her bright lips would sometimes gently compress when in repose, as if beneath all her sweet and gentle grace, she possessed a spirit quick and sensitive; and one which, if called into exercise by a generous appeal to her sympathies, would act with decision and prompt determination. I could see that she possessed no moral fear; that her soul was courageous. It is thus, the gentlest and most delicate women sometimes present opposites in their composition. In man, firmness and decision of character are oftener united with physical power; in woman it is usually reversed. Genevieve, the lovely, laughing, enchanting girl of seventeen, had a bold and fearless spirit. Hitherto, her existence had flowed from her heart as its source. She scarcely knew that she possessed a spirit—a spirit that, when once called into action, would unfold to her a new power and character, of which she knew not she was the possessor.

As we approached the sun-illumined city, I was standing beside her and Louise Claviere on the light columned verandah, called "The Guard," which surrounded the boat and formed a commodious and agreeable place of promenade. She had in her hand a volume of Bryant's Poems, and had just finished reading aloud his superb address to "The Water Fowl," and for the last ten minutes had been speaking in a most animated and sprightly manner, giving a just and sensible, yet playful critique upon the styles of thought of the different poets of America. If I was delighted at the sparkling wit and humour she evinced, I was charmed to discover in her a deep vein of sentiment which, as she alluded to some "holy passages of holy thought," as she expressed it, in Willis's earlier pieces, softened into that tenderness of feeling which has ever been to me proof that a true woman is religious by nature. What is taste in man, is in her elevated religion; ever presenting a grateful and promising soil for the immortal germ of Christianity to take root and grow heavenward.

Louise Claviere, however, was absorbed in contemplating the glories of the sunset, and gave no heed to the eloquent words of her cousin, which my ears received like a revelation. I could not help mentally comparing them as they stood together. The beauty of Louise was intellectual and physical; its effect intoxicating; its power most dangerous both to its possessor and its victim. The beauty of Genevieve was grace and spirituality, a divinity seemed to breathe through her form; its effect was touching and tender, acting upon the finer sensibilities of the heart of the observer; its power was to elevate and purify.

But enough of the *poetry* attached to our heroines. I have written the above descriptions, in the vein they are given, at the suggestion of a fair creature, scarce less beautiful herself than Louise, scarce less divine than Genevieve, who insists that the description would be untrue if anything was taken from it: and as she was a fellow passenger and saw them, and well knew them both, her opinion is entitled to reverence. I shall therefore leave the pictures as they are, and go into the action of my story.

We were about a league from the town, when the captain, who was a fine hearted, gallant gentleman, came aft to the "guard," where we stood, and bowing courteously, said with a smile,

"We are now at Vicksburg, ladies, and the mystery of our state-room will be solved."

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"You shall be put down in my journal, Captain Wardham," said Genevieve, laughing, "as a very obstinate, and self-willed captain, and I'll make the printers be sure and put those words in *italics!* Will you tell me, now, who is coming on board here?"

"I do not know, fair lady," answered the polite officer, bowing low; "it was engaged by a person in New Orleans, who said it was by the directions of the governor of Virginia. That is the extent of my knowledge; but you will soon know."

"I wonder if it be true the governor of Virginia *is* to be the passenger with us from this place?" said Louise, suddenly speaking in a voice the richness of the tone of which thrilled the ear. "I should like it very much if he were—for he is young and intellectual, I am told."

"Is he married, cousin?" archly asked Genevieve.

"No."

"What then can he want of a state-room in the ladies' cabin? I shall insist on his not occupying it, particularly if he is so elegant and youthful withal," answered Genevieve, laughing, in a manner that showed her resistance was not very much to be feared, if he should prove young and handsome; "all governors," she added, "should be old, and married, too."

"He belongs to one of the noblest cavalier families," said Louise, with animation, speaking rather to herself than to her cousin. "I would like to see one of the blood of the Stanleys, to which it is said he belongs."

"I care more for the heart, than the blood that heaves it," said Genevieve. "But look! we are close by the town! The mystery of the state-room will now be cleared up!"

The steamer rapidly approached the city of terraced roofs, and at length touched the pier as the shades of evening deepened the purple drapery of the skies. After half an hour's detention, during which, night with its "lesser lights," had taken the place of day, there was heard the wheels of a carriage rapidly driven to the pier-head. The ladies were all standing out upon the "*guard*," anxiously listening.

"They are come," cried the captain in the tones of a man who had been a long time impatiently waiting to start; "get ready to cast off there, men!"

"Ay, ay, sir," was the cheerful response of the mate; and a man with a lantern in his hand sprung to each of the hawsers that confined the boat.

The carriage steps were now heard rattling, as they were thrown sharply down. By the faint and uncertain glimmer of lanterns moving to and fro we could discern three persons alight and advance towards the boat. One of them seemed to be an invalid, as he was wrapped in an ample cloak, and was supported by the two others. They advanced to the gangway plank forward, and we lost sight of them, hidden by the intervening wheel-house.

"Now we will know," cried Genevieve, retiring from the guard to the ladies' saloon through which the strangers were to pass.

It was already, in part, occupied by the female passengers whom curiosity had drawn thither to get a sight of the personage who had pre-engaged the best state-room in the ladies' cabin, as he passed through to take possession of it.* Louise took an easy and graceful position quite at the extremity of the saloon, where her eye could command the approach for its whole length. Genevieve seated herself at her feet on an ottoman, with as innocent a look as if she had no curiosity in her. At length they beheld approaching, through the magnificent cabin, two gentlemen arm in arm, preceded by the captain, whose face wore a serious expression, which Genevieve could not believe could have existed there. As they advanced, every eye was turned inquiringly. A general gloom seemed to be left behind them as they moved.

"What can be the cause of the silent and earnest gaze with which all regard him!" asked Genevieve breathlessly, of her cousin.

"Hush," said the other with extraordinary energy, "I have no sense but sight!"

The captain entered now the ladies' cabin, bowed silently and gravely to the ladies, and the two gentlemen followed him. One leaned upon the other. He who supported, or seemed to support his companion, was a large, heavily built man, with a cool, determined look and an eye of piercing blackness. He was wrapped in a white dreadnought over-coat buttoned across his breast, and wore a fur hat with a broad and flapping brim. He looked like a man of the world, and his manner was sufficiently gentlemanly; yet, evidently, he was not a gentleman. The other was a tall, elegant young man, not more than twenty-four years of age. His face was exceedingly handsome, dark, intelligent, and with an eye blazing with intellect. He was pale, very pale; yet it was not from illness; his looks were sad to a painful and touching degree. No eye that fell upon him was turned away without the observer feeling an indefinable interest in him.

He walked slowly and with great difficulty beside his companion. As he approached the spot where Louise stood, he lifted his hat with a melancholy air without scarce raising his eyes, as if conscious of the presence of beauty. Genevieve shrunk lest her own a *second time* should meet his, and she dropped them to her feet; for she had caught one full deep glance of his eyes as he entered, and it had penetrated her soul; it was so full of sorrow, despair, and of voiceless yet eloquent grief. From that moment, how intense and exciting was the interest awakened in her virgin bosom for the unknown. She felt that he was unhappy—*how*

* The ladies' cabin on western boats, is a free drawing-room. Gentlemen enter it at any time. Ladies, when they desire to be private, retire to their state-rooms, large comfortable apartments opening into it.

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wretched she dared not ask herself. As he was passing, Louise, whose dark eyes sought his, as she proudly and gratefully felt in her inmost heart the homage he had offered her beauty, she thought she heard beneath his cloak, as he put down his hand which was closely enveloped in it, a sound, the idea of which made her heart's blood leap. The man beside him addressed a sharp word at the same time to him. She cast a suspicious glance at him. Half the truth flashed upon her mind. The young man bowed his head and walked forward, for he had insensibly stopped before her, and for a moment it seemed (his whole form sank so depressingly) as if he would have knelt at the feet of the cousins. They thought he would do so. Why, they knew not. They pitied him. The first step he made, Louise heard again the sound! It grated, too, on Genevieve's ears, it pierced her very heart! She could have shrieked, but her voice, her life was paralyzed! It was *the clank of chains!* Louise sprung forward, and laid her hand upon his arm. He turned and looked in her face with his large pitiful eyes full of gratitude. He read sympathy in her intense gaze of eager inquiry and horror. She held him so that he could not advance. With one hand she grasped him hard by the arm, with the other she wildly threw open his collar! the cloak fell to the ground! The pale and intellectual young stranger stood before her chained and manacled like a felon!

"What has he done?" she cried, commandingly, fixing her eyes upon the other in whose custody he was. "Speak!"

"Committed a forgery," answered the officer.

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" she cried, with impassioned and bitter feelings; "that the divine form I have seen mingling in my dreams from childhood, the reality of which I have sought in vain among mankind, should at length appear to me as a chained criminal! Mysterious dream of my life! Why hast thou cast a spell over my heart, by presenting ever this face and form for me to worship and love, yet hiding these chains!"

"Cousin," cried Genevieve, alarmed at the wild impassioned pathos of her look and language, "what has come over you? Come with me. This is no scene for either of us."

Louise suffered herself to be led to her room by her cousin, and the manacled young man who had produced upon her mind such an extraordinary effect, was led to the state-room prepared for him in the after cabin, as well for its privacy as for its greater security.

"Dearest cousin, what could you mean by exposing yourself in such a way?" said Genevieve, kissing her forehead as she reclined her burning and throbbing temples on her shoulder. "Poor young man," and Genevieve sighed.

"Do you know, Genevieve," said Louise, lifting her head and looking full upon her cousin with a bright and almost unearthly gaze—so brightly beautiful and glorious were her eyes at that moment, "do you know that I have seen that same face and figure in my dreams since I was a child! I know not what led me, as he came on board, to expect some extraordinary event, but I did so. I have felt ever since I left New Orleans an indescribable sensation that my happiness was in some mysterious way connected with the person who was to occupy that state-room. I see now that my presentiments were not unfounded. Did you see him, how suffering he looked when he first came in? I felt, as I gazed upon him, that my heart was breaking. I felt the moment had come when all my dreams were to be realized. I had seen him in the same cloak, too, and with him the same stern looking man."

"In your dreams, cousin?"

"Yes—no longer than last night I thus beheld him; but in the dream he smiled upon me, but I heard no clanking of chains. If I had died for it, I could not have resisted casting aside his cloak."

"Why *did* you do it, cousin? My heart bled for him as he stood exposed in chains before all eyes through your cruel act."

"I had seen him in my dream," she said hoarsely, and with strong feeling, "cast aside this cloak and beneath was his bridal garb. I beheld, too, the stern man changed to a priest, and instead of the saloon of this steamer, I was in a church before an altar which was enwreathed as if for a bridal. I flung aside his cloak, for I would know the worst, and I beheld *chains* instead of bridal wreaths—a manacled felon instead of a happy and glorious bridegroom."

"And did you *love* him in your dreams, cousin?"

"Yes—with all a woman's love. I do believe, sweet Genevieve, there were *correspondences* between our spiritual natures. Did you see, he would have knelt to me as to one his soul held kindred ties with, but for him who dragged him onwards."

"And if you loved him—I mean, cousin, in your strange dream—you now hate him that you find the reality is unworthy of your love?"

"Cousin Genevieve, you little know me or the strength of woman's affection! I have learned to love the same pale handsome youth in my dreams till my heart, waking, has assented to that it gave and pledged while in sleep. Day by day my mind has dwelt upon his image, till I had no love but for him, whether it were to be he was ever to remain visionary or prove real!"

"And did you ever expect the form of your dreams would prove to be a real person, cousin Louise?" asked Genevieve, whose wonder was excited by this narration.

"Yes, oh yes! I have long fed my love with hopes, that it would one day be rewarded!"

"And this night you have seen him in truth?"

"But oh, in what guise manacled and fettered!" she cried, burying her face in her hands.

"'Tis strange you have had such a dream! I tremble, there seems something so supernatural about it. You were always a strange girl, cousin.

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And this is the secret of your repeated refusals of such numerous and desirable offers of marriage!"

"No other reason, Genevieve. I firmly believed I should one day see the real individual whom I never dreamed without communing with!" she said with animation.

"Wonderful!" said Genevieve, shuddering.

"It is to *you* wonderful, sweet cousin, but not to me," she said sadly. "It is a peculiarity of our race to dream of events personally interesting to us. My great grandfather, Colonel Claviere, foretold the time and minute circumstances of his own death, and that of Louis XIV. My grandfather saved his own life by placing men to arrest an assassin, whom he had seen in a dream, approaching his chamber to take his life! The assassin came at the hour named, and was slain at the door as he was entering. My father was not only a *seer*, but foretold by dreams the exile of his family to America, and the hour and mode of his own death, which took place four years afterwards by a cannon-ball, at the battle of New Orleans. Is it wonderful, then, that I should dream of one whom I was destined one day to see?"

"'Tis strange! I have heard something of all this! I fear for myself, for I share the same blood!" said Genevieve, with a sad expression.

"It will do thee no harm."

"I tremble at the idea," she replied, shuddering, and turning pale.

"Nay, be not childish; I need your aid!" said Louise with animation, speaking in a low impressive tone.

"How?"

"This young man's fate and mine are united by destiny; and he must not lie degraded in chains."

"But he is guarded—a prisoner."

"I will free him!"

"He is guilty."

"Never! but were he guilty, were his hands stained with blood, I love him, and will share his fate, or make him free! Do you believe him guilty?"

"I cannot; but—"

"Bless you, Genevieve, for that! He is *not* guilty; I will ask him, and he will say nay! Truth and innocence are written on his forehead. The being my soul has loved, with whose spirit my own has been in communion for years, guilty? no! I spurn the thought! Genevieve, he must be freed!"

"I would help you, cousin; but he is chained and closely guarded."

"I care not. I will seek him. I will question him. I will fathom his soul. I will prove him innocent. I will know from his own lips wherefore he is manacled and held thus a prisoner. Genevieve, watch up with me to-night!"

Genevieve pressed her cousin's hand in silent assent, and Louise, kissing her, remained a few moments buried in deep thought. Genevieve also sat thoughtful, her mind awed by the revelation of the mysterious dream which had given cast and character to her cousin's whole life. She looked at her dark and beautiful face, and felt a superstitious fear at being alone in her presence. This feeling, however, reflection enabled her to throw off from her spirit, when she remembered that, save her singular power of dreams, she was in all else like herself. They remained in their state-room till near midnight together; during which, Louise related to her more in detail the history of her *spiritual* love!

The young stranger was taken to the reserved state-room, and placed there by the stern officer who held him in custody. A heavy chain was then passed over the two transverse chains that connected his manacles and his fetters, and secured to a strong iron bolt in the deck. The officer then took his station outside without securing the door, knowing that his escape, thus heavily chained, was impossible; besides, the boat was under way in mid-river.

The prisoner, when the door was closed on him, sat upon the side of his berth and buried his face in his hands. Tears trickled through the fingers and fell upon his chains. He was agitated; his chest heaved and his whole form seemed wrung with mental anguish. All at once he ceased this outward expression of emotion, and removed his hands from his face. It was deadly pale.

"Yes, yes, I am a felon! The proud and high-spirited Preston Randolph is a chained felon! That I should ever have seen these hands thus bound! Yes, I am a *forger!* The act of one moment I must expiate on the gallows! Yet, if ever man had excuse for crime, I have! And am I the villain these chains would mark me? No, I am not stained with guilt! My soul is not black! One act of my life is not to make me all at once a villain! I am innocent in thought and motive! I had no intention of wrong! It was circumstances that made the guilt, and not the act! Oh, that I could prove to the world the integrity of my heart, spite the dishonesty of my hand! I could then again lift my head up among men. But now, no one pities; all men scorn. Crime, or the suspicion of it, destroys the link that binds men to their species. All sympathy dies! No, I err there! Woman's heart bleeds for the unfortunate—ay, for the guilty—for the basest, if he be penitent! Heaven forgives and receives the penitent, so does woman! I could have knelt at the feet of those divine creatures, as I passed through the saloon. I read sympathy in every lovely lineament! One of them looked to me like an angel form I once beheld in my dreams! I was overpowered by the sight of her! Did I *see* her in reality? Am I not dreaming now? Oh, that I were, that I were!" and the youth hung his head despondingly upon his breast.

Preston Randolph belonged to one of the best Virginian families. He was the nephew of a wealthy gentleman who had disinherited his son for marrying contrary to his wishes. Preston was then a student at law in Philadelphia. His uncle sent for him to hasten to visit him. On arriving he found him quite ill in bed. He, however, dictated a will

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which, by his direction, his nephew drew up, writing it down word for word as it came from his lips. The will made him his sole heir. A magistrate had been sent for to attest it, but had not arrived when the dying man said he must sign it without delay or it would be too late. Preston placed it before him and gave him the pen. His uncle formed the first two letters of his name, "Francis Dayton," when he was seized with convulsions, the pen dropped from his hand, and he fell back and expired.

For a moment Preston was overcome with grief and surprise; the next instant he recollected that the will had not been signed. The consequences flashed upon his mind. He yielded to the temptation of the moment, seized the pen *and completed with his own hand the signature!*

Just as he had done so, the magistrate entered. He approached the bed, and laid his hand upon the still warm temples. He then glanced at the will and looked inquiringly at Preston who held it in his hand.

"Just able to sign it," said Preston, handing it to him without looking up. It was the first falsehood he had ever spoken.

"Um, um," he said, "all right. I wish I had been here a moment sooner. But as I knew his intention to make you his heir, I will, to stop all objections, just attest it."

This magistrate of easy conscience, then affixed his name and official seal to the instrument, and Preston Randolph Dayton became possessor of the vast property of his uncle. There was, however, a *witness* to this instrument whom they little suspected. It was a shrewd attorney, whom the son of the deceased had sent to see if he could not prevail on his father to make, at least, some bequest in his favour. He arrived a few moments before Preston commenced writing the will, and walking across the lawn came upon the gallery unobserved. As he passed along towards the main entrance, his inquisitive curiosity led him to peep in at the long windows which were trellised with vines. To his surprise and satisfaction, through one of these he beheld the invalid with Preston by his bedside. Unobserved, he heard and saw all that transpired.

With the possession of this important secret, he hastened away. He let Preston take full management of the property, and then privately charged him with the forgery, promising to compound with him for a third of the estate. Preston, after the first alarm and surprise had passed, refused to do it, and insulted him. The attorney then vowed to expose him, when the guilty young man, overcome with remorse, shame, and fear of punishment, *fled*. He was, eventually, arrested at Vicksburg; and on the requisition of the governor of Virginia, who despatched officers for him, he was taken from prison, and now placed in chains on board our boat.

It was, indeed, a hard lot for a noble youth like him. How great and irresistible the temptation! Stronger principle would have saved him this crime even at the expense of a vast fortune. But Preston Dayton was ambitious, proud, and loved wealth for the power and pleasure it conferred. The temptation offered itself—he embraced it, and *fell!* His guilt was, it is true, unpremeditated. He intended no fraud the moment before. He had really, only fulfilled his uncle's intention. Yet, it would have been better if he had left it as it was, with this intention so strongly apparent in the first two or three trembling letters he had signed of his name. How eloquent it would have spoken in a court of equity. But at all events, truth and integrity are safest and best. Yet, to what man living would not the idea have occurred to *complete* the unfinished signature? Many men, good Christian men, who fear to do evil, though but the eye of God is upon them, would have resisted the thought; but many, alas! too many, would have done like Preston Randolph.

It was midnight, and all slept in the vast cabins, all on board the immense steamer, save the watch on deck. But Louise and Genevieve were awake, and so was the prisoner. Beside his door heavily slept the officer, trusting to chains to bind, and the waters to keep his charge in safety. Softly Genevieve opened the door of her state-room and stole forth into the cabin. The swinging lamp burned dimly and cast a pale glare around. She crossed to the state-room of the prisoner. She looked down and steadily watched the stern countenance of the slumbering guardian. His sleep was not feigned, it was deep and heavy. She reached her arm across him and slipped a paper up between the blinds, and hastily retreated.

Preston was sitting with his hands on his knees and his face buried in his hands in deep and painful thought. He was calmly contemplating suicide. He heard the paper fall at his feet. Hope gleamed through the darkness of his destiny. He gathered his chains carefully together that they should not clank, and picked it up. It read as follows, in a delicate female hand.

"Guilty or innocent, thou art unhappy! There are friends near thee who will aid thy escape. Prepare to receive whatever instruments may be passed through the blinds, lest they fall and the noise wake your guardian."

He pressed his lips to the note, and hope revived in his heart. In a few moments afterwards, Louise Claviere was seen traversing with a light step the silent cabins, wrapped in a cloak and hat she had taken from one of the tables. She descended to the engine room and secretly obtained two files. With these she returned to her state-room, having met only the watchman, who took her for one of the gentleman passengers, who preferred walking on the guards to sleeping.

"Genevieve, I will take these to him," she said to her cousin, who felt almost as much interest in his escape as she did. "You will see that, if the officer wakes, he listens to you, rather than to us."

"Yes," said Genevieve, laughing, "I will try and amuse him if need be—but let us be cautious

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and he may not wake. His sleep is that of a tired man."

Louise crossed the cabin lightly. Genevieve took a book and sat on an ottoman close to the head of the officer. Louise softly opened the door across his body, and entered the state-room of the prisoner. He started with surprise. She laid her hand impressively on his arm, and placed a file in his hand. She closed the door and seated herself silently at his feet, and commenced filing his iron fetters. She was calm, quiet, resolute. Her look was elevated with high purpose. Was it real? Was it a spirit that had come to aid his escape? He pressed her hand gratefully to his lips, and took the other file and applied it to the steel band of his manacles.

In two hours one of his manacles and a fetter released a hand and foot. In two hours more *he was freed* from his chains! They were then filed from the bolt. He knelt at the feet of his liberator. There was an hour yet to day, and she asked him to tell her his crime. Briefly he related to her what has already been narrated.

"Enough," said she, "I knew thou hadst been greatly tempted. The way is open before thee. Escape! If you do not swim, here is a life preserver I have prepared for you. Let me buckle it about you. Now, while it is yet dark, spring with your chains in your hands, and with a loud clanking sound of them into the water, and swim ashore. It will be thought you are drowned, as no man could swim with such a weight. There will no pursuit be made for you, and under another name, and in another clime, you may live and be happy."

"And to what glorious being am I indebted for life, liberty, and happiness?" he said, kneeling at her feet.

"It matters not! Fly! If hereafter you should feel an interest awakened in your breast for her who has liberated you, come on next St. Mary's eve, and ask at the convent of the Sacred Heart for Louise Claviere!"

With these words she opened the door, and pointed to the way of escape over the body of his sleeping keeper, and through the cabin to the outer "guard."

He pressed her hand to his heart, and that of the noble Genevieve—who extended it to him—to his lips; and taking up his chains, as he saw them both vanish in their state-room, he fled through the cabin to the outer guard. The officer, awaked by the clanking, sprung up, looked first into the state-room after his prisoner, then beheld him flying along the cabin. He started in pursuit, giving the alarm, and only reached the guard to see his prisoner spring with his chains into the dark flood.

"Stop the boat!" he shouted aloud; but as she was already far beyond the spot, he immediately countermanded the order; "no, no, it's of no use; with twenty pounds of iron on him, he is gone to the bottom like a stone!"

The boat kept on her way, and ere we reached Louisville, the prisoner was forgotten. That some of the females in the cabin had connived at his escape, and furnished him with the files, was very generally believed, but suspicion was not fastened on the right persons.

* * * * * * *

On the eve of the succeeding St. Mary's, a mounted cavalier rode up to the gate of the convent *De l'Sacre Cœur* in Louisiana. He was dressed like a Texan country gentleman, with a short horseman's cloak, a broad Panama hat, a sword at his side, and pistols in his holsters. He was of noble presence, with an exceedingly dark but handsome countenance. He asked of the portress of the convent, for permission to see Louise Claviere, if such a person abode there. The aged portress retired, and in a few moments Louise Claviere appeared at the grate. The cavalier dismounted, and kissed the hand she extended towards him.

"Lady, I have sought thee, having by deeds of honourable conduct among men, won a proud and virtuous name, which under heaven, no temptation will hereafter take from me. I know that thou didst free me from chains because thou wert interested in me as a woman."

Louise bent her head, and the changing light of her cheek showed the pleased yet timid emotion that filled her bosom.

"I have thought only of thee since the hour these delicate fingers laboured for my freedom," he continued. "That hour of liberty was the hour of my heart's bondage. The hands that made my body free bound my heart in stronger chains."

"Why hast thou sought me?" she asked with mingled hope and fear."

"To ask you to unite your fate with mine."

"Such is decreed my destiny, fair sir," she said frankly; "I have here remained to await thy coming, for in my dreams I have foreseen and enjoyed this welcome hour. Now I know that thou lovest me, by not forgetting me, I will freely unite my fate with thine."

That same day the convent chapel witnessed their bridal; and the bride and bridegroom, a few days after, took their way to Randolph Claviere's (for that is the name he assumed) fair Texan domain which he had won by courage, virtue and integrity—a far nobler and fairer estate than that which he had criminally sought to enjoy in his native land. No man hath so far fallen that he may not rise again.

The above story, though not written "i' the Cambyses' vein," is written in the exaggerated vein to which some American writers are very partial; a blending of the false with the true; the supernatural with the commonplace; the simple with the complex, and the sublime with its converse. The skeleton or outline of the story is, however, actually true, and the incident of the liberation of a young and gentlemanly forger by ladies took place three years since on a steamer upon the Mississippi. We have adopted in writing it, to suit all tastes and our own humour, a style which Renaud, speaking of

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his particoloured ice-creams, would call "a *Harlequinade.*" "But," as Mr. Samuel Slick very sensibly observes, "what is the care whether the shell be a smooth or a shag bark, so there be meat in it after it be cracked!"*

* The same fair lady alluded to in the first part of the tale asks what has become of sweet Genevieve? We beg her pardon. She was a year since married to a noble young gentleman in Lexington, who has, as the same Mr. Slick said of himself very modestly, "sense, soul and sentiment, with taste, delicacy and feeling to appreciate, a heart to love, and an arm to defend and protect her!"

ON SEEING MRS. FRY AT NEWGATE PRISON.*

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The harsh key grated in its lock,—
The massy bolts undrew,—
And watchful men of aspect stern,
Gave us admission through:
Admission,—where so many pine,
The far release to gain,
And desperate hands have madly striven
To wrest the bars, in vain.

What untold depths of human woe
Have roll'd their floods along,
Since first these rugged walls were heav'd
From their foundations strong.
Guilt,—with its sear'd and blacken'd breast,
Fierce Hate, with sullen glare,
And Justice, smiling unto death,
And desolate Despair.

Here Crime hath spread its loathsome snare
For souls of lighter stain,
And Shame hath cower'd, and Anguish drain'd
The darkest dregs of pain;
And Punishment its doom hath dealt,
Unpitying as the grave,
And spurn'd the sinful fellow-worm,
Whom Jesus died to save.

Yes,—here they are,—the fallen so low,—
Who bear our weaker form,
Whose unrelenting features tell
Of passion's wrecking storm;
And still, on watch, or riband gay,
Are fix'd their eager eyes,
As tho' by habitude constrain'd
To seize the unlawful prize.

Yet be not strict their faults to mark,
Nor bitter to condemn,
Oh thou, whose erring human heart
May not have sinn'd like them;
But with the tear-drop on thy cheek,
Adore that guardian Power,
Who held thee from the slippery steep
In the dread trial-hour.

Who entereth to this dreary cell,
Amid such outcast throng,
With step so firm, and brow serene,
In simple goodness strong?
She hath a Bible in her hand,
And on her lip the spell
Of loving and melodious speech,
Those lion hearts to quell.

She readeth from that Holy Book,
And in its spirit meek,
Doth warn them, as those straying ones
Whom Christ vouchsafes to seek.
She kneeleth down, and asketh Him
Who deign'd the lost to find,
Back to his blessed fold to lead
These impotent and blind.

Then, gently, as the mother lures
Her child from folly's way,
Good counsel, eloquent, she gives
To guide a future day,
When in the convict ship they sail,
And sore temptation tries,
Or when an exile's woe they taste,
'Neath Australasian skies.

For soon the dangerous deep they dare,
This is the parting hour,
And lo! their harden'd eyeballs pour
A strange and plenteous shower.
Perchance, amid that flowing tide
Angelic eyes have scann'd
Some pearl of penitence, that wins
Admission to their band.

Oh beautiful! yet not with youth,
Bright locks of sunny ray,
Or changeful charms that years may blot,
And sickness waste away;
But with that lowliness of soul,
That love which never dies,
The purity and truth that hold
Communion with the skies.

Oh beautiful! yet not with gauds
That strike the worldling's eye,
On!—in thy self-denying toil
Of heaven-born charity;
Till the dove-like spirit waft thee home
To realms of perfect peace,
And in the plaudit of thy Judge
All earthly labour cease.

* This address of Mrs. Fry, was to a class of convicts, where sentence of transportation was about to be executed, and therefore partook of the force and tenderness of a last earthly farewell.

London, March, 1841.

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MODERN FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

WOMEN and the working classes are, as regards cultivation, similarly circumstanced. Few now dispute their right to knowledge; but the best mode of presenting them with it, and the best mode of rendering the gift beneficial, remains yet an unsolved problem. The recognition of the principle, that it is the privilege of *all* to ask for knowledge, and the duty of *all* to "give to every one that asketh;" and that the only limit to the gaining and the diffusion of knowledge, is not that assigned by man—*circumstance*,—but that marked out by Providence—*capacity*;—the recognition of this principle and this duty forms an era in moral history, analogous to those discoveries in science which have subjected the elements to man's sway. As yet, however, neither has advanced much beyond a state of infancy; and to mature either in perfection, is probably reserved for the men and years of another generation.

The great misfortune then, that lies in the path of highly cultivated women, is the absence of active occupation for their mental energy, which, when combined with ambition, as it too generally is, lays waste and consumes them. Men have professions and offices; to them belong, of right and courtesy, all the activities and authorities of life. Authorship is the only accredited seat for a woman's intellect; and this, by obviating one evil, induces many others. The fever of unoccupied energy is quenched; but, by and by, the worse fever of sensitive ambition, or ungratified longing after sympathy, arises, and her position in society becomes yet more false.

Where must the cure be sought? In an inconceivably higher education of what may be called the sense of responsibility.

Wherever genius indisputably exists in a girl, there let parents and instructors frankly acknowledge its existence; and on that admission ground a simple but serious inculcation of these doctrines; that to possess intellect is, in the first instance, an accident, not a merit; that it is by no means a novelty; that, like wealth and station, it involves the most serious cares and duties; and that even superior knowledge is worthless without active virtue.

Parents and instructors must learn to regard as nothing short of *sin* all efforts to stimulate a girl's mind, for the gratification either of their vanity or hers. It is treating genius as the Jews did their false Messiahs, going out after it, with an adulating cry of "Lo here, and Lo there!" It is making mind subservient to notoriety, instead of use and happiness; it is dissevering attainments from the moral application of them, which so often makes genius, mind, and attainments, to woman a snare, an anxiety, and a reproach.

Another remedy might be found in equally high views of the influence of woman being early addressed to the heart and understanding of gifted girls, still based on the doctrine of responsibility. Show her that it is not in the quantity of talent or influence, but in the faithful appropriation of each, that merit consists; and that the moment she is satisfied to use either for mere personal advantage, she has taken a step towards becoming weak and contemptible.

The constant cry of all young imaginative minds is—

What shall I do to be for ever known?

But the next is, if a female, "there is nothing for women to do." She feels in the position of Esau; man has taken the birthright; and she fancies, that for her no blessing is left. Those who would comfort the grieving enthusiast by pointing out literary fame, would act neither wisely nor kindly; few of the many who feel the yearning are equal to the attainment of that fame; and could nothing else be objected to the remedy, it involves no general principle.

The fair answer is, to unfold to the complainant the records of biography; to show her the grand fact, that in most of the triumphs achieved by men, whether in arts, literature, morals, or religion, she has shared, and in the purest form, by having been their instructor, instigator, or friend. Separate and individual triumphs are the lot of few women, and those few are rarely happier for them; but collateral triumphs she may have without number. How few have been the distinguished men, who have not acknowledged that their deepest obligations have, at some time or other, been to a wife, a sister, or above all, a mother! Let the mind of every girl, especially of every girl of talent, be sedulously directed to this cheering view of female influence—to the beautiful and refreshing under-current which it may furnish in the troubled course of daily life.

Women are accused of being inimical to enlarged views and principles: how should it be otherwise, unless early led to look beyond petty and individual interests?—unless early led to discover the glory of a life set apart to, and consecrated by DUTY?—unless she be early convinced, that a passion for self-aggrandizement deteriorates mind, and alloys amiability? Perhaps, after all, the problem most difficult of solution is, how to make heart and mind co-operate tranquilly, imagination and will harmonize;

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how to manage female intellect in connection with female sensibility. It is, perhaps, impossible that this result should ever be attained without much preparatory suffering; but surely the period of such suffering might be abridged.

The highest, and yet the simplest mode of education, consists in teaching mind to manage itself; to understand and make efficient use of its peculiar endowments; to profit by its own mistakes; and to bring into practical exercise what, in theory, it admires and loves. The melancholy, the romance, the ardour, if not untractableness, that more or less mark every gifted girl, arise mainly from unoccupied energy;—provide that energy with suitable employment, treat its possessor with tenderness, and by degrees, what seemed strange and troublesome will pass away.

The old political axiom of maintaining a balance of power among various states, might with advantage be adopted in female cultivation. Woman, as woman, is generally sure to abound in feeling; gifted woman is nearly sure to abound in its excess; hence, *she* stands less in need of stimulants than of sedatives: of the spur less than of the rein; yet, if sedative and spur are harshly inflicted, instead of a regulated mind, we may have a broken spirit. The natural remedy is, to cultivate the imagination by means of the understanding; the feelings in connection with the faculties; the heart through the medium of the head.

As a general hint, there was much wisdom in the advice given by an old mother to a young one: "Stimulate the sensibility of your boys, and blunt that of your girls." There is nothing harsh in this last clause but the sound; the process may be effected in all grace and gentleness, by endeavouring to brace the nerves even where the heart is moved; by encouraging reason to sit as judge over sympathies and impulses; by showing that imagination and her conceptions, fancy and her fairy work, must, if good for anything, approve themselves at the bar of the understanding. Poetry and fiction devoured for amusement enervate the mind: poetry and fiction considered as subjects for study, and taken in connection with high reading of other kinds, will have a sobering effect even upon the most imaginative and romantic. It is not thinking that unrealizes the mind, but musing and dreaming. Probably those who *live* least under the influence of imagination, are practised poets and novelists, and this, from the habit of submitting their inventions to the test of judgment and experience.

Before closing these remarks, we must advert for a moment to a class of females who, as nearly as possible, seem to have all the good of cultivation and none of the evil. They may be called the enjoyers of literature, in opposition to the producers; the world never hears their names, and yet they may be clever and influential within their private sphere. Wanting genius, and free from ambition, they are interested in the minds both above and beneath them; their happiness is their chief concern: literature is the garnish of their lives, not its food; they value knowledge, but they never dream of celebrity.

TO THE MOON AMONG CLOUDS.

BY MISS MARY E. LEE.

Float on! float on! through the azure tide,
Oh! beautiful Moon, that seem'st to glide
Like fairy boat, with thy silver sail,
Wooing the breath of the rising gale;
Float on! float on! in thy graceful state,
And bear to its haven thy mystic freight.

Like fleecy webs from a snowy loom,
The jealous clouds spread a transient gloom,
Hiding the star-gems, those beacon lamps,
Which guide thee safe through the midnight damps,
And daring e'en to dispute thy way,
As with noiseless movements thy light oars play.

They come! they come! in a darksome mass,
Through yon west portals, they slowly pass;
Like black rocks seen 'mid a sullen strand,
Thy strong foes rise, in a ghostly band;
Yet fearless upward thy white sail springs,
As an eager swan upon restless wings.

Oh! stay thy course: sure thou wilt not dare
To stem the breakers, which face thee there;
One rash bound more, and that jagged rock
Will clash thee through with a reckless shock,
And stars shall sigh, as they pass by thee,
"See, yon lovely wreck, in the ether's sea!"

On! on she bounds;—has she lost her mast?
Are her winged sails into fragments cast?
Doth her mystic cargo shattered rest,
In the treasure caves of ether's breast?
And will that faultless and pearly bark
No longer gladden the midnight dark?

Oh! heart of mine, now dispel thy fear;
Yon charmed vessel still glideth clear;
She stems the breakers and hurries home,
Leaving a line, as of silver foam:
And behold! a bright star at her side,
Beams out—methinks 'tis her angel guide!

Charleston, S. C.

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MY AUNT'S STORY;

OR,

THE REWARD OF COQUETRY

BY A "LADY OF MARYLAND."

It was a gloomy, cheerless evening. The rain had poured in torrents all day, and had now settled down to a dull drizzle. Our little parlour, however, presented a complete contrast to the discomfort without. A bright fire burnt on the hearth, the curtains were drawn, the little work table stood between my aunt and myself, and on it were placed candles and various implements of feminine employment. I could not work, for the rain had prevented my attending a delightful party, and I was too unused to disappointment to bear even so trivial a one with philosophy. So I watched my aunt as she sat busily employed with her knitting, till I could bear it no longer. It really was very provoking to see her seated in her great arm-chair, knitting round after round, her composure not at all ruffled either by the miserable weather, or by my demonstrations of uneasiness. Sauntering to the window I withdrew the curtain, and stood listening to the pattering of the rain, and musing on the selfishness of old maids. I was roused from my amiable reverie by my aunt's voice.

"Come here, my dear," she said; "I am sorry for your disappointment, but as it is inevitable, suppose I try to lighten the dulness of the evening by relating those incidents of my past life, which I know have excited your curiosity, and which have left me a melancholy, and but for you, Fanny, a desolate old maid."

My conscience instantly smote me for having indulged in peevish thoughts of my kind relative, and as I looked at her wasted form, and marked the flush that mounted to her pale, but still beautiful cheek, I felt that in recurring to the past, she was making a most painful effort for my gratification, and I was half disposed to beg her to forego her intention. But curiosity prevailed; so I returned to the fire, and taking up my work, prepared to listen to

MY AUNT'S STORY.

My father died while I was an infant, and my mother was left with a competent fortune, and only two children, both girls. My sister was several years older than myself, and was married while I was yet a child. Her residence was in a distant state, and my mother, thus left with nothing else to love, regarded me with a fondness almost amounting to idolatry, and her indulgence knew no bounds. The town in which we resided not affording the means of completing my education, I was sent at the age of fifteen, to a fashionable boarding-school about forty miles distant from my home. At first, I felt the separation from my mother severely, but I was of a gay careless temper, and the society of my young companions soon reconciled me to my new abode. Among my schoolmates was one whose sweet and gentle manners won my regard almost immediately; and the undisguised expression of my feelings soon elicited similar ones in return. In a few months, our intimacy had ripened into inseparable friendship.

Helen Howard was about my own age, and though she had no pretensions to beauty, yet the soft intelligence of her countenance, and the peculiarly graceful and lady-like character of her person, rendered her appearance extremely prepossessing. Her disposition, too, though timid and somewhat reserved, was yet so amiable, and her manners so gentle, that she was an universal favourite, and I loved her with all the enthusiasm which was at that time a prominent feature of my character. Her father was an Episcopal clergyman in one of the southern states. He was a widower and had no other child. Helen talked so fondly of her quiet and beautiful home, and of the peaceful village in which her early days were passed, that she kindled in my mind an earnest desire to visit the scenes she so feelingly described. Accordingly, when at the end of my second year at school, Helen was about returning home, I solicited and obtained from my indulgent parent (who, indeed, could refuse me nothing) permission to accompany her. We performed the journey under the protection of an elderly gentleman, a friend of Mr. Howard, who was returning to the south, after a sojourn of several months in the city, in the neighbourhood of which our school was situated. We were within one day's journey of Mr. Howard's residence, and Helen and I had retired for the night to our apartment at the Hotel where we stopped, when she said to me in a hesitating voice,

"Oh, Marion, I had forgot to tell you; you will see some one else at the parsonage besides my father. His health has not been very good for some time, and he has been compelled to engage an assistant in his parochial duties."

"And who is this person, who seems to be of so little importance that you have never thought of him before. Do you not know him?"

"Oh, yes, he was a ward of my father, and the son of his most intimate friend. He has lived from

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childhood in our family, and was one of a small class of young men who were educated by my father. His name is Frederick Campbell."

I did not pursue the subject, for I saw that Helen was embarrassed, and I suspected that her omission to speak of this young man, arose from another cause than her having forgotten him.

About sunset on the following evening we arrived at the parsonage. It was a sweet spot, almost hidden by forest trees, and the porch which extended along the entire front of the house, was completely covered with creeping plants. Mr. Howard met us at the gate of the little domain. I had full leisure to observe him, for while he held his daughter in his arms, he seemed perfectly insensible of the presence of a stranger. He was a tall, venerable looking man, with an erect person, silver hair, and a countenance expressing much benevolence, and at that moment animated by the delight of meeting his long absent daughter. After a few minutes he released Helen from his embrace, and turning to me, bade me welcome with an air of parental kindness, and led the way to the house. In a little while I found myself in the apartment which Helen had so often described, and which we were to share together.

Hitherto, we had not seen Mr. Campbell, but on descending to tea, we found him in the parlour. He advanced to meet us, and saluted Helen with the frank affection of a brother. He was extremely interesting in appearance, and his manners, though reserved, were not ungraceful. I had little conversation with him, yet I thought I perceived that his mind was highly cultivated, and I was much pleased with the prospect of such an addition to the little circle in which I was now domesticated.

On the succeeding morning, I bestowed more than usual care on the adornment of my person, for I had a consciousness of beauty, and almost unknown to myself a desire to make its influence felt. I exerted myself therefore, to please, and soon had the satisfaction of perceiving the timid reserve of Frederick Campbell's manner vanishing before my smiles. On a more intimate acquaintance, I was charmed with the variety of talent he displayed, and with the extreme refinement of his taste and feelings. Yet his character did not win my entire admiration; it wanted vigour, it was not masculine enough, and his mind, though enriched with all the treasures of classic lore, was not of that order which commands respect, and to which even the most gifted of the female sex are disposed to look up for guidance and support. Still there was much that was estimable in his character, and whatever there might be of feebleness, did not extend to his principles. He was benevolent and pious, and the most unselfish of human beings. And now, Fanny, the fatal error of my disposition began to develope itself. I was a coquette by nature, and my education had not eradicated the criminal propensity to gratify it. I did not hesitate to sacrifice the happiness of my friend, and to abuse the hospitality of her father. Frederick Campbell was the first person on whom I had an opportunity of trying my powers of fascination, and I could not resist the temptation of winning that heart which, but for my arts, would, I believe, have been given to my gentle friend, in requital of the unobtrusive but deep affection which she bore him. Without having any definite object in view, I insensibly adopted that line of conduct which I knew he would approve. I interested myself in the schools he had established in the village; I visited the poor, who were the especial objects of his care, and I subdued the exuberant vivacity of my spirits to a softness peculiarly attractive to a man of his character. Helen was not destitute of penetration. She saw my design, and gradually assumed a cold and reserved manner which pained me, and which my conscience told me I deserved. But I stifled its reproaches, and wilfully shut my eyes to the tale of suffering which the increasing paleness of Helen's cheek told but too legibly. By and bye we became completely estranged. Helen busied herself in domestic affairs, and in attendance on her father, whose increasing infirmities confined him entirely to the house; and Frederick and I were left to take our rambles, and pursue our plans unaccompanied, and unmolested. There were several places in the neighbourhood, beautiful in themselves, and interesting from the traditions connected with them. These we visited together, for under Frederick's guidance, I had become an accomplished horsewoman. Together, too, we sought the cottages of the poor, and ministered to their necessities. This constant intercourse was not without its effect. Frederick Campbell learned to love me with all the fervour of his ardent and romantic nature; nor were my own feelings unmoved. It was scarcely possible, indeed, that I could be the constant and almost sole companion of this interesting young man, could listen to the bursts of eloquence which fell from his lips, when anything occurred to awaken that fervent imagination which was the predominating faculty of his mind, above all that I could read in his eyes, his voice, his manner, the deep, ardent, devoted tenderness of which I felt myself the object, and yet remain insensible. This could not be, and thus, when Frederick Campbell confessed his love, and with all the eloquence of genuine feeling, pleaded to be allowed to hope, he did not plead in vain. My fancy was interested, if not my heart; and I conceived that the sensations of which I was conscious, were those of affection; the more likely I thought to be lasting, because there was nothing passionate or vehement in their character. I consented, therefore, to enter into a conditional engagement dependent upon my mother's consent, and not in any event to be ratified until I had attained my nineteenth year.

All this time Mr. Howard was totally ignorant of what was passing between his ward and myself. His feeble health confined him frequently to his chamber, and prevented his attention to any subject other than those of immediate and pressing

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interest. I could not tell how far Helen was acquainted with our proceedings, for the reserve of her manner, and the consciousness on my part of treachery and ingratitude, made any confidential communications out of the question. I was not sorry, therefore, when at the expiration of three months from the time of my arrival at the parsonage, an opportunity presented itself for my return home, of which I took advantage. On parting, it was settled that Frederick should visit me, as soon as Mr. Howard's improved health allowed him to leave the parsonage, and that in the meantime we should correspond regularly. Mr. Howard took leave of me with his usual kindness of manner, and Helen with a cold constrained civility, which I could not help feeling most painfully. For my own part, I experienced a sensation of relief, which, had I examined my heart, might have enlightened me as to the nature of my regard for Frederick Campbell. However, I did not analyze my feelings very closely. Indeed, so versatile was my nature, that before I reached my destination, I had forgotten everything in the joy of again meeting my mother, and being restored to the home which I had only visited at transient intervals for more than two years.

My mother had taken advantage of my absence to visit her elder daughter, and had but just returned, accompanied by a young man, a distant relative of my brother-in-law. He had recently been admitted to the bar, and had already distinguished himself in his profession. His health, however, had been injured by his close application to study, and being advised by his physicians to travel, he had returned home with my mother, hoping that while he gave her the advantage of his protection his health might be benefited by a temporary residence in our healthful climate. These details I learned from my mother, for I did not see Wilmot on the day I reached home, nor until the succeeding evening, when a party of young people had assembled at our house to welcome me on my return to my native place. Never shall I forget that evening. It was my first appearance in society, and most becomingly arrayed and glowing with the excitement of gratified vanity, I was standing the centre of a little circle when Alfred Wilmot entered the room. My eyes were directed to the door when he appeared, and I at once divined who he was, for never before or since have I beheld a form or face like his. That commanding presence, that noble countenance expressive at once of deep feeling and of indomitable firmness I have never seen equalled. I had but little time, however, for observation, for Wilmot immediately advanced to my mother, and leading her to where I was standing we were presented to each other. I could only bow, for almost the first time in my life I was confused and at a loss for words. The perfect ease of Wilmot's manner soon removed my embarrassment, and we entered into conversation. I cannot tell you what was said, I only know that when we parted, I was completely fascinated; and my sleep that night broken by visions of the stranger, who while he interested my feelings, irresistibly commanded my respect.

I cannot dwell on this period of my life. Suffice it to tell you, that for many weeks Alfred Wilmot was a constant guest at our fireside, that every day added to my admiration of him, and deepened the impression he had made: that I learned at last to read my own heart aright, and to know by what I now felt, that my love for Frederick Campbell was a mere idle fancy which had its origin in gratified vanity, and was fostered by the romantic character of my lover and by the lovely and beautiful scenes amid which it had its birth. I had not mentioned my engagement to my mother, and now more than ever, I shrunk from doing so. I lived but in the present—every thought, every faculty was absorbed by the new and engrossing passion of my soul. Did Alfred return my affection or not? that was the question on which my fate hung. I could not determine it, for while his general manner was kind, even affectionate, there was nothing in it to warrant the idea that he entertained for me, more than the regard which, as a friend and connection of our family it was natural he should feel. Yet I did not despair, for I imagined that at times I read in his eyes an expression of feelings far warmer than those to which his lips gave utterance. I thought he was studying my character, and endeavouring to penetrate my sentiments before he declared his own.

Meantime, I heard regularly from Frederick Campbell. To some of his letters I returned brief and cold answers, and to some I did not reply at all. Yet so unsuspicious was his nature, that he appeared not to have an idea of the change in my feelings. My silence he imputed to the irregularity of the mails, and the cold and reserved tone of my letters, to a delicacy which made me unwilling to pour out my feelings on paper. At length I received a letter from him, in which, after mentioning the improvement of Mr. Howard's health, he announced the probability of his paying me a visit during the ensuing week. He dwelt fondly on the anticipated happiness of our meeting, and seemed not to entertain a doubt but that I shared in all his raptures.—This letter roused me to the necessity of taking some decisive step. I felt that it was impossible I could ever become the wife of Campbell, and bitterly did I execrate the selfish vanity which had led me to engage his affections, and to alienate from me the heart of my gentle, affectionate Helen. There was, however, a necessity for immediate action, and I wrote at once to Frederick kindly, but most decisively. I implored him to think of our engagement only as a romantic folly. I told him I had mistaken the nature of my feelings, and that he had probably fallen into the same error, and at once and for ever to crush his hopes, I hinted that my affections were given to another. I did some violence to my own feelings in writing thus, for now that I knew something of the inquietudes of love, I had learned to feel for others, and I could not but know that Frederick Campbell was not of

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a character to bear with philosophy, a disappointment of this nature. I was far, however, from apprehending the fatal consequences to which my criminal vanity ultimately led. When my letter was sent, I felt relieved from an oppressive load, and I returned to the parlour where I had left my mother. I found Wilmot with her, but soon after I entered, he went away, saying that he would call on the morrow to bid us farewell. Pale and trembling I could not speak, but turned to my mother for an explanation of his words. She did not observe my emotion, but said very calmly, "I am sorry Alfred is going, but I did not expect he could remain much longer with us, as he is dependent upon his own exertions even for a support. He has spoken very frankly to me of his situation, and I approve his going, though I regret the loss of his society." I listened with breathless attention, hoping to hear that Alfred had spoken of his feelings towards me. I was mistaken, however, for my mother only said, that he had that day received a letter from a distinguished lawyer in one of our principal cities, offering him a partnership in a very lucrative practice, which he had resolved to accept without delay. On the ensuing day he left us, and though he went without declaring his feelings, yet, the agitation which he vainly strove to hide as he bade me farewell, increased my hopes and augmented my passion. What he had told my mother of his situation, I conceived to be intended for my ear, and I believed that his impoverished circumstances alone prevented his claiming my affection. I looked forward, therefore, with hope and confidence to the period when, his talents having rendered him independent, he should return and our destinies be united for ever.

I will not detain you by narrating the occurrences of the next twelve months. I heard nothing of the Howards, nor of Frederick Campbell, nor did I hear from Wilmot. Occasionally I saw his name mentioned in the newspapers in terms of high commendation. He had entered the political arena, and already he had become distinguished. His speeches were referred to, his opinions quoted, and he seemed to be looked up to with the respectful deference which is only accorded to the master spirits of the age. The master passion of my nature was aroused, the vanity which I had once felt for myself, I now felt for my idol. I was proud of his achievements, and in his absence I loved him with even more intense devotion than I had felt when he was with me. When, however, a year had nearly elapsed, and he neither came nor wrote, my spirits began to fail; I grew miserable and restless; I sought society not as a gratification but as a relief from the feeling of hopelessness which was beginning to press upon my heart. I had many admirers, and I permitted their attentions only to disappoint their hopes, for I had a kind of bitter pleasure in inflicting on others a portion of the suffering under which I was myself writhing.

At length, and when anxiety had almost subsided into despair, Alfred Wilmot returned. Fanny, no words can describe the rapture, the almost painful transport with which I received him, and read in his no longer restrained manner, the deep affection which filled his heart; nor was it long before his feelings found words, and he poured into my ear the story of his love. "From the very first moment we met," he said, "I loved you, dearest Marion, but my situation forbade me to think of marriage, and I could not bear to take advantage of your youth, and of the opportunities your mother's kindness gave me to entrap you into an engagement necessarily indefinite. I could not bear to become a pensioner on the bounty of your mother, or to deprive you, my love, of the elegancies and comforts to which you have been accustomed.—But I have succeeded beyond my expectations, and I am now able to offer my Marion, if not wealth, at least independence, and a heart whose every feeling has long been devoted to her."

How eagerly my ear drank in every word he uttered, and how gratifying it was to my woman's pride to know that my attachment had not preceded his. My mother willingly gave her consent to our marriage, and it was settled that it should take place as soon as the necessary preparations could be completed. Several weeks passed, and my life was one unbroken dream of bliss, of happiness so perfect, that I have sometimes thought it was sufficient to compensate even for the wretchedness I have since suffered. But it was not destined to endure; my own hand had aimed the blow that was to crush me to the earth. One morning I was waiting for Alfred to accompany me in one of our accustomed rambles about the environs of the town. In his stead, however, I received a note, every word of which is engraven on my memory; its contents were these:

"I am prevented seeing my dearest Marion today, and some time may elapse before I shall be with her again. Late last night I received a letter from an old and very dear friend; he is dying of consumption and implores me to hasten to him; his residence is at some distance, and the letter has been a considerable time on the road, having been forwarded to me from ———. No time therefore is to be lost, and before you receive this I shall be many miles on my journey; I am sure, my love, that you will not blame me for leaving you, even at this time, when you learn that he to whom I go is the friend of my childhood, dear to me as a brother, and that he is probably on his death-bed. Lately I have been too selfishly engrossed with my own happiness to write to or even to think of him; I hasten to atone for my negligence. Farewell, my best beloved, may God bless you; pray for the friend of your devoted A. Wilmot."

I pass over the period that elapsed before the return of my lover. He had not named the place to which he was going, nor did he write during his absence. His return therefore was totally unexpected, but I heard his footstep as he entered the hall door, and with a cry of joy I ran forward to meet him; he did not return my embrace, and my

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heart died within me as I noted his pale, sad countenance, and his altered manner. In silence, for I could not speak, I led the way to an empty room, and sinking on a sofa waited for some word which should explain the fearful mystery of his looks and manner. He spoke at last, and his voice was so strange, so unlike the accents to which I loved to listen, that I started with a feeling of terror, and gazed as if to assure myself of his identity.

"Marion," he said, "I come to discharge a solemn trust, a promise given to the dead. I come to convey to you the blessing and forgiveness of Frederick Campbell, and to restore the letters you have written him." He held a packet in his hand which he handed to me as he ceased speaking. I did not faint, but I sat gasping for breath and wishing that the earth would open and conceal my shame. After a short pause Wilmot resumed: "I know all; from my dying friend, and from that aged man who is now mourning over the declining health, the blasted hopes of his only child, I have learned all. It was not told in malice, for they knew not that I had ever seen you, but your name was the last word that trembled on the lips of Frederick Campbell, and prayers for your happiness mingled with every aspiration which arose from his broken heart." After an interval during which the working of his features and the convulsive heaving of his breast denoted the struggle of his feelings, he again spoke in a calmer voice; "Marion," he said, "it is useless to prolong these miserable moments. You must feel that we cannot be to each other what we have been; wretched as you have made me, I cannot part from you in anger. Farewell for ever!"

He snatched me to his breast, held me there for an instant, then released me and was gone.—I never saw him more. The next day, I received a letter containing a formal relinquishment of our engagement, and explaining more fully all the motives by which he had been actuated. He and Frederick Campbell had been friends from childhood, and had been educated together, under the care of Mr. Howard, for whom and for Helen, Wilmot also entertained a most affectionate regard. At the period of my visit to the parsonage, Alfred had been absent for some years, and by some strange fatality his name had never been mentioned to me, nor had I ever heard him allude to the family of Mr. Howard. Frederick Campbell, with a constitution naturally delicate, and a mind too feeble to offer any resistance to misfortune, had upon receiving my last letter, fallen into a state of the most hopeless despondency; his health failed, and his life was finally terminated by consumption; in the last stages of which, feeling a longing desire for the society and sympathy of his early friend, he wrote the letter which Wilmot answered in person. He remained till all was over, and his feelings may be imagined when he learned that the woman whose falsehood had caused the death of his friend was his own affianced bride. To sink me, if possible, still lower in his esteem, he heard how basely I had requited Helen's friendship and the hospitality of Mr. Howard. Poor Helen! the agony of her mind when she learned that Frederick's death was inevitable, threw her into a fever. In the delirium which ensued, she raved constantly of her false friend, and of the arts by which she had stolen the love of him to whom the poor sufferer's heart had been devoted from childhood. Alfred detailed all these circumstances without comment. He seemed to feel that I, as well as himself, must see that they formed an impassable barrier to our union. He wrote also to my mother, mentioning the dissolution of our engagement, and referring to me for an explanation of the cause.

And now, Fanny, my errors were punished, and Helen's wrongs amply avenged, for I believe this earth never held a being so indescribably wretched, so utterly desolate as I was. I had but one wish, but one hope; it was that I might die, that the grave might close over my crushed and bleeding heart. I have lived to thank my God that my insane prayers were not granted, that time has been allotted me for repentance: my mother's illness first roused me from the selfish indulgence of my griefs. Her sufferings were severe and protracted; but they had the effect of weaning her from the world, and her death-bed was a scene of calm and holy triumph. I saw the power of religion in smoothing my mother's passage to the grave, and I was gradually led to seek its blessed influences as a balm to my wounded spirit. By slow degrees I became resigned to my lonely destiny, and my mother's death having rendered me independent, I removed to this village, and endeavoured by acts of kindness and benevolence to make some amends for my former errors. Of Wilmot I have never heard; indeed I have carefully avoided looking even at the newspapers, lest his name should meet my eye. Mr. Howard has given up his parish, and removed with his daughter to Italy, hoping that its salubrious climate and the entire change of scene may restore her health.—The premature death of my sister and her husband, by consigning you, my love, to my care, has given me once more an object of affection, and it is for your benefit, and to eradicate the seeds of coquetry which I have sometimes feared were inherent in your disposition, that I have recalled the miseries and laid bare the errors of my past life.

Here my aunt concluded her story, and I have only to add, that the painful effort which she made in relating it has not been made in vain.

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THE TOMB OF RACHEL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

When Jacob was returning from the holy place where God had once revealed himself, when he, in his youth, saw the heavens open, his heart was full of gladness; for Jehovah had just established anew with him a covenant of friendship.

But soon he was smitten by deep sorrow. Rachel, the beloved of his youth, died in giving birth to her second son; and when her soul was departing, and she saw that she must die, she kissed the child, and with her last breath named him Benoni, the child of sorrow.

And when she appeared before the Eternal she wept, and said, "Grant me, O Father, the first petition which I ask at thy throne! Let me sometimes see mine own beloved ones from whom thou hast separated me, that I may stand by them in their sufferings, and dry their tears."

"Three times shall thy prayer be granted," said the Almighty, "to revisit thy children upon earth, but thou canst not alleviate their troubles."

When she came down to earth for the first time, she found the aged Jacob sorrowing bitterly for both her sons. Joseph's bloody garment lay near him. "My gray hairs," cried he, "will be brought down with sorrow to the grave, for now also Benoni is taken away from me."

Sighing, she reascended to heaven, when, after awhile, the blessed spirits of her husband and sons rejoined her, and told how beautifully all their sorrow had been turned into joy.

She came the second time to visit her tomb. She saw her posterity driven into exile as herds of cattle are driven. She found everything desolate; even her grave had not been spared. She lingered a long time by that solitary tomb, and the air was filled with the sighing of an invisible spirit.

She went down to earth the third time. Bethlehem was flowing with the blood of innocent children. Their mothers wept because they were not, and Rachel at her grave wept also. Long was heard from that tomb a voice of wailing—"they are no more—they are no more."

And when she returned, the All-merciful said, "Rest now, my daughter, and disquiet thy heart no more with the sorrows of thy children. The path of mortals leads early into a valley where only complaints resound; but soon there is a turn in the valley, and behold the dirge is changed into a song of praise. Trust thy children with me; they are *my* children also; thy heart was not made to bear and to soften the woes of the earth-born."

Henceforth the spirit of the beautiful Rachel remained content in Paradise. She inquired of the newly-arrived concerning the destiny which they had fulfilled upon earth; but she never revisited this world; and the sighing of her motherly heart was no more heard upon her tomb. The sepulchre is silent, and Rachel rejoices with her children in eternal rest. C.

ANCIENT BALLADS.

BY J. H. HEWITT.

The songs, the songs of other days,
When helm and targe were bright;
When warriors sung their ladies' praise,
Within the pale moon's light:
When noble deeds won rosy smiles,
And fair hands crown'd the brave;
When sportive love woo'd fairy isles,
And raised the minstrel's stave.

The ancient helm is rusty now,
The plume has gone to dust,
And wither'd is the noble brow
That proudly wore them first.

The bard who struck the golden lyre
With aged hand, hath gone,
No more his song fans up the fire
That guided valour on.

The songs of merry Christmas times,
In England's palmy days;
The madrigal and merry chimes,
Old chaunts and roundelays—
Like good old wine, they gather zest
The more antique they grow;
While Memory's whispering in the breast
Of fashions long ago!

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WHICH IS THE LADY?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"How opposite are the manners of Mrs. Carlin, and Mrs. Lawton!" said Josephine Merry to Mr. Wilkins, her kind old uncle. "In comparing them, you see the difference between those who move in the best society, and those who do not."

"Clearly enough," remarked the uncle, in a quiet, good-humoured, but somewhat ironical tone.

His niece looked him in the face for a moment, as if to gather from its expression something more definite than she could find in the words and tone of voice. But failing to do so, she went on.

"The ease, and lady-like self-possession of the one, are strongly contrasted with the retiring backwardness, and, at times, seeming embarrassment of the other. O, I could give the world, if I had Mrs. Carlin's elegant manner!"

"And yet, Josephine, I would a thousand times rather see you like Mrs. Lawton, than Mrs. Carlin."

"Why, uncle!"

"I speak the truth, nevertheless. The first is, conventionally, a lady; the other, one by nature."

"You judge harshly, I fear, uncle. Mrs. Lawton is, I doubt not, a lady in heart; but Mrs. Carlin, at the same time that she is one, makes her exterior correspond perfectly with her interior."

"There again we differ. I have observed Mrs. Carlin more closely than you have; and I am too old, now, to be blinded by mere external show. She has practised rules of politeness so long, that she looks upon them as the essentials of a lady. If another violates one jot or tittle of these, she cannot conceive of such an idea, as that it is required of the true lady to look deeper than the surface, and see if there be not a heart in its right place, below; and, at the same time, consider the ignorant breach of an unimportant conventional law as no sin against good manners."

"But all conventional rules of politeness, you know, uncle, are founded upon correct social principles. A true gentleman or lady perceives them, as it were, instinctively, and acts them out; but it becomes necessary for some to study them, that they may learn how to associate with others, without rendering themselves offensive."

"And there, Josephine, is the essential, and never-to-be-forgotten difference. The true gentleman and lady, *perceive* what is really polite; they who are not so by nature, have to be taught good manners. The latter have always more external show, and give more importance to an implicit obedience to fixed rules of etiquette than the former. The first perceive that true politeness must, of necessity, vary the form of its exterior requirements, under certain circumstances; with the last, the written code is as the laws of the Medes and Persians."

"And you class Mrs. Carlin with the last, and Mrs. Lawton with the first?"

"I do."

"Well, uncle, you have an older head than I have; and can, likewise, see much deeper into character. I must, therefore, be willing to think that you may be right, even if I cannot see as you do."

"That is just as far as you ought to go. Only hold yourself willing to see the truth when presented, no matter how it may be opposite to your present views and feelings, and you cannot go far wrong in anything."

A day or two after this conversation occurred, old Mr. Wilkins said to his niece,

"I've had a queer idea in my head, Josephine, ever since we had our talk about politeness."

"Indeed! and what is it, uncle?"

"Why, I've been thinking about testing the true good-breeding of Mrs. Carlin and Mrs. Lawton. What do you think of it?"

"I can't say that I know what to think of it. Much will depend upon the way you intend proceeding."

"Of course. The way, then, which I have thought of is this. You know that your Aunt Mary is one of the kindest hearted persons in the world, and a perfect lady. She rarely seems to think of herself. And yet, she never, I believe, studied a book of politeness in her life. Well, I've an idea of sending word to Mrs. Lawton that we will spend an evening with her this week, including tea of course; and then to do the same to Mrs. Carlin. During these two visits, your Aunt Mary, who is getting pretty old now, will be sure to break through some unimportant rule. By the way in which she is treated by these two ladies, will we be able to judge how far their manner is the external form of a true principle of politeness. What do you think of it, Josephine?"

"I can't say, uncle, that I would like to see Aunt Mary made the subject of such a trial. Still, as I have no fear of her feelings being wounded in any way, and as she is my uncle's sister, and he knows better how to act towards her than I do, I cannot, of course, make any objections."

It was, consequently, settled, that the two visits should be paid. Sometime before evening, on the day named for the visit to Mrs. Lawton, Josephine and her aunt, an elderly maiden lady, called in upon her. Although she did not receive them with that elegant manner, so much admired in Mrs.

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Carlin, yet Josephine felt, and so did Aunt Mary, that every word of welcome, and every pleasant smile were from the heart. Particularly was Aunt Mary gratified, for Mrs. Lawton was careful and constant in her attentions, and seemed to fall, naturally, into whatever appeared most pleasing to her. Towards tea-time, Mr. Lawton and Mr. Wilkins came in. Neither Aunt Mary nor Josephine had ever met Mr. Lawton before. But both felt at ease as soon as introduced. Like his wife, he seemed to perceive at once the true character of Aunt Mary, and was particular in endeavouring to make the old lady feel perfectly at home.

When tea was announced, Josephine could not help feeling a momentary uneasiness, for she had perceived, during the afternoon, one or two unimportant, and seemingly unnoticed, breaches of fashionable etiquette. She feared that there might occur something more marked at the tea-table. Nor did she feel at all relieved, when on being handed butter by Mr. Lawton, Aunt Mary used her own knife, which was, of course, as clean as the butter knife, not having yet been used for any other purpose, to transfer a portion of butter to her own plate. Her turn came next, and she used the butter knife of course. Her uncle did the same. But she was not a little surprised and relieved to see Mrs. Lawton, when the plate was handed to her, and while Aunt Mary, who had already become conscious that she had, thoughtlessly, broken a very proper rule of table etiquette, was looking at her, use her own clean knife in taking butter. Mr. Lawton, who had also perceived Aunt Mary's little error, imitated it as his wife had done, and thus, without any one at the table having an idea of what was passing in the minds of the others, the little incident, unimportant in itself, under the circumstances, was made to take its true position of unimportance.

The tea was handed around in due course, and Aunt Mary very naturally poured it out into her saucer, as she had always been used to do at home. Indeed, she could not have sipped from her cup without endangering her fingers, or actually dropping it with its scalding contents upon the table-cloth. Josephine let her cup of tea remain untouched, that it might cool a little, but her uncle turned his out into his saucer, for the purpose of keeping Aunt Mary company. Mr. Lawton did the same, and also Mrs. Lawton. Thus all were made to feel perfectly at ease. Occasion requiring Aunt Mary again to take butter, she used the silver knife appropriated to that purpose, much to the satisfaction of Josephine, who, understanding her aunt's true character, could not bear that it should be thought for a moment that she did not know the plain rules of the tea-table.

The tea hour passed off very pleasantly, and so did the whole evening. Mrs. Lawton was particular in her attentions to Aunt Mary, and constant in the effort, without it so appearing, to make her visit an agreeable one. Her manner seemed every hour to become more truly expressive of good feeling, and before the evening closed, Josephine could not help looking at her in silent admiration, as she sat listening, with a pleasant smile upon her countenance, to Aunt Mary, who was entertaining her with some reminiscences of bygone times.

After the visiters had returned home, and Aunt Mary had gone up into her room, not, however, before expressing her delight with the visit, and pronouncing Mrs. Lawton every inch a lady, Mr. Wilkins said to his niece, "Well, Josephine, what do you think of Mrs. Lawton now?"

"Why, I think, uncle, with Aunt Mary, that she is every inch a lady. If she only had Mrs. Carlin's manner, she would be perfection."

"Nonsense! Such a manner would spoil her."

"I can't see how that can be, uncle."

Why, it's merely artificial. There is no heart in it."

"Surely, you can't think so poorly of Mrs. Carlin as your remark would indicate!"

"Just as poorly, Josephine. Whenever you meet with any of these people whose elegant manner is always the same; who are at all times and on all occasions full of bows and smiles and graces, be sure that there is something wanting below, for which these are assumed. A true gentleman or lady, cannot be, at all times, the same—a mere stereotype edition of the best and happiest state. Nor does a true gentleman or lady make the mere observance of certain forms the passport to favour, no matter how perfect may be the acting. They can perceive the value of the diamond, even before it has passed through the hands of the lapidary; and of the gold, before it has been in the crucible."

"Still, uncle, you know that, if there were no observances of what are true rules of etiquette, there would be little to make society agreeable."

"Do not misunderstand me, Josephine. I am as much in favour of all observances of polite society, so called, as you or any one else can be. What I object to is, the making of these rules laws for all occasions, and applicable to all persons. Now, I think it is the part of a lady or gentleman to come down and accommodate a little, when one really excellent in character is brought in contact with them, even if he is ignorant of some of the modes and forms of good society. I have always been in the habit, and shall continue so, of looking or trying to look beyond the surface."

Josephine did not reply to this, but sat for a moment thoughtful; she then said,

"I do not think we can possibly pass a more pleasant evening at Mrs. Carlin's than we have at Mrs. Lawton's."

"I shall be agreeably disappointed if we do.—But take my word for it, we shall all feel constrained, notwithstanding Mrs. Carlin's elegant manner; and if your Aunt Mary is so impolite as to cut the butter with her own knife, even if it be clean, she will receive but few attentions afterwards."

"Indeed, indeed, uncle, I cannot think so."

"Well, you will soon see."

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"Hadn't we better give Aunt Mary a hint?"

"O no, not for the world! You know why I proposed these visits. Let us go through with them, and then you can judge for yourself."

The afternoon came for the proposed visit to Mrs. Carlin, and Aunt Mary and Josephine went according to arrangement. They were received in the kindest and most affable manner, and were pleasantly entertained for an hour or so, when Mrs. Carlin's attentions began evidently to be less and less directed towards Aunt Mary. Why it was so, Josephine, who noticed it, could not imagine. She had perceived nothing out of the way in Aunt Mary, and could not for a moment think that Mrs. Carlin had perceived anything vulgar in her. But nevertheless, this was the truth. Aunt Mary had a very common-sense way of looking at things, and she usually expressed herself in a corresponding manner; not in vulgar language, nor in a way to wound the feelings of any one, for she was really a lady, and had moved in her day in the *best society*, so called truly. Her sin was this:

A new fashion among the ladies, recently introduced, had been mentioned.

"You have not adopted it yet, I believe, Josephine," said Mrs. Carlin.

"No ma'am, not yet."

"You intend doing so, of course."

"I hope not," remarked Aunt Mary, smiling.

Mrs. Carlin turned towards her with a look of surprise, not observed by either of her visiters.

"Why, Aunt?" asked Josephine.

"Because, it is hardly becoming."

"Not becoming?" Mrs. Carlin said.

"I do not think so," replied Aunt Mary, looking her in the face with her quiet, benevolent smile. "But, perhaps, I may be thought a little antiquated in my notions, still I should not like to see my niece adopt the fashion."

Mrs. Carlin said no more. But her estimation of the lady who could condemn, as unbecoming, a fashion of which she had expressed by inference her approbation was at once diminished. So direct a breach of good manners had not occurred before in her house or in her presence, from time almost immemorial.

Mr. Wilkins, who came in towards evening, was received by Mrs. Carlin in that "elegant manner," so captivating to Josephine. Mr. Carlin came home soon after, and acted the gentleman to perfection. The attentions which Aunt Mary had at first received, were now renewed by Mr. Carlin, and she again felt pleased and entertained; an agreeable conversation was kept up until tea time, when all assembled, in the best spirits at the table.

Josephine felt more concerned than she did when tea was announced at Mrs. Lawton's. She *felt*, although she tried to think differently, that the same charity would not be extended to her aunt here, if she violated any little form or usage. Mr. Wilkins was altogether self-possessed, and observant. At length the butter was handed to Aunt Mary by Mr. Carlin, and she took her own knife, yet unused, and cut it!

"Have some butter, Josephine?" said Mr. Carlin, in a quick tone, taking hold of the butter knife, and turning it so that the handle would be next to the young lady, as he presented the plate.

Josephine felt keenly this evident rebuke of her aunt, for having so grossly violated a plain rule of table etiquette. Her cheek burned and the tears rose to her eyes.

The plate was next handed to Mr. Wilkins, and then to Mrs. Carlin, who used the butter knife very formally, as did also her husband.

The tea was next passed round, and while all sipped the hot fluid from their cups, Aunt Mary poured hers out to cool in the plate-like saucer, and thence drank the exquisitely flavoured "imperial." This did not escape the observation of Mrs. Carlin, and she felt really outraged to think that Mr. Wilkins and his niece should have presumed to introduce the sister and aunt at her house, when she so evidently had yet to learn the very rudiments of good breeding.

Conversation was carried on during the meal, but it was to a certain extent constrained; at least Josephine felt that it was so. Nor could she help contrasting the amiable and polite consideration for her aunt, which Mr. and Mrs. Lawton had exhibited, with the rigid formality of Mr. and Mrs. Carlin, and their evident unkindness towards the same individual. She felt greatly relieved when the moment to rise from the tea-table came round; of one thing she felt glad, which was, that when her aunt was offered butter a second time, she used the butter knife.

"They can see by that, that it was not ignorance nor want of breeding!" she said to herself, half indignantly.

After tea Mr. and Mrs. Carlin were very polite and affable to Mr. Wilkins and his niece, but neither of them seemed to feel much interest in Aunt Mary. The old lady tried to talk for awhile, but meeting little kind encouragement, she relapsed into silence, and so continued without any effort being made to interest her, until the hour came to go home.

"Well, Aunt Mary, how were you pleased with your visit?" asked Josephine, after they were seated in their own parlour.

"Not as well as I was at Mr. Lawton's," she replied.

"And why not, sister?" said Mr. Wilkins.

"Because neither Mrs. Carlin nor her husband understand in what true politeness consists," responded Aunt Mary, emphatically.

"Why, Aunt Mary!" exclaimed Josephine.

"It's truth, child. It is not because I am old, that I speak as I do, or that I feel offended at what occurred; but this I pronounce an infallible criterion. No one who neglects or treats with indifference an aged person, can be truly polite. Even the violation of some little forms and rules by an old person is no excuse. True politeness is that

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which yields to and considers others, and regards their condition and even their prejudices; false politeness is selfish in its requirements—every one must come up to its standard, or be insulted."

"But surely, sister, you were not insulted?"

"I never take an insult, brother," she replied, smiling—"but if I did, I should certainly have taken one to-night."

"How so?"

"Why, more than four or five times I made a remark, during conversation, to Mrs. Carlin, and she paid no regard at all to it; and at tea-time when I poured my tea into my saucer, or rather plate, for they don't have saucers now, and set the cup upon the white tablecloth, for there were no cup-plates, and I suppose they have none, as polite people don't use them, I saw Mrs. Carlin glance meaningly at her husband. Now this was an outrage upon good breeding, as I consider it. I am too old to learn to handle a cup of scalding tea; and every true lady would have regarded with the same kind feelings that Mrs. Lawton did, this departure in me from the modern customs of the tea-table."

"Why I didn't know that you took any notice of these things, Aunt Mary," said Josephine.

"There you are mistaken, child. I generally see pretty much all that is going on, and very often think that I also perceive the motives that direct actions. I did see, and it warmed my heart towards them, the kind consideration of Mr. and Mrs. Lawton, who even went so far as to drink tea from their saucers, to make me feel easy, and who even went farther than that:—when I had, in a moment of forgetfulness taken my knife at first to cut the butter, as I do at home before using it for any other purpose, as it comes handier to me, they both quietly imitated the act, and for no other reason than to prevent me from thinking that I had violated a rule of the tea-table. How different was the conduct of the lady and gentleman we visited to-night!"

"Really, sister, I had forgotten your former habits of close observation," said Mr. Wilkins. "You still retain them, I perceive, in full activity."

"And I hope I shall continue to do so, as long as I live; not to find fault, but for purposes of useful discrimination."

"Did you see any other departures from good manners to-night?" asked Mr. Wilkins. "But I have no doubt that you did."

"Certainly I did. And what is a little curious, is the fact, that nearly all were in consequence of some one of us violating a conventional point of etiquette."

"Ah indeed? And where did I go wrong, sister?"

"You were so impolite as to look at your watch during the evening."

"Yes, I know that I was.—Well?"

"When you did so, Mrs. Carlin gave her husband a look which I happened to see, and such a look! I can call it nothing else than one of sneering astonishment."

"Still, I had no other way of ascertaining the time. It is impolite now to have a clock in a parlour; and we might have sat long beyond the proper hour had I not looked at my watch."

"But why is it impolite to look at your watch in company, Aunt Mary?" asked Josephine.

"It is considered impolite for this reason. All the rules of etiquette are founded upon a desire to make every one feel pleased with himself; if therefore, your guest keeps examining his watch, the presumption is that he is tired of your company, and is anxious for the hour to come when he may decently retire. It is a still greater violation of propriety if the entertainer looks at his watch; for that is a palpable indication that he thinks the time spent in your company long. But, it is a very different matter where, as in the case of your uncle this evening, it becomes necessary for an individual to know the time, that he may not intrude upon the family where he is spending an evening, nor stay away from home beyond a proper hour. Under such circumstances, a departure from the rule, instead of an adherence to it, becomes true politeness. And herein is to be perceived the difference between those who are ladies and gentlemen, naturally, and those who are merely so in externals. The first know when to vary and how to vary prescribed rules; the last abide by them in all cases, and even consider their violation as an outrage upon the social virtues—in fact, an unpardonable sin."

"Well done, sister! You have said just what I wanted to say to Josephine the other day, but could not succeed. I really didn't think that you were so much your former self as you are. I remember when you were the welcome guest in the first circles in the good old times of right feeling and true politeness. Times are changed now; at least they seem to me changed—for my sister Mary, against whom no one dreamed of bringing the charge of want of good breeding, is now a palpable violator of rules of etiquette. And I too, it seems, have not been able to get along without offence."

"I begin to fear that I may have offended, too, in something, though innocently," Josephine said, with an expression of concern on her countenance.

"It is by no means impossible. Though I am inclined to think, for your comfort, that no such offence has been given. I say offence, for a breach of politeness, with some individuals, is thus viewed."

"I certainly hope not, uncle. Still if I have, I am conscious of not having felt or thought unkindly of either Mr. or Mrs. Carlin, except on account of their manner of treating Aunt Mary; nor of having selfishly preferred to gratify myself in any way that could possibly have hurt them, or put them to the smallest inconvenience."

"With that consciousness rest contented, my dear niece," Aunt Mary said, affectionately. "But I would not have you unmindful of external rules; they are right and necessary in social intercourse;

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only fill them with life. Let them be at all times, not merely cold externals, but the living, breathing forms of an ever active and present principle of true politeness. And this principle is a genuine, unselfish desire, that all with whom we are in association should feel easy and happy. Whoever feels such a desire can never be impolite; he may not be nicely observant, through ignorance, of some conventional forms, but none can complain that he has ever wounded their feelings through selfishness, or offended pure taste by any breach of true decorum."

"And now, Josephine," said her uncle, as Aunt Mary ceased speaking, "you have had an opportunity of deciding between the claims to gentility of Mrs. Carlin and Mrs. Lawton—WHICH IS THE LADY?"

"Mrs. Lawton, of course," responded Josephine, decidedly.

"And having seen the difference between true and false gentility—may you never forget the lesson," added Mr. Wilkins.

"I will try not to do so, uncle," said the warm-hearted girl, pressing her lips to his forehead, and bidding both him and Aunt Mary an affectionate good night.

PALENQUE.

BY F. S. JEWETT.

I.

THE moon is high o'er tower and dome;
And sheds its still and silvery rays,
Where Desolation makes its home
Upon the pride of other days.
And featured rock and fluted stone,
And gothic columns, grey and lone,
And mouldering walls and ancient mound,
With creeping ivy wreathed around,
Like spectres round the dreamer's bed
Rise grimly o'er the nameless dead;
And each a voiceless tale may tell
Where human grandeur rose and fell.

II.

And rising bold amid the gloom
Of wasted wealth and trodden tomb—
The doric temple, frowning there,
Affords the creeping thing a lair—
Where grass, untrodden, rears its head,
The pale, rank grass that loves the dead—
And damp and rayless cloisters make
A covert for the smooth, cold snake.

III.

The reign of bustling wealth is o'er;
The voice of man is heard no more;
And moody silence ne'er is broke,
Save when the bat, or bloated toad
Gives utterance to the hiss, or croak;
Or when the old owl's dark abode,
'Mong wide and lofty vaults, is stirred;
As if Destruction's dooming breath,
In dismal hootings, there were heard
To summon back the ghost of death.

IV.

O hollow comes the wild-dog's howl,
From hills neglected where they prowl!
They seek not now these noxious caves,
Where coffins, crushed within their graves,
No longer hold the clean-pick'd bone,
And worm and lizard feast alone;
But o'er the hill and o'er the plain
Rush to and fro in wild affright—
And pause—and lift their howl again,
As if to scare the hush of night!—
But here,—all, all is loneliness,
Encircled in decay's caress:—
The earth is dead—the pools around—
Nor storms, their sustenance bequeath—
For they are tideless—these resound,
But only pour where mortals breathe.
And man—and name—and hope are dust,—
A wilderness of gorgeous lust.

V.

How hard it is to feel, when gazing
O'er these relics of renown,
That glory—once so brightly blazing—
E'er could flicker, or go down!—
And harder yet, it is to feel
That in these death-like halls, the reel
Of fairy step and joyous song,
In smiling beauty, glanced along—
That through these dark and dismal scenes
Paced life, in all its varied miens—
That crowded streets here gorged their strife,
That marts threw back their waves of life,
That kingly hopes were garnered here,
As ages flourished and grew sere!—
But such it was, and they have passed,—
A fearful sight is round them cast;
Thus buried in their pride and power,
Earth trembles to their march no more!
And fancy now in vain essays
The curtain of their fate to raise.

VI.

And oft the traveller pauses here,
To muse upon an empire's bier;
But man knows not—and ne'er can know,
What caused that empire's overthrow;
Its grandeur lived its little day—
Then passed, with other realms, away;
Survived its hour in sun and gloom,
And found—what all must find—a tomb.

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NOTE ON ROBIN HOOD,

AND SOME OF THE

OTHER HEROES OF ANGLO-SAXON RESISTANCE TO THE NORMANS.

BY B. H. COATES, M. D.

THE ancient kingdom of Mercia, celebrated in our day by the inspired pen of "the gifted Joanna Baillie,"* with a spirit and genius well worthy of the accumulated applause bestowed by Scott and Byron, derived, as is well known, in common with East Anglia, its inhabitants almost exclusively from the Angles and the Danes. Readers of history will recollect that these successive colonists, the nearest neighbours in the country of their origin, were both masters of these two territories; the first, in each instance, being the Angles, and the others following as intruders into the land of promise. A stubborn race, they were never fully reduced by the celebrated Egbert; who flattered them, as a collateral means of securing his power, by changing the name of the island from Britain to Angle-land or England; thus, as well as by his victories, enlisting the spirit of revolt felt by the East Angles against their conquerors, the Mercians, on his side. The ungovernable spirit of the Danes of the same vicinity, which contributed so largely to the ruin of Ethelred and the temporary extremity of Alfred, has often been the subject of history and song; and it will not be forgotten that they were long left under Danish laws and chieftains; and by no means reduced so fully under the sway of the sovereigns of Wessex and Middlesex as were the more southerly portions of the new kingdom. In common with their brethren, the Saxo-Danes of the ancient Deira aud Bernicia, they sustained the longest and most stubborn resistance ever made to the Norman conqueror; a resistance which only terminated with the destruction of Roman York, and the general prevalence of military execution, robbery and murder.

From the entries in Domesday Book which I have recently examined for the County of Leicestershire, a central segment of Mercia, and from the great proportion of Anglo-Danish and Anglo-Saxon names which appear as those of landholders in the early title-deeds, Edwardus, Turgodus, Alwardus de Broma, Uhteredus, Sigodus, Samarus, Osmundus;† it is sufficiently obvious that the small gentry of the vicinity were, to a great extent, the offspring of the Anglo-Danish proprietors, though partially ruined by the conquest.

* Ethwald. Two tragedies.—In the Plays on the Passions.

† Deed of Robert de Albini to Beaulieu Monastery. No date.—*Nichols's Leicestershire.*

We may now proceed to recollect that in this vicinity popular tradition places the exploits and glories of the renowned Robin Hood. If any hesitate, which I do not, in believing the reality of this celebrated personage, we may cite the authority of a recent writer, of high character, Thierry, author of a History of France, and of a work on the Norman Conquest of England. According to this eloquent and philosophic writer, Robin Hood is to be considered as one of the heroes of the expiring Anglo-Saxon cause; and it may in part be said, that his history, like that of the younger Cato,

> No common object to your sight displays,
> But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys;
> A brave man struggling in the toils of fate,
> And greatly falling with a falling state.

Until the destruction of the forester of Sherwood, and of William Longbeard, of London, the conquest of England was not, in the opinion of the historian, completed; and it is with these tragic occurrences that a judicious hand will close the eventful and melancholy tale.

Those traditions which most nearly approach to an aspect of authenticity, represent Robin Hood as having been born at Loxley, in Northamptonshire, in the year 1160, in the reign of king Henry II. No more than ninety-four years had then elapsed since the battle of Hastings; and seventy-four from the completion of the new distribution of lands by the intruders. Two sets of records are found to preserve his name, the plays and the ballads. In the former of these, he is represented as a gay and fashionable young man, brilliant in the society of ladies, and delicate and precise in the forms of artificial life. In the ballads, he is the bold, high-spirited yeoman of the woods, ever ready to do a kind and generous action to the poor, and not only plundering the wealth, but first ridiculing and then sparing the persons of the piratical nobles, and the purse-proud clergy. The latter picture is the more probable. Admiring traditions among the peasantry are thought to have sought his elevation, by describing him as the legitimate Earl of Huntingdon, a city not far distant, to the eastward, but deprived of his rights by the unjustifiable conduct of his relations. It is remarked by Thierry, that Hood is an Anglo-Saxon name. All accounts agree that, after a disgust of some kind, he betook himself to Sherwood Forest, became the rallying point of those among the op-

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pressed who had hardihood enough to join in his way of life, raised several hundred men, inspired them with the utmost confidence, set the invaders at defiance, and several times defeated, and according to many accounts, slew the viscount, or calling him by his Saxon title, the sheriff of Nottingham. He is represented as entering the city in repeated instances, with large numbers of his band, in disguise, and surrounding and rescuing his men while proceeding to the gallows. His mode of choosing his friends was singular, and worthy of himself. It was by fighting them. No way was so short to Robin's favour and attachment as by knocking him down, or otherwise giving proof of skill, strength and boldness, in a contest with himself. He is described as possessing extraordinary bodily power, still more extraordinary activity, matchless skill in the use of the bow and of his weapons generally, and the most romantic bravery. By qualities of this kind, he is alleged to have won the personal friendship of the king; who, after starting in pursuit of him, as an outlaw, and a destroyer of the deer, of which the princes of his time were so proud and watchful, finished, according to the ballads, by wearing his uniform, and employing him and his band, as yeomen of the guards. Robin, however, soon grew tired of the atmosphere of a court; his soul longed for green fields, shady trees, and the song of birds; and he again betook himself to Sherwood. After a while, finding his activity and health impaired, he went, according to the legend, to the monastery of Kirkley, in Yorkshire; and requested the prioress of the establishment, who was his cousin, to bleed him. The cousin was in the interest of the Normans; or perhaps considered it a duty to rid the world of one who, however blessed as a benefactor by the poor, so often unloaded the wealthy abbots of their store. She bled him till he nearly or quite fainted, and then left him locked up in a room, with the orifice open, to perish. Such was the cowardly and treacherous murder by which the English *backwoodsman* met his fate. According to the metrical record, he sees his friends in time to forbid retaliation for the offence, and to give instructions for his funeral.

But give me my bent bow in my hand,
  A broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this shaft doth chance to fall,
  There shall my grave digg'd be.

And lay my bent bow by my side,
  Which was my music sweet;
And cover my grave with the sod so green,
  As is both right and meet.

And let me have breadth and length enough,
  By the side of yon green wood;
That men may say when they look it on,
  "Here lies bold Robin Hood."

The beautiful thought in the last stanza has struck me by its resemblance to that which, in an almost similar stage of civilization, the shade of Agamemnon, in Hades, addresses to that of Achilles.

Now all the sons of warlike Greece surround
Thy destin'd tomb, and cast a mighty mound:
High on the shore the growing hill we raise,
That wide th' extended Hellespont surveys;
Where all from age to age who pass the coast
May point Achilles' tomb and hail the mighty ghost.

The followers of Robin Hood dispersed after his death; unable, when deprived of his commanding genius, to make head against the oppressors of the land.

In the opinion of the historian, the best reasons exist for believing that the resistance of the Anglo-Saxons in the woods and wilds, neither began nor ended with Robin Hood. He only, however, has won immortal fame; his memory being embalmed in verse, which, rude and simple as it is, bids fair to exist and continue popular as long as the language of the Anglic people shall continue to be spoken upon the surface of the earth.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illachrymabiles
  Urgentur ignotique longa
    Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride:
They had no poet, and they died;
In vain they toil'd; in vain they bled;
They had no poet, and are dead.

The histories of the times scarcely make mention of the hero of the people. In the eyes of those writers who habitually look to the actions and qualifications of the lords of the land, the rebellious woodsman is no better than a robber; and the task of preserving his fame was left to the peasantry, to be awakened, after a sleep of ages, by the philosophic historian, who loves to contemplate the insignificance of individual man, and sees the hand of a divinity in the growth and decline of races.

Weep on. Perhaps, in after days,
  They'll learn to bless your name;
And many a deed may wake to praise
  That long has slept in blame;
And when they tread the ruined isle
  Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wond'ring ask how hands so vile
  Could conquer hearts so brave.

The epoch of Robin's greatest activity, and that of his death, are generally placed in the reign of Richard I; or in other words, between A. D. 1189 and 1199. This estimate of time suited the romantic genius of Sir Walter Scott, in his Ivanhoe; in which the outlaw is aptly made to win the friendship of the lion-hearted king. Other traditions refer these occurrences to the reign of king John, A. D. 1199 to 1215; a prince of a character certainly much less likely to harmonize with that of the woodland hero. These last accounts are followed by the author of *Royston Gower*, a late novel, in which the descriptions drawn from antiquarian sources, local traditions, and the study of

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the ancient Norman Forest Laws, assume an air of authenticity, and serve to give a lively and picturesque, and I doubt not, correct description of the tyranny of the intrusive race at that period, and the partially successful struggles of the Anglo-Saxons in opposition to them.

The remaining Anglo-Saxon martyrdom which we have to record, occurred somewhat later; about 1230, in the reign of Henry III. The fate of William Longbeard, though deeply interesting to the philosophical historian, relates but little to the locality to which we have directed our inquiries. He was a citizen of London, defended the Saxons and the poor against oppression, in many cases with success, was warmly supported by his fellow-citizens, was deprived of their protection by treacherous assurances given to them, which induced them to disperse, and was then secretly seized and put to death, without a trial. I cannot call this act less than murder; though Jeremy Collier, in his ecclesiastical history, seems to consider it in some measure sufficient, that it was done by order of an archbishop of Canterbury. The occurrence did not, however, take place among the forests and wolds of Nottingham or Leicester, but amid the dusky chimneys and gloomy streets of the central parts of London.

In the succeeding age, the party distinctions with which we have been occupied began fast to disappear. The reigning monarch, Henry III, fell early into the hands of foreign favourites. So many Italians, French and other continentals repaired to England, and found consequence and wealth through the favour of her king, so many gained high titles, and the brood so largely monopolized her offices in Church and State, that the natives, alike of either race, began to anticipate a fresh conquest. The old distinction of origin became neglected in the common apprehension; and in resisting the progress of the men of Anjou and Poitou, both Normans and Saxons resolved to call themselves English. A further reason served to strengthen this feeling on the part of the nobility. Their limited intercourse with the continent had suffered their Norman speech to grow old fashioned; while that of their continental cousins had been modified, not only by the lapse of time, but by the growing influence of the idiom of the Franks, the proper French; (Thierry;) and their dialects became objects of mutual dislike and perhaps ridicule. In addition to this, the English Normans had become wealthy by their conquest, while the other branch of the race continued poor; and the mutual hatred which these circumstances so often engender had begun to be felt. The influence of such causes may perhaps have been perceptible when the rapid growth of the French monarchy, at the expense of the other principalities of Gaul, began to press with serious force on the possessions of England; which it considered as a foreign power, and laboured to exclude from the continent. It was still more conspicuous in the armed resistance made by the barons of the latter power against the foreign favourites or the encroachments of their king.

The name of Simon de Montfort belongs to history: he particularly interests us as being Earl of Leicester, as being for a number of years, the victorious champion of the native or English party, and because several of his battles were fought in the neighbouring regions, including his final defeat and death, at Evesham. Born in France, and the son of a leader of the same name, distinguished for his zeal, activity and severity in the crusade against the Albigenses, he seems a character but little likely to defend the cause of the Saxons. After giving some offence to Queen Blanche, he left France for England; where Henry III received him kindly, gave him the earldom of Leicester, to which he had hereditary claims, and married him to the sister of the sovereign, the Countess Dowager Pembroke. Appointed by his royal brother-in-law seneschal of the English principality of Gascony, in France, he oppressed the people; the people complained, the king reproved him, and a violent quarrel ensued. Henry inflicted on him the mortal insult of the epithet, traitor; and the fierce earl gave the king the *lie*. He was afterwards, however, again employed; but gradually grew in influence with the party of the barons, and finally rose to their head. Imitating their predecessors, who, 43 years before, had extorted Magna Charta from the unstable John, they appeared in parliament at Oxford, armed, and compelled the monarch to place the administration in the hands of 24 barons, with power to reform the state. Of this *revolutionary convention*, Montfort, now Leicester, was president; and it conducted the affairs of England, without contradiction, for several years. After several abortive efforts, however, the king took up arms; but soon after suffered a severe defeat at Lewes. A party rose up against Leicester among the barons; and this is said to have been his occasion for introducing the election to parliament of "Knights of the Shire," two from every county, and burgesses from the cities, in order to have an influence to neutralize that of the nobles. He is thus the founder of the English House of Commons; and modern Whigs and Democrats should consider him the origin of our boasted representative system, at least since the conquest. In the same year, however, 1265, he lost his life at the decisive defeat of Evesham; his destruction furnishing the earliest wreath of military glory to prince Edward, afterwards the great Edward I. He fell like a daring and knightly warrior, in the act of attempting to rally his troops by rushing into the middle of the enemy.

His body was mutilated in the most barbarous and indecent manner, and then laid, as a trophy, before Lady Mortimer, the wife of his bitterest foe; but not only did his institution, the House of Commons, survive him, but his memory was long revered by the people as that of a martyr. Miracles were ascribed to him; he was called St. Simon, the righteous, and the people murmured that ca-

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nonization was withheld from his memory by the church.

After the death of the warlike earl, Henry was still obliged to submit to mortifications, and maintained his consequence almost entirely by the prowess and talents of prince Edward. The ability and power of the French monarch rendered unsuccessful an attempt to gain a kingdom in the south of what is now France, for Edmund Plantagenet, his second son; who was, in consequence, to be pacified with the estates of the defunct Leicester, in addition to his own title of Earl of Lancaster; that of Leicester being abolished, to be revived in a subsequent age. We have, in this, the origin of the great power, and subsequently of the royalty, of the house of Lancaster; celebrated for the civil wars, the extermination of the original Norman nobility, and the enduring fame of their poet, Shakspeare.

The next reign presents, perhaps, the most brilliant period of English history; renowned for the extensive conquests of the first and third Edward, in France, for the almost incredible victories of Cressy and Poictiers, for the great increase in the military strength and wealth of England, and for the erection of the most magnificent specimens, and those in the purest taste, which she possesses among her noble Gothic Church architecture.—Under three Edward Plantagenets, particularly during the wise and energetic but severe reigns of the first and third, the population of England assumed a more homogeneous and settled aspect; from which if it have changed at the present time, the change has been more gradual. The feudal system was still applied, and enforced with great regularity. New accounts of the estates in land were taken, and the parties owning them compelled to provide themselves with the equipments of a corresponding rank; so as to render the kingdom as effective as possible in war. Wales was conquered, Ireland pacified, a preponderating influence established in Scotland, and France, on more than one occasion, almost reduced to a province of England. Wealth flowed in the train of military glory; and the English, now proud of their name, forgot the distinction of Norman and Anglo-Saxon.

ABSENCE.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF "WM. TELL," "MARY STUART," "JOAN OF ARC," ETC.

"They sin, who tell us Love can die:
With life all other passions fly;
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell!
Earthly those passions, as of earth,
They perish where they drew their birth;
But Love is indestructible!
Its holy flame for ever burneth;
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth."—SOUTHEY.

SAY not, that Time or Absence conquers Love!
Oh no; believe me, if that Love be pure,
If based on sense and virtue, 't will endure
All trials,—nay, like gold thrice tortured, prove
The brighter for endurance. Sweetest flowers
Spring up to greet us at the close of day,
And many a charm, scarce seen in sunnier hours,
Beams forth (how grateful!) in reflection's ray.
O, Love, true Love, is not a flower that dies,
And spells, like *thine*,—can distance make *them* less?
Mind, culture, taste, the light of those soft eyes,
Those thrilling tones, which breathe forth but to bless,
And oh! that soul, all truth and tenderness,—
Each inborn purity, each outward grace,
Heart-spells, like these, what time, what absence, can
erase?—U.

LAKE GEORGE.

BY M. T. JR.

THERE is a clear and bright blue lake
Embosom'd in the rocky north;
No murmur doth its silence break
As on its waves we sally forth.
The mountain bird floats high aloft,
Above his wild and craggy nest,
And gazes from his towering throne
Upon the torrent's sparkling breast;
While far beneath in light and shade,
The bright green valleys frown and smile,
And in the bed sweet Nature made,
The lake sleeps soft and sweet the while.
O'er many a green and lovely wild,
The golden sun doth gaily smile,
But 'mid them all he doth not break,
As on his race he sallies forth,
On fairer scene, or sweeter lake,
Than the lake of the rocky north.

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A FAMILY OF THE RUE DE SÈVRES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY LIEUT. A. A. HARWOOD.

I.

Not only every quarter of Paris, but every street, and indeed each house, has its peculiar character. For example, one may classify the subdivisions of the faubourg Saint Germain by its angles and its limits. No part of Paris offers so many varieties and contrasts as this little city, enclosed, as it were, in the great metropolis.

The "Rue du Bac," which setting out at the Pont Royal, intersects ten streets, terminating and losing itself in the "Rue de Sevres," is the mercantile street of the faubourg Saint Germain.

The "Rue de Lille," (the first which crosses the Rue du Bac on the side of the quay,) brings to mind those rivers of obscure and humble source, whose waters roll on majestically for a season and are confounded at last with the ocean, in the middle of some great haven. In fact, after having modestly hid its head amidst shops of trumpery and scrap-iron, it finishes with the palace of Count Demidoff, at the Chamber of Deputies.

The "Rue de l'Universite," which is worthy of the name, is the centre of aristocracy. It is the queen of the quarter, in fact, if not by right; nevertheless, it has three powerful rivals, the "Rue Saint Dominique," the "Rue de Grenelle," and the "Rue de Varennes." These three streets look down upon that of the University as a *parvenue*, and quarrel together about the sceptre of the faubourg; in short, they resemble not a little a society of dethroned monarchs, who fall out in discussing unacknowledged rights. Besides, the houses of the ministers, those inns of all governments, have deprived the three noble streets of their antique and uniform character. They will never be able to resume their ancient preponderance, until public offices and private houses shall become as much friends as they are neighbours, a difficult affair to bring to pass, and yet one which is gradually verging towards its accomplishment.

Whatever may happen, a street not less remarkable than any which we have enumerated, is the "Rue de Sevres." Possessing no peculiar character of its own, it comprises, in some degree, that of all the others. From the old *hotel* where madame Recamier gathers around her all the lions of the age, to the uninhabited waters where the hucksters of Vauregard assemble to hold their market in the open air, all classes of society have their representatives in the "Rue de Sevres;" but in this jumble of houses and families, the most numerous and the most remarkable, are those of ruined fortune and decayed gentility. In this respect, and in a particular point of its extent—from the Croix Rouge to the "Rue du Bac" especially—the "Rue de Sevres" might be called with propriety, the street of the unlucky. This sad notoriety is attributable both to its ugliness and its antiquity, its smaller apartments renting for nothing, and its larger ones for very little. The first answer for those unhappy persons whose old habits of gentility will not allow them to inhabit the piggeries dignified in Paris with the name of lodgings; the latter for people with small means, who are obliged to keep up appearances.

II.

In a room which may be said to occupy a middle ground between these two categories, as it did in fact the middle of five massive stories, which loomed up heavily in front of the Abbaye-Aux-Bois, a lady between fifty-five and sixty was seated in a settee at the end of a bed-room. All the features of Madame de Sergy attested that she had been handsome, and everything around her that she had been rich.

A fire sufficient for warming the chamber, but fed with wise economy, burned slowly within a chimney-place of a black marble; it was in the month of February. A screen of green silk, somewhat faded with use, was lowered even with the andirons, to prevent the glare of fire from reaching a bed that stood facing it at the other end of the chamber. Although nothing could be seen through the blue cotton curtains, which were carefully drawn round the bed, Madame de Sergy's eyes were constantly turned in that direction. In short, her daughter reposed there.

To account for this circumstance at this hour of the day, (it was then three in the afternoon,) and for the array of tea cups, &c. which covered the stand at the head of the bed, one would have naturally supposed that the young lady was indisposed and kept her bed by command of her physician. Nothing however of maternal solicitude could be traced in the attitude or physiognomy of Madame de Sergy; on the contrary, a certain silent placidity of expression seemed to indicate that her mind was indulging in pleasant day-dreams of future felicity. In order to unravel this mystery, we must introduce two new acquaintances to the reader.

Just as Madame de Sergy had buried herself in her settee and her reflections, the door behind her opened suddenly but without noise, and a fat old

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man made his appearance, preceded by a young lady, who stood respectfully aside that he might enter before her. These persons were Mr. de Sergy and Mathilde, his eldest daughter.

"Marie is asleep!" said the old lady, extending her arms towards them to enjoin silence.

Mathilde, with a glance full of affection towards her sister's bed, quietly handed her father a chair: the old gentleman, however, instead of sitting down, crossed his arms behind his back and began to pace to and fro over the thin carpet which covered the floor, without much precaution, grumbling at the same time to himself.

"Madame," said he at length, raising his voice, "you will be the death of your daughter!"

"Not so loud," murmured Madame de Sergy, quietly; but as the old man seemed every moment less disposed to listen to her injunctions in this particular, she led him to the adjoining room, making a sign to Mathilde to remain where she was.

"I tell you, you will kill her," repeated M. de Sergy, resuming his walk in the saloon. "Every night dancing at balls and all day in bed, either sleeping or swallowing barley-water; it won't last: one or two winters more like this and she will be dead."

"Another ball and she will be married!" replied the old lady, with a confident air.

"Married!" exclaimed M. de Sergy, stopping abruptly, neither daring to contradict nor to believe his better half.

"Listen, my friend."

"Well, go on." Here the old man gave a deep sigh and dropped himself into an arm-chair.

"The Baroness de Mauroy came to see me yesterday," said Madame de Sergy. "You know how much she is devoted to us and how deeply she has interested herself to procure a suitable match for our daughter."

"Alas! all to no purpose."

"Now at least the prospect of success is promising; listen to the facts. Last summer at Bagneres, she met a Russian prince!"

"A Russian prince!"

"Yes, a Russian prince! Having understood that he wished to marry a French woman, and that with this view he intended to pass the winter in Paris, the baroness (with the most perfect disinterestedness since she has a daughter of her own to provide for, you know) thought at once of Marie, and has promised her to Prince Hirkoff."

"Hirkoff?"

"That is his name."

"Humph."

"The baroness, I say, has made him promise to visit her and to attend her balls. In fact, last week she received a visit from him; he reminded her of his project of marrying in Paris, and indirectly requested her to select him a wife, enumerating the qualities he expected his partner to possess. In the first place he is rich enough to disregard fortune."

"They all talk in that way."

"He declares he will be satisfied to possess a woman of honourable rank."

"Well."

"Then the prince desires that his wife should have talent; and first of all, that she should understand painting. Now I ask you who handles a crayon better than Marie?"

"A crayon! Do you call that painting?"

"It is the most beautiful style of all. You know nothing about the arts my dear friend. Secondly, the prince delights in a fine voice. Where will he hear a finer one than Marie's, tell me that? Thirdly, she must be just twenty."

"Marie is twenty-two."

"Twenty, M. de Sergy."

"Twenty-two; bless me, I ought to know the age of my own daughter, madame."

"You count the months she was at nurse, and that is never done, you know. Fourthly, the prince prefers light hair. You will agree that Marie's is flaxen?"

"Flaxen!—fudge—it was only last month you said her hair was black, to suit the gentleman who had a predilection for brown."

"A young lady's hair may vary from one month to another; besides, flaxen, chestnut, or black, what difference does it make? Finally, the prince wants a woman of sentiment, and I hope Marie——."

"Marie either laughs or romps all the time, she is not asleep."

"It does not matter! She loves romances that make her cry, and that is what I call sentiment."

"Very well, allowing all that, there are still plenty of girls, who are twenty years old, who can paint and sing, and above all who have no fortune."

"That is very true; so observe how the baroness will proceed. Knowing that the prince, who knows nobody in Paris, will choose at her ball this evening the partner to whom he intends to offer his hand, she will invite as few *blondes* as possible, or will only ask such as are plain. She will make Marie sing so early in the evening that no one will sing after her; besides, you know that her daughter Eugenie has arrived this very morning from the tour in Italy, which she has just been making with the baron and his sister—very well! the portrait in crayon which Marie took, and which is such a capital likeness, will be placed in the middle of the saloon, directly opposite the original, so that the prince will be able to appreciate all the beauty of the work. You must agree that nothing could be better managed."

"Granted."

"And that here is a sure match, if ever there was one?"

"Sure—sure—all your plans, which have failed, madame, were just as sure as this; and independently of the difficulties which I have just enumerated, I must acknowledge, that to see a Russian prince tumble into our arms, in this sort of way, from the skies, appears to me to savour not a little of romance."

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"Romance! ah! there you go again, M. de Sergy! I have told you a hundred times you do not know how to appreciate your daughter."

"My daughter, zooks! she is a beautiful and excellent person, and I should be glad to marry her to a king; but it is not the less true that she is deficient in an essential point, a dowry, and that a Russian prince—however, I leave the whole affair to you; I wish you all manner of success, and invest you with full power, on condition, however, that this ball is to be the last, and that after to-morrow Marie shall sleep at night, and keep awake in the day, like any other mortal."

Having thus concluded his bargain, M. de Sergy sallied forth to take his walk, and madame returned to the little chamber.

III.

The Sergys were of ancient blood and attached to the court, and in this condition had been ruined by the revolution of July. An income of six thousand francs, of which a large portion was invested in a life annuity, composed their whole fortune. The prospect was, therefore, that Mathilde and Marie would be left, at the death of their parents, in a state of indigence worse than miserable, for persons of their rank. The only means of assuring their future comfort was to marry them. Convinced of this truth, as of the sphericity of the globe, Madame de Sergy, after having tried the impossible to find a husband for Mathilde, and seeing her approach the age at which they are rarely to be found, had concentrated in Marie all her hopes and dreams, which revived and became more dazzling in proportion to the greater physical superiority of the younger over the elder sister.

"Marie my daughter!" became the predominant idea in the old lady's mind; her every thought, word, and aspiration, was dedicated to this one idol; and as she regarded Marie as the paragon of her sex, she built all manner of airy castles upon her talents and beauty. Marie only wanted to be known to be appreciated. She must therefore be shown, shown again, and shown always. The great personage, whom she was to subjugate by a word or a look, would some day or other appear, and all would be accomplished. Thus, all summer Marie absolutely lived in the Tuileries; and all winter in the ball-room. It was, in fact, a perpetual exhibition. It is true, that saving a little frigidity of soul, the necessary consequence of her artificial mode of life, Marie might be called an accomplished person.

Far from entertaining anything like jealousy toward her sister, Mathilde suffered a perpetual eclipse, condescending with indefatigable devotion, to serve as her sister's handmaid at home, her footstool in society, and her guardian angel everywhere. Careless of admiration, and even averse from matrimony, Mathilde was one of those celestial creatures whom Providence places upon earth to edify it by their virtues, and who pass their days in the solitude of a cloister, or by the bed-side of the dying.

As to M. de Sergy, he was neither more nor less than what the world calls a good kind of a man. Too rational to participate in the illusions of his wife, but too weak to prevent her from running after what he called her phantoms, he surrendered to her the entire control of the house, and allowed her to take her own way; meanwhile, he shut his eyes to the future, counted occasionally upon a turn of fortune, and made every day, the tour of Paris with the punctuality of a postman. While he is thus peripatetically employed, let us revisit the little chamber of Marie.

Madame de Sergy entered the room as her daughter awoke. Her first question was to ask what time it was. Like the living idols which the Japanese priests exhibit all day to the people, and which are never liberated until evening, she wished to know how long she had to wait, before she should begin to re-exist.

Her mother answered her inquiries by a cup of gruel, which Mathilde administered to her as to a patient, after propping her up with pillows: then they talked of the baroness' ball.

Mathilde had been already let into the secret of the plan, of which, as yet, Marie was in ignorance; and the time had now arrived when it became necessary to instruct her in the part she was expected to perform.

"My child," said Madame de Sergy, "you must put on your best looks to-night. The baroness has a project—"

"Another!" said Marie, laughing loudly and with unaffected indifference at the recollection of all Madame de Mauroy's unavailing efforts in her behalf.

"Yes," continued the mother, "you will without doubt meet a cavalier to-night at the ball, who will pay you particular attention, and with whom you need not count the country dances."

"Will he be presented to us officially?" asked Marie in a half alarmed tone.

"No, he will not require an introduction; he will present himself of course, and you will have nothing to do, but to make yourself agreeable."

"Ah! and who is he, pray?"

"Don't assume the disdainful, my dear, until you know all about him," replied Mathilde smiling. "He is a Russian prince."

"A Russian prince!" exclaimed Marie, who could not avoid blushing with ambitious hope.

"A Russian prince," added Madame de Sergy, emphasizing each syllable, as she approached the bed-side of her daughter, to give her her cue by recounting all the particulars of the treaty just concluded with the baroness.

The prince was of a character to be chary of maternal influences, and a great stickler for entire freedom of choice. Madame de Mauroy was therefore to avoid drawing his attention to Marie, in any other way than by certain little assiduties, by which she would distinguish her during the even-

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ing. She would speak to the prince of the Sergy family, as her most intimate friends, and when the noble stranger, thus put in train, should make his bow to Marie, it would remain for her to justify all the pretty things that had been previously said of her. Madame de Sergy left this case entirely in the hands of her daughter, satisfying herself with the simple injunction to make her toilet complete and to order it expressly for the occasion, from Palmyre.

"From Palmyre!" exclaimed the young lady, bounding almost out of bed with delight. This word had touched the most delicate chord of her heart, and it required two cups of barley water to moderate her transports and prevent them from imparting an unbecoming tint to her complexion.

The joy of Mathilde was less exuberant, for she reflected that this equipment would cost her mother the savings of a whole year!

IV.

As the clock struck seven, Marie rose to dress herself, and her chamber being voted too small for this purpose, a large fire was made in the saloon.

Every article of her new toilet was displayed upon the chairs. The young lady passed half an hour in examining each piece, falling from ecstasy into ecstasy, and flying like a butterfly from the dress to the mantilla, and from the flowers to the ribbons. At last they were obliged to remind her that all these wonders were not given to her merely as a feast for the eye, but in actual possession, and that having admired them sufficiently, it was time to put them on.

Mathilde entered gaily into the performance of her functions of hair dresser, sempstress and tire-woman. She began by that essential and fundamental part of the toilet, which sets off the remainder best when it is itself best concealed, and whose humble appearance upon Marie formed a sad contrast to the rich and brilliant tissues which were to cover it.

The affectionate handmaiden next proceeded to comb, brush, and perfume the tresses of her sister, with all the experience and dexterity of a professor of the art, and while she was putting them *en papillote*, Madame de Sergy, delighted to contribute her mite towards the perfection of this great work, clapped the curling tongs in the coals, slipped on the crape gown, adjusted the corsage, arranged every plait with the most scrupulous nicety, and fastened the mantilla with a hundred invisible pins. This done, the hair, after due application of the tongs, was liberated in front and fell upon Marie's fresh and fair cheeks in luxuriant ringlets, while behind, it was gathered up in a knot composed of rich braids, ornamented with a white rose and its half blown buds.

When the idol was completely decorated, they paraded her up and down to criticise the *ensemble* and its details. The young lady then examined herself from head to foot, placed herself in various attitudes, practised a few steps before every mirror in the room, and, at last, presented her fair forehead to her mother and sister for a kiss, with a proud and satisfied air—such as the conqueror Napoleon assumed when he said to his army—"*Soldats, je suis content de vous!*"

M. de Sergy was now called in and permitted to contemplate his daughter for a moment, and then despatched for a carriage, both of which duties he performed with equal resignation. Marie was installed alone upon the back seat, while the rest of the family were wedged in front, and thus with palpitating hearts they drove off for the ball.

V.

Far from being a caricature, as might be surmised, of a great Russian lord, who had been to the waters of Bagneres and had come thence to Paris "*pour epouser une Française*," prince Hirkoff was really a tall elegant young man of thirty-two, who had no other fault than that of detesting his country and countrymen, and who reminded one, by his delicate flaxen hair, slender waist and engaging manners, of the young dandies of St. Petersburg who in 1814 made the Parisian belles forget the disgrace of invasion and the ferocity of the Cossacks.

As to his quality of prince, he valued it so little as not to publish his titles; and to those who introduced the subject to him he replied carelessly, that princes were as abundant in Russia as lords in England and Marquises in France. As for the rest, in whatever degree he might be cousin to the Czar, he possessed the substantial enjoyment of an income of 200,000 pounds, with a still more considerable fortune in reversion.

He had just arrived at the house of the baroness, and was chatting with her at the door of the first saloon, when the Sergys were announced.—"There he is," whispered Madame de Sergy eagerly, giving her daughter's arm a convulsive squeeze, and rectifying her drapery hastily.

Marie had guessed the prince before her mother put her upon the scent. She thought him superb; and a slight blush added new brilliancy to the freshness of her countenance.

Madame de Sergy perceived it and seized the propitious moment to advance towards the baroness.

The prince, as he stepped a little aside without retiring, appeared to be struck with Marie's beauty, but failed in his attempt to suppress a faint smile at the sight of her mother.

Madame de Mauroy received the new comers with every mark of friendly courtesy, and having brought them into notice, lost no time in provoking a general conversation, in which the prince was obliged to take part.

Marie underwent this new trial with the modest self-possession of a person accustomed to such occurrences, and Madame de Sergy, who began to lose her wits, and was for going to work rather precipitately, allowed several extravagancies to

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escape her, which Mathilde cloaked or corrected to the best of her ability.

The orchestra at length struck up the prelude to a country-dance. The anxious mother placed herself between her two daughters with the conviction that the prince would invite Marie to be his partner; when she was quite astonished to see him take the hand of Mlle. Eugenie de Mauroy.

"No doubt he had asked her before we came," murmured she in her husband's ear.

The good man shook his head dubiously, drew a low sigh, and stared with all his eyes.

"Humph!—the daughter of the baroness is more of a blonde than ours," thought he, though he took care not to communicate this unwelcome observation to his better half.

M. de Sergy concluded afterward he had reason to congratulate himself upon his prudence in this respect; and began again to participate in the sanguine hopes of his wife, when he perceived that prince Hirkoff appeared to consecrate the remainder of the evening to Marie. He danced three country-dances with her, and they waltzed together still oftener, and during the brief interviews thus afforded him, he kept up a continued, animated, and attentive conversation with his fair partner. He spoke to her of the friendship existing between her family and that of the baroness; informed himself again and again of its duration and intimacy; examined and analysed the portrait of Eugenie in all its details; praised the fidelity of the resemblance, and the elegance of its execution, and complimented Marie upon her happy talent of reproducing, so naturally, the delicate features and sweet expression of so dear a friend as Mlle. de Mauroy must be to her. He listened too, with the liveliest interest to the artless picture which Marie drew of her childhood, connected by all its endearing associations of pleasure and study with that of Eugenie.

In short, whenever Marie resumed her seat by the side of her mother, she had but one answer to make to her questions:

"He is charming."

Upon this profound and significant phrase Madame de Sergy erected the most splendid superstructure, which she described telegraphically to her husband by a single triumphal gesture, while the gentle Mathilde raised her eyes to heaven with an inward supplication that these too hasty hopes might not be blasted.

In spite of the remonstrances of M. de Sergy, who was seriously alarmed for his daughter's health, and who, without denying that affairs were in a prosperous train, judged that an hour more or less could make no great difference, they stayed to the end of the ball.

When all the company had taken leave but *a few friends*, the baroness, under pretext of keeping them a few moments longer, led Marie to the piano, where she sung a duet with Eugenie from *la Norma*. The prince devoured every note and paid a great many more compliments to Mlle. de Sergy than to Mlle. de Mauroy. While the loiterers eagerly surrounded the piano to listen to the melodists, the baroness seized the opportunity to lead Madame de Sergy aside.

"Well baroness!"

"Well my dear?"

"What do you think of it?"

"It goes on swimmingly!"

"He is charming."

"Charming!"

"For the last four hours he has done nothing but ask me if you were not my best friend."

"And me if you were not my oldest acquaintance."

"Can you guess why he repeated that question so often?"

"I hardly dare ——."

"To know whether our intimacy would authorize him to call upon you after this meeting."

"Do you think so?"

"You will see."

While this delightful assurance raised Madame de Sergy to the third heaven, she perceived in a mirror the reflection of the prince approaching and leading her daughter by the hand.

Having learned that the ladies were waiting for a carriage, he begged the favour of taking them home in his own.

At this proposition, which happened to corroborate the prediction of the baroness in so flattering a manner, Madame de Sergy felt her head swim and her heart melt with joy. She made out, however, to stammer a broken acknowledgement accompanied by a curtsy such as she had never before made except in presence of the king—in the good old times.

"But we shall crowd the prince's carriage," observed M. de Sergy considerately.

"My dear," replied the mother briskly—"Since the prince is so good ——." "Have you lost your senses?" added she in an under tone which congealed in a trice all the old gentleman's objections.

The good lady, whose vigilance nothing escaped, foresaw that the packing of six persons in the same carriage involved a familiarity replete with consequences.

In fact the intimacy so progressed on the way, that the prince took leave of the ladies at their door with the promise to do himself *the honour of seeing them again soon*.

"That means that one of these days he will pay us a visit," said Madame de Sergy as she ascended resolutely the flight of stairs leading to the third story of the old house in the "Rue de Sevres."

VI.

During the succeeding week, the whole family lived upon the hope and in the expectation of this happy event. A complete revolution took place in the house, so that one would have supposed that fortune had revisited it. Every morning the stair-

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case and the apartments were waxed and rubbed, the first by a man hired for the purpose, and the latter by Mathilde and the cook alternately. Every object which could shock a fastidious eye in the ante-chamber, the dining room, and the saloon was banished or replaced. The old arm-chairs were made respectable by a set of new white covers, which reached to the floor, and upon which no one was permitted to sit for fear of soiling them. The hearth was furnished with a new rug, the curtains were bleached, the stand, the piano, and the brackets were re-varnished. Madame de Sergy also wanted to have the saloon newly papered, but she was reminded that it could not be done in time, and that she would run some risk of receiving the prince amidst the chaos and confusion of the paper-hangers. The fear of so unpropitious an event cut short this plan, and the paper was suffered to remain; a host of other expenses, however, which bore hard upon the present were hypothecated upon the future.

At last, after six long days, which the whole family had passed in the parlour, without daring to stir out, and trembling at every ring of the bell, the prince presented himself.

His first visit was short; and less to the purpose than had been anticipated; nevertheless, Madame de Sergy found time to exhibit Marie's drawings and managed to have her invited to sing. The prince was profusely complimentary, and took his leave, observing that isolated as he was in Paris, he would be but too happy to repeat his visit frequently.

Three days afterwards, Madame de Sergy sent her husband to return the visit, and had a horrible quarrel with him when he returned, because, not finding the prince at home, he left a card for that personage instead of waiting to see him in person. "Cards and letters lead to nothing," sagely observed the old lady; "to advance an affair of this kind you must talk."

M. de Sergy promised to do better another time. Two weeks elapsed before the prince made his appearance again. Madame grew restless and ran to ask the baroness what had become of him. She had seen him two or three times, and had a long talk with him about the Sergys.

"Well, well," said the mother, "he is making his inquiries;—that is all very proper and we are in excellent hands with the Mauroys. We must take care, however; the first step is everything."

The prince returned at the close of sixteen days He made a thousand apologies for his absence, which he declared had been longer to him than it could have been to any one else, and he was so warm in his expressions of regret that he revived all the hopes of the family. Madame de Sergy went so far as to call him *the friend of the house*, and he declared himself too happy to be deemed worthy of this title. At last, after behaving and talking like a man who is fairly in for it, he proposed to the ladies to take them the next day to a race at the Champ de Mars.

It was almost "popping the question," at least such was the opinion of Madame de Sergy. So without consulting either husband or daughters, she decided upon burning her fleet and striking a decisive blow, and invited the prince to finish the party which he had proposed by taking a family dinner with them.

At this word *dinner*, which Madame de Sergy could not pronounce without a certain tremor of voice, Marie felt a deep blush mount into her cheeks, and Mathilde, pale and horror struck, exchanged looks with her father full of surprise and dismay.

The prince, very far from suspecting the dramatic effect produced by this simple invitation, accepted it with the most natural air in the world, and rising from his seat, promised to call on the morrow for the ladies at two in the afternoon. His carriage, he observed, would be at the service of the family and he would accompany them on horseback.

Having concluded this arrangement, the prince took his leave familiarly, without giving himself time to hear the protestations which these good people endeavoured in vain to make against the expressive generosity of this proposal.

It is quite impossible to describe the scene which took place between Mathilde and her father and mother, after the prince's departure.

These poor people, already involved by the little expenses of the preceding month, and the extraordinary outlay occasioned by Madame de Mauroy's ball, could not give the prince a passable dinner without sacrificing a quarter's income in a single hour. But as affairs were situated, a family dinner would be a masterly move—perhaps decisive. Such being the case, Madame de Sergy maintained that in matrimonial as in other speculations the maxim to be quoted was "nothing risk nothing gain;" then arraying the probable advantages of the dinner against its positive inconveniences, she proved that it was playing one against a hundred, and abused both her logic and her authority so far as to prevail upon M. de Sergy to levy a thousand francs upon their meagre resources in order to do the thing handsomely.

VII.

The next morning Mathilde and her mother were up by six o'clock, and they set about making all the necessary preparations for the occasion; everything which they stood in need of being either purchased or hired, including a servant. A family council was then called to decide upon the bill of fare, and a good portion of the thousand francs had already been disposed of, when a letter arrived from the baroness.

The prince had announced to her the evening before, with the decided air of a man who has made up his mind, that he would the next day have *an important conversation* with M. and Madame de Sergy; she therefore hastened to communicate this joyful intelligence.

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There was no longer room for doubt; this important conversation, *of course*, would be to demand the hand of Marie! So delightful an assurance was at least worth another course. The thousand francs suffered a further depletion, and it was decided that the dinner should be furnished by Chevet. M. de Sergy, carried away with the rest, charged himself with this commission, the execution of which answered in the place of his daily tour.

The prince appeared punctually at two, Madame de Sergy contrived to leave him a seat next Marie in the carriage, by making Mathilde stay at home, who was ever ready to deny herself whenever she could contribute to the happiness of others. During the whole jaunt the conversation ran upon marriage, and was full of allusions of the most favourable omen; the race was magnificent. The prince won a bet of a thousand crowns, and the party returned in high glee to enjoy their dinner.

The prince was placed at table between Marie and her mother. He exhibited by turns the familiar officiousness of a guest, who is received as a *friend of the house*, and the involuntary preoccupation of a man who meditates some desperate act, such as a leap into the gulf of matrimony. When the dessert appeared the latter disposition predominated decidedly, and Madame de Sergy, feeling that the long expected hour had at length arrived, made a signal to Mathilde to disappear with Marie, when the cloth was removed.

This was a moment of terrible solemnity. The poor and respectable couple felt their frail hopes depending upon a single word from the opulent young man, who had been unconsciously ruining them. This word, in fact, was a sentence of life or death, for it would either place upon their heads a richer diadem than that which had graced their early days, or would bind still closer the crown of thorns with which proverty had encircled their gray hairs.

While at the approach of the crisis, as it always happens, doubt began to usurp the place of confidence in their minds, and something within whispered that they had hoped too soon, Mathilde knelt in prayer in an adjoining room, and Marie, smitten with a sentiment which if it could not be called love, might be mistaken for that tender passion by a person of her inexperience, felt her whole frame assailed by an unusual trepidation.

The prince approached obliquely, the subject that occupied his thoughts, and as far as politeness toward M. de Sergy would permit, addressed himself particularly to the old lady, a mode of proceeding which gave equal satisfaction to them both.

"Madame," said the prince, "I have congratulated myself for a long time upon the good fortune which led me to the waters of Bagneres, at first, because I owe to that circumstance my acquaintance with the Baroness de Mauroy and the honour of her friendship, and afterward, because her friendship has procured me yours."

"You are very good sir, to place these two advantages in the same scale; but the congratulation should rather come from us. Your acquaintance is one of the greatest obligations we owe the baroness."

"The old friendship, Madame, which unites her family with yours, is very affecting."

The pertinacity with which the prince had persisted from the first in leading every conversation back to this point, had often struck Madame de Sergy. Now, however, she only regarded it as a natural deflection, and endeavoured to assist the young man in coming to the point.

"Madame de Mauroy has always been the kindest friend *to my daughter*," continued she, emphasizing the last word, to give him a chance, as it were, *of catching it at the bound.*

"The baroness," replied the prince, abstractedly, "is of an ancient and wealthy house of Dauphiny."

"Many of her friends live in Grenoble, and all her estates are in the neighbourhood of that city. I spent last summer there with *my daughter*."

"Her fortune is not considerable, I believe."

"Why,—nearly a million."

"Ah! I was told more than that; however, that is something—when there is but one daughter; by the way Mlle. Eugenie spent her childhood at her mother's estates, did she not?"

"Yes, until she was thirteen years old—*with my daughter;* they finished their education together at Paris."

"She seems to possess a charming disposition."

"Charming, full of amiability and gentleness; she has less vivacity, however, and less sensibility than Marie—."

"She is a good musician, and paints prettily."

"She plays and draws sometimes—with *my daughter*."

For some time M. de Sergy, who had been listening attentively to the conversation, observed that the prince spoke only of Mlle. de Mauroy, while Madame de Sergy kept "harping on *my daughter*."

This equivoque appeared to him to prolong itself in a distressing manner, and a mortal presentiment pierced his very soul.

"If you desire, sir," said he, with a feeble and almost tremulous voice, "particular information with regard to the Mauroys, you cannot do better than address yourself to us."

The prince blushed slightly, looked confused, and remained some time without making a reply.

The old couple exchanged looks of inexpressible anxiety. "Really," replied the stranger at last, in a friendly and resolute tone, "I do not see why I still hesitate to open my heart to you."

He turned towards Marie's chamber; was she the object of this mysterious movement, or was it to assure himself that he could not be overheard. A glimmer of hope irradiated the countenance of Madame de Sergy, who held her breath to catch every word.

"A month ago," continued the prince, "I

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knew nobody in Paris but Madame de Mauroy and her family, and I burned with impatience until she should introduce me to her friends. I thought I remarked at her ball, that she treated you with more affection than any one else, and from that moment it has been my ambition to cultivate your acquaintance. Your kindness has rewarded my eagerness; I can now say with sincerity that I congratulate myself upon your friendship for its own sake; but, I must confess to you that my first steps to obtain it were not wholly disinterested. From the moment in which I first beheld her, I felt that Eugenie was the woman destined to make me happy. I have every day become more and more persuaded of this, and without disclosing it to any one, I have formed a resolution to demand her in marriage. Before taking this step, it was proper to obtain, with regard to herself and family that information which is indispensable in so serious an affair. Such, I repeat frankly, was my first motive for seeking, so earnestly, your acquaintance; and now that I enjoy the privilege of addressing you as friends, instead of interrogating you officially, I beg you to give me, without reserve, the particulars relating to Eugenie, which you began so delightfully to—." Here the prince was abruptly interrupted; Madame de Sergy, after contending in vain with the thousand emotions that convulsed her mind, drew a deep sigh and fainted in her armchair.

VIII.

The evening of the same day, without the slightest suspicion of the domestic drama of which he had been the involuntary hero, and the last act of which he had terminated in so tragic a manner, Prince Hirkoff made proposals to the Baron de Mauroy for the hand of his daughter. He was accepted, and the wedding took place a month afterward.

The prince, faithful to his resolution to disregard fortune, contented himself with 300,000 francs dowry, and sent as a wedding present to the Sergys, a magnificent tea-equipage of Sevres porcelain.

For two months Madame de Sergy's life was despaired of. M. de Sergy grew ten years older in the same period, and neglected for the first time, to get a new 'suit of sables' at Easter.

Mathilde gave lessons in music secretly, to maintain the toilet of Marie.

"WHERE THE WEARY ARE AT REST."

BY JULIET H. LEWIS.

Mother! mourning for the infant
Now released from sin and pain,
Call not back the ransomed spirit
To the weary world again.
Though the hues of earth have faded,
Lone thy house, and sad thy breast,
Ye shall meet again, rejoicing,
"Where the weary are at rest."

Warrior! 'mid the din of battle
Dealing death on all around,
Marring ruthlessly God's image,
Felling brothers to the ground,
Cease the strife, and turn to Heaven!
Break the sword, and doff the crest!
Scenes like these will never lead thee
"Where the weary are at rest."

Toiling slave of wild ambition!
Scheming for a monarch's crown,
Spending years of early promise
Seeking for the world's renown,
Cease thy vain pursuit of phantoms!
Quench the fires within thy breast!
Strifes like thine! oh what avail they
"Where the weary are at rest?"

Miser! gloating o'er thy coffers
Saddened with a wealth untold,
Know'st thou not thy dross will perish?
Dimmed will be thy shining gold!
Seek the treasures of pure Heaven!
Even such, was God's behest:
Free are all things from corruption
"Where the weary are at rest."

Young and lovely maiden! wreathing
Hope's bright blossoms round thy brow,
All things smile in love upon thee,
Bright the world before thee now.
Ere that world shall disappoint thee
Let thy Saviour be confessed!
Steer thy bark toward the haven
"Where the weary are at rest!"

Drooping one! o'er earth a wand'rer,
Friendless, houseless, dost thou roam?
This is not for thy abiding,
Heaven shall be thy lasting home.
Cheer thee then, though now thy spirit
Be by worldly woes distressed,
Endless joys thou shalt inherit
"Where the weary are at rest."

Christian sufferer! worn with anguish,
Racked by more than mortal pain,
Longing for release, and Heaven,
Chafes thy spirit at her chain?
Soon the bonds of earth shall sever,
Thou'lt be numbered with the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

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WILTON HARVEY.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1842, by C. M. Sedgwick, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

"We will not mar the scene—we will not look
To the veil'd future, or the shadowy past."

The good ship that bore home Grace Harvey, her brothers, aunt, and Augustine Clavers, arrived after thirty-five days passage, and was telegraphed two hours before the passengers landed at Whitehall. Mr. Harvey's carriage was awaiting them; he, with Stanley, stood on the wharf, while Mary Gretton, who had been left in the carriage, too restless to remain there, had joined a friend she luckily espied, and was walking to and fro on the Battery. At every turn she paused to look at the little steamer that was bringing her cousin from the ship; in all her wide horizon she saw nothing but that. Her friend, not so engrossed, said, "Mary, Mary—do look at this old man at our right—what a spectre of a man it is! he is as much absorbed in the steamer as you are. I have no doubt he expects a cousin or something nearer. I'll ask him."

"Anne!" Mary's remonstrative tone had no effect. Her lively friend turned to the old man, saying, "I am sure you have a relation in that steamer; have you not?" He raised his eyes to the speaker—and they looked from the dark hollows of his pale and withered countenance, like burning coals amid ashes; he did not reply, but drawing his hat closer, removed a few paces from them.

"How very like!" exclaimed Mary.

"Like—like what? I am sure I never in my life saw anything like him."

"Nor I, but he is so like a description Stanley gave me of a strange old man—but, oh, Anne, the steamer seems really coming now; come with me to the gate. I think I see Grace! Oh come!" And at the gate they stood a full half hour before the steamer touched the wharf. But half hours will end, and the cousins met and embraced, and put the happiness of months into minutes. When their rapture intermitted, the ladies were placed in the carriage, and the French maid with them, with half a dozen precious *cartons* in her hands, one of which she let fall, and caps, feathers, and flowers were strewed on the pavement. While she was recovering these fleeting treasures, and Stanley and Clavers were standing arm in arm at the open carriage door, "Stanley!" said Mary, "do look at that old man—there—just inside the railing—pshaw, he has turned his head away. Now! now, he is looking this way—is not he the strange creature that came to your office once? There, he is gone! Did you see him?"

How indescribably rapid are the operations of thought and will at critical moments! At Mary's first exclamation, both the young men had turned, both had seen and recognised the object pointed out. Stanley's eye had glanced from Ross (for it was he) to Clavers; he had seen him become suddenly pale, and then crimson; he had felt his arm tremble in his, and he had determined to seem, if possible, unobservant of all these particulars, and by the time Mary concluded he said, "you mean the old man who put up some shelves for me? Yes, not unlike, but this poor body seems much older and feebler." The carriage now drove off, and the young men followed. As long as they were within sight of Ross, Clavers stole glances at him, but with that habitual self-command which marked him, and which can only be acquired by long practice, he talked on the subjects which naturally arose after his long absence, without betraying the real direction of his thoughts.

As the carriage drove up Broadway, Mrs. Salton, after looking out on one side and then on the other, threw back her head, sighing out, "Oh mon Dieu!" Grace and Mary were too happy, and quite too much occupied with one another to care or ask about the cause of her sigh, and she too petulant to keep it to herself. "I remember," she said, "when I thought these houses were palaces, and their tenants little short of princes; when I used to hear people say, and I myself assented to it, that Broadway was the finest street in the world, because forsooth neither they nor I had ever seen a finer. Now the illusion is gone. I would rather live *au cinquieme* in Paris than to have any one of these flame-coloured piles of brick and mortar—hideous! are they not, Grace?"

"Yes—very pretty."

Mary laughed. "What do you mean, Grace!" "Nothing, of course, my dear. She seldom thinks it worth her while to listen to what I say. She has fallen into one of her abstractions." Mary good-naturedly turned the conversation to shelter her cousin. "How much Mr. Clavers is changed!" she said. "Changed!" echoed Grace, now thoroughly aroused, "how, Mary? in looks—expression—manner?"

"In all—I cannot say exactly in what—he is—that is, he seems"—she stopped, checked by Grace's earnest look.

"You mean, my child," interposed Mrs. Salton, "that he is an exceedingly elegant young man,

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which he was not two years ago. He will be a rare specimen among these North American savages; really it is enough to fill one with dismay to think of our young men."

"My dear Mary! what makes you colour so?" asked Grace. "You do not quite agree with my aunt?"

"No," she replied, with the strong emphasis of girlish feeling, "I am *sure I* do not, and *you* ought not. Mr. Augustine Clavers may be ever so transcendent, but we all know those who are equal to him in *every* respect." It was plain Mary's sisterly enthusiasm was roused. Mrs. Salton thought American children excessively impertinent; Grace smiled at her cousin's fervour, but the carriage being at her father's door there was neither occasion nor opportunity for reply.

Never was there a happier man than Wilton Harvey on this day. "King Charles's restoration," he said, "was nothing to it—he only got back his crown—I my home!" His boys had returned from a German school without any abatement of their simplicity and boyish love of noise and fun. Grace was matured—perfected, her father thought, and his little pet Mary, was again, and for the winter, a member of his family circle. His affectionate nature rose above the accumulation of sordid cares which he had heaped upon it. He forgot his extravagant hopes, and his dawning anxieties. He did not go to Wall-street, nor look in a newspaper, nor ask for letters, nor think of a stock sale. He was as happy as before "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice" entered his day-dreams; as happy in short as in those early days, when, pursuing business in its regular channels, with moderate but sufficient results, he had time and tranquillity of mind to enjoy the abounding blessings of his lot. But, alas! it was but a gleam of sunshine from the gathering clouds.

As yet the business world was apparently going on prosperously; the gaieties of the season began, and Mrs. Salton eagerly plunged into them. Though she professed to find the society of her native city insupportably *ennuyante*, she lost no opportunity of mingling with it. There was no opera, and "what was life without an opera!' The theatres were "detestable," and yet, if she had an unoccupied evening, she condescended to pass it at "the Park," where, if in good humour, she spent it in sarcasms on the audience, or in a running contrast between the actors and the diversified dramatic corps of Paris. If she happened to be *nervous* (a word used to express "to ears polite," puffiness, crabbedness, and all modes of ill humour,) she sat silent, muffled in her shawl; not even Clavers could extract a word from her. She gave parties that differed little from those she railed at, save in her very elegant neglect of her guests; in her receiving a swarm of doubtful foreigners, whose qualification for an admission to her drawing-rooms was, that French was their native language, and that they waltzed with a grace quite unattainable by the Anglo-Saxon race! And this was the woman to whose companionship Grace Harvey had been condemned for four years, and it must be confessed not without loss. An atmosphere of frivolity, satisfied ignorance, a total want of benevolence, and a habit of bitter sarcasm make the worst of malaria. One might as reasonably expect to see a plant thrive in noxious air as to have the character develope well amid such influences; but there are robust plants that outlive and triumph over all adverse circumstances. Fortunately Grace had no natural sympathy with her aunt, and the effect of their association was rather to prevent expansion than to give a wrong direction. The activity of her mind was suspended, and her feelings pent up in her heart without that spontaneous flow and impulsive expression which betoken a healthy condition. She had contracted a habit of reserve and abstraction that equally surprised and pained Stanley, and which with the inevitable change from the careless girl of sixteen, to the elegant young woman of twenty, arrayed with the elaborateness of Parisian art, made him feel as if she were no longer his "Cousin Grace," the charm of his childhood, the enchantment and hope of his dawning manhood, the ultimate object of the aspirations and projects of his maturity. But the Grace Harvey of his blind faith had disappeared from the firmament; she who had given her heart to Clavers was a mere mortal—so he thought, and such are the consolations of love and *self-love* to the most unselfish, the most generous. Mary judged more truly than her brother. Her unwavering faith was like the divining rod that detects the presence of the subterranean gold, of which there is no indication on the surface. This was the child-like faith of affection, but experience might have predicted that Grace Harvey, scarcely twenty, was not a hopeless subject for the stern teaching of vicissitude and adversity, should they come forth in time.

It happened one evening that a storm prevented Grace from keeping an engagement, and Stanley calling at his uncle's, found his sister and cousin in the drawing-room, and only them. This was the first evening they had passed without Mrs. Salton or Clavers, or both, since their return. Grace seemed disenthralled. They fell back upon old associations, and reverted to the pleasant experience of their childhood. If time brings us to wintry days, memory keeps fresh, and free from his blight, the flowers that grew about our early home. After they had run on for an hour or two with their "Oh, Grace, do you remember!" and "Oh, Stanley, do you remember when papa took us," &c.—Mary said, "I never shall forget that evening when first I went to the theatre. Patrick was late with the carriage, and it seemed as if he never would come, and when he did come, off we went in our flurry and left our gloves and pocket handkerchiefs on the table."

"Yes; and it was that horrible crying play the Stranger!"

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"Yes, and we snuffled and cried—and you, Grace, wiped away your tears with the play-bill!"

"Yes, and my aunt insisted on my going home."

"Ah, but you would not—you said I should not lose the fun of the farce—and Placide! oh, how capital he was!"

"And Stanley slipped out and brought me a bottle of eau de Cologne, and I washed my face and wiped it on poor papa's handkerchief—what a delightful evening we had."

"Yes, indeed—who would have thought then!" sighed Mary.

"Well Mary, thought what!"

"Nothing, dear Grace; only I was thinking how much pleasanter times we had then than now, but it is foolish to expect that an elegant young lady who has passed four years in Europe, should be as careless and as happy as a child; and love her cousins better than every one else."

"Mary!" said Grace—there was remonstrance but more of sorrow in her tone. She leaned her elbow on the table and covered her eyes with her hand. Tears dropped fast from beneath it—"Ah!" said she, "I have grown very old in those four years—life was so fresh and sparkling then—it is so stale now. I was then so earnest in everything, now I am earnest in nothing." She tried to subdue her emotion, but in vain, and she left the room.

To Stanley her tears seemed like the dropping of the rain upon the seared earth; and her words fell upon his ear like the gushing of the stream under the ice, giving assurance of life, action, and power. "The pure sense of her youth," thought he, "has been abused, but is not destroyed; 'mirth and innocence' are not yet to her 'milk and water.'" After seeming to examine a pair of scissors Grace had left on the table, as if he were learning how to make them, he turned suddenly to Mary, and asked her if she thought Grace loved Augustine Clavers.

"No, I am sure she does not."

"Sure,—Mary!"

"Almost sure.—I don't *know*. She would not be so indifferent to everything if she were in love—I see she is more animated with him, but that is because they have so many subjects in common to talk about, and you are so cold and distant to her."

"I cold to Grace! Mary."

"Yes you are, Stanley. Half the time you call her Miss Harvey. You are not now half so frank and cordial in your manners as Augustine Clavers is." This was true, and incomprehensible as it was to Mary, and incredible to her brother, it was, nevertheless, easily explicable. A simple and true man is very like to conceal feelings and emotions he does not choose to communicate, by a reserved demeanor, while the practised man of the world affects a cordiality and frankness that, being artificial, betrays nothing.

"Mary—dear Mary," said Stanley, after a slight struggle, "I have not been frank—not even with you, to whom I ought to open every chamber of my heart, and be sure of your pity for my weakness, and your sympathy with my suffering."

"Stanley," cried Mary, throwing her arms around her brother—"don't tell me anything—yes; do tell me *all*, if I can say the least word to comfort you."

"Yes, Mary, I will tell you *all*, but you must be quiet and not take too much to heart what cannot be helped. You say I am cold to Grace. What a hypocrite you will think me when I tell you I love Grace with an intensity that has been proof against all change. My love is a portion of my life; I look back into the misty obscurity of my childhood, and have no consciousness of existence without it. Before you were born, Mary, we were loving playfellows. I gave her whatever was given to me. Uncle Wilton would say, "Grace is your sweetheart now, my boy, and shall be your wife." I remember my father once saying, "I do not approve of wiving cousins, promise me you will never marry Grace." "No, sir," I answered, "I will not promise that—I mean, I cannot." Both my father and uncle laughed and no doubt forgot it—I never did." Stanley paused, and Mary said, with that finer tact which all womankind have on this subject (for they are native to the manner), "but why, Stanley, have you never so much as intimated this to Grace! When she went away she preferred you to all the world—that I am sure of. If she had known—why then she did not even *like* Augustine Clavers."

"But now—she loves him!"

"No—she likes him now, I confess, but if you, Stanley, even now would"—"Enter the lists against him! No, my dear Mary, I cannot—I ought not—Clavers has made me his confidant—I have, as far as silence went, acquiesced in his pretensions. He says he has staked his happiness upon the success of his suit. That he went abroad to follow Grace, at a great sacrifice, as I well know he did, at the very moment he had well started in his profession. I rather think he suspects the state of my affections, and meant, by his communication to avoid my rivalship. He is sure of Mrs. Salton's good will; not absolutely confident of Grace, but hopeful—and why should he not be? She is now a woman of fashion, and he a man of the world, with talent, education, a very elegant person, which no woman disdains, and that "certain air," as Mrs. Salton calls it, which few of us acquire, and which Grace from her foreign associations, sets more value on than she would allow, even to herself."

"Oh Stanley, I know Grace better than you do; recollect how completely she was herself, her former self I mean, to-night. You have but to wake one strong feeling in her heart, and all that you call worldliness would go off like a fog; but there is uncle's step, I must get out of the way, or he will think I have met with some great misfortune; and so I have. Oh, if we could but know as much before as we do after!"

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"Ah! Stanley, are you here?" asked Mr. Harvey, entering as Mary departed. "Why has my little Molly ran off? and Mrs. Salton and Grace gone too!—well, I am not sorry the coast is clear. I want to consult you: Clavers has been to me today, to ask my leave to address Grace—are you not well, Stanley?"

"A little headache, only."

"You look excessively pale: well, he has behaved in a very manly way; I confess, I should hardly have expected it of him; he is not, somehow, I don't know why, the sort of person that inspires confidence. It is my principle, you know, Stanley," (he should have said his nature) "to believe in every man till he forces me to disbelieve, and never to harbour cowardly suspicion. When I was a boy, I hated Mr. Doubtful-mind; but in spite of me, I have always had a mistrust of Clavers. I am sorry for it, poor fellow! I am very sorry for him."

"For him, why? Does not my cousin ——."

"Love him? you mean. Why that is what we neither of us yet know. He has behaved very honourably, certainly, there can be no doubt of it. He would say nothing to Grace till he had broken ground with me, on account of a cloud hanging over his parentage. He is perfectly in the dark on that head; his earlier recollections of himself are at a Catholic school in Maryland. The superior of the school knew only that he was committed to him by an humble person, whom he took to be a servant; that this man left with him a considerable sum of money, and from that time till an order was sent for his transmission to New York, regular remittances for his support and education had been made. After coming here he received, at regular intervals, sums of money and brief orders as to the course he was to pursue, to insure the continuance of these supplies. That in obedience to them he passed through Columbia College, and studied the law; that he feared by going abroad to forfeit favour, but his love for Grace being too strong to be controlled by motives of prudence, he went. The supplies have been continued up to this date. It is a curious affair—is it not?"

"Very."

"I believe his story is a true one,—don't you, Stanley?" The good man was evidently in the position of a child who would fain stand alone, but wants a little help.

"I see no reason that you have to doubt it," replied Stanley.

"There is none in the world. If he had wished to impose on me, he might have contrived a more satisfactory tale; he believes, and I think it is probable, that he is an illegitimate child of persons to whom it is of consequence to conceal his birth, and who are therefore, people of note. I don't care two-pence whether they are or not; the son of a carman or a carpenter, any man of good stock, good blood, is, as far as family goes, welcome to my child: but Heaven deliver me from a bad stock, from blood that breaks out into intoxication, licentiousness, lying, or what is most common now-a-days, defaulting, forgery, frauds, overreaching, tricking of all sorts. Oh, Stanley, if you could see as I see what is going on now in this corrupt and corrupting city, you would feel that Shakspeare, or Franklin, or whoever it was, hit the nail on the head, when he said 'an honest man's the noblest work of God.' But to come to the point, what do you advise me?"

"To refer the matter entirely to my cousin."

"Exactly, that is just what I knew you would say, and just what I have done. Poor woman! They have it hard enough any way; marry as they will, they have the worse and not the better of it. Their parents cannot help them much; so, after we have given them all our light, we must e'en leave them to their own. Poor Grace!—well, God guide her! But, Stanley, I am sure something ails you—I never saw you so pale and fidgety."

"I am not quite well. I'll go home."

"Ah!" murmured Mr. Harvey, as his nephew closed the door, "if it had only been Stanley, what a happy man I should be; how secure my child; but his father was opposed to cousins marrying, and I suppose it is best as it is—heigh ho."

The next morning Stanley appeared in his uncle's drawing-room. "A rare honour, a morning visit from you, Mr. Gretton," said Mrs. Salton.

"A most rare pleasure!" said Grace, with an animation that made Mary's eyes dance, and her brother's head giddy for a moment. "You have come, Stanley," continued Grace, "to look after the blue devils that you and Mary called up last night—blue devils they appeared to you, but to me they were gracious spirits. Mary and I sat for hours after you went away, recalling the past, when we three shared joys and sorrows—so unreal to others, so real to ourselves! I went to bed and dreamed it all over again, and waked to feel that my life since then has been as useless as a dream, and to half resolve that I would turn Sybillo adrift, make an *auto-da-fe* of my French finery, and begin to live."

"And she did," said Mary laughing, "throw into the fire a parcel of French novels, that arrived last evening."

"Are you turning methodist?—are you losing your senses, child?" said Mrs. Salton.

"No, Aunt—only recovering them."

Mrs. Salton was angry in earnest. A parcel of French novels of her favourites Paul de Kock and George Sands, was to her what opium is to the opium eater, and she began rather an emphatic expostulation, which Grace cut off at the first pause by asking Stanley what he held in his hand, so delicately enveloped in white paper? "An apple of discord," he replied "to throw between you and Mary." He opened the paper and disclosed a freshly blown tea-rose. "The rose is of my poor little Ady's growing—she keeps a few plants and watches the opening of a flower, leaf by leaf, to give it to me. To confess the truth, Grace, I meant it for you; but I see these huge bouquets on your

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table fresh from your votaries, and Ady's poor little rose will have its only chance of favour with Mary."

"No, give it to me—those flowers were grown to *sell*—this has a soul in it. Forgive me, Molly; take the rest, with all my heart, but this I must have."

"Very well," said Mary laughing, "I'll hold you to your bargain, Miss Grace.—I'll take them —Mr. Clavers' and all—you agree?"

"Oh, n—n—no—I must wear that this evening—but yes, you may, and I will wear only this love rose. Ring for a glass of water, Molly, to put it in." Before a servant answered the bell, company was announced, and Mary asked Stanley to go into the library with her and look over her Italian exercise; the exercise was produced but not examined. Mary began with what was uppermost in her mind. "Stanley, Grace *can't* be in love with Augustine Clavers—don't you see?—why she would not give up his bouquet if she were."

"Ah, Grace, that is the inference of sixteen." But people in love are rarely wiser than sixteen, and Stanley found himself brooding over trifles light as air, quite as earnestly as his sister. In half an hour they returned to the drawing-room; Mrs. Salton was at one extremity of it, apparently quite absorbed in reading with her back to Grace and Clavers, who were seated at the other, Clavers talking in a low and earnest tone, and Grace with her eyes cast down, and her cheeks glowing, plucking one by one the leaves from the rose, most of them lying strewn on the floor around her. It was evidently a scene not to interrupt, and both brother and sister were retreating, when the street-door was opened to a violent ring and John, Stanley's office boy, appeared. "Oh, Mr. Gretton!" he said, "you are wanted in a hurry; old Mr. Ross is dying. He wants you to come quick; mother says his sight is gone; he told me to give you this ring and that would fetch you right off."

Stanley looked at the ring mechanically. "Merciful Heaven," he exclaimed, turning deadly pale.

"What is it?—what does it mean, Stanley?" asked Mary.

"Nothing—nothing, my child," he replied, hurrying away from her into the carriage John had considerately brought to the door. All the way to Cherry-street, his eye was fixed on the ring. It was one his father wore, heart-shaped and set with brilliants, containing his mother's hair, and bearing her initials; there could be no mistake. His head was on fire, and when he reached Ross's dwelling, his tongue was so parched that he could scarcely utter the words, "Is he living?"—He was.

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BY MRS. MARY SPENCER PEASE.

Upon the borders of a wood reposed the waters of a miniature lake—and very beautiful was that little lake. The wild, bright flowers loved to nestle along its banks, and gaze upon their own sweet, smiling faces, in its clear waters. And the lake loved to reflect back the soft, fresh tints of the glad young flowers. But more than all, loved the little lake to watch the Fiery Eye, that, from high above, looked down warmth and life into its gurgling, happy waters. At early dawn he'd come and whisper tales of love to it, and kiss its silvery waves; and then at night he went to sleep upon its gentle bosom. The lake learned to watch and love the coming of the Bright One. And how it laughed and danced in the sunny smile of the one it loved! Its glistening waves leaped playfully to meet his ardent kisses. Its thousand eyes would sparkle and reflect in very gladness the image of the Fiery One. The bright sun—Ay, he joyed to see his face in the golden depths of that fair lake. He loved to repose upon its glittering breast, and tell of love to its trusting heart. The lovely lake was all his own. For it—there was one only love! Oh! *how* the little lake would watch his coming and weep his going. The Fiery Eye—Ah! he had many a love. Many another lake, or river, or forest-flower felt the warmth of his embraces. Still was the little lake that grew beside the wood most happy! All its wealth of love had been given, and it was too trusting, too confiding, to doubt the Fiery Eye it loved! And so passed ages; the lake still loving on; the Bright One still gazing, with earnest eyes, into the depths of its gentle being.

Tall, envious trees at length sprang up; and, as they grew, they cast their dark shade across the little lake, and so shut out the warm, bright eye of the loved one! Alike *then*, were morn and night to the sorrowing lake! *All* was night—black night! The Sun—oh! he still smiled on, nor missed, in the countless waters that gave back his glorious beams, the little lake that bordered on the wood.

It wept its life away at last; and now, is left nothing but a dry and sandy bed, where the lovely little lake once lay!

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THE BEAUX.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Continued from page 144.)

We must, in justice, explain that none of the numerous *habitués* of the house of Denning were young men of suspicious character, or of disreputable morals. Of this the old gentleman took especial care; and having ascertained this important point, he troubled himself very little as to the frequency of their visits; concluding that young people must have their follies, and be indulged in them as long as they amounted to follies only. He supposed that, in time, his daughters would all get married; and if not, he was well able to support them in a state of singleness. So he contented himself with giving them an occasional rebuke, and positively forbidding the waltz. Mrs. Denning, as we have seen, was too much engrossed with the families of other people to pay any attention to her own.

Sabina Westmore's indifference to the beaux was a source of great surprise to the Miss Dennings. Yet it was well that she *was* indifferent; for whenever a gentleman seemed inclined to converse with her too long, or paid her too many compliments, they evinced their dissatisfaction as plainly as civility would allow; and if Norbert Lankley talked much to cousin Sabina, as he anticipatingly called her, the gentle Anna's demonstrations went rather *beyond* civility. The Miss Dennings took especial pains to enforce upon every one the idea that Miss Westmore was "literary." Also they carefully avoided all allusion to the fact (which otherwise they would have been proud to set forth) that her father was a man of great and substantial wealth. At last, a bright thought struck these sapient sisters, of endeavouring to bring about a match between Sabina Westmore and Mr. Jackaway Jempson, who was their own particular aversion; and by this means putting her *hors de combat* with regard to the other and more popular beaux. To Mr. Jempson, Ellen and Rosa took an opportunity of confiding the circumstance that old Mr. Westmore was immensely rich, and could give large fortunes to each of his children; but, for certain exceedingly private reasons, this was to be kept a profound secret.

Now, Mr. Jackaway Jempson, like most authors of low degree, had a mortal antipathy to women of cultivated minds; but he thought that, if the pill was well gilded, he might bring himself to swallow even Sabina Westmore. Still, the irritability of his temper was continually clashing with what he conceived to be his interest; and it was with great difficulty that when addressing to her his conversation, he could prevail on himself to keep the peace. Also, being very much of a coxcomb, he was resolved not to prove an easy conquest. On her part, our young heroine regarded him merely as an exceedingly ridiculous person, and was somewhat amused at his absurdities. At the same time, Mr. Jempson resolved on being carefully on his guard, not to "commit himself" by word or look; lest some more desirable young lady of equal fortune and no literature, might chance to fall in his way. Of the Miss Dennings, he had never entertained a thought; report having specified that their father could not, in all probability, give his daughters more than twenty thousand dollars apiece.

In the mean time, the Miss Dennings whispered about that it was plain to be seen, Mr. Jempson and cousin Sabina were dying in love with each other; and that, notwithstanding their frequent 'sparring' it would certainly be a match, as no two persons could possibly be more suitable. Accordingly various manœuvres were enacted for the purpose of throwing them together. The place next to Miss Westmore was always vacated whenever Mr. Jempson appeared. They were made to talk to each other, though their opinions were continually at variance, and Mr. Jempson (who could not believe in the possibility of himself being wrong) never would yield an inch to his adversary, lest she should suppose such unnatural complaisance had a deeper motive than mere civility. Also, the Miss Dennings had confidentially convinced him, that Miss Westmore, in her heart, was so favourably disposed towards Mr. Jempson, that her consent to his addresses could at any time be obtained by merely asking it. This determined him to defer the asking as long as possible.

"Norbert," said Anna Denning, "what do you mean, whenever you see Mr. Jackaway talking to cousin Sabina, by saying that nonsense about the Greeks meeting the Greeks—I am sick of hearing it—and also a great many other things that you are always rhyming over."

"When Greek meets Greek then is the tug of war," replied Norbert; "Oh, that is something I learnt somewhere, when I was a school-boy and spoke speeches."

"I wish you would leave off saying things that I can't understand."

"Then I must adopt taciturnity," resumed Nor-

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bert—but seeing by the protrusion of her under lip, that she had caught a glimpse of his meaning, he smoothed away the offence by adding, "This I am sure you *do* understand, that you are one of the loveliest creatures to be found throughout creation's void."

The fair Anna smiled, and bowed assentingly.

Mr. Jackaway Jempson had never travelled out of his own country, and very little in it. Nevertheless, his one unfailing theme was abuse of all other portions of the globe—particularly Europe—particularly England. Yet, at the same time, such was his querulous temperament and his love of contradiction that he would allow no one to praise America but himself. To Sabina, what was at first an amusement, became very soon an annoyance, and she endeavoured, as much as possible, to avoid him. This, Ellen Denning privately assured him was an evidence of her increasing regard, saying—"It is plain enough she is always uneasy in your presence." And so she certainly was. The coxcomb then prudently held off a little, lest he should raise Miss Westmore's hopes by giving her too much encouragement: and this, while it lasted, allowed her a welcome respite.

"You will never get on in this way," said Norbert Lankley to him, one evening—"time is passing—cousin Sabina's visit will soon be at an end; and she will have to go home unasked."

"I know not what you mean," said Jempson, drawing himself up, and throwing back his head; "you certainly cannot suppose that I mean to take a wife who has the slightest tinge of blue in her stockings!"

"I don't know," replied Lankley, "I have myself a sort of misgiving, at times, that with regard to women's hose, a dead white may perhaps be found worse than even the darkest indigo."

"No, no," proceeded Jempson, "a woman has no business with what is called mind; and if she chances to be born with anything like talent, it will be best for her never to cultivate it. A woman, to make her market early, needs only to be fair and languid, and helpless, and meek and soft—in short, a good-natured fool."

"I have often *heard* of good-natured fools," observed Lankley, "but I never *saw* one."

"Why Norbert! how can you say so?" exclaimed Anna.

"That is," said Norbert, sturdily, "I have known fools enough and to spare, but I never met with one in my whole life, that was not both touchy and sulky; and as obstinate as a mule, besides."

The gentle Anna sulked immediately—but this time her lover either did not or would not observe the contraction of her brow and the projection of her lip, and a slight indication of withdrawing her arm from his—but, on second thoughts, she seemed to think it best to hold on as usual.

"However, Jempson," proceeded Lankley, "whether Miss Westmore is blue or not blue, it need not concern you much: and I think you may as well quit the field, for (whatever the girls may say) I am certain she will never have you."

"And why not, pray?" said Jempson, ruffling up, "what has constituted you a judge supreme of irresistibility? Of course I do not allude to myself—but how can you appreciate the attraction of the halo, (of course I do not allude to my own,) the halo of fame and celebrity that encircles, or will encircle, at no distant day, the classic head of laurel crowned genius? Particularly if that head (of course I do not allude to mine) has been likened to a cast of the Apollo Belvidere."

"I am glad you are talking of somebody else," said Norbert, "for I really do think your own chance is small."

"Well now," observed Anna, "I declare I thought Mr. Jempson meant that he was a genius himself, and a cast of Apollo's Belvidera."

Mr. Jempson turned on his heel, and walked disdainfully away: beginning to think that fools might perhaps be even less endurable than women of sense. Piqued also to show how little trouble it would cost him to prevail on Miss Westmore to be converted into Mrs. Jackaway Jempson, he proceeded directly up to that young lady, who was netting a purse at the centre-table. Still, being in a very bad humour, he could not avoid saying something, *à son ordinaire*, that sounded unpleasantly, notwithstanding that he endeavoured to soften his voice.

"This is the first time I have seen you at any lady-like work. It must be very irksome to you."

"By no means," replied our heroine, "I often employ my leisure with little things of a similar description to this."

"Most extraordinary condescension, in a lady that devotes so much of her time to study."

"I do not derive *all* my amusement from books," remarked Sabina. "I find pleasure, and perhaps improvement, in many other occupations."

"That is what you literary ladies always say—more particularly when you are anxious to make a favourable impression on we gentlemen."

"I have no anxiety to make a favourable impression on *you*, Mr. Jempson," said Sabina, coldly.

"Perhaps you have done that already," returned Jempson—fearing he had gone too far, and trying to look languishing, and to soften his voice to its utmost capability.

Sabina, much displeased, put up her netting, and went to the other end of the room, where she seemed to overlook a game at chess, played by Rosa and Mr. Slowmatch, who put out his finger and touched a piece about once in ten minutes, pondering over every move as if he had Philidor for his antagonist: though his present adversary neither understood the game, nor took any pleasure in it. But she had small white hands—and chess displays hands. And then her little confusion when she made a wrong move, was pretty.

"Well," said Norbert Lankley, approaching Jackaway Jempson, who, leaning back in his chair, with his eyes fixed on the flowers of the carpet,

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sat elegantly drumming on the marble table—"What has frightened away Miss Westmore—Have you really proposed? Just now, when you were talking to her, you looked as if you were trying to put some love into your face—or something that you thought might pass for it. Ah! she is a clever girl—there is no deceiving cousin Sabina."

"I have broken the ice, I believe," replied Jempson. "And in spite of her girlish embarrassment, I could see that I need not have much fear for the result. Where there is a union of talented genius, with elegance of costume, and fashionable deportment and all that—(observe I make no allusion to myself)—some people can marry whenever they please. Have you seen a certain lithograph likeness, that is perambulating in certain select circles—observe, I don't say it is mine. Did you ever hear that I have been called the American Bulwer?"

"More shame for you," replied Norbert.

"Some fragmentary sketches of fashionable life, that I was prevailed on to send to several of the newspapers in a sister city," pursued Jempson, "were thought greatly to resemble the early works of the author of Pelham—And my Tales of the Mayor's Office, which as yet have circulated only in manuscript, are regarded (of course I never repeat personal compliments) as very much on a par with Paul Clifford, and equally instructive to the ductile mind of youth."

"So much the worse," said Lankley; "I believe both mayor and aldermen would do far less business, if there was a stopper put on the publication of the police reports, whether in newspapers or novels. I once heard a judge tell that the first time he went on his circuit, a great many years ago, he came to a country town and found sheep pasturing on the court-house steps, where there was quite a good crop of grass."

"*Nous avons changé tout céla*," replied Jempson.

"Norbert," said Anna, "do come and sit down on our own ottoman, and content yourself there the rest of the evening. We might as well not be engaged. You tire me to death with so much walking and talking. My feet fairly ache from keeping up with you; and my hand is so tired resting on your arm, that it feels quite numb."

Mr. Lankley smiled a queer smile, and obeyed in silence, but he mentally determined that when once married, and in his own house, he would sit altogether *solus* in a rocking-chair, and that he would walk alone about his own parlours, and that he would encourage his friends to come and spend the evening with him; and, that he would take care to provide an ottoman in the farthest recess of the back parlour for his Anna to doze upon as much as she pleased, on condition that she would do all the dozing herself and not expect him to participate.

Mr. Jempson now took his departure, and on passing Rosa Denning, she turned from the beaux that were about her, and inquired why he was in such haste to go. "I feel a fit of inspiration coming fast upon me," was his reply, "and I must hasten to avail myself of the 'incense kindled at the muse's flame;' I am full primed for poetry."

He made a flourishing bow-general, and then departed to his lodging-room, in the fifth story of the back buildings of a hotel. Having locked his door to prevent interruption, he sat down to his desk, and in four hours of hard work, he composed four namby-pamby verses, addressed to Miss S. W., each stanza including all the varieties of long metre, short metre, and common metre, according to the newest and most *dis*approved pattern set by certain distinguished writers, from whom better sense might have been expected. *Par parenthése*—Let all young poets remember that no poetry ever becomes popular that is written in an uneven, rugged, and irregular measure. Such verses (however rich in ideas) always sink into oblivion; for being neither tuneable nor quotable, they are soon considered unreadable.

To return to Mr. Jackaway Jempson—he took much pains to inform Miss. S. W. that on the preceding evening he had left the brilliant halls of festal pomp, and the sound of harps and lutes, and wandered into lonely shades, and laid himself down on a bank of roses beside a babbling brook, and listened to the song of Philomel, and the murmurs of doves, and gazed at the north star, and hoped it would smile propitiously upon him, and unite his fate with hers.

These stanzas, after having adjusted all the words to his satisfaction, in twenty rough sketches, he committed to pink paper, and sealed with goldish wax, and sent them to the lady at a proper hour next morning. He kept a copy; for the publication of which in a small periodical, he afterwards negotiated with a prudent publisher, who always allowed fifty cents a page for comic prose, and twenty-five cents for tragic; twelve and a half cents per page for serious prose; six and a quarter cents for poetry by an acknowledged author: and nothing at all for poetry that was anonymous.

After despatching his lines to our heroine, who, not supposing that they implied an offer of marriage, regarded them merely as idle verses designed only as a display of the writer's *soi-disant* genius, Mr. Jempson took with him his second-best fair copy, and repaired to the store of Norbert Lankley; having a great opinion of that gentleman's influence in the family. Lankley was just then engaged with three or four customers. Jempson resolving to wait till they were all gone, occupied himself with seeming as if he too had come to buy; fingering awkwardly the massy folds of domestic muslins both bleached and unbleached—and peering with unskilled eye among the piles of American calicoes. "'Twas *not* long before the customers were suited to their mind;" for goods are sold by the bale much more expeditiously than by the yard. Jempson then arrested Lankley on the way to his desk, and requested a little private conversation "on business of vital importance."

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Norbert conducted him into his own *studio*, as he called it, meaning the platform, containing a high desk, guarded by a low railing: and handing him a tall stool, desired to know in what he could serve him. Jempson, after some prefatory sayings about genius and inspiration, and laurels and glory, and disclaiming all allusion to himself, took out what he termed his poem; and after Lankley had run over it, desired to know if he did not think it would produce a prodigious effect on the young lady.

"Well—upon my word," said Lankley, still glancing his eye along the lines, "it is amazing to me how you poets are given to fibbery; excuse the term. Now my father-in-law elect, has certainly very pretty parlours lighted of evenings by an astral lamp in one, and two spermaceti candles in the other; but yet his rooms don't strike me as brilliant halls, and I can't say I ever saw much pomp in them. Then as to the harps and lutes they are nothing but a piano. Now I don't suppose you walked over Schuylkill last night; and I can't tell where in Philadelphia you found a babbling brook. The thing most like one is the gutter when a street-hydrant is washing it down, and there to be sure you might stretch yourself on the curb-stone under the shade of one of the city lindens; but sober gentlemen seldom do that thing. To be sure, if you *must* be in plashy places you might go out to the brick-ponds; but I would not advise you to lie down there without abstracting a board from one of the neighbouring lumber-yards, or you'll be certain to get the rheumatism if not the ague. As to banks of roses, even if you *could* find such things, I don't see much delight in a man's flumping himself down full length upon a cluster of thorny bushes, and crashing about among the briars, which he would soon discover to be more plenty than the flowers. I don't know where you found a Philomel, but as to the murmuring of doves, I rather suppose if you heard any such noise last night, you must have startled the inhabitants of a tavern pigeon-house. Then, with regard to the north star or any other star, bringing about a match between you and cousin Sabina, you'll find it a pretty slow business to wait for help of that kind; so I advise you to attend to the whole affair yourself; brush up at once as I did, and propose this very evening, right out in plain words. Remember that I am now a man of experience."

"Is this really your advice?"

"Yes, and I know but one objection to your following it; she'll never have you—"

"We shall see that," said Jempson, jumping down from the high stool, running his finger through his curls, pulling up his many-coloured cravat, and drawing on his other whitish glove. "They are all to be at Mrs. Creamer's party this evening, where I am invited of course. I shall just look in, and take an opportunity of acquainting the young lady with my intentions."

"Well, well," said Lankley, "'Happy's the wooing that's not long a doing.' That's my opinion, or rather it *was*."

Let not our young readers be surprised at the freedom with which Norbert Lankley attacked the folly and the self-love of the irritable Mr. Jackaway Jempson; or at the forbearance with which these vanity-wounding remarks were received. Norbert knew his man, and was well aware that all men who in converse with women cannot restrain the violence of their tempers, are gifted with proportionate self-command when in intercourse with their own sex. He that is a stinging hornet to the defenceless, will subside into a harmless fly when he lights upon an object that can crush him.

In the evening, Mr. Jackaway Jempson appeared about ten o'clock, at Mrs. Creamer's party; with his hat under his arm, and in his hand a peculiar sort of stick that he called his Fanny Kemble cane. He had assumed his lightest step, his mildest voice, and his most amiable countenance; and he walked directly towards the place where Miss Westmore was sitting. Just as he entered, she was invited to sing; and before he could reach her, she had been conducted to the piano by a very fine young man, the nephew of their hostess. The music-stool was just vacated by a young lady who had been performing "*Batti, batti*," and had left the book open at that song. Sabina took her seat, the gentlemen all standing about at the usual distance, some of them leaning against the folding-doors; and the ladies sitting round, at least as many of them as could obtain places. Jempson, however, elbowed his way among the company, displacing all the males and many of the females, till he arrived at the piano, where he stationed himself familiarly at the side of Miss Westmore. Sabina commenced from memory the deservedly popular air of "*Suona la tromba*." Jempson not knowing one Italian song from another, thought she was engaged on the piece at which the music-book was open, and he therefore officiously disposed himself to turn over the leaves for her. The first time he did this, Sabina smiled; the second time she nearly laughed, as did those of the company who were near enough to see that she was not playing from that book, or from any other. Jempson persisted with a most dilettanti-like face, as if he was following her every note, and knew the very instant that she had reached the bottom of the leaf; but he turned over so much too fast and had gotten through so long before *she* had finished, that he was greatly surprised at the length of the last page.

When our heroine had concluded *Suona la tromba*, her fine voice and manner adding new charms to that delightful composition, she gratified the company with a beautiful specimen of

> "——— the deep-toned music of the soul
> That warbles in the Scottish song."

Before any other request could reach her, Jempson asked her to sing something purely American. "I do not chance to know any American music,"

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replied Sabina, "except our national songs; and to none of those can a female do justice."

"I hope, madam, you have not a prejudice against American music," said Jempson, biting in his lip.

"By no means; but you know our stock of original music is extremely small. We have many excellent poets; but there are certainly very few American musicians who have produced anything that is either novel or striking."

"Really, Miss Westmore," said Jempson, his lip quivering with indignation, "you absolutely astonish me! Can anything be finer than the Star-spangled Banner?"

"The words of the two first stanzas," replied Sabina, "are not, I think, excelled by any song in our language. And the music is also very fine, but it is the old convivial English air of "Anacreon in Heaven."

"I suppose, madam, you have never heard Hail Columbia?" inquired Jempson, in a smothered voice.

"Certainly I have, and the words are noble and animating. But a venerable German officer told me that in his country, the music was well-known as an old and once popular point of war termed Prince Ferdinand's march."

"Madam, this is really not to be tolerated," exclaimed Jempson. "I should not wonder next, if you will not allow us even Yankee Doodle."

"I believe," replied Sabina with a smile, "Yankee Doodle originated in a humorous cavalier song of the days of the civil war, and was composed in derision of Oliver Cromwell; it was brought to America two centuries ago, by the British soldiers sent over by Charles the Second, and they sung it to annoy the New England puritans."

"I have no patience left," ejaculated Mr. Jempson. "This is actually intolerable:—And you a native American too; abusing and degrading your own country!"

"I have done neither," said Sabina, calmly.

"Madam, madam," he persisted, "such remarks as yours are not to be endured."

Our heroine did not condescend to any farther reply; but, rising with dignity, she took the arm of a young lady whom she knew, and returned to the other room: while Jempson in high dudgeon threw himself on a seat in a corner, and began to bite his fingers.

Norbert Lankley stepped up to him (of course with the everlasting Anna upon his arm) and said to Jempson, "I see you and cousin Sabina have had a brush again. What a silly fellow you are. I thought you had brought your courting-book with you, and were going to pop the question this very evening, in the most approved fashion."

"Do people court with books?" inquired Anna. "I am sure you had none when you courted me; for you were looking at nothing but the flower-pots."

"No, my prettiest"—replied Norbert, "courting with a book would not have been at all in your line. But Jempson, you simpleton, take that frown off your face, and try to get up something that may pass for a smile; and quit gnawing your glove, for I heard an importer say that good men's kids are scarce in the market, and already on the rise. Go make your peace with Miss Westmore, and then make your offer. It is well, in some cases, to follow up one excitement with another."

"I will wait till after supper," replied Jempson. "By that time I shall feel more composed."

"Be sure then you contrive to hand her to the table—and do your utmost possible to be attentive, and give her plenty of ice-cream; all the ladies like that—don't they, Anna?"

While the supper was setting in the back parlour, Mr. Jempson, who had remained there reclining in his corner, could not give up his usual habit of moving by degrees towards the table, till he had secured a good place beside it; leaving to other beaux all the gallantry of escorting and waiting on the ladies. Being already on the spot, he commenced helping himself at once; and was only aroused from the discussion of a plate of terrapin by seeing Miss Westmore conducted to the table by a very handsome young gentleman from the south, who attended to her accommodation with the ease and tact of habitual good manners. During the remainder of the evening, Jackaway Jempson had not the smallest opportunity of approaching her.

"Never mind," said Lankley, when the company were all departing, and he and Jempson met in the gentleman's dressing-room. "You have a good excuse for calling on her to-morrow morning, and apologizing; and then, if you are not a very great flat, the apology may pave the way for the proposal."

"I never apologize," said Jempson, throwing on his cloak.

And neither he did, except when in danger of a caning from a gentleman.

Next morning, having slept upon it, he came to a resolution of actually making a visit to Miss Westmore. Having unpinned his curls, and opened them out, he thought at first of paying some extraordinary attention to his toilet, and even of going out to buy a new ready-made waistcoat more showy than any he had yet possessed. But on farther consideration, he concluded that to present himself in a costume unusually *recherché*, would be doing the lady too much honour, and evincing too great a desire to make a favourable impression. He was in a continual struggle between his desire to obtain a handsome consort with a large fortune, and his disinclination to unite himself for life to a woman of sense and spirit; qualities in a wife for which he thought even wealth and beauty could scarely atone. However, he consoled himself with the idea of ridiculing her mental advantages, and of breaking her spirit, when once they were married. Accordingly, after returning several times to the glass to take another survey before he departed, Mr. Jackaway Jempson set out on his important visit; and on arriving at the door of Mr. Denning, he pointedly inquired for Miss Sabina Westmore.

(To be concluded.)

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EFFIE JEAN MONRO.

A SKETCH FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death."

On no spot, in our beautiful country, did the warm evening sunshine fall more bright and cheeringly, than on Woodlawn, the house of Mr. Warren, one of the wealthy sons of Louisiana. Indeed, it was a spot on which we might suppose even a sunbeam would love to linger and gaze; so fairy-like, yet so warm and sheltered did it seem, with its wealth of roses and gay spring flowers, backed and bounded by a forest of old primeval trees. I love those old forest-trees—love them when winter has robbed them of their leafy honours, —when they stand spreading abroad their naked arms, as if imploring that the reign of their tyrant might be shortened—and love them, when their prayer seems more than granted, by their receiving a new and glossy robe, in return for the faded, and storm-soiled vestments of which they had been despoiled. But, most of all the forest I love the pines—those giant sentinels of the woods, which stand unchanged for centuries, like monuments which "time hath raised to count his ages by." And there were many seemingly keeping guard over this quiet spot, and the low murmur of the sweet south wind through their branches, seemed the spirit of peace whispering "all's well."

A tributary of the Red river rolled its clear waters at the foot of the eminence, on the side of which rested the mansion, and a rude bridge which served to connect the lawn with the wide fields beyond, completed the sweet picture—completed it as far as inanimate objects were concerned. But all these were forgotten, or at least unobserved, when the eye rested on the figures of a very young man, and a still younger maiden, pausing on that wild old bridge. The maiden—for as our tale is most nearly connected with her, we name her first—was not one formed for the glitter of gay crowds, or the glare of midnight assemblies, but once to look upon that lovely face, was sufficient to fix it in the memory and heart of many. She had the fair skin and dimpled cheek of her Scotch paternal ancestry; while from her mother, one of the graceful daughters of a French emigrant, she inherited the dark eyes and jetty ringlets of her native land. But the beautiful *temple* was unnoticed, when the more beautiful *spirit* shrined within, looked forth through those dove-like eyes, telling of "Charity, which hoped all things," and love to all mankind. The father of Effie Jean Monro had died in her childhood, but the deep grief of her mother made a lasting impression on her gentle feelings, and even when, many years after, Mrs. Monro gave her hand to Mr. Warren, the shade of sadness, sometimes deepening almost to melancholy, passed not away from Effie's brow.

Long had they stood there,—that fair girl, and that tall noble youth, for Albert Barry was one of nature's nobility, and proud, high resolve flashing from his dark blue eye, made him a splendid specimen of the future statesmen of our land. Mr. Monro had been his guardian, and almost father, from the early period which deprived him of both parents, until his own death, and when Mr. Warren was received into the family, he fully supplied the place of his first benefactor to the young orphan. Thus the *affection* of childhood was strengthened by daily intercourse, till it ripened into the *love* of later years. Long had they stood there, with her hand clasped in his, and many were the bright anticipations of the future which they indulged in, when, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he exclaimed, "And is it indeed so, Effie, and must we part to-night for so long a time!" and even as he spoke, he pressed that delicate hand to his lips—"oh, why can I not go with you! but I know it may not be, and the weary hours of your absence must be passed in redoubled attention to my profession, to atone for the many hours stolen from it, when I could not tear myself from your side, dear Effie, my own one,"—and the fair hand was clasped with an almost convulsive grasp.

"Yes, Albert, my aunt has sent to inform me that she must commence our journey to-night, but you must not attempt to lessen my fortitude by unavailing regrets, nor grieve for me too much, for *you* well know how hard it has been for me to consent to go. And indeed, nothing but the hope of escaping for one summer that dreadful fever, which for so many of the last years has prostrated my strength, could induce me to leave you and dear mother. But you must come often to see her, Albert, and cheer her, for much I fear she will pine for her child."

"That request was not needed, my Effie, to ensure to our dear mother at least a daily visit, but as your parting wish it shall be faithfully complied with. No duty which a son can pay a mother shall be neglected, for nothing can repay the debt of gratitude I owe her, for the care she has bestowed on me, since the time when she clasped

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me, a desolate orphan, to her bosom, and bade me call her *mother*. But every lengthened hour will be counted till October, which is the longest period of your visit, you know."

The wild carol of one of the early mocking-birds burst forth so near them, and was continued and prolonged with so sweet a cadence, that it disturbed their sad thoughts and words, and they involuntarily turned to leave the spot, when they found the sunny landscape becoming rapidly overcast by a heavy, dark cloud, rising in the west, and Effie shuddered as she thought it might be an omen of evil, for when they commenced their walk, all nature was bathed in golden sunlight, and now a gloom, like the shadow of a pall, was passing over it. She was about commencing a long journey with her aunt, to some seaport town, with the hope of finding health through the summer, and though she *went* full of life, and hope, and gay anticipation,—when should she *return?*

Another glorious and gorgeous sunset,—another wild *voluntary* from the hidden musician, whose home must be in that clump of Titi! But it is all unseen, unheard, by the sorrowful student who stands gazing down into the depths of that dark stream, and almost fancies that he again sees the lovely image he saw reflected there but yesternight. And every evening for many weeks, was the old bridge crossed, and the anxious Mrs. Warren cheered by the presence of young Albert Barry, while the name of Effie Jean, was a talisman to bind the links of affection yet closer. One darling boy had been given his name, and little Albert Warren would occupy no seat but "Tuzzin Albert's" (as he lispingly called him) knee, while "sister Effie's" name was mentioned, but would sit with his cherub face upturned, and his ruby lips parted, while now and then you could hear a low murmur of "sister, tum home." Even the old household servants would contrive to cross his path, to express in their uncouth way their kind sympathy, and he often heard himself addressed with "God bless you, Massa Albert, Miss Effie soon be home."

But a few weeks had passed, yet far, far away from the home of her childhood, surrounded by strangers, was that gentle girl, winning, by her peculiar grace and charm of manner, the hearts of all. Her aunt had selected for their summer residence a city on the Gulf of Mexico, famed for its salubrious climate, promising an exemption to Effie of the dreaded fever, as well as renewed health to herself; besides possessing a charm in her estimation by being a Naval station.

It was a gala night. A French frigate lay moored in the bay, and a splendid entertainment was given to all American officers in port, and to the citizens of the town. The gallant vessel was transformed into a floating palace, having its entire deck enclosed and roofed with snowy canvass, festooned with evergreens, while innumerable transparent lamps—the work of the tasteful hosts of the evening—were suspended in the arches formed by the wreaths. In the centre stood the most striking ornament, being the insignia of battle,—a cluster of muskets and bayonets, a pile of cannon-balls, and a few sheathed swords, the whole surmounted by the united and entwined standards of France and America. And fairy forms and bright smiles, gentle maidens and gallant cavaliers were thronging that novel saloon; while the light foot bounded to the spirit-stirring strains of music, and the yet lighter heart leaped high at the graceful compliments of favoured ones. All the beauty and pride of the city were there, and many strangers; but in all that gay and glittering assembly, none could pass unheeding by the gentle Effie, who, with no jewels decking her young beauty, and clad in the simplest muslin robe, with her luxuriant dark hair parted above her snowy forehead, looked the emblem of innocence and purity; yet some there were who said, that even *there*, a shade was o'er her, as if Azrael's wing was *then* fanning the bloom of health from her cheek.

Raise high the curtain,—let in the cool, fresh land breeze, which comes so refreshingly! Lift up the drooping head of the weary sufferer which lies throbbing on the uneasy pillow! Perchance the cool air and the bright moonlight may soothe the aching brow.

It had been decided by the physicians, that the dreadful scourge which devastated all the Southern cities in 1839, had at last reached even this healthy spot, and several cases of yellow fever had occurred. And many anxious eyes were now turned on a patient sufferer, whose hard breathing, glittering eye and crimson cheek, told but too truly that disease was triumphing, and that death would soon claim another victim. Yes, there, even there, lay Effie Jean Monro, the lily of Woodlawn, the idol of Albert Barry, the loved of all! For several days it was not known what would be the result, but the worst fears of her numerous friends were too soon sanctioned by her physicians, and in many houses in that city, was heard the sound of sorrow, a wail for the young and beautiful being who was leaving them for ever, for

> "None knew her but to love her,
> None named her, but to praise."

The holy man of God, whose step was ever in the path of duty, knelt often at her bedside, and soothed her by his counsels and prayers, and when, in his appointed time, her Heavenly Father took her to himself, he cheered her passage through the dark waters.

"Oh! let me once more upon my bended knee, supplicate my Father in Heaven to hear me!" and they granted the petition of that low, plaintive voice, and gently lifted the dying girl from her couch, and placed her in her familiar and favourite attitude. Who may say what thoughts came thronging into her heart at that solemn moment! To leave the bright and beautiful earth in the glowing spring-time of life—to lay her young head

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in the silent grave, in darkness and *alone*,—far from the dear mother who cherished her in infancy, and who must go sorrowing all her days, for *her*, the first-born,—from the chosen one of her riper years—from all that could make life desirable! Who may say what bright visions of eternity opened to her view as she knelt for the last time before the Hearer of Prayer!—"Mother, brother, Albert! would, oh, would that Effie could see you all again, but the will of God be done, and to Him I commend you! Hear me, oh, Father! and grant,"—and the gentle spirit went up with that last half uttered petition.

That same evening a long train of mourners followed a dark hearse to the churchyard, and there, in the land of strangers, they made the last resting-place of Effie Jean Monro. J.

Pensacola.

LINES ON BEING ASKED FOR A COPY OF VERSES.

BY J. M'LELLAN, JR.

Thou biddest me, sweet lady, strike
The harp that hath been silent long,
Tune the mute string and raise again
The poet's wild unmeasured song.
But all too long the voiceless lyre,
On the wild willow branch hath hung,
Till moss and weeds have bound each wire,
And every silver cord unstrung.
Too long the passing breeze hath sighed
Its hollow murmur o'er the shell,
Stealing its cheerful tones away,
And breathing o'er it but a knell.
But haply the neglected thing,
Some gay sweet echo may retain,
And haply at thy word the string
Some pleasing strain may wake again.

Fain would I picture forth in verse
Some happy scene, some lovely theme,
And image of some charming dream,
Some lay of love or arms rehearse,
Which ever to the poet's lyre
Lends a new impulse and new fire.

Nor can the bard in vain invoke
The promptings of the heavenly muse,
When each sweet form of earthly mould,
And each rich landscape that he sees,
May fill his soul with images
That volumes could not all express.
How vast the theme—the human heart—
With all its deep, mysterious springs,
Undying love, unfading hope,
That o'er all earthly trouble flings
A halo of perennial bloom,
Like rainbow spanning o'er the tomb.
Sweet task, to dip the airy brush,
And paint with colours of the mind
The peerless, priceless graces, all
In some pure human form combined.
The deep dark eye, in whose clear depth
The hidden soul beams forth in light;
The inward, like the outward eye,
All intellectually bright;
The pure brow, clearer than the crown
That tips the soaring Alpine peak,
The dark locks, darker than the night,
The crimson, the transparent cheek;
All these are glorious themes that well
May wake the slumbering string and shell.

"Lives there the man with soul so dead,"
Who all unmoved hath watch'd the light
That over nature's face is spread,
At morn, at noontide, at starlight!
Who with unkindled soul hath read
The grand, mysterious teachings spread
O'er all the blue celestial sky,
Where sails the golden moon on high!
Unmoved hath followed in its track
Each blazing planetary sphere,
Or watch'd the glorious sun pursue
His bright and limitless career!

Who doth not pace with throbbing heart
The rolling sea's extended shore,
Nor hear with awe the solemn voice
Of ocean's stern majestic war!
What wonders doth the yellow beach
Unto the gazer's heart present!
Gay sands and shells, and corals rich,
In prodigal profusion blent.
And who that hears that hollow surge
Repeat its melancholy dirge,
Pouring o'er rock or yellow sand
Its solemn psalm, its anthem grand,
Feels not a mystic awe impart
A secret sadness to his heart!
For every breaking wave doth seem
To waft the tones of human wail,
Telling of tempests or of wreck,
The falling mast, the tattered sail!

How lovely is the soft moonlight,
Silvering the azure dome of night;
A lovely night of blooming June,
When perfume loads the balmy air,
And the leaves twinkle as the moon
Kindles each pearly dew-drop there.
Sweet then the lover's moonlit walk
Beneath the forest's drooping shade,
And sweet the oft-repeated vows
By Youth to blushing Beauty made!

Earth and wide air, and sea and sky,
A thousand glorious themes supply;
The human mind, the human face,
Beaming with loveliness and grace,
May fire the dullest heart and brain,
And warm the dullest poet's strain.

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THE POET AND THE MANDARIN;

OR,

LE-PIH'S ADVENTURE IN THE GARDENS OF KWONFOOTSE.

A passage from Chinese History.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The moon shone like glorified and floating dew on the bosom of the tranquil Pei-ho, and the heart of the young poet Le-pih was like a cup running over with wine. It was no abatement of his exulting fulness that he was as yet the sole possessor of the secret of his own genius. Conscious of exquisite susceptibility to beauty, fragrance and music, (the three graces of the Chinese,) he was more intent upon enjoying his gifts than upon the awakening of envy for their possession—the latter being the second leaf in the book of genius, and only turned over by the finger of satiety. Thoughtless of the acquisition of fame as the youthful poet may be, however, he is always ready to anticipate its fruits, and Le-pih committed but the poet's error, when, having the gem in his bosom which could buy the favour of the world, he took the favour for granted without producing the gem.

Kwonfootse had returned a conqueror, from the wars with the Hwong-kin, and this night, on which the moon shone so gloriously, was the hour of his triumph, for the Emperor Tang had condescended to honour with his presence, a gala given by the victorious general at his gardens on the Pei-ho. Softened by his exulting feelings (for though a brave soldier, he was as haughty as Luykong the thunder-god, or Hwuyloo the monarch of fire,) the warlike mandarin threw open his gardens on this joyful night, not only to those who wore in their caps the gold ball significant of patrician birth, but to all whose dress and mien warranted their appearance in the presence of the emperor.

Like the realms of the blest shone the gardens of Kwonfootse. Occupying the whole valley of the Pei-ho, at a spot where it curved like the twisted cavity of a shell, the sky seemed to shut in the grounds like the cover of a vase, and the stars seemed but the garden lights overhead. From one edge of the vase to the other—from hill-top to hill-top—extended a broad avenue, a pagoda at either extremity glittering with gold and scarlet, the sides flaming with coloured lamps and flaunting with gay streamers of barbarian stuffs, and the moonlit river cutting it in the centre, the whole vista, at the first glance, resembling a girdle of precious stones with a fastening of opal. Off from this central division radiated in all directions alleys of camphor and cinnamon trees, lighted with amorous dimness, and leading away to bowers upon the hill side, and from every quarter resounded music, and in every nook was seen feasting and merriment.

In disguise, the emperor and imperial family mingled in the crowd, and no one save the host and his daughters knew what part of the gardens was honoured with their presence. There was, however, a retreat in the grounds, sacred to the privileged few, and here, when fatigued or desirous of refreshment, the royal personages laid aside disguise and were surrounded with the deferential honours of the court. It was so contrived that the access was unobserved by the people, and there was therefore, no feeling of exclusion to qualify the hilarity of the entertainment; Kwonfootse, with all his pride, looking carefully to his popularity. At the foot of each descent, upon the matted banks of the river, floated gilded boats with lamps burning in their prows, and gaily dressed boatmen offering conveyance across to all who required it; but there were also, unobserved by the crowd, boats unlighted and undecorated holding off from the shore, which, at a sign given by the initiated, silently approached a marble stair without the line of the blazing avenue, and taking their freight on board, swiftly pulled up the moonlit river, to a landing concealed by the shoulder of the hill. No path led from the gardens hither, and from no point of view could be overlooked the more brilliant scene of imperial revel.

It was verging toward midnight when the unknown poet, with brain floating in a celestial giddiness of delight, stood on the brink of the gleaming river. The boats plied to and fro with their freights of fair damsels and gaily-dressed youths, the many-coloured lamps throwing a rainbow profusion of tints on the water, and many a voice addressed him with merry invitation, for Le-pih's beauty, so famous now in history, was of no forbidding stateliness, and his motions, like his countenance, were as frankly joyous as the gambols of a young leopard. Not inclined to boisterous gaiety at the moment, Le-pih stepped between the lamp-bearing trees of the avenue, and folding his arms in his silken vest, stood gazing in reverie on the dancing waters. After a few moments, one of the dark boats on which he had unconsciously fixed his gaze drew silently towards him, and as the cushioned stern was brought round to the bank,

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the boatman made a reverence to his knees and sat waiting the poet's pleasure.

Like all men born to good fortune, Le-pih was prompt to follow the first beckonings of adventure, and asking no questions, he quietly embarked, and with a quick dip of the oars the boat shot from the shore and took the descending current. Almost in the next instant she neared again to the curving and willow-fringed margin of the stream, and lights glimmered through the branches, and sweet, low, music became audible, and by rapid degrees, a scene burst on his eye which the first glimpse into the gate of Paradise (a subsequent agreeable surprise, let us presume) could scarcely have exceeded.

Without an exchange of a syllable between the boatman and his freight, the stern was set against a carpeted stair at the edge of the river, and Le-pih disembarked with a bound, and stood upon a spacious area lying in a lap of the hill, the entire surface carpeted smoothly with Persian stuffs, and dotted here and there with striped tents pitched with poles of silver. Garlands of flowers hung in festoons against the brilliant-coloured cloths, and in the centre of each tent stood a low tablet surrounded with couches and laden with meats and wine. The guests, for whom this portion of the entertainment was provided, were apparently assembled at a spot farther on, from which proceeded the delicious music heard by the poet in approaching; and, first entering one of the abandoned tents for a goblet of wine, Le-pih followed to the scene of attraction.

Under a canopy of gold cloth held by six bearers, stood the imperial chair upon a raised platform,—not occupied however, the august Tang reclining more at his ease, a little out of the circle, upon cushions canopied by the moonlight. Around, upon the steps of the platform and near by, were grouped the noble ladies of the court and the royal princesses, (Tang living much in the female apartments and his daughters numbering several score,) and all, at the moment of Le-pih's joining the assemblage, turning to observe a damsel with a lute, to whose performance the low sweet music of the band had been a prelude. The first touch of the strings betrayed a trembling hand, and the poet's sympathies were stirred, though from her bent posture and his distant position he had not yet seen the features of the player. As the tremulous notes grew firmer, and the lute began to give out a flowing harmony, Le-pih approached, and at the same time, the listening groups of ladies began to whisper and move away, and of those who remained, none seemed to listen with pleasure except Kwonfootse and the emperor. The latter, indeed, rivalled the intruding bard in his interest, rolling over upon the cushions and resting on the other imperial elbow in close attention.

Gaining confidence evidently from the neglect of her auditory, or, as is natural to woman, less afraid of the judgment of the other sex, who were her only listeners, the fair Taya, (the youngest daughter of Kwonfootse,) now joined her voice to her instrument, and sang with a sweetness that dropped like a plummet to the soul of Le-pih. He fell to his knee upon a heap of cushions and leaned eagerly forward. As she became afterwards one of his most passionate themes, we are enabled to re-conjure the features that were presented to his admiring wonder. The envy of the princesses was sufficient proof that Taya was of rare beauty; she had that wonderful perfection of feature to which envy pays its bitterest tribute, which is apologized for if not found in the poet's ideal, which we thirst after in pictures and marble, of which loveliness and expression are but lesser degrees—fainter shadowings. She was adorably beautiful. The outer corners of her long, almond shaped eyes, the dipping crescent of her forehead, the pencil of her eyebrow and the indented corners of her mouth,—all these turned downward; and this peculiarity which, in faces of a less elevated character, indicates a temper morose and repulsive, in Taya's expressed the very soul of gentle and lofty melancholy. There was something infantine about her mouth, the teeth were so small and regular, and their dazzling whiteness, shining betwixt lips of the brilliant colour of a cherry freshly torn apart, was in startling contrast with the dark lustre of her eyes. Le-pih's poetry makes constant allusion to those small and snowy teeth, and the turned-down corners of the lips and eyes of his incomparable mistress.

Taya's song was a fragment of that celebrated Chinese romance from which Moore has borrowed so largely in his Loves of the Angels, and it chanced to be particularly appropriate to her deserted position, (she was alone now with her three listeners,) dwelling as it did upon the loneliness of a disguised Peri, wandering in exile upon earth. The lute fell from her hands when she ceased, and while the emperor applauded, and Kwonfootse looked on her with paternal pride, Le-pih modestly advanced to the fallen instrument, and with a low obeisance to the emperor and a hesitating apology to Taya, struck a prelude in the same air, and broke forth into an impulsive expression of his feelings in verse. It would be quite impossible to give a translation of this famous effusion with its oriental load of imagery, but in modifying it to the spirit of our language, (giving little more than its thread of thought,) the reader may see glimpses of the material from which the great Irish lyrist spun his woof of sweet fable. Fixing his keen eyes upon the bright lips just closed, Le-pih sang:

When first from Heaven's immortal throngs
  The earth-doom'd angels downward came,
And, mourning their enraptured songs,
  Walked sadly in our mortal frame;
To those, whose lyres of loftier string
  Had taught the myriad lips of Heaven,
The song that they forever sing,
  A wondrous lyre, 'tis said, was given.
"And go," the seraph-warder said,
  As from the diamond gates they flew,

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"And wake the songs ye here have led
In earthly numbers, pure and new!
And yours shall be the hallowed power
To win the lost to Heaven again,
And when earth's clouds shall darkest lower
Your lyre shall breathe its holiest strain!
Yet, chastened by this inward fire,
Your lot shall be to walk alone,
Save when, perchance, with echoing lyre,
You touch a spirit like your own;
And whatsoe'er the guise you wear,
To him, 'tis given to know you there."

The song ever, Le-pih sat with hands folded across the instrument and his eyes cast down, and Taya gazed on him with wondering looks, yet slowly, and as if unconsciously, she took from her breast a rose, and with a half-stolen glance at her father, threw it upon the lute. But frowningly Kwonfootse rose from his seat and approached the poet.

"Who are you?" he demanded angrily, as the bard placed the rose reverently in his bosom.

"Le-pih!"

With another obeisance to the emperor, and a deeper one to the fair Taya, he turned, after this concise answer, upon his heel, lifting his cap to his head, which, to the rage of Kwonfootse, bore not even the gold ball of aristocracy.

"Bind him for the bastinado!" cried the infuriated mandarin to the bearers of the canopy.

The six soldiers dropped their poles to the ground, but the emperor's voice arrested them.

"He shall have no violence but from you, fair Taya," said the softened monarch; "call to him by the name he has just pronounced, for I would hear that lute again!"

"Le-pih! Le-pih!" cried instantly the musical voice of the fair girl.

The poet turned and listened, incredulous of his own ears.

"Le-pih! Le-pih!" she repeated, in a soft tone.

Half hesitating, half bounding, as if still scarce believing he had heard aright, Le-pih flew to her feet, and dropped to one knee upon the cushion before her, his breast heaving and his eyes flashing with eager wonder. Taya's courage was at an end, and she sat with her eyes upon the ground.

"Give him the lute, Kwonfootse!" said the emperor, swinging himself on the raised chair with an abandonment of the imperial avoirdupois, which set ringing violently the hundred bells suspended in the golden fringes.

"Let not the crow venture again into the nest of the eagle," muttered the mandarin between his teeth as he handed the instrument to the poet.

The sound of the bells brought in the women and courtiers from every quarter of the privileged area, and, preluding upon the strings to gather his scattered senses, while they were seating themselves around him, Le-pih at last fixed his gaze upon the lips of Taya, and commenced his song to an irregular harmony well adapted to extempore verse. We have tried in vain to put this celebrated song of compliment into English stanzas. It commenced with a description of Taya's beauty, and an enumeration of things she resembled, dwelling most upon the blue lily, which seems to have been Le-pih's favourite flower. The burthen of the conclusion, however, is the new value every thing assumed in her presence. "Of the light in this garden," he says, "there is one beam worth all the glory of the moon, for it sleeps on the eye of Taya. Of the air about me there is one breath which my soul drinks like wine—it is from the lips of Taya. Taya looks on a flower, and that flower seems to me, with its pure eye to gaze after her for ever. Taya's jacket of blue silk is my passion. If angels visit me in my dreams, let them be dressed like Taya. I love the broken spangle in her slipper better than the first star of evening. Bring me, till I die, inner leaves from the water-lily, since white and fragrant like them are the teeth of Taya. Call me, should I sleep, when rises the crescent moon, for the blue sky in its bend curves like the drooped eye of Taya," &c. &c.

"By the immortal Fo!" cried the emperor, raising himself bolt upright in his chair, as the poet ceased, "you shall be the bard of Tang! Those are my sentiments better expressed! The lute, in your hands, is my heart turned inside out! Lend me your gold chain, Kwonfootse, and, Taya! come hither, and put it on his neck!"

Taya glided to the emperor, but Le-pih rose to his feet, with a slight flush on his forehead, and stood erect and motionless.

"Let it please your imperial majesty," he said, after a moment's pause, "to bestow upon me some gift less binding than a chain."

"Carbuncle of Budha! What would the youth have!" exclaimed Tang in astonishment. "Is not the gold chain of a mandarin good enough for his acceptance?"

"My poor song," replied Le-pih, modestly casting down his eyes, "is sufficiently repaid by your majesty's praises. The chain of the mandarin would gall the neck of the poet. Yet—if I might have a reward more valuable—"

"In Fo's name what is it?" said the embarrassed emperor.

Kwonfootse laid his hand on his scimitar, and his daughter blushed and trembled.

"The broken spangle on the slipper of Taya!" said Le-pih, turning half indifferently away.

Loud laughed the ladies of the court, and Kwonfootse walked from the bard with a look of contempt, but the emperor read more truly the proud and delicate spirit that dictated the reply; and in that moment probably commenced the friendship with which, to the end of his peaceful reign, Tang distinguished the most gifted poet of his time.

The lovely daughter of the mandarin was not behind the emperor in her interpretation of the character of Le-pih, and as she stepped forward to put the detached spangle into his hand, she bent on him a look full of earnest curiosity and admiration.

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"What others give me," he murmured in a low voice, pressing the worthless trifle to his lips, "makes me their slave; but what Taya gives me is a link that draws her to my bosom."

Kwonfootse probably thought that Le-pih's audience had lasted long enough, for at this moment the sky seemed bursting into flame with a sudden tumult of fire-works, and in the confusion that immediately succeeded, the poet made his way unquestioned to the bank of the river, and was re-conveyed to the spot of his first embarcation, in the same silent manner with which he had approached the privileged area.

During the following month, Le-pih seemed much in request at the imperial palace, but, to the surprise of his friends, the keeping of "worshipful society" was not followed by any change in his merry manners, nor apparently by any improvement in his worldly condition. His mother still sold mats in the public market, and Le-pih still rode, every few days, to the marsh, for his panniers of rushes, and to all comers, among his old acquaintances, his lute and song were as ready and as gratuitous as ever.

All this time, however, the fair Taya was consuming with a passionate melancholy which made startling ravages in her health, and the proud mandarin, whose affection for his children was equal to his pride, in vain shut his eyes to the cause, and eat up his heart with mortification. When the full moon came round again, reminding him of the scenes the last moon had shone upon, Kwonfootse seemed suddenly lightened of his care, and his superb gardens on the Pei-ho were as suddenly alive with preparations for another festival. Kept in close confinement, poor Taya fed on her sorrow, indifferent to the rumours of marriage which could concern only her sisters; and the other demoiselles Kwonfootse tried in vain, with fluttering hearts, to pry into their father's secret. A marriage it was certainly to be, for the lanterns were painted of the colour of peach-blossoms—but whose marriage?

It was an intoxicating summer's morning, and the sun was busy calling the dew back to heaven, and the birds wild with entreating it to stay, (so Le-pih describes it,) when down the narrow street in which the poet's mother plied her vocation, there came a gay procession of mounted servants with a led horse, richly caparisoned, in the centre. The one who rode before held on his pommel a velvet cushion, and upon it lay the cap of a noble, with its gold ball shining in the sun. Out flew the neighbours as the clattering hoofs came on, and roused by the cries and the barking of dogs, forth came the mother of Le-pih, followed by the poet himself, but leading his horse by the bridle, for he had just thrown on his panniers, and was bound out of the city to cut his bundle of rushes. The poet gazed on the pageant with the amused curiosity of others, wondering what it could mean, abroad at so early an hour; but, holding back his sorry beast to let the prancing horsemen have all the room they required, he was startled by a reverential salute from the bearer of the velvet cushion, who, drawing up his followers in front of the poet's house, dismounted and requested to speak with him in private.

Tying his horse to the door-post, Le-pih led the way into the small room, where sat his mother braiding her mats to a cheerful song of her son's making, and here the messenger informed the bard, with much circumstance and ceremony, that in consequence of the pressing suit of Kwonfootse, the emperor had been pleased to grant to the gifted Le-pih, the rank expressed by the cap borne upon the velvet cushion, and that, as a noble of the Celestial Empire, he was now a match for the incomparable Taya. Furthermore the condescending Kwonfootse had secretly arranged the ceremonial for the bridal, and Le-pih was commanded to mount the led horse and come up with his cap and gold ball to be made forthwith supremely happy.

An indefinable expression stole over the features of the poet as he took up the cap, and placing it on his head, stood gaily before his mother. The old dame looked at him a moment, and the tears started to her eyes. Instantly Le-pih plucked it off and flung it on the waste heap at her side, throwing himself on his knees before her in the same breath, and begging her forgiveness for his silly jest.

"Take back your bauble to Kwonfootse!" he said, rising proudly to his feet, "and tell him that the emperor, to whom I know how to excuse myself, can easily make a poet into a noble, but he cannot make a noble into a poet. The male bird does not borrow its brighter plumage from its mate, and she who marries Le-pih will braid rushes for his mother!"

Astonished, indeed, were the neighbours, who had learned the errand of the messenger from his attendants without, to see the crest-fallen man come forth again with his cap and cushion. Astonished much more were they, ere the gay cavalcade were well out of sight, to see Le-pih appear with his merry countenance and plebeian cap, and, mounting his old horse, trot briskly away, sickle in hand, to the marshes. The day passed in wondering and gossip, interrupted by the entrance of one person to the house while the old dame was gone with her mats to the market, but she returned duly before sunset, and went in as usual to prepare supper for her son.

The last beams of day were on the tops of the pagodas when Le-pih returned, walking beside his heavy-laden beast, and singing a merry song. He threw off his rushes at the door and entered, but his song was abruptly checked, for a female sat on a low seat by his mother, stooping over a half-braided mat, and the next moment, the blushing Taya lifted up her brimming eyes and gazed at him with silent but pleading love.

Now, at last, the proud merriment and self-respecting confidence of Le-pih were overcome. His eyes grew flushed and his lips trembled without utterance. With both his hands pressed on

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his beating heart, he stood gazing on the lovely Taya.

"Ah!" cried the old dame, who sat with folded hands and smiling face, looking on at a scene she did not quite understand, though it gave her pleasure, "Ah! this is a wife for my boy, sent from heaven! No haughty mandarin's daughter she! no proud minx, to fall in love with the son and despise the mother! Let them keep their smart caps and gift-horses for those who can be bought at such prices! My son is a noble by the gift of his Maker—better than an emperor's gold ball! Come to your supper, Le-pih! Come, my sweet daughter!"

Taya placed her finger on her lip, and Le-pih agreed that the moment was not yet come to enlighten his mother as to the quality of her guest. She was not long in ignorance, however, for before they could seat themselves at table, there was a loud knocking at the door, and before the old dame could bless herself, an officer entered and arrested the daughter of Kwonfootse by name, and Le-pih and his mother at the same time, and there was no dismissing the messenger now. Off they marched, amid the silent consternation and pity of the neighbours,—not toward the palace of justice, however, but to the palace of the emperor, where his majesty, to save all chances of mistake, chose to see the poet wedded, and sit, himself, at the bridal feast. Tang had a romantic heart, fat and voluptuous as he was, and the end of his favour to Le-pih and Taya was the end of his life.

THE HOMES OF EARTH.

BY THE LATE GRENVILLE MELLEN.

Where, Earth, are thy homes? O, could I find
One like my childhood's, where my baby heart
Listed its morning impulse, and went forth
A very fool in its simplicity,
Yet happy as 'twas simple—could I find
One that had hearth like that I gather'd to,
When I first shouted to my father's call,
And wept upon the knees of her who bare
And nursed me in my nothingness—could I
Find home that had a definition now,
Like that which saw me lifting into prime,
And dashing years aside impatiently,
As spirit-mad for manhood—O, how far,
How tireless would I make my pilgrimage,
To find such altar-place! I would lay down
Myself in offering on its holy stone,
And glory in my sacrifice! I'd weep
Those tears that have no words—as, when a boy,
I water'd the glad hearth with. I would bend,
As did my infant and unpractis'd knees
To that low music of parental prayer,
Which rose, as shadows of the morn or eve
Or brake or gather'd on the cluster'd heads
That veil'd them to the voice.—Home—and its song!
O! how the echo of those beings comes,
Who *made* that home and music—who gave God
The tribute of their white spirits—who pour'd
Their mingled melody in cadences
That ask'd for mercy, while they sung of joy!
Home—and my sister song! They cannot die—
The mem'ry, nor the sound—for both are link'd
With that fine bond of Immortality,
Whose quick electric life speaks sparklingly
The golden circle round! O! could I hear
That music of my childhood—could I weep
As I wept then, when hallow'd cries went up
Unto the Father, to whom jubilee
Ascends not with th' acceptance of the strain
Breath'd in hush'd plaintiveness, I'd say farewell,
Ye anthems of the world!—ye thunder sounds
Of city or the sea!—give me but this—
The lowly harmonies of hearth and home,
As they ask'd entrance at the gate of God,
From lips of children music-strung with prayer!

I have heard men tell of their fatherland,
As something it did fever them to think
Or even dream of. They would shake their heads,
And sigh, and answer in half-utter'd prayer,
That Heaven would keep them exiles, if you spake
Of country, and the beauty of the vales
That fenc'd your home, and heard your infancy,
In its first shoutings. They were pallid men,
Who spake but sparingly—and that with oaths,
As though they own'd those souls by which they swore,
Or knew that God whom they'd unsanctify
In every curling of their thankless lips!
I have heard others laugh, as I have wept
To tell this tale of boyhood—the old gate,
The well—the pathway—and the silent wood—
The slow smoke lazing through the quivering air—
The hum of waters, and the call of birds—
As though these tales were visions of a brain
Mad with some gentle influence, that the world
Own'd not, save in its children, or its fools.

But are not *such* its fools—these harden'd men,
That in such traitorous mood forswear the fount
Whence they took life—the bubbling fount that plays
In an unfailing echo to the voice,
The tiny joyousness of morning years!
Where—what is memory? If there be a heart
In these encastled bosoms, can it be
It has forgot those pulses that were heard
With its first intimations—the quick beat
That Nature sounded, ere the fiend of Shame
Woke it to riot in its citadel?
O! never with the great heart and the good
Can mingle this forgetfulness—it comes
But over treas'nous spirits, that see light
In what to Virtue 's darkness—spirits damn'd
To that paralysis which is but Death
To the high-soul'd—the bravery of earth!

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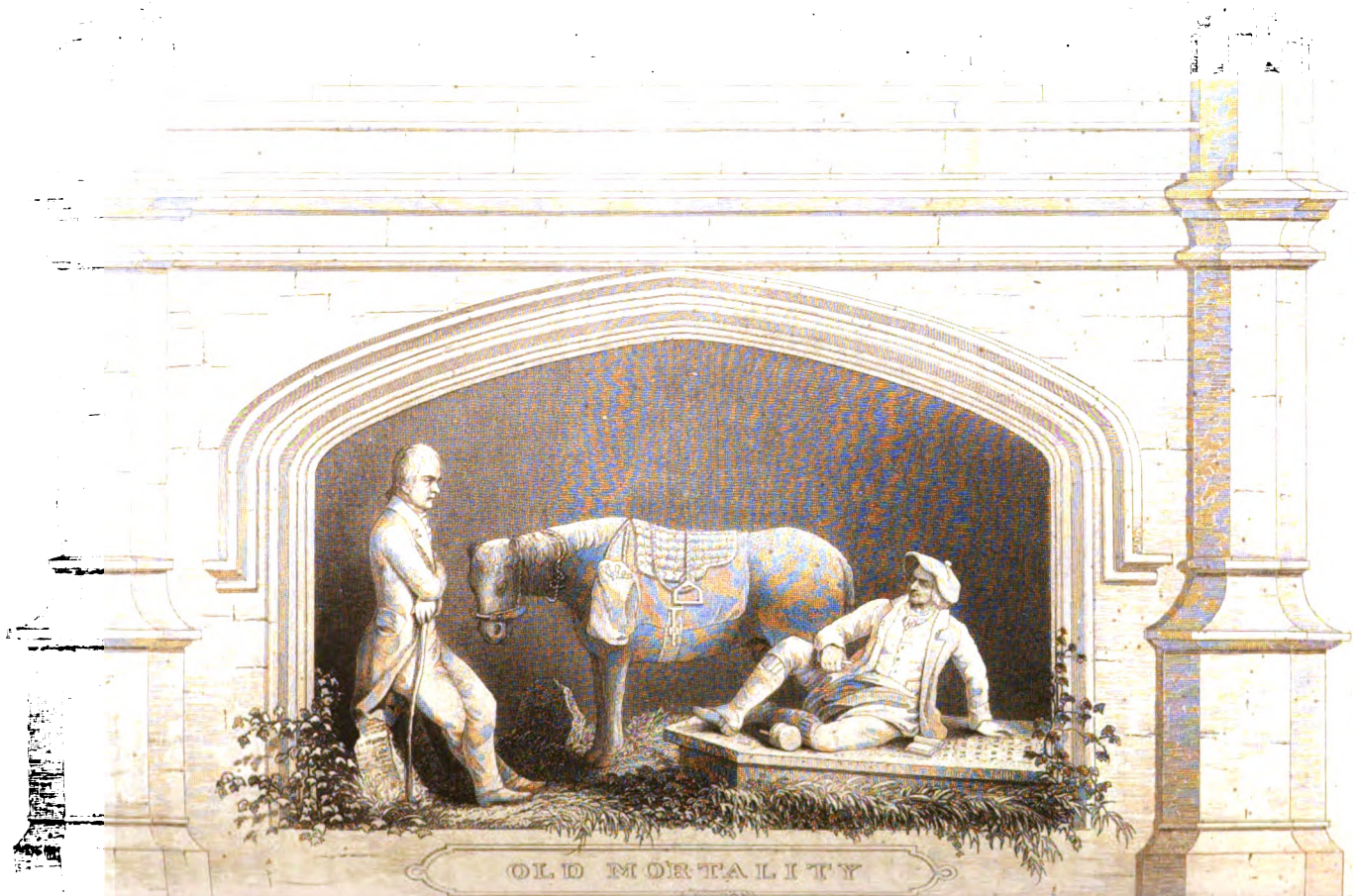

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OLD MORTALITY.

(See Plate.)

If it be true that Goldsmith never touched a subject without adorning it, not less true is the remark that Scott never introduced a real character into one of his delightful fictions without rendering him famous all the world over. Little thought the patient, self-denying, world-shunning Robert Paterson, while he was engaged in the pious work of retrieving from oblivion the monuments of the Covenanters, that a century after, his praises should ring through Europe, and that his graven image (*vera effigies*) should adorn the splendid cemetery of a great city, thousands of miles from the scene of his disinterested labours. But even so it is. Justice is sometimes done to modest merit, even in this world; and the man who devotes his life to toil in obedience to a noble sentiment is rewarded with unexpected immortality.

It would be paying our readers a poor compliment to suppose that they were not well acquainted with the character of Old Mortality; but we may safely presume that some of them are uninformed of the fact, that the beautiful group of statues, executed by the celebrated Scottish sculptor Thom, representing the well known interview between the novelist and the enthusiast, forms one of the most attractive ornaments of the beautiful cemetery of Laurel Hill, near Philadelphia.

The splendid engraving of Cushman, from a drawing of Croome's, which accompanies this article, will give our readers a perfect idea of the group, and of the structure which incloses it. We dare not attempt a description of what Scott has already described, and in introducing the following passage from the tale of Old Mortality, as the most appropriate pendant to the picture, we only remark that the statue which represents Sir Walter himself, is reputed to be an exact resemblance of that celebrated personage:—

"One summer evening, as in a stroll, such as I have described, I approached this deserted mansion of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually soothe its solitude, the gentle chiding, namely, of the brook, and the sighing of the wind in the boughs of three gigantic ash-trees, which mark the cemetery. The clink of a hammer was, on this occasion, distinctly heard; and I entertained some alarm that a march-dike, long meditated by the two proprietors whose estates were divided by my favourite brook, was about to be drawn up the glen, in order to substitute its rectilinear deformity for the graceful winding of the natural boundary. As I approached, I was agreeably undeceived. An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered presbyterians, and busily employed in deepening, with his chisel, the letters of the inscription, which, announcing, in scriptural language, the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematized the murderers with corresponding violence. A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the gray hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat of the coarse cloth called *hoddingray*, usually worn by the elder peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong clouted shoes, studded with hobnails, and *gramoches* or *leggins*, made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him, fed among the graves a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of branks, a hair tether, or halter, and a *sunk*, or cushion of straw, instead of bridle and saddle. A canvass pouch hung around the neck of the animal, for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and anything else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man before, yet, from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognizing a religious itinerant whom I had often heard talked of, and who was known in various parts of Scotland by the title of Old Mortality.

"Where this man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn; nor are the motives which made him desert his home, and adopt the erratic mode of life which he pursued, known to me except very generally. According to the belief of most people, he was a native of either the county of Dumfries or Galloway, and lineally descended from some of those champions of the Covenant, whose deeds and sufferings were his favourite theme. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm;—but, whether from pecuniary losses, or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death, a period of nearly thirty years.

"During this long pilgrimage, the pious enthusiast regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters, who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. These are most numerous in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries, but they are also to be found in other parts of Scotland, wherever the fugitives had fought, or fallen, or suf-

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fered by military or civil execution. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains, the moor-fowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the gray stones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful devotion, induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon-light, which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood.

"In all his wanderings, the old pilgrim never seemed to need, or was known to accept, pecuniary assistance. It is true, his wants were very few; for wherever he went, he found ready quarters in the house of some Cameronian of his own sect, or of some other religious person. The hospitality which was reverentially paid to him he always acknowledged, by repairing the gravestones (if there existed any) belonging to the family or ancestors of his host. As the wanderer was usually to be seen bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country churchyard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, disturbing the plover and the blackcock with the clink of his chisel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, he acquired, from his converse among the dead, the popular appellation of Old Mortality.

"The character of such a man could have in it little connection even with innocent gayety. Yet, among those of his own religious persuasion, he is reported to have been cheerful. The descendants of persecutors, or those whom he supposed guilty of entertaining similar tenets, and the scoffers at religion by whom he was sometimes assailed, he usually termed the generation of vipers. Conversing with others, he was grave and sententious, not without a cast of severity. But he is said never to have been observed to give way to violent passion; excepting upon one occasion, when a mischievous truant-boy defaced with a stone the nose of a cherub's face, which the old man was engaged in retouching. I am in general a sparer of the rod, notwithstanding the maxim of Solomon, for which school-boys have little reason to thank his memory; but on this occasion I deemed it proper to show that I did not hate the child.—But I must return to the circumstances attending my first interview with this interesting enthusiast.

"In accosting Old Mortality, I did not fail to pay respect to his years and his principles, beginning my address by a respectful apology for interrupting his labours. The old man intermitted the operation of the chisel, took off his spectacles and wiped them, then replacing them on his nose, acknowledged my courtesy by a suitable return. Encouraged by his affability, I intruded upon him some questions concerning the sufferers on whose monument he was now employed. To talk of the exploits of the Covenanters was the delight, as to repair their monuments was the business of his life. He was profuse in the communication of all the minute information which he had collected concerning them, their wars, and their wanderings. One would almost have supposed he must have been their contemporary, and have actually beheld the passages which he related, so much had he identified his feelings and opinions with theirs, and so much had his narratives the circumstantiality of an eye-witness.

"'We,' he said, in a tone of exultation,—'*we* are the only true whigs. Carnal men have assumed that triumphant appellation, following him whose kingdom is of this world. Which of them would sit six hours on a wet hill-side to hear a godly sermon? I trow an hour o't wad staw them. They are ne'er a hair better than them that shamena to take upon themsells the persecuting name of bludethirsty tories. Self-seekers all of them, strivers after wealth, power, and worldly ambition, and forgetters alike of what has been dree'd and done by the mighty men who stood in the gap in the great day of wrath. Nae wonder they dread the accomplishment of what was spoken by the mouth of the worthy Mr. Peden, (that precious servant of the Lord, none of whose words fell to the ground,) that the French monzies sall rise as fast in the glens of Ayr, and the kenns of Galloway, as ever the Highlandmen did in 1677. And now they are gripping to the bow and to the spear, when they suld be mourning for a sinfu' land and a broken covenant.'

"Soothing the old man by letting his peculiar opinions pass without contradiction, and anxious to prolong conversation with so singular a character, I prevailed upon him to accept that hospitality, which Mr. Cleishbotham is always willing to extend to those who need it. In our way to the schoolmaster's house, we called at the Wallace Inn, where I was pretty certain I should find my patron about that hour of the evening. After a courteous interchange of civilities, Old Mortality was, with difficulty, prevailed upon to join his host in a single glass of liquor, and that on condition that he should be permitted to name the pledge, which he prefaced with a grace of about five minutes, and then, with bonnet doffed and eyes uplifted, drank to the memory of those heroes of the Kirk who had first uplifted her banner upon the mountains. As no persuasion could prevail on him to extend his conviviality to a second cup, my patron accompanied him home, and accommodated him in the Prophet's Chamber, as it is his pleasure to call the closet which holds a spare bed, and which is frequently a place of retreat for the poor traveller.

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"The next day I took leave of Old Mortality, who seemed affected by the unusual attention with which I had cultivated his acquaintance and listened to his conversation. After he had mounted, not without difficulty, the old white pony, he took me by the hand and said, 'The blessing of our Master be with you, young man! My hours are like the ears of the latter harvest, and your days are yet in the spring; and yet you may be gathered into the garner of mortality before me, for the sickle of death cuts down the green as oft as the ripe, and there is a colour in your cheek, that, like the bud of the rose, serveth oft to hide the worm of corruption. Wherefore labour as one who knoweth not when his master calleth. And if it be my lot to return to this village after ye are gane hame to your ain place, these auld withered hands will frame a stane of memorial, that your name may not perish from among the people.'

"I thanked Old Mortality for his kind intentions in my behalf, and heaved a sigh, not, I think, of regret so much as of resignation, to think of the chance that I might soon require his good offices. But though, in all human probability, he did not err in supposing that my span of life may be abridged in youth, he had over-estimated the period of his own pilgrimage on earth. It is now some years since he has been missed in all his usual haunts, while moss, lichen, and deer-hair, are fast covering those stones, to cleanse which had been the business of his life. About the beginning of this century he closed his mortal toils, being found on the highway near Lockerby, in Dumfriesshire, exhausted and just expiring. The old white pony, the companion of all his wanderings, was standing by the side of his dying master. There was found about his person a sum of money sufficient for his decent interment, which serves to show that his death was in no ways hastened by violence or by want. The common people still regard his memory with great respect; and many are of opinion, that the stones which he repaired will not again require the assistance of the chisel. They even assert, that on the tombs where the manner of the martyrs' murder is recorded, their names have remained indelibly legible since the death of Old Mortality, while those of the persecutors, sculptured on the same monuments, have been entirely defaced. It is hardly necessary to say that this is a fond imagination, and that since the time of the pious pilgrim, the monuments which were the objects of his care are hastening, like all earthly memorials, into ruin or decay."

"PASSING AWAY."

SUGGESTED BY THE MOTTO ON THE RING OF A FRIEND.

"Passing away, passing away"—
A bright bird warbled in numbers gay,
Pausing awhile on its quivering wing,
Of its onward flight, and its home to sing;
"I joy to leave you my northern bowers,
Though grateful your shade in the summer hours,
For the cold, rough blasts have destroyed your bloom,
And winter hath come with his chilling gloom,
And homeward, detained by no captive chain,
I return to my native clime again.
To cloudless skies, to a fairer land,
I haste with a free and a joyful band,
Gladly, I carol my parting lay—
Passing away, passing away."

"Passing away, passing away"—
Murmured a flower in its slow decay,
And it bowed its head to the raging blast,
That its beauteous petals around it cast;
"I rejoice, stern friend, that thou layest me low,
I welcome thy summons, I long to go,
In the earth's warm bosom to sink to rest,—
She will guard me safe in her sheltering breast.
When the spring returns, I again shall rise,
And, clad in new beauty, unclose mine eyes.
Why should I linger alone 'mid the dead,
The loved and the lovely, around me, have fled?
Calmly, I yield to thy pitiless sway,
Passing away, passing away."

"Passing away, passing away"—
Whispered a saint, as he dying lay,
While his pallid brow and his languid eye,
Now spake of the triumph, the glory nigh;
"Gladsome earth, farewell! I am thine no more!
Tempting world, thy joys and thy woes are o'er!
Soon, from sin and anguish forever free,
I shall mount on high with my Lord to be!
Heaven's shining portals e'en now appear!
The song of the ransomed—I hear! I hear!
I shall soon be with you, ye blessed band!
Release me, sweet death, with thy mighty hand!
To the land of rest and eternal day,
Passing away, passing away."

"Passing away, passing away"—
Sang an angel choir o'er the child of clay;
Unseen their glances of pitying love,
While wafted their song to the courts above—
"It will soon be ended, this fearful strife,
And thou shalt awaken to blissful life.
Then tremble not, mortal, nor fear to die,
O come thou with us, to thy home on high!
The sainted, the loved, for thy coming wait,
To dwell with them, in their happy state;
There are mansions fair, in that world of light,
Soon, soon will they burst on thy raptured sight!
Gazing upon thee, we joyfully say—
Passing away, passing away."

C.

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DESTINED BY FATE.

A POPULAR BALLAD,

COMPOSED BY

MICHAEL KELLY.

To be had at J. G. Osbourn's Music Saloon, No. 30 South Fourth Street.

AFFETUOSO.

Sym:

Des - - tin'd by fate, Far from thee to dwell, Deep with re-

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gret, Sounds my last fare - well, Sounds my last fare - well:

Wide seas must part me, From my love so true; Still shall my

heart be Still sin - cere to you, Still sincere to you.

II.

Still must I languish,
From thy charms apart,
Rack'd with the anguish
Of a fearful heart:
Yet I will cherish
Hope for thy dear sake;
For if hope should perish,
My poor heart would break.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

A CONVERSATION ABOUT BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

BY MRS. HALE.

"I am tired to death, with these grave essays on education," said Ellen Marvin, as she laid down a periodical which contained a long and somewhat prosy editorial. "Why," she continued, "cannot we sit here, around this veritable *table*, and talk over the new publications, and discuss plans of improvement, and sometimes illustrate these dry subjects by a lively anecdote or story? I think it of importance to interest the fancy and feelings when we would make people remember the facts we teach."

"Well, we can make the attempt," said the schoolmaster, smiling, as was his wont, when he saw Ellen display her enthusiasm a little too warmly. "Our age is the era of experiments; we may as well try something new now and then; so to begin—what particular subject shall we now discuss?"

"I see there is a variety of poems both printed and in manuscript, on the table," said Ellen. "I should like to hear your opinion on this question—why, when the poetical spirit is so predominant among us, is there so little really *good* poetry produced?"

"Because our poets, or most of them, resign all originality of thought, all expression of genuine feeling to the authorities, models and mannerisms of the British poets," replied the schoolmaster. "Americans have imitated, and they suffer the penalty of all imitators—what is really excellent in their productions is usually set down as plagiarisms, and their feeblest efforts are cited when their own creative genius is to be exemplified."

"But do not all the modern British poets study the eminent writers, and model their own productions after these classic models?" inquired Mrs. Marvin.

"Certainly," returned the schoolmaster—"and our own countrymen should, in a degree, do this also. The manner and form of poetry may be learned by the study of the best writers; the soul, the substance, must be imparted by the author himself. What I mean is, that *truth* in the sentiment, is essential to excellence in poetry; for nothing is *good* that is not *true*. Now we have a new world, a government formed on or greatly modified by new principles of the rights of man; and social life here exhibits new and peculiar features. When our poets write as Americans, as republicans; when they write *truth in sentiment*, that is, describe as they see and feel, the appearances of nature around us; when they exemplify the conditions of actual life here, as Burns did in 'Caledonia;'—when they paint human thought, feeling, passions, pursuits as exhibited in our own country, or as they contrast with actual life in other countries, then we shall have *original* poetry."

"I believe it was the remark of some great critic, that no poet was equal to his poems," said Ellen; "if it be so, fancy must predominate over the sober understanding in such compositions."

"In a degree certainly," returned the schoolmaster. "True poetry always has a tendency to elevate whatever emotion it awakens—still, it must do this in accordance with experience and analogy. It must have good sense for its basis, and the exaltation of sentiment it calls forth must flow from the high moral *aim* of the poet; and not from the lofty language he may use, or the harmonious versification he may attain. In short, there must be *reason* as well as *rhyme* to constitute poetry; and now, let us see whether we can find any articles in the mass of MSS. before us, worthy of a place in the Lady's Book. What shall we say to

OUR CORRESPONDENTS?"

"Oh! say," replied Ellen, "that we could never insert the half that is sent us, though we filled the 'Book' with poetry. So the writers must be thankful if we give the titles of their articles a place."

"I have marked these for insertion, whenever we shall have room," said the schoolmaster—"enter them on the list of *accepted*," viz.—"*Rock Island*." "*The Duchess of Musseldorf*." "*The Fairy Sentence*." "*The Lilly and the Rose*."

"Are those all?" said Ellen. "Why, there are no poems here."

"Very true," returned the schoolmaster—"but you see I have laid by a number of poems for further examination. Now for the *rejected*. Pray read the titles?"

Ellen read the list as follows:—"*Ossian's Soliloquy*." "*A Sketch*." "*The Bereft*." "*A Dirge*." "*Song*."—"*A Forecastle Tale*." "*The Lost Child*." "*Niagara*." "*There is a Heaven*." "*Flowers of Mutability*." "*The Step-Mother, &c.*" "*To a Lady in the Cherokee Nation*." "*The Hindoo Maid*." "*To Caroline*."

"I think the last stanza of this poem is quite a prettily turned compliment to the writer's lady love," said Ellen, as she read it aloud.

"How quiet all things are!—no sound
Save yonder tinkling rill;—
And even *its* faint murmuring,
Doth make it seem more still!
And yet, though I love quietness,
Though solitude is dear;
I would that thou wert here, dear girl!
I would that thou wert here!"

"And now what is to be done with the remaining MSS?"

"Oh, lay them by till next month," said the schoolmaster. "We must look over the new publications, and give a few short notices."

"Take this large work first," said Ellen,—"DR. MOTT'S TRAVELS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST.—It looks like a readable book."

"Excellent print it is," said the schoolmaster, "and that circumstance would sell the edition. But it has much interest for the American public on several accounts; its author is one of our most eminent surgeons, and throughout the book he displays that devotion to his professional pursuits which will insure the respect of his medical brethren; and then he shows himself to be a man of truly Christian principles, and thoroughly imbued with American sentiments. Thus far we can give unqualified praise to the work. The style is not quite perfect; there is too much straining for effect, especially in the introduction. But these faults we will leave to be dissected by those who delight in the slashing style. There is a very interesting account of King Otho and his lovely Queen, and a charming sketch of the daughter of Bozzaris, which our young ladies will admire. The *sentiment* of the work is, throughout, good and pure, and the many friends of the author

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will, no doubt, be glad to have this solid memento of his various wanderings; and *Carey and Hart* will find a ready sale for the book."

"Here is another work from the same publishers—*Psychology, or Elements of a New System of Mental Philosophy, on the Basis of Consciousness and Common Sense*," said Ellen.

"Ah, yes,"—replied the schoolmaster, "it is the work of the Rev. Dr. Schmucker—a man of deep thought and fervent piety. I am glad to find this awakened attention to the operations and powers of the mind; where, as in this case, the writer seems to have studied mental phenomena with attention. But his system, like those of Locke, Reid, Stewart, and the German philosophers, is involved in much obscurity; and the terms employed to express ideas, though doubtless clear to the writer, will not, we fear, always be lucid to the reader. Yet every effort to understand the nature of the immortal spirit in man and how to train and exercise it, deserves encouragement in this age of physical experiments and improvements."

"I hope you will find time to study it, Ellen," said Mrs. Marvin.

"When I have finished reading this delightful work—*Repertoire de Litterature Francaise*. I hope you like this melange," said Ellen.

"I have looked it over with much interest," replied the schoolmaster, "and feel much indebted to the publishers, Messrs. Gihon & Fairchild, for such a really useful work. For those who wish to understand something of French literature from its origin, it will be a treasure.

"It has been a subject of complaint that we have been accustomed to look upon English literature as alone worthy of our attention. We have all indeed *heard the names* of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. But how much has been revealed to the English reader of the works which constitute the foundation of the French language; *their* Chaucers, Hollinsheds, and others, whom in our own tongue we regard as the very pioneers to the genius of Spenser and of Shakspeare! In this work we find an attempt, unsatisfactory it is true, but still some effort to convey to us the information that French literature is not confined to the few bright minds with whose names we have been made so familiar by the declamations of French reviewers. We trust, however, that the compiler of the present volume is sensible of its incompleteness, and that we shall have an addition embracing the character and productions of Madame De Stael, Madame Cottin, and some of the fine letter-writing of the ladies of the age of Louis the 15th, the only true literature of that day. It is to be hoped that in a supplement we shall find nothing left to wish for.—What is the title of that neat looking little book?"

"Ahasuerus. *A Poem. By a Virginian*," said Ellen. "Printed in the best style of the Harpers, and just the size for a pretty gift book."

"It certainly deserves favour from the religious world," said the schoolmaster: "for the sentiments are deeply imbued with the spirit of pure religion. That its author is a young man of high standing in society, who is 'not studying for the ministry,' is an additional recommendation. Some of the descriptions are sublime and awful to a painful degree; and there are passages of great beauty and pathos. The conclusion, where the stricken Jew bows in penitence, acknowledges his Saviour and is forgiven, is finely imagined, and powerfully depicted. There are some faults, to be sure, in the poem, but its merits greatly predominate, and it will not die."

"Here is another poetical work, which has reached its second edition—*The Patapsco, and other Poems—by Charles Soran*," said Ellen.

"It is a pity they have spoiled so much good paper," said the schoolmaster. "The author has the poetic feeling strong, but he has not yet had leisure or opportunities of cultivating his taste. There are bright gleams of fancy and great ease of versification in the poems, but they seem to have been written, as Handy Andy set about his work, without exactly knowing what was to be done next; and the first thought that presented itself was, whether congruous or not, adopted."

"Here is the prospectus for the *Poet's Magazine*, to be published in Albany, by E. G. Squier," said Ellen.

"I am glad to hear it," said the schoolmaster; "I hope many of our poetical correspondents will send their favors to that work. The Editor will find no difficulty in obtaining contributions—but to select and revise—that is the trial. We wish him success."

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Physiology for Schools: By Reynell Coates, M. D. E. H. Butler. Philadelphia, 1842.

Dr. Coates has treated this interesting branch of science in an easy, familiar, and at the same time eminently skilful way. Avoiding the dull formality of mere technical description, he has made his work attractive to the young by infusing into it the charm of novelty—by introducing various analogies—by making his illustrations clear, concise, and obvious; and by adopting a style which, while it is free from all affectation, does not degenerate into puerility.

Popular Technology, or Professions and Trades. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, 1842. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

Mr. Edward Hazen, the author of this treatise, is well known by a series of well-digested school books, which bear his name. In these volumes he has described with great clearness, the various trades and professions usually pursued in this country, mingling with the mere description, such facts, as properly belong to the subjects considered. The work cannot fail to be useful.

Narrative of an Expedition to the Polar Seas. By Admiral Ferdinand Wrageli, of the Russian Navy. Harper & Brothers, 1841. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

All the expeditions which have been undertaken to discover a Northwest passage, have been surrounded by circumstances of great interest. The importance of the object—the boldness of the efforts—the strangeness of the adventures—have imparted to all the narratives a degree of unusual interest, which this one fully shares. Besides, the countries and the people therein described are more varied, and less known, than those portrayed by the English navigators, who have given their observations to the public.

Life of Richard Cœur de Lion. 2 vols. J. & H. Langly. New York, 1842.

These volumes show great research. As might be supposed from the nature of the subject, they are deeply interesting not only to the cursory reader, but to the student of history. To the latter they open various sources of information, which may be explored with great benefit.

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History of Philosophy. From the French, by C. S. Henry, D. D. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, N. Y. 1842. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

An epitome of this kind has long been desirable. The larger works on kindred topics are for the most part ponderous, and inaccessible to the general reader. In this the arrangement is lucid, and the descriptions brief, clear and pithy.

Essays on Property and Labour. By Francis Lieber. Harper & Brothers, 1842. Carey & Hart, Philada.

The views embodied in these essays are sensible, straightforward and well founded. We wish that a knowledge of the principles it inculcates, and the lessons it teaches, were more generally diffused among the quacks who now-a-days practise legislation on subjects of vital importance, without comprehending their plainest elements.

Select Poems. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. pp. 324.

The circumstance that this selection has reached its fourth edition, is a sufficient evidence of its popularity. As its esteemed author is one of the Editors of our "Book," we rejoice that her work needs no eulogy. It is sufficient for our readers to learn through our pages, that this work is elegantly got up, with several beautiful engravings. It is a volume every lady will prize as evidence of the genius and the purity of female literary influence. Published by E. C. Biddle: Philadelphia. 1842.

Report of the Patapsco Female Institute.

Among the many excellent schools for the instruction of young ladies, which our country affords, we would call the attention of parents to one lately placed under the care of *Mrs. Lincoln Phelps*—a lady whose literary reputation, as well as her signal success as a teacher of youth, are well known. We rejoice to see that the noble state, where was first established the broad and just principles of freedom of conscience and equal rights to all religious sects, is taking effective steps for the advancement of female education. It is true, as the "Report" says—

"Maryland is so situated in relation to both the north and south, that it will, doubtless, hereafter, exercise an important influence over the future destinies of our country. The children of the south, owing to existing causes, are not, as much as formerly, sent to the north for their education; and it becomes, therefore, highly important that schools of a high character shall be established in the southern states." And then the liberal plans to be pursued cannot fail of rendering this Institute popular. The Principal disclaims the intention of any sectarian policy,—the officers and teachers are of various religious denominations, who will together form one Christian family. The following sentiments show the good sense of the principal, Mrs. Phelps, and will secure the approval of every judicious parent.—

"*Moral Influence.*—Though we speak of a liberal education, we have no intention of tolerating any neglect of feminine duties or accomplishments. We would not sacrifice to intellectual improvement any of the moral and domestic virtues which purify and sweeten life, and render woman a blessing and an ornament to society. We believe that a cultivated intellect, unconnected with an amiable disposition, good principles, and a feminine regard to taste and decorum, must ever lead to disgusting pedantry, and pernicious extravagance in principle and conduct."

This excellent seminary is situated in the vicinity of Ellicott's Mills, about ten miles from Baltimore. Success attend it.

The Lady's Musical Library.—We cannot too frequently nor too strongly commend this publication to the attention of our readers. It is one to which every lady who has a piano should subscribe, not only on account of its eminent cheapness, but also on account of its intrinsic worth. The original music it contains is prepared for it by the most distinguished composers; and its selections, made by the Editor, Mr. Jarvis, a most excellent and successful pianist, are of the choicest kind. And the manner in which it is done up is also highly attractive. The sheets are of the same size as the usual Piano music; the music is executed with remarkable accuracy, and upon paper of such a quality that it maintains its position on the music stand—which all ladies know to be a desirable quality.

The three numbers thus far published, contain thirty-four distinct pieces of music, arranged for the piano, embracing Songs, Waltzes, Quadrilles, Marches, Quick Steps, Galopades, &c. Among these are original Songs by Gen. Morris, Dr. Mitchell, Professor Walter, C. West Thompson, and others; and original music by C. E. Horn, Herwig, Knoop, Mitchell, Rudolph, Homann, Knight, and other skilful composers. We copy from the March number an exquisite ballad by Dr. Mitchell, the music of which is as sweet and plaintive as the words. The accompanying note explains the circumstances under which it was written.

I'VE WAITED LONG.

I've waited long, but not in vain,
  Though youth and health are gone,
And days of sorrow, nights of pain,
  Have found me still alone:
I've waited long for thee! and now
  Thou comest back to me,
With sorrow on thy furrowed brow,
  A wreck from fortune's sea.

But welcome still thou broken one,
  Tho' nothing's left of thee,
But that fair name and thrilling tone,
  So dear of yore to me;
Tho' gone the flush of love's young day,
  His calmer light will come,
To shed a purer, softer ray,
  On sorrow's stainless home.

Thou could'st not know in brighter days,
  How all my heart was thine;
It is when suns have ceased to blaze,
  That spotless planets shine;
Then let the world frown on, since thou
  Art true to love and me,
And I will fan thy fever'd brow,
  And be the world to thee.

My Dear M'Michael—According to your request, I send you the song, and the music to which I made it. In composing a song I always fall into a strain, which, according to accident, is original or recollected. The one I now send you is a simple original air, which, on account of the singularity of its source, may please some of your subscribers of that sex whose virtues, so often witnessed in my professional pursuits, I take great pleasure in holding up to imitation.

Sitting up one gloomy winter night with a poor gentleman who returned, after a long absence, to finish his sickly remainder of life in an impoverished home, I heard the tale of early love, long deferred hope, and disastrous fortunes, which I have told with more than poetic truth in the simple verses now sent to you. The good being who waited, welcomed and watched, has faithfully performed her promise, and he whom she loved in absence and unto death, departed to a happier world, blessing with his last accents, the angel hand of tireless and disinterested affection.

Truly yours,

J. K. Mitchell.

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FAMILY DEVOTION—MORNING

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Printed by R. Preston

Engraved by A. L. Luck.

FAMILY DEVOTION — EVENING

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

MAY 1842.

FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

BY MRS. HALE.

(See Plates.)

MORNING.

As falls the bright, life-giving light
Of Summer's fervid hour
On queenly rose and sheltered bud,
That hail and bless its power;
So doth the sun of heavenly hope
Shed down its cheering rays,
When for the cherished household group
The sire and husband prays.

In trusting faith's deep, tender tones
The sacred page is read,
While peace, as from a seraph's smile,
O'er the sweet scene is shed;
And Love's fond eye and open ear
Are waiting tone and look,
And childhood's happy heart is taught
To prize the precious Book.

What fount of strength, what draught of joy
That morn's devotion yields!
It girds the soul with righteousness,
Or from temptation shields;
It adds the pearl of priceless worth
Where life's rich gifts abound,
And scatters flowers of Paradise
The lowliest home around.

EVENING.

When Autumn rules the fading year,
Should gentle rains descend,
Fresh, spring-like verdure decks the ground,
And flowers and fruitage blend;
And thus o'er life's pale autumn days
Let showers of grace be shed;
A holier charm than youth is seen
Around the hoary head.

What moral power, what manly grace
Departing years may bring,
When the lov'd *father* takes his place
As prophet, priest and king!
His voice unfolds the holy Word,
While, reverent by his side,
His children and their children come
At evening's peaceful tide.

The might, the majesty of man,
His glory would ye know,
Seek not the hero's battle-field,
The monarch's gorgeous show;
But see him when with God his soul
Communeth morn and even,
And leadeth on his household band,
In love and faith, to heaven.

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WILTON HARVEY.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1842, by C. M. Sedgwick, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

THE CONFESSION.

"And God, not we, has plagued the bloody deed."

The several female tenants of Ross's house were assembled in the dying man's room, ready, as is usual on such occasions, to leave every other concern, to lavish attentions when attentions can be of no avail. "I am r'ally afeard you have come too late, sir," said John's mother, Mrs. Rice; "it's such a pity, for he was in the dreadfullest twitter to see you."

"Is he asleep?" asked Stanley, in a voice that brought every eye in the room upon him.

"No—it is not nat'ral sleep—it's a stupor-like, that comes on afore death. He'll go with the turning of the tide—don't you think so, Miss Sally?"

"Yes, ma'am," responded the ancient dame appealed to, "they most generally do."

"Ross!—Ross!"—screamed Stanley in the old man's ear, in a voice of agony.

"It's no kind of use, sir—don't you see he hears no more than the bed-post. It's a pity, for I never see a man in such a taking to see another as he was to see you."

"Good heaven! Why was I not sooner sent for?"

"It's the lawyer to make his will!" whispered one observer.

"I guess he expects to heir him," said another.

"Why, Mr. Gretton," replied Mrs. Rice, "nobody knew as he wanted to see you till an hour ago—don't you think it's an hour, Miss Sally?"

"Pretty nearly that, ma'am—something more than three quarters."

"I see," resumed Mrs. Rice, "when I came in this morning to look at him he was agoing, and when the dispensary doctor that visits the widow lady in the third story came down stairs I asked him just to step into the old gentleman's room—I think it was about eight, wasn't it, Miss Sally?"

"I judge it was, ma'am, somewhere about eight."

"He was then mighty oneasy, a turning his head first one way and then the other, and a picking the bed-clothes, and he didn't seem to take any notice, and says I to the doctor, 'don't you think he is agoing doctor,' and says the doctor to me, says he, 'very fast, Mrs. Rice;' at that the old gentleman opened his eyes and lifted up his head and tried to speak, but we could not no way make out what he said—the doctor said, 'maybe he wants a lawyer;' but, says I, 'sir, I'm sure he don't, for he had a smart young lawyer here two nights ago, and a notary, and Johnny and I was called in to witness the will, and he was then as much himself as he ever is;' he is always odd, you know, Miss Sally?"

"Yes ma'am, inclining that way."

All this while Stanley was bending in unutterable agony over the old man. Death was extinguishing his just rekindled hope of solving the mystery that hung over his father's fate. He heard nothing of the old woman's gossip till the lawyer was spoken of; and he then asked Mrs. Rice if she knew him.

"No sir, I can't say I just do, but I mistrust it's the same person I have met two or three times coming out of the old gentleman's room, but he always held his cloak up over his mouth, and pulled his hat down over his eyes—but I am sure of the step—a kind of a long, firm, military step. This young man has a black eye that looks right into a body, and the prettiest head of hair I a'most ever saw, so black and curly—and he lets a little of his beard grow on his upper lip—it's as black as a coal—it don't look so bad for all, though it's rather a nasty fashion—don't you think so, Miss Sally?"

"*Yes ma'am*," replied Miss Sally, giving for once in her life a direct, unmitigated affirmation.

"Clavers, no doubt," thought Stanley, "but how is he bound up with this old man?—how this old man with my father's fate?" What he felt on the brink of a discovery for which he had ardently longed all his life, and over which the grave was about to close for ever, is indescribable. He kept his fingers on the dying man's pulse; every beat seemed to him perceptibly feebler, his jaw had fallen, his breath came pantingly. "He can't stand it much longer," said Mrs. Rice, wiping his brows, "he's been in this cold sweat since nine o'clock—his breath grows shorter—don't it appear so to you, Miss Sally?"

"I was a thinking it did, ma'am."

"And he will die, and make no sign," thought Stanley. "Oh merciful God, rekindle this dying spark! Is it not possible," he asked, turning to the women, "that we might force something down his throat—something to revive him, wine or brandy?"

"We can try," replied Mrs. Rice; "the doctor left him a cordial, but it quackled him so the last time I gave it to him, that says I to Miss Sally we won't worry him again."

"Give it to me," said Stanley. The vial was brought and he poured all its contents into a wine glass, and applied it to the dying man's lips. The

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muscles about his mouth slowly contracted, his jaw moved, his lips came together, and he swallowed. Stanley kept the glass to his lips till every drop was gone. In a few moments there was an evident change, a stronger pulsation, a better respiration, and after a little time he opened his glazed eyes, but he saw nothing. There was a general buz about the bed. Stanley laid his hand on Ross's arm, shuddering as he did so, and said in a low, tremulous voice, "I am here—Stanley Gretton—can't you speak to me?" Ross grasped Stanley's hand with both his and uttered a feeble exclamation. "My good friends," said Stanley, "leave me alone with him—go instantly—no delay, I beseech you. Now, Ross, we are alone; you sent me my father's ring—do you know how he came by his death?" Ross attempted to reply, but the sounds he uttered were unintelligible, and most horrible. "Was he murdered?—are you his murderer, Ross? For God's sake speak—say yes or no." Again Ross attempted to speak, but there was a rattling in his throat, and no utterance. He then moved his hand feebly, and seemed feeling for something, but too weak to direct his arm. Stanley thrust his own arm beneath the pillow and drew out a small parcel directed to himself. "Thank God!" he exclaimed. Ross groaned, grasped Stanley's arm with a convulsive motion, and cried out in the impotent voice of a man in a nightmare, "Mercy!"

"God have mercy on you!" exclaimed Stanley, involuntarily recoiling and shaking him off. The old man fell back, once feebly gasped, and was dead. Stanley rushed out of the room, passed Mrs. Rice and Miss Sally who were standing remarkably near the key-hole, and ordered the coachman to drive him home. When there, locked in his own room, he stood as if transfixed with the unsealed parcel in his hands. The space between that moment and the day of his father's death seemed annihilated. Again he saw his mother, in all the wretchedness of fainting hope, and growing fear; again he beheld the faces of the friends who thronged about them with eager, distressful and unavailing curiosity and sympathy, and now he held in his hand the solution of the secret. His heart beat audibly, a blur came over his eyes, and his whole frame shook as if he were in an ague. He laid down the parcel, walked up and down the room, and ejaculating a prayer for courage and composure, he broke the seals and read the following narrative in Ross's almost illegible autograph:

"Mr. Gretton:—I have a story to tell you—and little strength—and very little time to tell it in. I meant to have told it by word of mouth, but courage failed me till now, when I am so near death, that I fear not man, nor what man can do to me. God will settle all.

"I worked on your father's house when it was a-building in Vesey-street. I was a hard-working man, and he took notice of me, and praised up my industry. Property was a rising in the city, and he advised me to take advantage of the times and buy a lot and build. He said it was a pretty speculation for me, and a sure one. Till then I was a contented man. I had a little more than I spent, and enough to eat and drink and wear—I and mine. But from that time, I was always a feeling that I got my money by the hardest, working for it while everybody was growing rich by speculating. Well; one day says your father, 'Ross, would not you like to be able to educate your children, and have them better off than you are?' That was the probe that went to my heart. I had but one son, my Jemmy, and I did love him as words can't tell, and I thought it would be a fine thing to see him a person, and not the poor ignorant man I was. And your father offered to lend me money and take a mortgage, and in an evil hour for him and for me, I took the money and bought a lot in Cherry-street, and built a house. For awhile I paid the interest, and kept the debt down, but then there was an unlucky turn, my wife took sick, we went behind-hand every way, and then it was, when my head was confused with troubles, that I found my debt swelled up with compound interest. I thought this wa'nt fair play. I saw your father making money, hand over hand, his very words turned into gold—I came home from his office and thought it over day and night, and brooded on't and brooded on't, till—God help me, I believe I was not in my right mind—I thought it had all been a plan of his from the beginning to snarl me up in that mortgage, and heap interest on interest, and so to take away my little to pour into his cup that was already running over. The very roof over my head seemed to cry out on his injustice. Oh the poor man's temptations!—the poor man's temptations, Mr. Gretton!—but God will settle all!

"My wife died and left me alone in the house with Jemmy, and as often as I looked at the boy, I felt my disappointment cutting in deeper and deeper, till one night [illegible]med I had got the mortgage without payin[illegible]—and the dream came to pass!

"Your father appointed N[illegible]ear's day to bring up the mortgage to my house, and look at the premises, and take a payment and talk over matters.

"One of my neighbours, pitying Jemmy's lonely condition, with me that was no company for him, took him home to pass the holiday, and I was alone with my evil thoughts. Your father came. It was just in the edge of the evening. I lighted a lamp, and your father took out the mortgage, and sat down by the table with his back to me. There it was! I thought as I looked over his shoulder at the paper, it would make me a free man and the house my own—and I have worked hard enough for it, and he never a stroke—I gave him but one blow. Oh God!—oh God! it was that blow that struck the peace out of my soul for ever and for ever!

"I tried every way to bring him to, but he grew cold, and stiff and heavy in my hands. I've never got the feeling off me yet. In my dreams I am at it, a rubbing and rubbing and breathing into his lips, and he a growing colder and colder

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"Well—well—I took out his watch and pocket-book, and the ring off his finger, and I dragged him down into my cellar, and made a handsome mahogany coffin, and covered it with a rough box, and I wrapped his cloak decent about him, and folded his hands on his breast, and laid the watch and pocketbook between the coffin and the box—there was money in it, but I did not count it nor touch it—afore God I say it, it had been the thought of righting myself and not wronging him that set me on.

"*I did not bring Jemmy home that night.*

"When I went for him the next morning, the people looked at me as if I was not company for the boy. They offered to keep him, and I was glad to leave the desolate child. I went back to my task. All day while the town was astir, looking for him that was lying dead before me, I was at my work, a digging,—digging deep with no sound but my spade, and the ringing in my ears that's been there ever since.

"Well! I made a finish and put back my carpenter's-bench over the spot, and there, where I had spent many a happy day à whistling at my work, my hair turned gray, and before spring came, them that had known me best, did not know me as I passed them in the street!

"Well! it was all for Jemmy, and the minute it was done, my first thought was, my boy is the child of a *murderer!* and every time I looked at him and all night as I lay by him, he asleeping sweetly, that horrid thought was uppermost. I could not live so, and I laid out a plan to save him, and turned it over and over till I worked it out.

"Time and strength fail me. Well! as if to make matters easy for me, I received a letter from my only brother twenty years older than I, a half brother he was, my only known relation. He was living in Baltimore. The letter informed me he was near death, and asked me to come to him. I went. I found he had lived the life of a miser, and that he had heaps of riches—poor man. He was a Roman Catholic. He gave a large sum to the priest to buy masses for his soul, and all the rest to me for Jemmy, 'to bear up our name handsome in the world,' he said. Oh, could I but have filled your father's grave with the money, and brought him back to life—but the past *is* past; let every man mark that before he loads the present with evil deeds. We had a lawyer and everything done conformably, but there were stores of gold hidden in the house that he only told me of at the last pinch—the love of money was bred in the bone of us!

"Well, the idea took me that I might get ease by turning Catholic—and so I partly confessed to the priest, but he was a good man and would not deceive me, and I came away as heavy as I went.

"Well! I had heard while I was gone of a Catholic school in Maryland. I came home, and dressed Jemmy up in good fashion and took him to that school. I called him *Augustine Clavers.* I told them he had been nursed by my wife, and we had called him our child, and that money for his support and education would be sent through me. I bade them spare nothing. Well! I took leave of him. He called me father for the last time. Oh, the curse of guilt is heavy to bear!

"Mr. Gretton, I have done you the little justice in my power. You will find the money due on the mortgage, with the interest and compound interest, deposited to your credit in the Merchant's Bank. I have got A. C. to promise me to leave this house untenanted next six months, that it may have a thorough repair in midsummer—he thinks I love the place!

"The key enclosed in this parcel is the key to the back entrance to my cellar, so that you will have opportunity privately to remove your father's remains. I do not ask privacy of you to spare the dead, but God's mercy in your heart may incline you to spare the living.

"You now know all. You know why I lost my senses as it were, in your office, (your father's office!) last May-day. Since then I've never driv a nail. I've seen *him.* I know he's prospering, but it's no comfort to me. I can't call him Jemmy—he's not my child—a murderer cannot be a father—other men's blessings are curses to him, a living fear here, an endless misery hereafter. You may wonder that I have told you all the truth, for sure it is I would live over all the ages of misery I have endured since that night rather than he should know I am his father. I could not die without telling you all—the burden was too heavy on my soul. JOHN ROSS."

Immediately after finishing the manuscript, Stanley, with characteristic considerateness, despatched a note to his sister informing her that he had been called away by business of some importance, but which need not give her the slightest anxiety on his account. This done, he yielded to a burst of grief for the fate of his father. He seemed but now to have lost him and to have lost him by means so horrible. With his sacred filial sorrow there mingled no vindictiveness against the miserable worker of this evil—the wretched suffering victim of ignorance and cupidity. Stanley pitied and forgave him. In relation to the dead, his feelings were bright and peaceful, but when he turned his thoughts to the living, there was conflict and confusion.

Could he passively permit the son of his father's murderer to enter his family—to wed the woman he loved better than life! Could he silently submit to see the sources of his happiness for ever poisoned? and yet,—dare he overwhelm an innocent man with disgrace and misery—blast him for ever!—Was there not some medium way, some compromise of Christian mercy with self-preservation? Should he tell Clavers and promise to keep the secret from all the world besides, on the condition of his relinquishing all pretension to his cousin?—Was not this course suggested to give a free course to his own suppressed hope?—well then, he would bind himself by a secret vow never to profit by this

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advantage,—anything would be better than being allied to the son of Ross. While he was struggling with these opposing impulses, he heard Clavers' footstep on the stairs, followed by his hasty knock. Stanley thrust Ross's letter into his desk and opened the door. His face and agitation would have struck any one not absorbed with his own emotions; but Clavers was conscious of nothing beyond himself.

"I have much to say to you, Gretton," he began. "I think you are my friend, and you are my only one, for the circumstances that left me independent have made me solitary. Your uncle informs me that he has imparted to you my communication to him. I am glad of it. I meant to have told you myself, but it is not an agreeable subject, and I do not care to dwell upon it. I do not know whether nature or circumstances have made me a reserved man—that I am so, is certain—one must have faith in man to be frank. As you are aware, Gretton, my life has been wrapped in mystery, and I have been dogged by doubt and mistrust—sorry companions; all hope, all fear of clearing up the mystery is now past for ever. The only person that, as far as I know, had the key to it, is dead. I could never persuade him to give me a ray of light. Such secrecy has not been preserved without a strong motive. My own belief is, that it has been to shelter the frailty of some woman who stands fair and high in the world's estimation. Am I not probably right?"

Stanley stammered and made no intelligible reply.

Clavers bit his lips and proceeded.

"You are not yet in possession of all the facts. Last week the person to whom I have alluded, and through whom I have received my supplies, being near death—he died this morning—sent for me, and conveyed to me property he held in trust for me, to the amount of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—but, in heaven's name, what ails you, Gretton?"

Stanley, unable to suppress his nervous agitation, was walking up and down the room.

"I am intruding—you have affairs of your own! I forgot that mine, so excessively interesting to me, may have little importance in your eyes."

"Go on, I beseech you, Clavers, go on. I have affairs of my own on my mind that perplex me, I confess it, but I am deeply interested in yours."

'Ah, he knows his uncle's concerns are desperate,' thought Clavers; "thank you, Stanley," he said, "God knows I am not apt to be over communicative. You already know why I went to Paris, and why I staid there. I am a man of few purposes, but steady to those I form. From the moment you introduced me to your cousin, she has been the star by which I have shaped my course—the ruling motive of my life. If I win her, I win all—if I lose her I lose all. Ambition, I confess, at first mingled with my love,—my position was uncertain, hers high, and apparently secure. But the tables are changed, and I rejoice at it—it suits me better to confer than to receive."

Stanley's brow suddenly contracted, and his whole aspect expressed a mingled pride and disgust.

Clavers rose. "In God's name, Gretton," he asked, "what have I said to displease you?"

"I have not my mind at command this morning, Clavers—you must pardon me—go on, I beseech you."

"You must be aware, Stanley, that your uncle's house cannot stand this crisis—he has gone too deeply into speculation, and his heavy responsibilities must break him down. You, of course do not hear them, but there are already rumours of his failure—fail he must, do you not think so?"

"I fear it."

"You may then imagine my joy, my exultation at this critical moment, at being able to offer Grace a refuge from the storm—not only security, but independence. This ability inspires me with courage. I have feared this girl more than all the powers and principalities of earth. I do not yet understand her—she piques my curiosity and startles my pride. Her reserve accords with my taste, and my own nature; but she is not constant in this; she has sudden bursts of frankness that are at variance with her general disposition; thaws in January. She reminds me of the lady in the Fairy tale, who lived in a castle surrounded by insurmountable walls which, when the whim took her, she could dissolve by a spell. Her indolent fine-lady air sometimes goes off like an exhalation, and she is then as impulsive as a child; but I suppose all women are made up of these contrarieties; only there are few of them that we care to study."

It was curious to see how Stanley's impatience was subdued as he listened to this analysis of the lady of his heart—how all other emotions were merged in that most powerful.

"I told you I was afraid of Grace Harvey," resumed Clavers; "I am. I have never been able to bring myself to an explanation with her. Her aunt is my fast friend—not confidante, I do not fancy such wares. I have her father's concurrence. Her own manners to me are certainly not repulsive. I am not sanguine, but as far as I can judge, there is no one, yourself excepted, Gretton, and you, of course, as her cousin, as acceptable as myself. She was so animated, so very lovely this morning, that I was on the point of an explicit avowal, when you opened the door, and she, a little bewildered, gathered up some rose-leaves she had strewn about her, and escaped to her own room, as I thought, to hide the agitation she shared with me; but I may be in error, and my resolution stands, to wait till the storm bursts that is gathering over her, that I may avail myself of all the chances of war that fortune seems willing to lend me. Now, Gretton, I have lain open my heart to you, as I once believed I could not to any man. I am sure I have your good-will, and if need be, I shall have your good word?"

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"No, Clavers—never. I must be honest with you. I have not asked or sought your confidence, and surely I am not committed by it. I never can forward your suit to my cousin—she ought to act independent of any suggestions but those of her own heart, and she will."

Clavers looked at Stanley as if he would penetrate his soul; but he replied as if no distrust were excited.

"Certainly she ought, and will; but Gretton, you know when the scale is turning a feather will make it preponderate—a kind wish, and that I am sure you will give me!"

Stanley's gravity did not relax—"I promise nothing," he said.

"Well, my dear fellow, you are not in your best humour this morning. I hope half the failing merchants in town are plaguing you with their business. You look ill, Stanley—upon my soul you do. Let me send your physician to you?"

"No, no! I am not ill—thank Heaven he is gone," exclaimed Stanley, as Clavers, departing, shut the door after him. "I could not have borne it any longer."

He had in truth been too long stretched on the rack. When he failed to answer to the tea-bell, little Adela came to his room, and frightened by his burning hand and throbbing temples, she privately despatched a messenger for Mary. Mary came and sent for a physician; and he, ignorant of the cause of the excitement, prescribed bleeding and calomel, which, combining with Stanley's mental agitation and cruel anxieties produced a real disease that confined him at the critical period when the full possession of his powers was most desirable to him.

But what would they avail him—everything seemed working in a happy issue for Clavers. He had been induced to make his communication to Stanley, partly by that thirst there is in every human breast for sympathy; and partly to obviate a danger he merely thought possible, of Stanley's rivalship. The homely adage "set a thief to catch a thief," explains some suspicions that had dawned on his mind; but he knew how to count on the action of his generous nature, and he believed Stanley would not think it right to interfere with the great superiority of fortune he had to offer—so important to the Harveys at the present juncture of their affairs.

But on this head he miscalculated. Marriage was too sacred in Stanley's eyes to be decided by fortune or the want of it. He would as soon have trafficked with his soul as have made fortune any consideration in asking for the heart of the woman he loved, or a make-weight in the offer of his own. The two men were of different orders.

Clavers in his relation of his intercourse with the old man on the subject of his parentage, had told the truth, but not the whole truth. He suppressed the fact that in reply to his vehement and often renewed instances, Ross had finally entreated him for his own sake to desist, and left him with the impression that the discovery would be any thing but agreeable to him.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

LAY OF A BROKEN LYRE.

BY P. KENYON KILBOURN.

"My lyre is old, and half its chords are broken,
Yet will I try its tones once more."——*Mrs. Hemans.*

Since manhood's schemes are all unholy,
'Twere sweet to die in life's green spring,
While yet the heart is pure and lowly,
And love's bright dreams are on the wing.
'Twere sweet, 'twere sweet, to leave untasted
The dregs of life—its want and woe—
And go, with all its wealth unwasted,
Where streams and founts immortal flow.

The sweetest rose-buds seldom blossom
In this our bleak, ungenial clime;
Too frail to bloom on earth's cold bosom,
They droop and wither ere their prime.
The gifted and the good are dying—
The pure of heart—the fair of form—
And blighted hopes are round us lying,
Like flower-leaves scattered by the storm.

We see the beautiful departing,
And sigh, and say the last farewell;
The quivering lip—the tear-drop starting,
The anguish of our spirits tell.
Yet o'er the gushing fount of sorrow
A thousand sun-bright angels stand,
To tell us that upon the morrow
We meet them in the silent land!

We part—we pledge the farewell token,
And joy and hope blend with our pain;
But the trusting heart, once crushed and broken,
Ah! will it e'er revive again?
The blown-out lamp may be relighted,
The spring earth's blossoms may restore,
But the buds of early love once blighted,
They bloom no more—they bloom no more!

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THE PETRIFIED PIPER.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

CHAPTER I.

WHO THE PIPER WAS.

IRISH legends almost invariably remind me of the field of Waterloo. When our tourists rushed, *en masse*, to behold the spot on which the destinies of Europe had been decided, they exhibited the usual relic-hunting and relic-buying mania. Bullets and helmet ornaments, rusty pistols and broken swords, buttons and spurs, and such things were soon disposed of, while of the tourists it might be said, as of the host from Dunsinane, "The cry is still, they come!" So the demand exceeding the supply, the Belgian peasantry began to *make* relics, and a very profitable trade it has been, even to this very day.

In the same manner, Irish legends having become a marketable commodity, (Carleton and Croker, Banim and Griffin, Lover and Whitty, having worked out the vein,) people had recourse to invention instead of tradition—like George Psalmanazar's history of Formosa, in which fiction supplied the place of facts! Very amusing, no doubt; but not *quite* fair. Therefore, *my* Irish story, if it possess none other, shall have the merit, at least, of being "founded on facts." I shall not follow the example of the illustrious Rummins (vide Poole's "Little Pedlington") who tried to pass off a rusty Brummagem fish-kettle as a veritable helmet of the time of King John!

Fermoy is one of the prettiest towns in Ireland. It is not very remote from that distinguished place —of pigs and porter—known as "the beautiful city called Cork." Some people prefer the country-town to the crowded city, for though its trade be small, its society rather fond of scandal, its church without a steeple, and its politicians particularly intolerant, it is in the heart of a picturesque tract, and there flows through it that noble river, the Blackwater, honourably known in song as the place where be

> "The trout and the salmon
> A-playing backgammon,
> All on the banks of sweet Castle Hyde!"

The scenery around Fermoy is indeed most beautiful, and *above* all (in more meanings than one) it has Corrin Thierna, which to the inhabitants who have beheld none others of nature's eminences, appears a mountain entitled to vie with the most respectable of the Alps, Appennines, or Pyrenees.

Although Fermoy now contains nearly 700 houses (stables and pig-sties exclusive), and a population of nearly 7000 souls, men, women and children, to say nothing of horses, oxen, sheep, mules, donkeys, cats, dogs, and such other creatures as have no souls; it was not always such an extensive or populous place. In every town there is an authority called "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant," and this declares that some fifty years ago Fermoy was a small, a very small hamlet, consisting of no more than half a dozen mud cabins, luxuriously built, in point of situation, so as to enjoy, front and rear, as much as possible of the morning and afternoon sunshine. These domiciles were ranged in a row, and hence may be deduced the simile "all one side, like the town of Fermoy." The energies of one man, the late John Anderson, who introduced mail-coaches into Ireland, raised Fermoy into a populous and thriving town, which, in 1809, was a merry place, partly owing to the mirth whose chief minister was Remmy Carroll, son of old Carroll, the piper.

As Remmy is the hero of my tale, it is fit that I should describe him. Irish phraseology would emphatically distinguish him as "a mighty clever boy," the expression being a synonyme to express that this Hibernian Orpheus stood about "six feet two in his stocking vamps." Remmy Carroll's apparel was not quite as elegant as that which, at the same time, beau Brummel sported. His coat originally of blue frieze, had worn down by age and service, to a sort of gray, tesselated-like, mosaic work, with emendations of the original substance carefully annexed thereto by Remmy's own fingers. The garment, like the wearer, knew many a *fray*, and Remmy was wont to observe, when he sat down to repair these breaches, that he was then, like a rich man, occupied in *taking in his rents*.

Care is not very likely to kill a man who can jest upon his own poverty. Accordingly Carroll was one of the most light-hearted fellows in town or country. He was a gentleman who lived how and where he could, and was welcome everywhere. It was hinted that where wealthier men had been but coldly received, Remmy Carroll had met with looks and words of encouragement. The fair sex are proverbially of a kind nature, especially towards young men who, like Carroll, had handsome features, and jocund speech, lofty stature and symmetry of limb. What was more, Remmy knew that he was a favourite with the rose-cheeked Venuses of Fermoy, nor is it at all wonderful that he knew himself to be a very personable fellow—what Coleridge calls "a noticeable man."

It would be tedious to expatiate very particularly upon the extent and variety of Remmy Carroll's accomplishments. He followed the hereditary pro-

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fession of his family, being distinguished far and near, for his really splendid execution on the Irish pipes; an instrument which, if properly played, can "discourse most excellent music," and almost excite the very chairs, tables, and three-legged stools to dance! One set of pipes is worth a dozen fiddles, for it can "take the shine out of them all" in point of loudness; aye and the pipes can do more than make a noise. The warrior who is boldest in the field, is gentle in the *boudoir* of his ladye-love, and so the Irish pipes which can sound a strain almost as loud as a trumpet-call, can also pour forth a tide of melody, sweet, soft, low as the first whisper of mutual love. You have never felt the eloquent expression of Irish music, unless you heard it from the Irish pipes.

Remmy Carroll could out-walk, out-run, and out-leap any man in the barony of Condons and Clongibbons; aye, or of any five baronies in the county of Cork, the Yorkshire of Ireland. He could back the most vicious steed that ever reared and kicked against human supremacy. He had challenged big Brown of Kilworth to wrestle with him, and had given him two falls out of three, a thing which the said Big one took so much to heart that he emigrated to America, and in process of time became a justice of peace, tavern-keeper, and major in Kentucky.

But Remmy Carroll could do more than all this; he could swim like a fish, was the only man who had ever been known to dive under that miniature maelstrom which eddies at the base of the "Nailor's Rock," and before he was one-and-twenty had saved nine unfortunates from being drowned in the Blackwater. He was a crack-hand at a faction fight, in a fair, only sometimes siding with the weaker party, in reckless chivalry, he was found battling against his own side.

No one could beat him at hurly or foot-ball; he sang an Irish lilt with spirit and sweetness. Having had the advantage of three years instruction at Tim Daly's far-famed academy, he was master of the mystery of reading and writing. He knew by the taste if potheen was sufficiently "above proof." He had a ten-Irishman power of love-making, and while the maidens with blushes, and smiles, and softly simulated angers, would say, "be done Remmy!—for a deludher as ye are!"—there usually was such a sly intelligence from their bright eyes that he was not unwelcome, that Remmy felt it his duty to kiss them into perfect good-humour and forgiveness. But I am cataloguing his accomplishments at too much length; let it suffice to declare that he was the Admirable Crichton of the district.

Remmy Carroll was an independent man; for he had no settled habitation. He was a popular man; for every house was open to him, from Tim Mulcahy's, who lived, with his wife and pig, in a windowless mud cabin at the foot of Carrin Thierna, to Mr. Bartle Mahony's who had a three hundred acre farm, at Carrigabrick. But at the latter place, Remmy Carroll had not called of late.

Bartle Mahony was a man of substance; had he lived now, he would probably have kept a hunter for himself, and a jaunting car for his daughter. But the honest substantial farmer had too much good sense to sink into the *squireen*. He was passing rich in the world's eye, but some thought less of his wealth than of his daughter, Mary; of all who admired none loved her half as well as poor Remmy Carroll, who loved the more deeply because her wealth and his poverty shut him out from all reasonable prospect of success. He admired, nay that is too weak a word, he almost adored her, and scarcely dared own even to his own heart, how closely her image was blended with the very life of his being.

Mary Mahony was an Irish beauty; the most indescribable thing in the world, and to which the pencil of M'Clise has alone done justice. She was an heiress in her own right; having 500*l.* left her as a legacy of an old maiden aunt, near Mitchelstown, who had taken care of her from her twelfth year, when she left the famous school of the renowned Tim Daly, (where she and Remmy used to write at the same desk,) until some eight months before the date of this story, when the maiden aunt died, and Mary returned to her father.

With all her good fortune, as heiress to her deceased relative, and the reasonable expectation of inheriting her father's property, realities and expectations enough to turn the head of any other damsel of eighteen, Mary Mahony was anything but proud or conceited; her dress was always neat, but many maidens with far less means wore much more showy and expensive apparel. Her dark hair plainly drawn on the forehead at either side, in that manner which Fanny Kemble and Queen Victoria have since made common, was covered by a neat net cap, with plain ribbons and borders. A blue cloth cloak with the sides and hood lined with black sarsnet, and stuff gown, which in its close fit exhibited the exquisite beauty of her form, completed a dress much less flaring than young and handsome Irish girls are usually fond of.

But Mary Mahony's beauty required nothing to set it off; I do not exaggerate when I say that it was literally dazzling. Twenty years after the date of this narrative I saw her, and even then was struck with admiration at her matured loveliness; how rich then must it have been in the bud!

Mary was, as Remmy Carroll said before he knew that he loved her—for *then*, he never breathed her name to mortal ear—"the moral of a darling creature, only 'twould be hard to say whether she was most good or handsome." Her hair, as I have said, was dark; I hate light tresses; and her eyes were of so deep a blue, that nine out of ten on whom they glanced might mistake them for dark. And then, the long lashes that veiled them, and the lovely cheek ("oh, call it fair, not pale") on which their silky length reposed, and the lips so red and pouting, and the bust whose gentle heaving was just visible behind the modest kerchief which covered it, and the brow white as snow, but

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not too high, and the fingers tapering and round, and the form, lithe and graceful, and the feet small and well formed, and the nameless air which gave dignity and grace to every motion of this country girl!—oh, beautiful was Mary Mahony, beautiful as the bright image of a poet's dream, the memory of which he shadows forth in the verse that challenges immortality in the minds of men!

The contour of her face was neither Roman, nor Grecian, nor Gothic; it was essentially *Irish*, and I defy you to find a lovelier. The only drawback, (if I *must* be candid, was this which I utter *sotto voce*), her nose had somewhat of an upward inclination. This, which sometimes lent a certain sauciness to what otherwise was a madonna-like face, only made her not *too* handsome; at least, so thought her lovers. Lastly, she had the sweetest voice that ear ever heard; true it was that it had the distinguishing accents of her country, but with her, as with Scott's Ellen, they were

> "Silvery sounds, so soft, so dear
> The list'ner held his breath to hear!"

It was in the summer of 1809, that, for the first time since both of them were children and schoolmates, Remmy Carroll spoke to Mary Mahony. Often had he seen her at the dance, which without his aid could not be, but, in which, alas! *he* could not join: often had he admired the natural grace of her movements; often had he been struck by the bewitching modesty of mien and action which had the power of suddenly changing the rakish, rollicking gallantry of her followers (for she was a ruling toast) into a most respectful homage; often had he noticed her at chapel, whither she came to pray while others flaunted and gazed as if they had come but for seeing and to be seen; often had he followed her footsteps, at a distance—for the very ground on which she trod was hallowed to this humble lover—but never yet had he dared to hope.

The shortest way from Fermoy to Carrigabrick, is by the banks of the Blackwater, and this way, on Whitsunday, 1809, was taken by Mary Mahony and a merry cousin of hers a few years younger. There are stiles to be crossed, and drains to be jumped over, and even a pretty steep wall to be climbed.

Remmy Carroll, who knew that they would thus return home, had followed the maidens afar off, and sighed to think, as they crossed the wall, with a world of laughter, that he could not dare to assist them over it. With all his love, he had hitherto avoided the chance of even a casual notice from the object of his untold passion. *She* was wealthy, *he* was poor, and therefore, he shrunk from her observation. But she knew, what indeed all the parish were acquainted with, that Remmy devoted the greater portion of his earnings not alone to the support of a bed-ridden old aunt, but even to procuring her what might be esteemed luxuries rather than comforts. Whatever might be the deficiencies in Remmy Carroll's wardrobe, his old aunt never went without "the raking cup of tay" morning and evening. Was it because she had noticed that Remmy Carroll avoided her, that the bright eye of Mary Mahony rested upon him with interest, and that she liked to listen to her father's praise of his conduct towards that aged relative, for whose comfortable support he sacrificed dress—the natural vent for youthful vanity.

Mary and her merry cousin went on, through the fields, until they reached the most difficult pass. This was a deep chasm separating two meadows; a deep and rapid stream flowed through the abyss, whirlingly pouring its current into the Blackwater. The maidens lightly tripped down the steps which were rudely cut on the side of the chasm. Remmy drew nearer. Hark!—a sudden shriek! He cleared the wall at a bound—he dashed across the field—in one minute he was at the bottom of the abyss. He saw that Mary's cousin had reached the other side, where she stood wringing her hands, and screaming in the agony of despair, while Mary (precipitated into the deep and swollen stream, her foot having slipped) was being hurried into the eddies of the treacherous river. There was no time for delay. He plunged into the stream, dived for the body which had just then sunk again, and in less time than I have been telling it, he had placed his insensible but still lovely *treasure trove*, on the bank which he had just quitted. The other girl no sooner saw that her cousin had been rescued than, according to custom, I presume, in such cases, she swooned away, leaving poor Remmy to take care of Mary Mahony.

With the gentlest care he could employ, he exerted his best skill to restore her, and, in a short time, had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes. She glanced wildly around, and again closed them. Soon came the return of bloom to her cheek; for she now felt that she lay supported in the arms of Remmy Carroll. For as he leant over her, and her breath came softly upon his face, his lips involuntarily touched hers, and the maiden, who felt the thrilling pressure of that stolen kiss, might be forgiven if, at that moment, there came into her woman's heart a deeper, kindlier feeling than common gratitude.

By this time, her cousin had thought proper to recover, and hastened to afford the feminine attentions more suitable to Mary's situation than any which Remmy Carroll could bestow. He had the satisfaction, however, of carefully taking Mary across the stream in his arms, and before he departed, she had softly whispered her thanks, and in her tone and manner there was that which breathed hope to him even against hope. He loitered about until they were out of sight, and just as Mary Mahony was vanishing through the stile which opened into her father's lands, she turned round, saw her deliverer watching her at a distance, and kissed her hand to him.

From that hour the current of his life flowed on with a fresher bound, the fountain of hope welled out its waters, for the first time, into its

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depths. To the world he would not have dared to avow his *new-born* hope that Mary Mahony might one day be his. In his heart of hearts it lay; and with it was the feeling that to win her he must merit her. *How*,—he knew not, but the very resolve is much.

Three months glided on. Carroll still pursued his vocation as a music-manufacturer, and not a wedding, or christening passed by, or indeed could pass by, without his being at it, professionally. But he now became what a young Irishman seldom is, a hoarder of his earnings. He laid aside that wild and reckless mirth which had made him, despite his poverty, the king of good-fellows. Remmy was some degrees above the generality of his class; for he could retail the news, from the newspapers, to a wondering auditory, and the marvel was how he could be "such a janius intirely." Hence his popularity with all classes—he was a perambulating chronicle of intelligence to the old, and he was a favourite with the young as a parochial Orpheus! But now, as I have said, he laid aside all mirth which involved outlay, and his manners became sedate, almost grave, nay, if we dare venture to apply such high words to an Irish piper, a certain degree of quiet dignity became mingled with his speech and actions. Like Coleridge's wedding guest, he seemed "a sadder and a wiser man." Such a change could not pass unobserved; and while one half of his circle of acquaintance shook their heads, and whispered "sure the boy must be fairy-struck," the fairer moiety believed that he was in love, though with whom was more than their sagacity could determine.

The object of his newly acquired habits of economy and self-denial became evident at last; when one Sunday, Remmy Carroll entered the chapel of Fermoy (it was the old chapel which stood at the head of what is now called Waterloo lane) and caused a most uncommon sensation. It was Remmy's first appearance in the attire of a country beau! His ancient coat placed in Schedule A (like the Pocket-boroughs in the Reform Bill), was replaced by a garment from the tasty hands of Dandy Cash, at that time the Stultz of Fermoy and its vicinity. This was a broad skirted coat of blue broadcloth, delicately embellished with shining gilt buttons, each not much larger than a crown piece. A vest of bright yellow kerseymere, with a double row of mother of pearl studs; a new pair of closely-fitting unmentionables with drab ribbons pensile at the knees, gray stockings of the rig-and-furrow sort, neat brogues, with soles not more than a half-inch thick, and the uppers made elegant by the joint appliances of lamp-black and grease; a shirt of exquisite whiteness (the *noli me tangere* of provincial buckism) with a silk *grinder* round his neck, and a tall Carlisle hat, encompassed by an inch-wide ribbon, completed the costume of Remmy Carroll. He was now quite a new man, the handsomest of the whole congregation, and many a bright glance admiringly fell upon him, from eyes that had looked scorn at his chrysalis condition; and not a few fair bosoms fluttered at the thought "what a fine, handsome, likely boy is Remmy Carroll, now that he's decent!" He was not the first man whose qualifications have remained unacknowledged, until such an accident as fine apparel made them noticed.

Mary Mahony was at chapel that day, and a casual looker-on might be pardoned if he thought she was one of the very few who did not mind Remmy. Her father, who had always a kind salute for him, insisted that they should hurry out and speak to him. Accordingly when, as usual, Remmy Carroll was quietly stealing away, Bartle Mahony accosted him, warmly thanked him for having saved his daughter's life, and added, "it is not till now I'd be waiting to thank you, man alive! but Mary never let me know the danger she'd been in until this blessed morning, when her cousin Nancy Doyle made me sensible of the ins and outs of the accidence. But I *do* thank you, Remmy, and will find a better way of showing it than by words, which is only lip-service." With this, slapping Remmy on the back, he insisted that he should wend homeward with them and take share of dinner. "Don't hang down your head like a girl, but tuck Mary under your arm, and off to Carrigabrick, where I'll follow in less than no time, with the heartiest of welcomes. Don't be dawdling away, shilly-shally there, like a goose, but walk off like a man!" So, through the town of Fermoy, did Mary Mahony walk with Remmy, and history relates that though she never once took his arm—for in truth, he was too shy to offer it, deeming *that* too great a liberty—it was she who took the field route to Carrigabrick, and though she blushed deeply the while, she scarcely made an objection to his taking her in his arms over the chasm the passage of which, on a former day, had nearly proved fatal to her. If I said that, while he was performing this pleasant task, he did *not* press her to his bosom, I am afraid my lady-readers would scarcely credit my relation. Well, then, there was this gentle pressure, but of course Mary Mahony thought he could not help it. Nor could he!

They proceeded to Carrigabrick, but the short cut through the fields proved the longest way round, for Bartle Mahony had been at home half an hour before their arrival. They had exchanged few words during their walk; it was not for the maiden to make conversation, and Remmy's thoughts were all too deep for utterance. In the earlier stages of love, silence has an eloquence of its own.

Remmy Carroll had the good fortune to win the particular favour of Mr. Bartle Mahony, who, as he was retiring to rest, kissed his fair child, as usual, and emphatically declared that Remmy was "a raal dacent fellow, and no humbug about him." It chanced to happen, henceforward, somehow or other, that scarcely a day passed in which Remmy did not visit Carrigabrick. The visits were ostensibly to Mr. Mahony, but Remmy always had a

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glimpse of, and sometimes a word with Mary. Finally, as if for an excuse to have Remmy constantly near him, Bartle Mahony resolved that Mary should learn music, and appointed Remmy to give her lessons. But that unfeminine instrument the pipes, was all that Remmy could play upon, and he well knew that Mary would decline instruction upon them. Having hinted this difficulty to Bartle Mahony, that worthy, rather than wholly abandon the project, declared that he would become the musical tyro! Little wish had the good farmer to learn, and no taste whatever, but as Remmy Carroll—proud as he was poor—had refused the money offered him as a substantial mark of gratitude for having saved his daughter's life, this was the indirect mode of rewarding him! Very magnificent were the terms which he insisted on making with the piper; he could have been taught flute, harp, piano, and violin, at less cost. Very little progress did the kind old man make; but he laughed the loudest at his own discords and dulness. If the pupil did not make good use of his time, the master did; before the end of the first quarter, Mary Mahony had half confessed to her own heart, that she had involuntarily taken lessons in the art of love!

It would make a much longer story than I mean to inflict upon you, to tell how Mary Mahony came to fall in love with Remmy Carroll, for fall in love she did. Perhaps it was out of gratitude—perhaps it was his fine person—perhaps because she heard every girl of her acquaintance praise him—perhaps because he was her father's favourite—or it may be that she loved him because she couldn't help it. Why should I strive to find a reason for woman's love? It is like one of the mighty rivers in the *new world* springing up one knows not where—augmented one knows not how—sweeping onward, sometimes smoothly, sometimes in awful rapids, and bearing on its deep and constant current, amid weeds and flowers, rocks and sands, many a precious freight of hope and heart, of life and love!

Fathers and husbands are so proverbially the very last to see the progress which love clandestinely makes under their roofs, that you will not account it a special miracle, if Bartle Mahony did not notice the game which was going on, hearts being trumps! Mary's merry cousin, Nancy Doyle, quietly laughed at the flirtation as "fine fun," and seriously did not see why it should not end in a wedding, as Mary had fortune enough for both.

The winter passed away, and spring waved her flag of emerald over the rejoicing world. Mary Mahony was walking in one of her father's meadows, for Remmy Carroll was expected, and he was now, though her heart dreaded to confess it, the very pole-star of her thoughts. He came up, and was welcomed with as sweet a smile as ever scattered sunshine over the human soul. They walked side by side for a little time, and then Remmy broke the unusual silence by stating, for the maiden's information, that it was very fine weather.

"True for you, Remmy," answered she—"see how beautiful everything looks; the blessed sunbeams fall upon the meadows in a shower of light, and make the very grass look glad!"

"It is beautiful," said Remmy, with a sigh, "but I have too heavy a heart to look on these things as you do."

"Surely," responded she, "surely you've got no cause to say that; have you heard any bad news?"

"No cause! is it no cause? Oh, Mary dear, for you are dear to me, and I may say it now, for maybe I'll never be here to say it again; is it no cause to have a heavy heart, when I have none to tell what it is that weighs it down? Is it no cause to know there's none in this wide world that I can speak to about her that's the very life of my soul, while I know that I am nothing to her, but one that she'll see to-day and forget to-morrow? Is it no cause, when I know that this little linnet that's now singing on that bough, has as much chance of becoming an eagle, as I have of being thought lovingly of by the one that I love? Haven't I cause to be of a heavy heart, knowing that I can be no more regarded than that little bird, if I'd try and fly beyond the state I'm in? when I know that I'm not many removes from a beggar, and have been months back dreaming away as if I was your equal. You might one day think that I'd deserve you and have a kind heart for one who loves you better than he loves himself. Oh, Mary Mahony! may God's blessing keep you from ever knowing what it is to love without hope."

Overcome by his emotion—aye, almost to tears, poor Remmy suddenly stopped. Mary Mahony, astonished by the unexpected but scarcely unpleasant matter of his address, knew not for a brief space, what answer to make. But she was a woman, a young and a loving one; so she let her heart speak from its fulness.

"Maybe," said she with a blush which made her look more beautiful than ever, "maybe, 'tis a foolish thing, Mr. Carroll, to love without hoping," and she looked at him with an expressive smile, which, unfortunately, he could not distinguish through the tears, which were now rolling down his cheeks, as round and nearly as large as rosary beads!

"It's of no use," said he, not perceiving the motive of her words, "it's of no use trying to banish you from my mind. I have put a penance on myself for daring to think of you, and it's all of no use. The more I try not to think, the more I find my thoughts upon you. I try to forget you, and as I walk the fields by day you come before my mind, and when I sleep at night, you come into my dreams. Wherever I am, or whatever I do, you come up beside me with a sweet, kind smile. Every morning of my life, I make a promise to my heart that I will not ever again look upon that smile, too sweet and too kind for such as me, and my steps turn towards you before the day is half

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done. But it is all of no use; I must quit the place altogether, and go for a soldier; and, Mary, if I should fall in the battle, they'd find your name written upon my heart."

To a maid, who loved as well as did Mary Mahony, there was a touching pathos in the simple earnestness of this confession; aye, and an eloquence too, for truth is the better part of eloquence. How long she might have been inclined to play the coquette I cannot resolve, but the idea of her lover's leaving her threw off all *finesse*, and she said, in a low tone which yet found an echo and made a memory in his heart, "Remmy! dear Remmy! you must not leave me; if you go my heart goes with you, for I like you, poor as you are, better than the richest lord in the land, with his own of jewels on his back!"

What more she might have said I may not tell, for these welcome words were scarcely spoken, when her further speech was pleasantly arrested by a very hearty kiss from Remmy; oh, the first kiss of mutual love! what is there of earth with so much of the soft and gentle balm of Heaven.

There they stood, the world all forgot; there they whispered, each to each, that deep passion with which they had so long been heartfull. There were gentle sighs and pleasant tears from the maiden; but these last Carroll gallantly kissed away. There was in sooth,

> "A world of whispers, mixed with low response,
> "Sweet, short, and broken, as divided strains
> "Of nightingales."

"And you will not think the worse of me, Remmy, for being so foolish as to say that I love you?"

"Is it me, life of my heart? Not unless you say that it was foolish to love me; sure they were the happiest words I ever heard!"

"And you will not go as a soldier?"

"Not I, darling; let those who have heavy hearts and no hope do that same."

Much more was spoken; very tender confessions, in truth, which I care not to repeat, for such are the holidays of life and love, and scarcely bear to be made familiar. They resemble those eastern flowers which have a sweet perfume on the soil to which they are native, but lose their fragrance if you remove them to any other clime.

At last, with many a "just one word more," many a gentle pressure of the hand, and two or three very decided movements, belonging to the genus "kiss" in the Botany of love, Mary and Remmy parted. Happy, sweetly and sadly happy, (for deep passion is meditative,) Mary Mahony returned home. She hastened to that apartment peculiarly called her own, threw herself upon the bed, and indulged in the luxury of tears; for it is not sorrow alone that relieves itself by tears, they fall for hope fulfilled, as truly though less often than for hope baffled. Weep on, gentle maiden! weep in joy, while you can, for close at hand is the hour in which the sparkling draught of happiness may be dashed from your lip, ere you can taste it.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE PIPER BECAME A PETRIFACTION.

Alike delighted and surprised at finding Mary Mahony a sharer in the emotions which so wildly filled his own heart, Remmy Carroll returned to Fermoy, in that particular mood which is best described by the topsy-turvy term, "he did not know whether he stood upon his head, or his heels." He rested until evening at a friend's, and started with him, about dusk for a farmer's, on the other side of Corrin Thierna, where there was to be a wedding that night, at which Remmy and his pipes were almost as necessary as the priest and bridegroom.

As they were passing on the mountain's base, taking the soft path on the turf, instead of the hard highway, Remmy suddenly stopped.

"There's music somewhere about here," said he listening.

"Maybe its only a singing in your head," replied Pat Minahan. "I've known such things, 'specially if one had been taking a sup extra *overnight*."

"Hush!" said Remmy, "I hear it again as distinctly as ever I heard the sound of my own pipes. There 'tis again; how sweetly it sinks and swells on the evening wind!"

Minahan paused and listened; "sure enough, then there *is* music in the air. Oh, Remmy Carroll, 'tis you're the lucky boy, for this is fairy music, and 'tis said whoever hears it first, as you did, is born to great luck!"

"Never mind the luck," said Remmy, with a laugh. "There's a fairy ring above there, and I be bound it's from that place it comes. You see there is foxglove, that makes nightcaps for them, and there's heath bells that they have for drinking cups, and there's sorrel that they have for tables, when the mushroom's not in, and there's the green grass within the ring as smooth as your hand, for 'tis worn down by their little feet when they dance in the clear light of the full moon. I'm sure the music came from that fairy ring."

"Maybe it does," replied Minahan, "and maybe it doesn't; if you plase, I'd rather move on, than stand here like a pillow of salt, for 'tis getting dark, and fairies aren't the people I'd like to meet in a lonely place. 'Twas somewhere about here, if I remimber right, that Phil Connor the piper had a trial of skill with the fairies who'd play best, and they turned him into stone, pipes and all. It happened, Remmy, before your father came to these parts; but surely you heard of it before?"

"Not I," said Remmy, "and if I did, I wouldn't heed it."

"Oh, then," replied his companion, with an ominous shake of the head at Remmy's incredulity, "it's as thrue as that you're alive and kick-

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ing this blessed moment. I heard my mother tell when I was a *gossoon*, and she heard the whole of it from her aunt's cousin's son, who larned all the ins and outs of the story from a faymale friend of his, who had it on the very best authority. Phil Connor was a piper, and a mighty fine player intirely. As he was coming home from Rathcormac, one fine moonshiny night, who should come right forenenst him, on this very same mountain, but a whole bundle of the fairies, singin', and skippin' and discoursin' like Christians. So, they up and axed him, in the civilest way in nathur, if he'd favour them with a planxty on his pipes; now, letting alone that Phil was brave as a lion, and wouldn't mind facing an angry woman let alone a batch of hop-o'-my-thumb fairies, he was always a dacent boy, and hadn't the heart to say no when he was civilly axed.

"So Phil struck up the fox-hunter's jig, and, to be sure and sartain, he was the lad that could play; no offence to you, Remmy. They all begun to caper, and danced here and there, backward and forud, to and fro, just like the motes you'd see dancing in a sunbeam. At last Phil stopped, all of a suddint, and they gathered round him and axed him why he did not go on? and he tould them that 'twas dying with the drought he was, and he must have something to wet his whistle; which same is only fair as far as pipers is concerned.

"'To be sure,' said an old knowledgable that seemed king of 'em all, 'it's but reasonable the boy is, get a cup to comfort him, the dacent gossoon!' So they handed Phil one of the fairy's-fingers* full of something that had a mighty pleasant smell; 'take it, me man,' said th' ould fairy, 'there isn't a headache in a hogshead of it; I warrant that a guager's rod has never come near it; 'tis real Innishowen, none of your taxed Parlymint stuff, but the thrue Queen's 'lixer.'† Well, with that Phil raised the little dawney thing to his lips, and though 'twasn't the size of a thimble, he drank at laste a pint of spirits from it, and when he took it away from his mouth, that I mightn't if 'twasn't as full as at first! Faith it gave Phil the courage of a lion, so that he'd do anything.

"Begar, what did the *omadhoun* do but challenge the whole box and dice of the fairies to bate him at playing the pipes; they advised him not to thry, but the more they persuaded him, the more he wouldn't be persuaded. So as a wilful man must have his way, the fairies' piper came forward; and he and Phil played against each other, turn by turn, until the cock crew, when all the lot vanished into a cave and took Phil with them. And because they were mad, at last, that Phil played so much better than their own musicianer, they changed poor Phil, out of spite, into a stone statute, which remains to this very day. And that's what happened to Phil Connor."

* Foxglove.

† Illicit whiskey was called "*Queen's*" in contradistinction to the legal spirit, yclept "*Parliament*."

"You've made a pretty story of it," said Remmy, "it's a pity it is not true."

"True!" responded Minahan, with an accent of indignation, "what have you to say agin it? It's as true as Romilus and Ramus, or the history of Reynard the Fox and Reynardine his son, or any other of the curious little books that people do be reading—that's them that *can* read—for divarsion's sake, when they've got nothing else to do; I suppose, you'll be saying nixt, that fairies thimselves aint thrue? That I mightn't, Remmy, but 'twouldn't surprise me, in the laste, to hear you say, as Paddy Sheedy, the schoolmaster says, that the earth is round like a bladder, and that people do be walking on the other side of it, with their heads downwards, and their feet opposite our feet!"

"And if I did say so?" asked Remmy, who happened to know more of the antipodes than his companion.

"Faith, Remmy, if you did say so, I know one that would misbelieve you, and that's myself; for sure it stands to rason, all the world to a chany orange, that if people was walking on the other side of the earth, with their feet upwards, and their heads down, they'd be sure to fall off before one could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

To such excellent reasoning as this, Remmy Carroll saw it would be useless to reply, so he allowed Minahan the advantage, usually claimed by female disputants, of "the last word."

They proceeded to the farmer's, Minahan, as they went along, volunteering a great many particulars respecting the petrified piper; indeed he indulged in that minuteness of detail which the colloquial wealth of Irishmen delights to lavish.

I fear that Remmy Carroll was but a so-so listener, for he had no great faith in fairies. At last the farmer's house was reached, where Remmy and his pipes received a very warm welcome.

You need not fear that I intend inflicting on you a description of the marriage. It is enough to tell you that the evening was one of genuine Irish enjoyment. Perhaps, Remmy was the only one who did not thoroughly enter into the *estro* of the hour; for successful love is enough to sober even the highest spirits, and it embarrasses while it delights. But in compliance with custom, Remmy partook of the nectar (mortals call it whiskey punch) which was as plenty as tea at an ancient maiden's evening entertainment. How could any man refuse the draught, brewed as it specially was for him, by the bride herself, who taking a sup out of the horn which did duty for a tumbler, had the gallantry to leave a kiss behind—even as "rare Ben Jonson" recommends. What wonder was it if Remmy took his allowance, like a man and a piper, especially as love as well as grief, is sometimes dry!

Minahan, to whom a skinful of any strong liquor (without payment for the same) was quite "a benefit," had easily and speedily contrived to get into that happy condition commonly called "half seas over;" that is, he was not quite tipsy,

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but exceedingly merry and agreeable, and as in that wilful mood he insisted on returning to Fermoy, Remmy had the task and trouble of escorting him.

They left the house together, lovingly linked arm-in-arm—the next day, Minahan was found lying, with a huge stone for his pillow, near the footpath at the base of Corrin Thierna. It was noticed by one of those who discovered him, that his feet were within the fairy ring which Remmy had noticed on the preceding evening. But of Remmy himself there was no trace; if the earth had swallowed him up he could not have vanished more completely. His pipes were found on the ground, near Minahan, and this was all that remained of one who, so often and so well, had waked the soul of song from them.

The whole district became alarmed, for the loss of a piper is a serious thing; and, at length, Father Tom Barry, the parish priest of Fermoy, thought it right to make a domiciliary visit to Minahan, to come at the real facts of the case, and solve what appeared to be a most mysterious mystery!

That worthy he found in bed; grief for the sudden loss of his friend had so heavily preyed upon his sensitive mind that, ever since that fatal night, he had been drowning sorrow in whiskey. It was now the third day since Carroll's disappearance, and when Father Tom entered the house, he found Minahan sleeping off the combined effects of affliction and *potheen*. He was awakened as soon as could be, and his first exclamation was "oh, them fairies! them thieves of fairies!" It was some time before he could comprehend the cause of Father Tom's visit, and, even when he did, his words still were "oh them fairies! they beat Bannagher, and Bannagher beats the world!"

A growl from the priest, which, from other lips would have sounded uncommonly like an execration, awoke Minahan to his senses; but he testily declared his inability to tell his tale, except upon conditions. "My mimory," said he, "is just like an eel-skin, your riverance, it don't stretch and get properly limber until 'tis wetted!" On this hint, broad as a section of Lord Nugent, Father Tom sent for a pint of Tommy Walker, and after Minahan had summarily despatched a naggin of it, he thus spoke:—

"'Twas Remmy and meself, your riverance, that war coming home, when, as bad luck would have it, nothing would do me, being pretty-well-I-thank-you at the time, but I must make a commincement of discoorse with Remmy about the fairy-people; for, your wortship, I had been telling him afore of Phil Connor who was transmografied into a stone-statute. Well and good, just as Remmy came right forenenst the fairy-ring, says he 'faith, I'd not object meself to have a lilt with 'em. No sooner he said the words, your honour, than we heard all of a suddint, the sweet music that we heard the evening afore, and with that a thousand lights glanced up from the fairy-ring, just as if 'twas an illumination for some great victory. Thin, the music playing all the time, meself and Remmy cocked our good-looking ears to listen, and as quick as I'd swallow this glass of whiskey—good health to your riverance!—a thousand dawney crathurs started up and began dancing jigs as if there was quicksilver in their heels. There they went, hither and thither, far and near, coorsing about in all manner of ways, and making the earth trimble beneath 'em, with the dint of their quickness. At last, your riverance, one of 'em came out of the ring, made a leg and a bow as genteel as ould Lynch, the dancing master, and said 'Mister Carroll, if you'd plase to be agreeable, 'tis we'd like to foot it to *your* pipes,' (and a soothering wink he gave as he said the words,) 'for' says he, 'tis ourselves has heard ov your beautiful playing.' Then the weeny fairy fixed his little eyes upon Remmy, and that I mightn't if they did not shine in his head like two coals of red fire or a cat's eye undher a blanket!

"'I'm no player for the likes o' ye,' says Remmy, quite modest-like; but they wouldn't take no excuse, and they all gathered around him, and what with sootherin' words, and bright looks, and little pushes, they coaxed him to play for them, and, the cajoling crathurs! they fixed him a big stone for a sate, and he struck up *Garryowen*, sharp and quick like shot through a holly-bush. They all set to dancing, like St. Vitus and his blessed cousins, and sure 'twas a beautiful sight to see. The dawney crathurs worn't much bigger than your little finger, and all nately dressed in green clothes, with silk stockings and pumps, and foxglove caps upon their heads, and ilegant powdhered wigs, and swoords by their sides, about the size of a broken needle. Faith, 'twas beautiful they footed it and remarkable they looked, any how!

"Well, your honour, *he* was playing like mad, and they wor capering away, male and faymale, young and ould, just like the Frinch, who eat so many frogs that they do be ever and always dancing, when one of the faymale fairies came to Remmy's elbow, and said, in a voice that was sweeter than any tune, 'maybe, Mister Carroll, you'd be dry?' So, Remmy looked at her for a moment, 'till the faymale fairy hung down her head, quite modest. 'Well,' said Remmy, 'you *are* a nice little crathur, and no words about it!' Then, she looked up and her cheeks were as red as field-poppy, with delight at Remmy's praising her; for faymales, your riverance, is faymales all the world over, and a little blarney makes them go as smoothly as a hall-door upon well-oiled hinges. Then, she asked him again if he didn't feel dry, and Remmy said, that he wasn't dry in particular, but he'd just like to drink her health. So, she handed him a little morsel of a glass, full of something that was stronger, any how, than holywater, she kissed the glass as he took it, and he drank away, and his eyes danced in his head again, there was so much fire in them. So, thinking that some would be good for my own complaint, I calls out to Remmy to leave a drop for me. But, whoop!

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no sooner had I said the words than, ov a suddint, the whole vanished away like apparations, Remmy throwing me his pipes, by way of keepsake, as he dashed down, through the earth, with the rest of 'em, and that's all I know ov it."

Here Minahan, overpowered with grief and the fatigue of speaking, perpetrated a deep sigh and a deeper draught, which exhaused the remnant of the whiskey.

"But, Minahan," said Father Barry, "you certainly don't mean to pass off this wild story for fact?"

"But I *do*, your riverance," said Minahan, rather testily. "Sure, none but meself was to the fore, and it only stands to reason, that as one piper warn't enough for the fairies, they seduced Remmy Carroll away, bad cess to 'em for that same. And indeed, your wortship, I've dhramed that I saw him last night, made up into a stone statute, like poor Phil Connor; and sure, there's great thruth in dhrames, entirely!"

It is needless to say that Father Barry did not believe one word of this extraordinary story, but his parishoners did, and therefore he eschewed the heresy of publicly doubting it. He contented himself with shaking his head, somewhat after the grave fashion of a Chinese mandarin in a grocer's window, whenever this subject was alluded to, and this Burleigh indication, as well as his silence, obtained him an immense reputation for wisdom.

There was one person who shared, to the full, the good priest's disbelief of Minahan's "tough yarn" about the fairies. This was Mary Mahony, who was convinced, whatever fate had befallen Remmy, and her fears anticipated the worst, that he had not fallen into the hands of the fairies. Indeed, she was bold enough to doubt whether there were such things as fairies. These opinions, however, she kept to herself, and, poor thing! sorely but silently did she miss her lover. She said not one word to any one of what had passed between them on the memorable day of his disappearance, and but that her cheek grew pale, and that melancholy gently brooded in the deep quiet of her eyes, and that her voice always low, was now soft and sad as the mournful murmur of the widowed cushat-dove, little difference could be noticed in her, even by vigilant observation. Her father, indeed, let not a day pass without lamenting the absence of Remmy, and when he spoke approvingly of him, tears would slowly gather in her eyes, and her heart swell with a sorrow all the deeper for suppression. It was great consolation for her to find, now that he was gone, how all lips praised the good qualities of Remmy Carroll. It is pleasant to feel that one does not love unworthily.

Meantime, the deportation of Remmy, by the fairies, became duly accredited in Fermoy and its vicinity; if he had solely and wholly vanished, it might have been attributed to what Horatio calls "a truant disposition;" but his pipes were left behind him, circumstantial evidence of the truth of Minahan's narrative. Mightily was this corroborated, a few months after, when Gerald Barry (the priest's nephew) being out, one day, coursing on Corrin Thierna, discovered a sort of cave, the entrace to which was covered by the huge rock next to the magic circle of the fairies! His terrier had ran into it, after a refractory rabbit who would not wait to be caught, and from the length of his stay, it was augured that the cave must be of immense extent. True it is, that no one had the audacious thought of examining it; for what mortal *could* be so reckless as to venture into the strong-hold of "the good people"—but the very fact of there being such a hole under the rock, presumed to be a cave, satisfied the Fermoy folks that Remmy Carroll was within it, changed into a PETRIFIED PIPER!

Some weeks later, Gerald Barry's dog again ran into the cave, and the young man, unwilling to lose a capital terrier, dug him out with his own hands—for neither love nor money could tempt any one else to do so fool-hardy an exploit. He found that the mysterious cave was no more than an ancient rabbit-burrow! All the old women, in and out of petticoats, unanimously declared that it was "clear, as mud in a wine-glass," that the fairies had changed the place to prevent the discovery of their petrified victims; for, argued they, if they could make men into marble statues, they surely were able to make a cave look like a rabbit-burrow? Such logical reasoning was calculated to settle the mooted point, and thus it became a moral certainty, in the Fermoy mode, that Remmy Carroll and Phil Connor were petrified inmates of the mountain-cave!

When, some eighteen months after, it was Gerald Barry's ill-fortune to break his collar-bone by a fall from his horse, in a steeple-chase, there arose a general conviction in the minds of the rational public of Fermoy, that *this* was a punishment inflicted upon him, by the fairies, for impertinent intrusion into their peculiar haunts.

CHAPER III.

HOW IT ALL ENDED!

As wave chases wave to the shore, so does the tide of time carry year after year into the ocean of Eternity. We must imagine, if you please, that six years have passed by since the wonderful abduction and metamorphosis of Remmy Carroll. Many changes had taken place; Fermoy, rapidly rising into opulence as the greatest military depot in Ireland, had nearly forgotten the fairy-tale. Death had laid his icy hand upon the warm heart of honest Bartle Mahony; his fair daughter, Mary, who succeeded to his farm and money, found herself a comparatively wealthy woman. But fortune could make no change in her; in an humble and unostentatious way, she was the Lady Bountiful of the place. The blessings of the poor were hers wherever want was to be relieved; and Heaven

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knows the instances were many. There did the quiet bounty of Mary Mahony flow, blessed by that gentle personal expression of feeling and sympathy, which the Irish poor prize far more than the greatest dole which wealth can bestow. Oh, that those who give could but know how much rests with the manner of giving! Any hand can coldly dispense money, but the voice—the glance—the tone of kindness soothe the pangs of the afflicted. In Ireland, where there are so many calls upon charity, casual relief is looked upon as a sort of *right;* but a kind word, and a gentle tone, and a sympathizing look render the gift of double value. And where was there ever kindness and gentleness to equal Mary Mahony's? She had her own experiences in sorrow, and was therefore well qualified to yield to others that touching sympathy which awakens gratitude in the heart.

Her beauty remained undimmed, but its character was somewhat changed; if there was less of the fire of earlier days, there was now a more intellectual expression, at once the growth of her mind's maturity and the sorrows which had chastened her. At first, she had been pestered with attention from various quarters, but it was soon found that she was not matrimonially inclined, and the last few years had seen her quite untroubled by them.

She remained true to the passion of her youth; it flowed on, a deep and silent stream. None knew what she felt, and the deeper was her pain because of its suppression; so well had she kept her own secret that when, immediately after her father's death, she took Remmy Carroll's bed-ridden relative as an inmate at her own residence, people only admired her charity. No one appeared to think that Remmy could ever have had any interest in her heart.

The destinies of Europe had been adjusted; the Imperial Eagle of France had been struck down, when

"Towering in his pride of place"—

Wellington and Napoleon had met at Waterloo; and, after peace had been proclaimed, the ministry of the day proceeded to disband the second battalions of many regiments. The result was that some thousands of ex-soldiers wended home; many, very many of them were from Ireland, and some came back the mere wrecks of manhood, for the casualties of war and the certainties of sharp hospital practice are but too successful in removing such superfluities as legs and arms.

Two or three persons might be seen in the spring of 1816, walking down the main street of Fermoy; if any doubt could exist as to what they *had* been, their martial bearing and their measured walk would promptly have removed it. They were, indeed, disabled soldiers; the youngest was about seven-and-twenty, and though he was *minus* his left arm, few men could be found whose personal appearance might surpass his.

They passed on, unnoticed as any other strangers would have passed on, and found "choicest welcome" in a hostelrie, "for the accommodation of man and beast," at the end of the town; what creature comforts they there partook of I cannot enumerate, as the bill of fare, if such a thing ever existed in that humble but neat inn, unfortunately has not been preserved. The sun had nearly gone down, however, before any of the trio exhibited any intention towards locomotion. At last, he whom I have just mentioned, told his companions that he had some business in the town—some inquiries to make—and would rejoin them in a few hours, at the latest: he might as well have spoken to the wind, for they had walked that day from Cork, (a trifle of some eighteen Irish miles,) and were already asleep on the benches. So, their companion wrapped himself up in a large military cloak—whilom it had covered the iron-bound shoulders of one of Napoleon's own Invincibles. This completely concealed his figure, and drawing his hat over his face, so as to shade his features, he sallied forth, like Don Quixote, in search of adventures.

When he reached the Sessions' House, at the extremity of the main street, he struck off the high road (which leads to Lismore), deviated to the extreme left, crossed the meadow-bound by the mill, and found himself on the Inch, by that rapid branch of the Blackwater which has been diverted from the main current for the use of the aforesaid mill—illegally diverted, as I think, for it prevents the navigation of the river. He rapidly proceeded, and came to the chasm which I have already described as that from which Remmy Carroll, the piper, had rescued Mary Mahony from drowning. The stranger threw himself, at listless length, on the sward by the gurgling stream, and gazed, in silence, on the scene before him.

It was indeed a scene to delight the eye and mind of any beholder. Across the broad river were the rocks of Rathhely, clothed here and there with larches and pines, those pleasant evergreens —at his feet swept by the dark and deep river,— and before him, like a lofty sentinel over the fine country around, rose the tall and precipitous rock on which stood the ruins, stately in their very decay, of the ancient castle of Carrigabrick, one of the tall, round, lonely towers, whose origin and use puzzled so many antiquaries; from Ledwich and Vallancey, to Petrie and Henry O'Brien.

With an eager and yet a saddened spirit the stranger drank in the quiet scene, as varied as it is picturesque,—upon which, in years long since departed, my boyhood loved to gaze. And now, in the softened effulgence of the setting sun, the place appeared more like the embodiment of a poet's dream than anything belonging to this world of cold reality.

The stranger gazed upon the scene, in silence for a time, but his feelings might thus be put into words: "It *is* beautiful, and it is the same. But change has heavily fallen upon myself, and heaven knows whether *she* may not be changed also. I

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would rather be dead than see her another's. The lips that my lips have kissed—the eyes that my eyes have looked into—the hand that my hand has pressed—the form that my arms have folded; to have another call them his—the very thought maddens. Or she may be dead—I had not the heart to inquire, and this suspense is worse than all—let me know the worst."

He rose from the damp sward, sprung across the chasm, proceeded rapidly on, and in ten minutes was sitting on the stile at which, on other days, he had often parted from Mary Mahony—for by this time, my readers, I trust, have recognised Remmy Carroll in the stranger.

How long he rested here, or with what anxious feelings he gazed upon the house, just visible through the trees, I am unable to state,—but I can easily imagine what a contention of hope and fear there must have been in his heart. The apprehension of evil tidings, however, had the ascendancy, for, though two or three familiar faces passed him, he could not summon courage to ask after Mary or her father. At last, he made up his mind to make full inquiries from the next person he saw.

The opportunity was soon afforded. A female appeared slowly advancing up the path. Could it indeed be herself? She came on—one glance, and he recognized her, the star of his spirit—bright, beaming, and even more beautiful than Memory and Fancy (those dove-winged ministers of Love) had painted her!

He sprang to meet her,—there was no recognition on her part. Nor was this marvellous. Years, which had passed so gently over her, softening and mellowing her beauty, had bronzed his cheek and almost changed the very expression of his features. The dark moustache and thick whiskers which he wore,—his altered air,—his military bearing—all made him appear very different from the rude being she had known six years before.

Seeing a stranger advance towards her, Mary paused. He accosted her, inquiring whether Mr. Mahony was to be seen!

"He is dead," said she, "he has been dead nearly six years."

Carroll started back, for the unwelcome news and the well-remembered tones both startled him.

"I knew him once," said he, "he was kind to me in other days, and I came to thank him now." There was a slight pause and he resumed, "Is his daughter alive?"

"You are speaking to her, sir," said Mary; "have you any business with me?"

But Carroll hesitated to answer. One question would bring hope or ruin to his heart, and he feared to ask it. He drew yet closer, and in as composed a manner as he could, almost whispered into her ear,

"Are you married!"

Mary drew back (for this questioning vexed her, and she wished to get rid of this inquisitive stranger) and said, with the quiet dignity so peculiar to her,

"I hope, sir, you do not mean to insult me,—I would thank you to let me return; and if I must answer you, I am *not* married."

"Thank God!" was Carroll's earnest and involuntary exclamation.

People may prate of the quicksightedness of love; but Mary certainly had little of it, for she did not recognize her lover. She turned homeward, and he placed his hand upon her arm.

"I pray your pardon, Miss Mahony," said he, "but I believe that you once knew a person named Carroll,—a poor worthless creature who was fool enough to love the ground on which you trod, and weak enough to think himself not indifferent to you?"

Mary turned full on her questioner, with a flushed cheek and a flashing eye, and warmly said, in a tone of indignation that charmed him,

"I do not know, sir, why you should intrude your presence and your words where they are not welcome; nor why you should ask questions which a common sense of decency would have left unasked. I *do* answer you, that my silence may not sanction imputation upon one whom, be he alive or dead, it was no dishonour to have known. I did know this person of whom you speak: poor it was his misfortune to be; worthless he never was nor could be."

"One moment more," said he—"but one moment. Let me tell you that Remmy Carroll is alive—that, after many trials, he has come home as poor as when you knew him years ago,—rich in nothing but an honest name. He comes back, a disabled soldier, and he dares not ask you whether, beautiful and wealthy as you are, you love him still."

Mary looked at him with anxiety, and the colour faded from her cheek, and then rushed back in a quickened life-tide, flushing her very forehead. Even yet she did not recognize her lover!

"If he be indeed returned," said she, in a voice so low that it was difficult to say whether the words merely came to her lips by the mere impulse of her thought, "and if he be the same in heart, his poverty is nothing, for I have wealth, and if his health cannot be restored, surely I may soothe his pain."

Softly and suddenly an arm went round her waist—fervently descended a shower of kisses on the coral beauty of those luxuriant lips.

"Mary—my own, dear, true Mary!"

The large cloak and the hat fell off in the struggle (for Mary did struggle, at first)—she saw and recognized the forehead and the eyes—she knew him whom she had loved so well and mourned so long—and when he again kissed her, as she threw her arms around his neck, in the very abandonment of affection, truth compels me to declare that Mary Mahony entered no protest against the gentle deed!

There was much to be told, on both sides. All

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that Carroll cared to know was this—that he was loved fervently as man ever was loved. A thousand times did Mary exclaim against herself for not having recognized him at once, and a thousand times she smilingly averred that the recognition was all but impossible. Oh, how happy they were! it was the very luxury of love—the concentrated spirit of passion, tried and pure—the repayment, in one brief hour, of years of pain, doubt and sorrow.

Remmy's story was a brief but curious one. The combined influences of love and liquor had so far overcome him, that when, in a fit of drunken obstinacy, Minahan threw himself on the heathy sward, by the mountain's side, to take a nap, Remmy Carroll who sat down by him to see that he fell into no mischief, found himself, after a while, quite unable to keep his eyes open. Sleep was creeping over him, so, taking off his pipes, for fear that he might injure them by lying on them, he carefully placed them by his head on the grass, and resigned himself to sleep.

On waking, he found—to his excessive amazement—that he was lying "on the sunny side of a baggage-cart," with his head reposing on the lap of a soldier's wife! He was summarily acquainted that he had been enlisted as a recruit, and his informant—a fierce-looking, hooked-nose martinet of a colour-sergeant—asked him to put his hand into his pocket, and *that* would satisfy him that he had regularly become attached to the military service of King George the Third. Accordingly, poor Remmy did so, and drew out *a thirteen** to which this Sergeant Kite triumphantly appealed in proof that Remmy was duly enlisted. It is needless to say that of this, Remmy—albeit the principal person concerned—had not the slightest recollection. But there was added a rather significant hint that the punishment usually allotted to deserters was Death, so—making a virtue of necessity—he had no alternative but to proceed to Cork with the regiment, as cheerfully as he could, and, in despite of himself, was attested,—magistrates not being over-particular in those days. In vain were all his assertions that he had no recollection of having been enlisted:—he was laughed at, and asked what *could* a tipsy man (as he acknowledged himself to have been) remember of any transaction?

He was so closely watched that desertion, which he sometimes meditated, was impracticable. The regiment embarked for the Peninsula, and the crimp-sergeant told him, "on the voyage," as an excellent joke, how they had taken him,—namely, that as the regiment were passing by the mountain, early in the morning, on a forced march for embarkation, one of the officers who rode above the highway (for the road was literally cut out of and wound round the hill) had noticed Remmy asleep, and, recruits being rather scarce at that time, he had been removed to one of the baggage-carts, even as he was, fast asleep! The details of the job had been executed by the sergeant, who piqued himself not a little on the dexterity of the trick.

Carroll was of that easy temperament which takes the world as it finds it, and readily accommodates itself to circumstances. Although he bitterly lamented his involuntary absence from Mary Mahony, he knew that all the regrets in the world would not bring him one furlong nearer to her. He nerved himself to make the best of his situation. In a short time, he even came to like it. Good conduct and his ability to read and write speedily recommended him to his superiors, and obtained for him the rank of sergeant. He was in this capacity on the day of Waterloo, there received a severe wound in the left arm, which rendered amputation necessary; and on his recovery, at Brussels, retired with a gratuity for his wound, a respectable pension, and some money which he had picked up "in the wars"—of course, his complaint of poverty was only a *ruse* to try the strength of the maiden's affection. But in her eyes, of more value than his hoard or his pension was a testimonial of courage and conduct given to him by his colonel, and especially countersigned by the Duke of Wellington, who had personally noticed many of his exploits during the six years he had been with him. Great pride, be sure, had Carroll in giving this precious document to his dear Mary. Many tears did she shed over the vicissitudes he had endured,—but tears *will* flow from gentle eyes, particularly when one has a handsome lover at hand to kiss them off!

The wedding followed, as a matter of course. *Such* a wedding!—that of Camacho was a fool to it. A general holiday was kept in the neighbourhood, and if the bachelors admired the beauty—now bright with happiness—of the bride, the Waterloo medal and the Waterloo wound of Carroll won him favour from the womankind.

Minahan's character for veracity fell into disrepute about this time—it being pretty clear that Remmy Carroll was anything but a petrifaction, at least Mary Mahony's evidence would disprove such an imputation. But, to this very day, Minahan is ready to say and swear that he told the truth—or something very like it—and appeals, when tipsy, (that is, every day of his life,) to Carroll's good fortune in proof of the advantageous influence of fairy favours. He has a few converts who think that Remmy Carroll was as much petrified as Phil Connor—and, indeed, I think so too.

* A British shilling, which, until 1826, was current for 13 pence in Ireland.

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THE BEAUX.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Concluded from page 224.)

Mr. Jempson found Miss Westmore alone in the front parlour, engaged with a book—her cousins being up stairs, busily occupied in preparing for their promenade in Chesnut street, where they never failed to meet some of their beaux. Tripping up to her in a manner that he thought was very *degagé*, and making a sort of sliding bow, he placed himself on a chair directly in front of her, and commenced with—

"Pray, madam, may I be allowed to inquire the subject of your studies this morning? What enviable work has the honour of engaging your attention?"

"The Diary of a Désennuyée," replied Sabina.

"Oh! yes—I recollect I looked over the thing previous to reviewing it for the newspapers. I should have supposed it too light a work to interest so learned a lady as Miss Westmore."

"I am not a learned lady," answered Sabina. "A slight acquaintance with miscellaneous literature can give me no claim to a title which I am well aware is rarely bestowed on a female except in derision. As to this very amusing book, I find it replete with talent, wit, vivacity, and good sense. I suppose it to present a correct view of society and manners as they exist among the upper classes of the English nation."

"Well, well," said Jempson; "But now let us proceed at once to the point that bids us elevate the banner of hope, and will bring us to a right understanding. Did you receive a certain little poem, yesterday morning?"

"I did."

"Of course, you comprehended the design."

"I did *not*."

The ever ready frown of Jackaway Jempson again visited his countenance; and his voice lost its softness as he exclaimed:

"Madam, you are really a very extraordinary person. But, certainly, you understood the allusion in the last stanza?"

"It was intended, I suppose, to be taken as a compliment."

"Certainly, certainly; and there are ladies who would consider it a very great compliment."

"I did not perceive that it was such."

"Madam, your perceptions must be uncommonly cloudy. Did it not imply an offer of the poet's hand—and—hem—hem—" (He would not say "his heart also.")

"Very probably."

"In short, madam, an offer to convert Miss Sabina Westmore into Mrs. Jackaway Jempson. Nay, madam, you need not look down; I can make allowances on such an occasion, for a young lady's confusion."

"I am not in the least confused," said Sabina, looking up.

"Well, madam, what do you wish—am I to repeat the offer in person? I thought you would appreciate my delicacy in couching my proposal beneath the flower-crowned veil of an original poem, and thus sparing your blushes."

"Why should I blush?"

"Young ladies generally do on these conscious occasions. 'Conscience does make cowards of us all.'"

"Very true; but I do not perceive in what manner that excellent quotation can apply to me."

"Well, then, madam, since you are resolved to have it in plain English, I will tell you without hesitation." (Here he hesitated for some minutes, tracing the pattern of the carpet with the point of his Fanny Kemble cane, while trying to concoct his address.) "There is, madam, a certain young gentleman, who, it may be asserted without vanity, is no mean favourite of the muses and the graces, to whom he has sacrificed extensively; and is also a son of Apollo. He has recently altered his fixed and immutable determination of adhering through life to the roseate service of the golden-haired god, and the inspired nine; and he has now resolved to encumber himself with the fetters of Hymen, and bestow a portion of the chain on a lady that he flatters himself, can have no objection to wear it."

"Who can that lady possibly be?" said Sabina.

"Madam, madam, must I speak plainer still. I thought a word to the wise, was always enough. Can I do more than assert that the lady in question is now in this very parlour."

"Meaning me?" asked Sabina.

"Why, yes, madam, certainly; who else *can* I mean. Excuse me; but you seem to have a very cool way of taking things. Excuse me again; but on these occasions I thought that young ladies always showed considerable emotion."

"That must depend on circumstances," replied Sabina. "I have never been in the practice of showing any emotion I did not feel."

"Extraordinary! And is it possible you really feel none on this occasion?"

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"None at all; except that of surprise at your taking the liberty of addressing such conversation to me, when you could not, from anything in my deportment, have had the slightest reason to suppose it would be favourably received."

Mr. Jackaway Jempson knit his brows, bit his lip, flung down his Fanny Kemble cane, started from his chair, and strode up and down the room. At last a new thought struck him, and going up to Sabina, he said to her,

"This, madam, must be maiden coyness, caused by the novelty of the circumstance."

"What circumstance?"

"Nay, madam, don't be piqued; I make no allusions. But it is well known that ladies of your turn are not much accustomed to receiving offers from—from—"

"From gentlemen of yours," replied Sabina; "and it would be strange, indeed, if they were."

"From gentlemen of any turn," said Jempson, growing every moment more impertinent; "therefore when the thing *does* happen, they are such novices that they don't know how to act."

"*I* know how exactly," said Miss Westmore. "I insist on your speaking to me no more either on this or any other subject. In the mean time I leave you to your meditations."

She then rose with dignity, and quitted the room. And Jempson looking after her as she closed the door, said to himself,

"Upon my word, she is a fine creature, after all. And then her fortune too: it is provoking to lose that. I don't know but after we were once married, I might have brought myself to like her. However, now I've set about it, I'm determined to marry somebody. I'll go home and dress myself in my party-clothes, and get into an omnibus, and ride up to see the rich widow above Green-street. There will be no trouble in getting *her* consent. Confound it, why would not this girl have me? I could easily have locked up all her books, and allowed her no money to buy more."

He then sallied out of Mr. Denning's house, looking much discomposed; went to his lodgings, changed his dress, perfumed his hair and his handkerchief, and then proceeded towards the Exchange in quest of an omnibus. Near the corner of Third and Walnut streets he met Norbert Lankley, who said to him,

"Has Greek met Greek? Well, Jempson, what success with cousin Sabina?"

"I have thought better of the thing," replied Jempson; "I was not quite so great a fool as to offer myself to a blue-stocking, for I knew she would snap at me. It would, no doubt, have been the first offer she ever received."

"Jackaway Jempson," said Lankley, "let me just take the liberty of telling you that you are a pretty considerable coxcomb. And as I am soon to be one of Mr. Denning's family, I take upon myself now to inform you that your visits in that quarter must stop;—the sooner the better. There are always fools enough to be found at that house, and I am one of them myself; but none of us are quite so bad as to court a lady and then disparage her. I would not speak disrespectfully to other men of even my Anna. I am sorry I amused myself with your folly and vanity in this business; but you know I told you all the time she would not have you. I see plainly she has given you a flat refusal, and it is just what you deserve."

Jackaway Jempson frowned awfully, his face turning scarlet; and he glanced with flashing eyes at his Fanny Kemble cane. Norbert Lankley merely arched his brows a little higher, and stood firm before him with his arms folded, and said calmly,

"Shall I take that stick out of your hand?"

And Mr. Jempson thought that just at this time "the better part of valour was discretion." So he hastily turned the corner of Third street, and rapidly disappeared somewhere in the intricacies behind the Girard Bank; and making the circuit of that building, he crossed over into Carter's Alley, and from thence contrived to emerge in the lower part of Chesnut street. He threw himself into the first omnibus that was northward bound, and landed at the mansion of the wealthy widow Wollensperger, a lady whose excessive obesity had nearly obliterated both shape and feature; and who during the lapse of eight-and-forty years, had never read a single book quite through. Mr. Jempson preferred his suit; the widow smiled graciously, seemed to blush, and requested time for consideration; nevertheless she accepted him in the course of an hour.

It must have been out of mere spite, and partly to mortify Miss Sabina Westmore, that Mr. Jackaway Jempson hurried his wedding as rapidly as possible. He and Mrs. Wollensperger were married on that day week, and they immediately set out on a visit to the far-west; whither some of the lady's relations had emigrated many years before. Somehow she always remained with these relatives; her husband being absent in various other places, and occasionally coming to Philadelphia, first to receive rents, and afterwards to dispose of property.

In the meantime, as Norbert Lankley began to grow very tired of courtship, and thought that perhaps marriage would be rather better, he talked of a time being fixed for the wedding of himself and Anna. It was decided that the ceremony should take place at the end of three months, during which period Norbert was to look out for a house, and Anna was to get her bridal paraphernalia, which, according to the custom then prevailing in Philadelphia, was to comprise as large a supply of new articles as would last her seven years. These preparations seemed somewhat to rouse the young lady from her natural indolence; and the greatest part of her time was now devoted to shopping, and to going after milliners, mantua-makers, and seamstresses. At first her sisters accompanied her on these expeditions; but after awhile they found it took too much time from their

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own pursuits, meaning the beaux. Also Miss Anna seemed to prefer going by herself, saying that Ellen and Rosa walked too fast for her, and hurried her too much in her choice of articles, and teazed her with advising how the things should be made. Mrs. Denning had no leisure to attend to Anna's preparations, being at this juncture very busily occupied in superintending the *trousseaux* of two other young ladies, whose mothers were her intimate friends.

Early one morning, Mrs. Denning awakened her husband and informed him that she was going up to Bristol.

"When?" said he, rubbing his eyes, and feeling rather unamiable at being disturbed.

"Now—this morning—in the New York boat."

"What for?"

"Dear husband, did you not hear me when I came home last night, telling about poor Mary Maria Tumbleston?"

"No, I did not: I was reading the papers. What of Miss Tumbleston?"

"She has met with a sad accident; the news came down from Bristol last evening. In trying to climb a fence she has sprained both her ancle and her wrist."

"It serves her right. Shame upon her awkwardness. In my time a girl could clear a fence at one jump. But who is this Mary Maria Tumbleston?"

"La! my dear; don't you know?"

"I don't know the half of your people. At least if I do, I don't remember them. Do these persons live at Bristol?"

"They have lately bought a house there, and have moved up already, though it is so early in the season. I have been lying awake these three hours, thinking of poor Mary Maria. My friend, her mother, is no sort of a nurse; indeed, to say the truth, she is no sort of anything but a perpetual gad-about and gossip. I know nothing at all about the Bristol doctors, or whether there is one in the place."

"I'll warrant there is. Doctors are never scarce."

"Still, I cannot be easy without going up to see after the poor girl. I'll take the boat as it returns, and be back again by three o'clock. I have promised to go this afternoon to Schuylkill Sixth street below Pine, to inquire the character of a cook for Mrs. Starveling, who changes her servants every week."

"Let her go without, then. It is just what she deserves."

"Well, well, my dear, I really must start off to Bristol at once, to see about this poor Mary Maria; and I'll carry up in my basket a bottle of that embrocation which cured my own ancle, when I twisted it in going up Mrs. Corkscrew's narrow stairs, to tell her that the thief had been discovered who stole all the prayer-books out of her pew."

"Yes, I remember that ancle-twist; and it was all because you were in such a hurry, as to take three steps at once of a winding staircase. However, now that I *am* awake, I may as well get up and convey you down to the boat, if you *must* go to Bristol. And I'll look in at the store, before I come home to my breakfast. You can get yours on board the boat."

When Mr. and Mrs. Denning arrived at the wharf, they found the last bell ringing. So there was just time for the gentleman to put his wife on board and to leave her. The boat had proceeded about a mile beyond Kensington, when Mrs. Denning, seeing no person on deck that she knew, went down to reconnoitre for acquaintances in the cabin.

In this boat the way to the ladies' cabin lay through the large one, where they were preparing the breakfast table. In the far corner of this apartment, on one of the lockers, sat a female, whose face was obscured by a very long green veil; beside her sat a very young man in a very braided frock coat, whose face, in spite of a desperate attempt at whiskers, mustachoes, and beard, and a very dark complexion, still looked like that of a boy. As Mrs. Denning was passing, the female voice exclaimed,

"Oh! my! if there an't ma'! Oh! I do hope pa's not on board!"

Mrs. Denning stood aghast with amazement on recognizing her daughter Anna, who wrapped her veil tightly over her face and shrunk cowering into the corner. The youth turned round towards the wall and looked as if he was trying to get into it. The next minute there was a whispering between the young persons of "Do *you* tell."—"No, do *you*."

"Are you really Anna Denning?" said the half breathless mother.

"Yes indeed, ma'," replied the young lady, gathering courage and raising her veil.

"And who is that young man?"

"My husband," said Anna, simpering. "We have just stopped in at Alderman Tacker's office and got married. And so we are going on to New York."

Mrs. Denning dropped her basket, made a violent exclamation, and covering her face with her hands, sunk down on a chair before her runaway daughter.

"La! ma'! you need not be so shocked. My husband is a very nice young gentleman, and has very genteel connexions in New York, both on the Timberley side and the Twigham."

"Who are you, sir—who are you?" cried the mother.

"Madam," replied the youth, "my name is Timberley Twigham. I have the honour of holding the rank of midshipman in the United States Navy. And I came to Philadelphia a few weeks ago to see my sister."

"Your sister. Who is your sister?"

His bride pinched his arm, and said, in an audible whisper, "Don't tell."

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"Yes I will," was his reply. "It may as well come out first as last. My sister is Mrs. Hookeridge, the lady who has been making dresses for—for my wife that is now. And at her house we had the felicity of becoming acquainted."

"A mantua-maker!" shrieked Mrs. Denning. "A mantua-maker's brother!"

"Now, ma'," said the duteous Anna, "can't you have sense enough to keep yourself quiet. Don't you see the waiters that are setting the table, are stopping to listen and look, with their faces all upon the broad grin."

"Oh! let me go on shore, let me go on shore," ejaculated Mrs. Denning. "Let me get back to the city as fast as I can, to tell my poor husband. Oh! what dreadful news for him. It will break his heart. It will kill him dead!"

"Then the longer it is put off the better," said the midshipman.

"I am glad, any how," said Anna, "that pa's not on board."

"And poor Norbert Lankley—what will become of him!" cried Mrs. Denning. "Oh! Anna, Anna, how could you use him so?"

"Ma', do speak lower," said Anna,—"you are really making yourself quite ridiculous. Only see, the women and children are beginning to poke their heads out of the ladies' cabin. Why, you'll raise the whole boat."

"Really, madam," observed the midshipman, "this is quite too public a place for a scene."

"As to Norbert Lankley," proceeded Anna, in a low voice, "he's the least part of *my* concern. Even when we were first engaged, I did not think him at all handsome. No, not even when he was asking me. And after the first week he seemed a downright fright. But I thought, somehow, it wouldn't do not to marry him. Then after I first saw dear Timberley Twigham, one day while I was waiting in Mrs. Hookeridge's little parlour, and he picked up my reticule for me, I absolutely hated that Norbert, with his ugliness, and his foolishness, and his way of quizzing people. And I never was happy except when I was meeting dear Timberley at his sweet sister's, and walking with him in streets where nobody ever goes. So when all my best dresses had been bought and made up, and I had laid in a good stock of lace and gloves, I thought I might as well consent to run away with dear Timberley. And as Norbert has not yet fixed on a house and begun to buy furniture, I don't see that he has any right to complain."

"Oh! Anna, Anna, how you talk," ejaculated her mother.

"Ma', do let me finish; for at this rate I shall be tired enough before I get through," said the young lady. "So I made a friend of Mrs. Hookeridge's black girl that carries home the dresses, and she has been coming to our house for several evenings, and conveying away in her bandbox such things as I cared most for. And Mrs. Hookeridge provided a large trunk for me, and packed the things in it; and it is now on deck among the baggage."

"Is all this possible?" cried Mrs. Denning. "Are you really married? Who were the witnesses?"

"Dear," said Anna, turning to her husband, "take the certificate out of your pocket-book, and show it to ma'. As to witnesses, Mrs. Hookeridge would have gone with us herself, only she was afraid of losing custom if it was supposed she had helped us off. So the witnesses were Alderman Tacker's housekeeper, and one of his constables."

"Police officers, dear," said the midshipman.

"Well, dear, it's no matter what they are. I never liked to call Norbert Lankley 'dear,' for all we were engaged. A great, long, yellow-haired, grey-eyed fellow! Though I am fair myself, I never, in my heart, could abide light-complexioned men. See, ma', dear Timberley is a decided brunette."

"Oh! Anna! Anna!" sighed Mrs. Denning, "how very foolish you are! What will become of you?"

"Well, madam," said the midshipman, "the knot is tied now, and the wisest thing the lady's family can do, since they did not take better care of her, is to submit with a good grace."

"Submit!" exclaimed Mrs. Denning, "do you suppose Mr. Denning will submit!"

"Why, not at first perhaps; fathers seldom do; a little resistance is to be expected. But he'll come in at last; fathers always do: at least in this happy land of ours. But there's the bell ringing for breakfast; it is well we are here on the spot, it gives us a capital chance for places. Shall I have the honour of handing my respected mother-in-law to the table!"

"I want no breakfast," replied Mrs Denning, "I'll go and sit in the ladies' cabin and cry all the time—oh! that I could get out of the boat!"

"I must bar that," said Mr. Twigham, "till we get to Bristol; though to be sure, father-in-law could not catch us if he was to try. There is no overtaking runaways that go by steam."

"Come, ma,'" said Anna, "make the best of what can't be helped; as dear Timberley says, you should have taken better care of me. So let us sit down and get a good breakfast; I see there are plenty of oysters on the table."

Mrs. Denning took up her basket, and finally suffered herself to be conducted to the breakfast table, where the extreme politeness of the midshipman somewhat softened her heart; and before the repast was over she found herself replying to him with involuntary civility. After breakfast they adjourned to the deck, where they excited great curiosity; for by this time the story was all over the boat.

They soon arrived at Bristol; and on parting with her daughter, Mrs. Denning's tears flowed fast. "Ma','" whispered Anna, "what *are* you crying for; I am sure Mr. Twigham is fifty times handsomer than that Norbert Lankley, and I like him fifty times as much, particularly when he wears his uniform. So, where's the great harm,

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after all. I wish I could see Norbert when he hears of it; how I should laugh. Who knows but he may take cousin Sabina to console him; I always thought he liked her better than he ought to have done, considering he was engaged to me. There now, good-bye, we will write from New York; and as pa's rich, there's no danger but dear Timberley's relations will receive me well."

Mr. Twigham escorted his mother-in-law a few steps beyond the utmost extremity of the landing-board, till she was fairly on shore: and Anna waved her handkerchief. The boat proceeded on her course and was soon out of sight; while Mrs. Denning walked cryingly up to the house of her friend Mrs. Tumbleston. On arriving there, she threw herself on the sofa, burst into a fresh flood of tears, and as soon as she could speak for sobbing, answered the inquiries of her hostess by relating, without reserve, the events of the morning. After a while, she recollected the business that had brought her to Bristol, and was conducted to the apartment of the suffering Mary Maria, who had already been twice visited by a physician, and who steadily declined the embrocation that poor Mrs. Denning had brought with her. Meanwhile, Mrs. Tumbleston privately put on her bonnet, and slipped out of the house, for the purpose of acquainting her neighbours with the elopement of the fair Anna. In the course of an hour the news had spread throughout Bristol, and in two hours it was at Burlington. According to the most approved version of the story, Miss Anna Denning, a young lady of beauty, fortune and accomplishments, who was on the point of marriage to a rich merchant, one of the most elegant men in Philadelphia, and to whom she had been engaged for years, had that morning run away with a low worthless common sailor, whose sister was a poor seamstress; and the mother of the infatuated bride was now lying very ill at Mrs. Tumbleston's house, going just out of one fainting fit into another—the poor lady having followed the runaways on board the steamboat, from whence she had been forcibly dragged by her son-in-law and left screaming on the wharf, till Mrs. Tumbleston was kind enough to take her into her house. At Bordenton fears were entertained for Mrs. Denning's intellects.

After a very early dinner, Mrs. Denning embarked for the city in the same steamboat, as it returned down the river; and feeling very melancholy, she remained all the time in the ladies' cabin, her attention being only withdrawn from her griefs by the exercise of a few acts of gratuitous kindness: such as recommending suitable boarding-houses to some New York families, and promising to obtain places for four Irish chambermaids who had just arrived in the country.

On reaching home, she found the family assembling at dinner, and in great surprise at Anna's having been missing since early in the morning, when she had been seen going out, but never coming back again. Nick Denning had just been sent to inquire if Norbert Lankley knew anything of her. "*I* know all about her, to my sorrow," exclaimed Mrs. Denning, and she then related her extraordinary tale. Mr. Denning raved, and threatened awful vengeance on the audacious midshipman, and his nefarious sister the mantua-maker.

Ellen Denning said, that for her part she had always prophesied in her own mind, that Anna's engagement to Norbert Lankley would come to nothing, and that Norbert was quite too good for Anna. Rosa on the other hand averred that *she* had had similar misgivings because Anna was too good for Norbert, who was entirely too tall and dangling.

Just then Norbert himself came in with Nick, and on hearing all the circumstances, he bore the loss of his *fiancée* with an exemplary fortitude, amounting almost to cheerfulness; and Nick for his part thought it an excellent joke.

Mr. Denning declared that he would write to Anna by that day's mail, assuring her positively that he would never see her face again, and never allow her a single cent, even to keep her from starving. Sabina Westmore, much shocked at all that had passed, kindly interfered in behalf of the offenders, suggested that the letter of renunciation should be postponed to an indefinite period, and finally succeeded in calming down the anger of Mr. Denning. Norbert Lankley took his leave, after assuring the family that he was not in the least offended at Miss Anna's consulting her own happiness in the way that seemed best to her, and that he should bear her no malice in consequence; and he withdrew with a light step, and evidently a lightened heart.

The story of Anna Denning's elopement had been widely circulated during the afternoon, and had been mentioned at the Exchange. So all the beaux considerately staid away that evening and the next; and the Miss Dennings became very sleepy in consequence, and retired to their rooms before nine o'clock. Also, Mrs. Denning on this occasion remained at home for eight-and-forty hours; after which, being unable to stay in any longer, she resumed her usual habits, and was questioned and condoled with by most of her friends; while others with praiseworthy delicacy refrained even from mentioning the word midshipman in her presence, and carefully avoided the most distant allusion to anything connected with the navy. Some even abstained from saying dressmaker.

Next week Sabina Westmore's month in Philadelphia was to expire; and she felt exceedingly anxious to find herself at her own home. A few days after the elopement of Anna, a card was brought up to Sabina's room (where the Miss Dennings chanced just then to be with her), and the servant said that Mr. Westmore and another gentleman were waiting in the parlour. On looking at the card, Sabina's cheeks were suffused with crimson, her eyes sparkled with more than their usual brilliancy, and she hastened immediately down stairs. Ellen and Rosa made some improve-

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ment in their dress, and hastened down after her, impatient to see Orvin Westmore, and the new gentleman; and grieving that Sabina had gone down with the card still in her hand, for if she had left it behind they might immediately have known his name.

When the Miss Dennings came down, they found Orvin Westmore reading a newspaper at the centre-table, in the front parlour, while in the adjoining apartment there was seated beside Sabina one of the handsomest and finest-looking young men they had ever beheld; and whom she immediately introduced as Mr. Mordaunt, lately from India.

Orvin now came forward, and had of course a very cordial reception from Rosa; while Ellen determined to appropriate to herself the elegant stranger, and set about it forthwith. Rosa contrived to entice Orvin to the back-windows to look at the honeysuckles that were trained around them, and then said to him in a low voice, "Only see Ellen; I declare I am quite ashamed of her, though she *is* my sister. She is setting her cap already at that very *air-distingué* stranger who looks as if he might be the son of a nobleman. Pray, who is he?"

"Gustavus Mordaunt is the son of one of our most wealthy and influential merchants in Boston," replied Westmore.

"For Ellen's sake, I hope he is not engaged."

"Yes, he is, and has been so for a year or more; previous indeed to his departure for India."

"To whom—what is the lady's name?"

"Sabina Westmore—my sister."

"Is it possible? Has Sabina been really engaged all this time? And to think that she never told us, and never behaved as if she was engaged at all—never giving any one the slightest hint of it. And we have all the while been trying to get a beau for her! There is Ellen still wasting her attractions on Mr. Mordaunt; I must call her off."

Rosa then made a sign to Ellen, who unwillingly approached, and asked her sister "what was the matter." And Rosa explained that Mr. Gustavus Mordaunt, the son of one of the richest merchants in Boston, was actually engaged to cousin Sabina, and had been so for more than a year. Ellen expressed great amazement, and exclaimed to Orvin Westmore, "Well, I am indeed astonished; this is really incredible; I always thought Sabina Westmore was cut out for an old maid. Did Mr. Mordaunt know she was literary?"

"Having been acquainted with her from childhood, he knew that Sabina was fond of reading, and that every day she devoted a certain portion of time to the improvement of her mind."

"Wonders will never cease! And when is the wedding to take place?"

"Whenever Sabina pleases. The very day before I set out to bring my sister home, Gustavus Mordaunt arrived from India, and in his impatience to see her, he has accompanied me to Philadelphia."

"Such a beau is really worth having," said Rosa. "How will *our* gentlemen look beside him," remarked Ellen.

To be brief—Sabina began next day to prepare for leaving Philadelphia on the following morning, escorted by her brother and her lover. The Miss Dennings were very much surprised to see that neither she nor Mr. Mordaunt either talked or behaved at all like "engaged people," at least before company. Mr. Denning and Nick took a very kind leave of Sabina; and Mrs. Denning regretted that her numerous avocations had prevented her from being as much with Miss Westmore as she wished. Ellen and Rosa were very polite at parting; but secretly rejoiced that they should now have all the beaux entirely to themselves. Rosa had the preceding day left off doing the amiable to Orvin Westmore; Sabina having informed her that he was shortly to be married to a very charming young lady of Portland.

Early in the autumn the Miss Dennings received from *Mrs. Mordaunt*, a large box, containing a superb wedding cake, and a small one with some beautiful little ornaments for the centre-table.

In the meantime, about a week after the elopement, Mr. Timberley Twigham dictated a penitent letter for his Anna to commit to paper. Mr. Denning had found upon inquiry, that Mr. Twigham was a very worthless fellow; and that he had been discarded by all those of his relations whose countenance was worth having. Therefore, he replied that if she would return to him he would receive his daughter, but not her husband. Shortly after there came another letter from Anna, very badly expressed, and therefore, evidently written entirely by herself. She stated that her dear Timberley was ordered to sea, and that during his absence she should have no place to be in, consequently she would accept her father's offer and come. Mr. Denning then wrote again, and gave her permission to do so. Her husband brought her to Philadelphia, and unblushingly presented himself with her at her father's house, calculating upon the probability of not being ordered out of it. He was tacitly allowed to remain there for a week till it was time to join his ship at New York. Anna had not sufficient sensibility to grieve much at his departure; and for his part, he seemed already to have grown tired of her. Being very unpopular with the Denning family, they were all glad when he sailed on a three years cruise; and Anna, who never after had any other home than her father's house, resumed her old habits of nothing.

Norbert Lankley was married in the course of the next winter, to a brisk, notable, clever girl, from Connecticut. And he was very proud of his wife, notwithstanding she had no pretensions to beauty. They live happily, and he is fast becoming a rich man.

Several of the other young men that frequented the society of the Miss Dennings, and walked with them occasionally in Chesnut street, have taken to themselves wives; but none of them chose either

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Ellen or Rosa. Neither of these sisters have as yet any prospect of entering into the marriage state, for the simple reason that no one has yet asked them, flirting and proposing being very different things; and it is possible, after all, that their maiden names may eventually be inscribed on their tomb-stones. They begin already to perceive that young ladies do not go off any the sooner for devoting their time and thoughts exclusively to the beaux.

WATER FROM THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.

2 SAMUEL, XXIII.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Fierce was the strife with Israel's foes,
And long the din of battle rose;
But when its last, shrill echo died,
The wearied warrior-king descried,
Through clouds of dust, that far away
Were settling round the horizon gray,
The waving trees that greenly rose
O'er Bethlehem's vales of blest repose,
And brightly o'er his troubled brain
Gleam'd back his boyhood's haunts again.
The shepherd's crook—the pastures fair,
The folded flock that own'd his care,—
The harp, on which he breath'd so free,
The raptur'd soul of minstrelsy;
The fount from rocky bed that burst,
And slak'd his happy childhood's thirst,—
"Oh, that my lip that balmy dew
Once more might taste!"

He scarcely knew
That the fond wish, his heart that stirr'd
Wak'd from its rest, one murmur'd word.
But friendship, when its warmth is high,
Hath quicken'd ear, and sleepless eye:—
And three, whose hearts were David's own,
Caught that soliloquizing tone,
And with a sudden impulse fir'd
Of rashness, and of zeal, retired.

Philistia's spears were sharp and bright,
Her sentries watchful of the night,
Yet brake those three her squadrons through,—
And water from that well they drew,—
And strange to say, the dangerous track
Retrod,—and came in safety back.

"O king, the wish'd for boon, behold
Sweet Bethlehem's waters, pure and cold."

The monarch scann'd the sparkling draught,—
Indignant at his selfish thought,
Quick—changing hues of white and red,
Alternate, o'er his temples spread,
As rush'd before his startled thought
The risk with which that boon was bought;
Price of their blood!—with hasting hand
He dash'd the nectar on the sand,
And watch'd the untasted crystal die
With heaving breast and moisten'd eye,
Yet still their hands he warmly prest,
And in his heart their friendship blest.

Ah! who should wish, once more to slake
His thirst at childhood's dreamy lake?
Desert the toils of years mature,
Shrink from the noon-tide heat,
And idly pluck the flowers that grew
Around his infant feet?
No! with firm foot and heavenward head,
The path of duty let him tread,—
Forget the past,—the future meet,
In faith's own panoply complete,
Till Bethlehem's fount assuage his pain,
In realms where none shall thirst again.

SONG OF THE SEA ROVER.

BY DR. JNO. C. M'CABE.

Fill, fill to the brim, the stars grow dim,
And over the quivering sea,
The night winds leap, in their onward sweep—
Fill up, I will drink to thee!

Then away with care, let us dry the tear,
That from feeling's fountain would start;
While memory's hand, with its mystic wand,
Stirs the deadened flowers of the heart.

Oh! I am not old, but my heart is cold
To woman's beautiful smile;
And a cheek's rich dye, and a dreamy eye,
Cannot 'witch me with their guile.

But fill to the brim, the stars grow dim,
And the moon woos the rising tide;
I'm away for the sea—farewell to thee,
My blythe bonnie barque is my bride!

Petersburg, Va.

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DUTY.—A TALE.

BY MRS. DINNIES, OF MO.

"Go, my dearest Isabella, and take our darling Eva to visit her grandparents; for be assured you will then, as ever, be in the path of duty."

"I own it is an imperative duty, dear husband, and it would be a pleasure to me to visit my beloved parents after so long an absence, were it not for the separation from you, Edward. After five years of such happiness as we have enjoyed, how shall I bear to leave you? Indeed our married life seems to me but a delightful dream, for amid all your business, cares, and disappointments, your illness, and occasional despondency, never has the lamp of love burnt dimly in your bosom, nor ceased to shed its beam of light and gladness upon your wife and child."

"Ah! dearest! I would call you a flatterer, but that I know it was impossible for any one ever to have been unkind to you; your own devoted affection and untiring attention to the wishes of your husband, would have called forth kindness from a stoic, Isabella! but enough of sentiment for the present—so let us make arrangements for the voyage, which must be made immediately if at all this season."

But still Isabella Delancy hesitated; she felt strongly the desire to visit for the first time since she had left them, the parents whose only child she was, and present to their embraces her own young daughter, now glowing in the innocence and loveliness of a four years' life; but it would be her first separation from her husband, and all the superstition of a warm temperament, a deep, true, loving woman's heart rose up within her, whispered its fears and its presentiments, and threw their shadow upon her spirits, as she flung her arms around her husband, and clinging to his bosom, consented to go without him on a long and perilous voyage.

"Oh, Edward," she exclaimed, "it seems as if one of us was about to die, and leave the other to all the horrors of a cold world—its cares, its sorrows, and its evils; while the aid which each has mutually rendered is to be withdrawn, and the heart left to bear its misery and its gladness *alone!* There is a fearful weight upon my soul, and I vainly try to shake it off."

"Nonsense, Isabella! It is but a spice of your old romance clinging about you, even after a five years' marriage; come, cheer up love, and prepare to start early in the morning—the steamer leaves at seven, and the baggage must be on board tonight, and do not forget that I will expect long letters and a journal; all you see and hear and feel must be transmitted to me." And he tried to soothe and occupy her mind with brighter themes. She saw his object, and said with a sad smile, "Well, dearest; wear this until we are reunited;" and she flung around his neck a gold chain and locket, bearing the initials I. M. which she had worn in her girlhood.

On the morrow they parted. Isabella and her young daughter under the care of a trusty clerk of Delancy's was to go as far as New Orleans, and there be put under the protection of the captain of a British brig, bound for Belfast, near which city her parents resided.

Edward Delancy was a young man whose parents, having emigrated from New England when he was quite a child, settled at Natchez, Mississippi, and early becoming victims to the fever of the climate, bequeathed their son and a limited property to the care of a Catholic relative, residing in that vicinity. This relative faithfully discharged his duty to the boy, by giving him every advantage which education could afford; and preparing him for the active pursuits of life, (to which from his small means he would be compelled to turn his attention,) by rearing him in the principles of his own creed, and teaching him that a pure and practical religious faith was the basis upon which he should build his future character. He showed him that energy, perseverance, industry and decision, every noble aspiration, and every fixed principle must depend in an eminent degree upon the truth and purity of his religious belief; he proved to him that it would be his only shield amid the temptations of the world, his only consolation under the trials and afflictions of life—the only reward to which he could look when the vicissitudes and disappointments to which all are equally subject upon earth, should leave him in old age, still seeking for that golden treasure of the mind, peace. He early impressed him with a sense of the responsibility and dignity of man, and inculcated the primitive idea, that "made in the image of his Creator," he should be careful to preserve this likeness, untarnished by passion, vice, or meanness, until returned to him from whom it came.

Is it surprising then that, with such principles growing up and strengthening within him, Edward Delancy should, at the age of twenty-one, commence the world as noble and high-minded a being as ever moved among his fellow men? With a strong desire to see the world, he soon persuaded himself that a voyage to Europe was necessary, for the advancement of the commercial business, in which he had engaged. His friend and guardian, Mr. Selmer, smiled at the casuistry of that reasoning, which ardent youth is ever so

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ready to enlist in behalf of its wishes; but as there was nothing wrong in the desire, he did not oppose it, but only added, to his approval of the plan, one of those prudential considerations, which always present themselves to the mind of age. And when, in little more than a twelvemonth after leaving Natchez, Edward wrote that he had married a charming Irish girl, near Belfast, with whom he was preparing to return home, the old gentleman remarked that, "with Edward's principles it would only be a stimulant to exertion to have encumbered his young years with a wife, whose only dowry seemed to be her virtues and her love." And so it had proved; Isabella Mordant had left a home of tenderness and indulgence, in which she was the only child of parents who idolized her, and had given her strong and devoted affections to Edward Delancy. She had come with him in all the trust of guileless youth, to a strange land; parents, friends, home, were given in exchange for the love of one warm honourable heart. The ties of her childhood, the attachments of her youth, the admiration of all who had known her from infancy, seemed light sacrifices to lay upon the altar of her love; she was a girl of deep feelings, strong principles, and ambitious desires, and she would have felt a pride in immolating her every feeling, nay, her very being had it been necessary, to prove her truth, her trust and her love, for the noble being she had chosen as the idol of her affections. She gave up all—hope, memory, and almost thought itself, to love, and that love rested upon a stranger; and in return what did she require? *Love!*

To reign supreme, alone, and unrivalled in the heart of him for whom she had relinquished her former existence, and whom she had followed to a home of strangers; to be the object of as true devotion to her husband, as he was to her; for *this* she lived and moved and had her being. And in the consciousness that such had been her lot, during the five years she had spent in Natchez, it can scarcely be wondered at that their parting for the first time, should have filled her with a vague fear, or presentiment of change, against which she vainly struggled. The only cares which Isabella had experienced proceeded from the illness which her husband had suffered; sometimes when she marked his anxious face as business was spoken of, and he complained of the unsuccessfulness of his speculations, and the want of funds to prosecute schemes of aggrandizement, the wish would cross her that *she* could be the means of giving him those funds he seemed so earnestly to desire, and then, as he smiled upon her day-dreams and suggestions, like a true woman she forgot his want of money in his fulness of affection, and lived quite happy on their humble income.

Often had Delancy promised to accompany her to Ireland, but business had still prevented him; and when letter after letter arrived from her parents urging their wish to see her once again; and the recent failure of several large establishments with which he was connected, having put it completely out of her husband's power to accompany her for an indefinite period; he judged it better for her to take their little girl and visit her aged parents, while he should attend to his affairs at home—and thus it was they parted.

Delancy's clerk returned to Natchez. Mrs. Delancy and Eva had sailed the day before he left New Orleans, in the British brig Empress, Capt. Saunders, bound for Belfast, with fair winds and pleasant weather, and Delancy had read and reread his despatch from Isabella, a dozen times before he slept; and fervently committing his wife and child to the protection of Heaven, he prepared his mind for those anxieties of business in which the morrow would find him immersed.

Weeks rolled on; one vessel had hailed the Empress, but they were too far apart for anything more than the "all's well" of the speaking trumpet to be borne to the American bound ship, as they passed; another vessel late in the evening had seen a brig flying, from what the captain felt assured was a piratical bark, and believed from all he could ascertain that the brig was the Empress. As the pirates had recently been committing depredations among the West India Islands, and some of them had been chased into Barataria, where it was supposed they harboured, the public became greatly excited in New Orleans, and a well armed cutter was immediately sent in pursuit. Vain effort! Lafitte had not yet been compelled to yield either to stratagem or valour, and his relentless desperadoes carried on their trade of death and robbery with impunity, upon the waters of the Gulf and almost within sight of land.

Who can describe the feelings of Delancy, as he thought even of the possibility of his young and high-spirited Isabella, being in the hands of a lawless crew of pirates? The death of his beautiful child he thought a trifle when compared to the sufferings that might be forced upon his wife; imagination enhanced all the horrors perpetrated by pirates of which he had ever read. And as days and weeks passed without further tidings of the Empress, his agony of mind had almost terminated in madness.

At last a negro, who was known to have been on board of the Empress when she left New Orleans, had returned to that port, by a vessel which had taken him, half dead with fear and hunger, from a piece of plank many days after the last sight of the Empress had been mentioned by the papers. He could give but a very unconnected account of the voyage; still they gathered that when the pirate was first discovered to be in chase, the crew of the Empress prepared to defend her, but the passengers were so much alarmed that many of them jumped overboard and were drowned; and among these he persisted was Mrs. Delancy with her child in her arms. He too, had jumped over and swam until nearly exhausted, when he had found a plank upon which he crawled, and had floated, unconscious, until found by the vessel that rescued him: this was all that was to be

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learned respecting the noble brig and her hapless crew.

Delancy derived positive relief from the idea of his wife's death, so much more horrible had been his conjectures of her fate; and as he dwelt upon those traits of character he had beheld her display, he felt that it was in keeping with her proud spirit, to clasp her daughter to her heart and seek death together, rather than that either should be defiled by a pirate's touch. Deeply, bitterly, he mourned their early loss—but as he thought of them sleeping peacefully in the bosom of the ocean, his mind seemed to receive consolation in the tranquillity of repose, his fancy would invest them with; visions of coral caves, and sea nymphs—the music of waves and sighing of winds, would mingle themselves in his musings, and his mind at length loved to indulge the dreams he thus created not to sadden but to soothe his loneliness.

It became to him a pious duty to write frequently to the parents of his Isabella; he spake to them of his source of comfort, and tried to chase their griefs by the visions that had softened his own. But all minds are not susceptible of the same impressions, and they were either too old to be acted upon by such delusions, or the grief of parents differs from all other griefs; for, not many months after the intelligence reached Belfast, of the loss of the Empress, Isabella's mother sunk into the grave, a victim of disappointed hopes, and of grief for the loss of a beloved child. Her father too, when he answered Delancy's letter, said, that he felt his days were numbered—that the sands of his life had nearly run out—but that he feared not to die, for he had the Christian's hope before him, and found a high and holy consolation in the thought of soon being reunited to his wife and child. He spake to Delancy of the world where the spirit of Isabella was waiting for and watching over him; and he awakened those lessons of religious hope and faith which he had learned in his youth, which now should teach him to bear his bereavements like a man, and again become an active and useful member of society, performing the duties of his situation faithfully and with assiduity. Oh, how many a broken heart has been healed by this steady performance of duty, how many a crushed spirit soothed and strengthened, and how many weary pilgrims aided and sustained upon the path of life, by firmly and perseveringly seeking and fulfilling the duties appointed for their station, by the Almighty Disposer of all! Very hard it is often to turn the mind from its selfish sufferings, but once begin, and every step diminishes the difficulty; disappointment, sorrow, vexation, disappear—the mind beholds its duty, and knows that its reward is sure; for content if not joy will very soon shed its lustre on the way of him who strives earnestly to perform its requisitions. Delancy early found this truth.

Giving his attention to business, he once more embarked in commercial speculations, and success began to smile upon his enterprise. He became comparatively rich; and now his chief solicitude consisted in having no one to share the blessings of his lot. Three years had passed since he parted from Isabella, and his home became more and more desolate to his imagination, whenever the memory of her happy face broke upon him, as he turned his footsteps homeward of a summer's evening, or looked into the lonely breakfast room, where her gay smile was wont to welcome him to his morning meal.

At last, one evening, accident brought him in company with Adelé Tracy, a girl he had known all her life, for she had been born in Natchez, and the Sunday school and the dancing school, had made them well acquainted in their childhood. But latterly Edward had lost sight of Adelé, and had only an indistinct recollection of having heard that her parents were dead, and that she was living with an aunt at Woodville. Now the thought all at once rushed upon his mind that he might be useful to Adelé—so he walked with her to the boarding-house, at which her aunt and herself were staying at the time, and on the way it struck him how much the tones of her voice resembled those of Isabella. Adelé had never seen Delancy's wife, but she had often heard of her, and when her fate and the loss of the Empress met her eye, as recorded in a newspaper of the day, Adelé had shed many tears of sympathy for the handsome Delancy, with whom she used to like so well to dance when a little girl; and she liked to fancy his eyes quite as bright, and his hair as glossy as in those merry days when they took lessons together. Adelé was very beautiful, with winning, childlike manners, and a soft sweet voice, which was for ever calling up old memories in the heart of Edward, as he walked by her side, or sat chatting to her of their childish reminiscences; so the evening wore away more happily in her society, than he had supposed an evening ever could do again. When he returned home that night, he lay awake contrasting her with Isabella, who had been his standard of female excellence. "She is taller than my Isabella, but more slender and childlike; Isabella had brown hair, and a large full gray eye that lit up, varied with each passing thought, and told her feelings ere they reached her lips. Adelé's eyes are blue and full of tenderness, her hair is almost too light, but then she has such rosy lips," and here his soliloquy ended—for he fell asleep and dreamed of business, ships, churches and angels in all varieties, and the next morning found him quite lighthearted in comparison with his usual state of feeling. Again he visited Adelé, again and again, and each time he found himself trying to make her resemblance to Isabella appear perfect in his mind; one day he exclaimed "Isabella would have been twenty-five, Adelé is not eighteen, just the age at which Isabella was married!" and whether this reflection suggested the idea or not, that night he made proposals of marriage to Adelé, and was accepted.

I will not say he found a comparison after

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marriage quite as agreeable as before, for certainly no two characters ever were more unlike than his two wives—Isabella had been proud to a fault—ambitious, deep-toned and enthusiastic. Adelé was mild, amiable, forgiving, and gentleness was her chief characteristic. Even in their love of Edward, the difference in their characters betrayed itself; Isabella, loving with an intensity of passion seldom seen, watched with jealous solicitude every look and action of her husband, lest he should do or say something that could lower him from the high pedestal upon which her love and her imagination had enthroned him. Adelé loved with all the ardour of her quiet nature, and was satisfied to be loved even as the *second* wife of a man who had adored his *first;* while Isabella (could they have exchanged places) would have been wretched at the thought that any other had divided the affections of a heart over which it was her glory to reign alone. Adelé never troubled herself with a thought of how much more devoted he had been to the object of his first attachment; but Edward was far happier since his marriage than he had been before he met Adelé, and certainly loved her as much as he could love any in this world again.

Thus two months passed by, and they were at breakfast when a large packet was put into the hands of Delancy; his old friend and guardian Mr. Selmer brought it, and the grave manner in which he presented it, added to his immediately calling Adelé to another part of the house, caused Edward to observe particularly the handwriting; but he was wholly unacquainted with it, although the post mark was New Orleans: he hastily burst the seals, and with an exclamation of mingled surprise, love and horror, recognized the well known characters of Isabella. The date of the envelope was not a week old, it contained only a few hasty lines of passionate love, and the hopes of a speedy and joyful reunion, after a more than three years' separation, and referred Edward to the journal for all the perils she had passed. Again and again, she spake of their meeting—their happy meeting; told him she had taught their daughter to expect him almost as anxiously as she did herself, and concluded by the remark, that she would count the hours until his arrival in New Orleans, where she was awaiting him.

What words can speak the feelings which agitated the bosom of Delancy? The thought that Isabella, his idolized Isabella was living, filled him with unspeakable delight, and the idea of flying to meet her and their child, was only banished by hearing the sweet tones of Adelé as she re-entered the parlour with Mr. Selmer. The old man looked kindly at Delancy, but there was a troubled expression on his face as he turned his eyes upon the fair young creature at his side; it seemed to say, "I know it all." Adelé saw that there was something wrong, and looked beseechingly at Edward; he felt the appeal, and would have strained her to his heart, but he knew that it would *now* be a sin to do so. Overcome with agony for her fate—with horror for his own—and uncertainty for the future, amounting almost to madness—the miserable man could only clasp his hands together and rush wildly out of the house. It was the painful task of Mr. Selmer to explain the situation of affairs to Adelé—kindly and tenderly he did so—but what words can soften such a blow:

> "Oh, grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
> First leaves the young heart lone and desolate,
> In the wide world without that only tie,
> For which it loved to live—or feared to die."

For a time she sat in speechless wonder and amazement, then suddenly seeming to realize the facts, she started up exclaiming, "Poor, poor Edward! what can he do!"—then as her thoughts reverted to her own situation, she caught Mr. Selmer by the arm saying, "let us go—this is no place for me now—God knows how innocently I came into this house;" and for the first time she wept bitterly. "No one can blame you, Adelé," said her kind friend—"you have done no wrong, but a duty is now before you to perform, my poor child; and let conscious innocence sustain you in the trial!" "Fear not for me," she said—"we will meet no more!" Mr. Selmer conducted her to the house of a friend, and left her to solitude and prayer—and in a few days Adelé was again with her aunt at Woodville.

Edward had rushed from his home in a state bordering upon madness, and long he wandered through the streets scarce conscious whither he went, until in a distant part of the city he encountered Mr. Selmer, who was seeking him; silently he took his arm and turned towards his home, but when they reached the door Edward stopped, and looked up in the face of his friend—"She is gone, my son! Adelé has acted nobly; quick to perceive her duty, she will be sustained in its performance." "I commit her to your care, and direct me in the difficulties by which I am surrounded." They entered, and after several hours spent in the perusal of Isabella's journal, the most proper conduct to be pursued under the circumstances appeared to be, that Mr. Selmer should hasten to New Orleans, and candidly state to Isabella the events which had transpired since her departure.

And while he is on his way let us take a rapid survey of the events that had occurred to Isabella after embarking on board the Empress. The first two or three days of their voyage were prosperous. The narration of the negro was correct as far as it went, for when chased by the pirates Mrs. Delancy had sought death for her child and herself amid the waters, but Providence had ordered otherwise. After the massacre of the crew and passengers of the Empress had been completed, they were rescued from some floating article which had been flung overboard to lighten the vessel, and to which she had probably clung after reason had ceased to guide and instinct alone had controlled her actions. Certain it is that both she and the child were in-

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sensible when discovered by the pirate, and would have been left to perish had not one of the crew, more humane than the rest, persisted in saving "the harmless woman and her little child." When Isabella was resuscitated she found herself in a strange vessel, among rough-looking men, and was not long in arriving at the conclusion that she was a captive. Eva was sleeping softly by her side, and she determined to lie still and watch events; presently a young man with strongly marked features and a commanding air entered the cabin; Isabella started when she saw him—he spake, and she was sure the voice was familiar to her ear—she watched him attentively. One of the officers addressed him by the name of Harris, and it flashed upon her memory that in the pirate before her, she beheld a wayward and long lost son of her old Irish nurse or foster-mother. Isaac Harris had ever been a wrong-headed boy, but she knew that like most of the Irish peasantry he had strong affections. She began to hope much from the memories she might awaken in his mind, and she resolved to await an opportunity of making herself known to him—the opportunity occurred, was embraced, and proved successful.

Having received a promise of protection from one of their officers, Isabella heard with more calmness than she had deemed possible, that she was to accompany the pirates to Barataria. She also heard that they had another captive in their stronghold, and she was not without hopes that Harris would eventually aid her in escaping from his dreadful associates. It was soon understood that the fair captive and her child were under the care of Harris, the second officer in command, and of course as the principle of "honour among thieves" was in full force among them, Isabella was treated with every mark of respect. When they reached Barataria, Harris informed Mrs. Delancy that it might become necessary to her future security that he should take her to his own house, and live in a degree of seeming intimacy with her before his comrades. But the high-minded woman instantly rejected the proposal.

"Never!" she exclaimed, "shall I suffer a shadow to rest upon the name of Delancy—even amid pirates my husband's honour shall be preserved unsullied, and my fair name above reproach."

"Lady, it might save you from insult could you consent to appear better satisfied with one whose respect alone makes him presume to approach you with such proposals," replied the pirate; but it was useless.

"You have spoken before me of an aged captive, whose illness confines him to his hut; and whose high rank induces your associates to preserve his life in the hope of a ransom—place me with him—gladly will I undertake the charge of nursing him. And you, Isaac Harris, remember what *my* parents have done for *yours*, and I do not fear to trust that your gratitude and fidelity will save me from further wrong."

And it was so arranged. Isabella and her child were permitted to inhabit the rude abode that had been devoted to an old gentleman who had languished for many months among the pirates, pining for that home which he had left only to re-establish his health by sea-air, and sailing about among the Islands of the West Indies, where he had large possessions. Captured by the pirates, he was recognized by one of the crew as one of the most wealthy commoners in France—an old gentleman of Lyons, noted for his opulence, his magnificence, and boundless liberality to the poor—a man who had known many sorrows in his youth; but who was now alone in the world, without a relative to claim his immense possessions when he should be no more—and it was the policy of the pirates to save and treat with kindness one from whom they hoped to exact some reward for such unwonted mercy. But the principles of the venerable old man were too well established for him to listen to any terms from a set of lawless desperadoes—men outlawed by their country and their God—the committers of that crime the most abhorrent to humanity—Piracy. And though he withered in sickness and sorrow for his home and its enjoyments, he was firm in his rejection of liberty at such a price.

The consolation of a nurse so gentle, and a companion so delightful, was indeed great to Mr. Lorraine; and to Isabella the arrangement offered every advantage of which her situation was susceptible. Residing under the same roof, she bestowed upon him all those attentions which she would have offered to her father, and very soon the affection of parent and child grew up between them in all its fervency. Jointly, they engaged in educating the little Eva, and Isabella soon learned that for the sake of her daughter she should ever bless her acquaintance with so educated, so polished, and so kind a friend.

Weeks—months—passed over—at last years elapsed—and there was little to mark their flight but the improvements of mind in Eva, and the increased affection of her two instructors. Isabella had laboured too in the difficult task of reclaiming Isaac Harris from his life of crime and peril, and she began to hope that she was making an impression on his wild and ardent feelings. At last, when nearly three years of captivity were passed by Mrs. Delancy, the pirates began to entertain fears of the discovery of their hitherto secure retreat. Suspicions of treachery were awakened in the mind of Lafitte. Isaac Harris was watched in a manner that roused all the indignation of his character—and he who had been deaf to the entreaties of a being he regarded as almost above mortality—the suggestions of his own heart and the reviving sense of justice, now yielded to the passionate impulse of revenge. Suspected at first without a cause, he soon resented the indignity of distrust by preparing to liberate the captives, and place himself under the protection of the laws, by becoming evidence against his former associates.

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Alas! that no nobler motive than revenge prompted this decision. But gratefully was it hailed by Isabella and her friend, whose declining health rendered a change of air and climate most desirable. He promised all the influence he could exert in behalf of Harris, if he would take them safely to Lyons; and as secrecy with respect to their destination and mode of departure was imperative, of course Isabella gladly availed herself of the opportunity to escape to France. It was impossible to convey even the slightest intimation of her existence and safety to her husband without compromising Harris's plan, and of course nothing could induce her to run such a risk.

At length the hour of escape arrived; silently, and at midnight they left Barataria, in an open boat; gained a secluded spot on the nearest island, where Harris had managed to anchor a small fishing smack; and placing his anxious passengers on board, he began fearlessly but cautiously to steer her towards the Island of Cuba; there, he landed at night—disguised himself and his party most effectually; and early the next day they sailed for France as father, daughter and grandchild, with one servant, and safely reached Lyons.

Here the increasing illness of Mr. Lorraine rendered his appeal to government in behalf of Harris impossible; and the first feelings of anger having subsided in the bosom of that quick-tempered person, he felt a reluctance to be the one to deliver up his former comrades to justice, and only begged to be permitted to return to Ireland, and late as it was, to settle in some honest calling. Mr. Lorraine, after liberally rewarding his fidelity, allowed him to depart, pledging for himself and Isabella the strictest secrecy for six months, that he might have every chance of reaching home unmolested by the pirates, and of commencing a life of reform and industry.

Ere the six months which were to elapse before Mrs. Delancy made known her existence to her friends, or attempted to cross the Atlantic, had passed, the spirit of her aged friend and tenderly loved companion in captivity, had winged its flight to a better world; and at the opening of his will, she was discovered to be his sole heir. He had heard from her so much of the virtues and excellencies of her husband, had beheld in Isabella such a devoted love and admiration of him, and had heard her speak so often of his honest exertions to overcome the difficulties of his business affairs, that the old gentleman rightly conjectured that the greatest happiness he could bestow upon the being who had so unweariedly devoted her care and attentions to himself, would be the proud privilege he afforded her of bestowing unbounded wealth upon this idolized husband.

Ah! who can describe the emotions which swelled the heart of Isabella as, on the very day her promise of secrecy expired, she found herself on board of a fast sailing vessel, bound for New Orleans? Mistress of more wealth than her humble wishes had ever aspired to—with her daughter beaming in all the beauty of her age, and beyond her years intelligent and accomplished—her own person and countenance sparkling under the influence of health, hope and happiness—scarcely at the age of twenty-five, with every grace of manner and charm of mind circling around her—and the one deep, pure, passionate desire of bestowing them upon the idol of her imagination, the husband of her love, burning in her heart, like a lamp upon some holy shrine;—proudly she felt all this; and gratefully she looked to the Giver of such blessings, to sustain her under the trials of prosperity, as he had saved her amidst the dangers and disappointments of adversity.

Thus it was that she had arrived in America, and under these feelings and circumstances had her letter and journal been despatched from New Orleans to Delancy. We have seen the circumstances in which they found him, and noticed the result. Mr. Selmer arrived and waited on Isabella. The magnificence by which she was surrounded at first surprised him, for like most women Mrs. Delancy had a taste for splendour, and as the means to gratify it were amply in her power, she took a pride in preparing everything for the reception of her husband in the highest style of refinement and luxury. She scarcely welcomed Mr. Selmer in her eagerness to meet Delancy, who she supposed would be with his guardian; and a shade passed over her radiant countenance upon perceiving he was not present. We will draw a veil over the scene that followed. Imagination may depict, but surely no pen could portray the emotions which rose in the bosom of a wife like Isabella, under the events which it was the painful duty of Mr. Selmer to reveal!

Wounded affection—mortified self-love—and insulted confidence—betrayed trust, and crushed hopes wrung her heart—and the dreams of happiness which had never wandered from their centre, but played in all their varied corruscations around the sun from which they derived the light and warmth which gave them being—must now vanish for ever. After the years of cherished fondness—the hours of fearful, prayerful agony, in which she had thought of him—the months of ardent expectation, and the days of suspense she had endured, was *this* the result! To find herself forgotten—her image supplanted—her very name given to another—and that by *him!* him to whom she had devoted her whole soul—her high faculties, and deep affections.

For weeks Isabella lay upon the bed of sickness—a brain fever prostrating her whole system, rendered life itself long doubtful. Mr. Selmer watched beside her, and his feeling heart mourned over the desolation of spirit betrayed by the sufferer amid the ravings of her delirium. But a good constitution and able medical skill enabled her to surmount the disease. The first feeble words of recovered consciousness were addressed to Mr. Selmer, in a request that her child should not be taken from her. Mr. Selmer was shocked—he

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saw that her strong mind was beginning to realize her situation, and already to arrange plans for the future. He tried to evade the question, but she clung to it with the pertinacity of an invalid. "Promise me that I shall keep my child," she persisted with greater energy—and he promised that the law should not be enforced if she determined not to return to her husband. "Never! never!" and the energy with which she pronounced the emphatic words, while it exhausted her little remaining strength, convinced Mr. Selmer that the determination was final.

In a few days she began steadily but decidedly to recover, and it seemed that her plans were all clear before her, for she requested Mr. Selmer would spend the morning with her, as she wished for the last time to speak upon a subject that must never again be referred to. A copy of the Bible was on the stand beside her, as though the calmness of her manner, and firmness of her tone, had been derived from a frequent study of its holy pages, and familiarity with its truths, which alone can strengthen in the hour of weakness, and console in the moment of affliction. She stated that upon mature reflection she had resolved to return immediately to Natchez—that her child having been born there, her history would be known to all, and none could misjudge her. She requested her friend would procure for her a commodious mansion: and told him she had already, while in France, purchased furniture, &c. on a scale of magnificence seldom equalled, and which she begged he would see arranged. Mr. Selmer here interrupted her,

"If you will not live with your husband, Isabella, why not get a divorce or retire into a convent?"

Her eye flashed one of its proudest beams upon the old man, as she answered haughtily;

"Divorce! Mr. Selmer! how dare you ask of me so idle a ceremony? Can man by his laws or his conventional usages set at naught a sacrament of God's holy church? Is not the command *binding* as it is positive—'Those whom God hath joined together, *let no man* put asunder!'" She paused, and Mr. Selmer answered firmly,

"The church for weighty reasons sometimes permits a separation between husband and wife, but never allows either party to *marry* while the other is alive. In this she follows the command of Christ enforced by the apostle St. Paul."

Isabella immediately opened the Bible at the 7th chapter to the Corinthians, (1st epistle, 10th verse) and read—"'But to them that are married—not I—but the Lord commandeth that the wife depart not from the husband. And if she depart that she remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband.' Outraged as my feelings have been," she said, "this alternative cannot be expected from me. And I have no vocation for a convent, even if it were possible for one in my position to gain admittance; but you must be aware that to take the vows in a religious order, the *consent* of *both* parties is *required*, and the husband also must enter the church. However, sir, as I said, I have no vocation for the duties of such a life; and would neither insult my Maker by offering him a victim of disappointment and misery, nor the pure and heavenly minded community among whom you would advise me to wear out the residue of my days, by carrying my wretchedness among them. No, dear Mr. Selmer, *my* duties are of a different class, and paramount is the duty to my daughter; for her, and to her I must endeavour to render the poor boon of existence a blessing; for this my every energy will be exerted. I also owe a high duty to myself, my walk through life must continue as it has ever been—blameless. And surely society has its claims upon my wealth as upon my time. No, sir, my views of life may differ from those of many persons, but I see high and holy duties binding me to the world; and *there*, amid its turmoils, its splendours, and its follies, will I endeavour to shape my future course, bearing within me 'a conscience void of offence to God and man,' and trying to forget or conceal the sorrows of my heart!"

Again she paused, and Mr. Selmer gazed with admiration he could not conceal upon one so young, so noble, so firmly resolved boldly to meet the difficulties of her situation, and with a pure and holy self-confidence calmly to conquer them. Her eyes were raised to heaven with an expression of faith and high resolve, more touching to him than all the brilliancy which was so common to them. After a while she added—

"You will give me the protection of residing with me, my dear sir. I am sure you will!" and she looked beseechingly upon him.

"I will—I will!" he replied, as overcome with conflicting emotions he left the room.

We will pass over a couple of months, and resume when these plans had been carried into execution, and Mrs. Delancy was established in a superb residence in Natchez. The romance of her situation, added to her known riches and high bearing, soon brought around her all that was estimable in fashion, while her liberal patronage of the arts—her fine appreciation of talent—her admiration of genius, and taste in literature, rendered her house the resort of everything elegant, refined, or valuable. Her cultivated mind, bland manners, sumptuous entertainments, and well known benevolence, made her deservedly popular among all ranks in the community. No duty was neglected; devoting all her love and much of her time to her daughter, she moved steadily upon her path "a bright particular star," winning the admiration of all, and wearing the mild aspect of resignation, if not contentment, ever on her face. None could have suspected that sorrow had ever darkened that brow, or disappointment barbed an arrow for her heart. Mr. Selmer alone saw that a change had fallen upon her character, and read in the impassioned love she bore her child, the earnest desire to render herself all in all to the lovely Eva.

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Delancy and herself had never met even by accident, although Isabella avoided no place of resort where she might have seen him; but he had feared for her and for himself, and scarcely moved beyond his own doors, except when business or duty called him abroad. Adelé, with all the shrinking delicacy of a sensitive heart, had retired from the world, and become a member of that beautiful illustration of Christian mercy, known as "The Sisters of Charity." Her gentle spirit and humble virtues, fitted her in all respects for the vocation she had selected; and many a wretched sufferer had cause to bless the young sister who so kindly tended at his bed of sickness, and instructed him in the consolations of religion.

Years rolled by. Delancy had hoped that time would in some shape alter and improve his condition—but alas! if he expected ever to be recalled by Isabella, he knew little of the heart of woman. Had his offence been any other than it was, love would have palliated and pardoned the transgression. But to find another image where her own had been—to know that the words of love which he had breathed to her, had been poured, perhaps, with the same passionate earnestness into the ears of another—the lip, so often in the fulness of confidence pressed upon her brow, had given its fervour to another's cheek—the bosom upon which she had rested every care and found relief, had pillowed another head. No! it was not in the nature of a woman like Isabella to forgive what to her highly wrought feelings appeared almost a sacrilege. She mourned her husband as if he had been dead; but never could he be anything to her in this life again. And so he at last discovered—but the strong desire to behold his child, and once more gaze upon the features of his wife, now took possession of his mind. And when he learned that she would with Eva attend a concert that was to be given at one of the theatres, he resolved also to be among the audience.

The evening arrived. Mrs. Delancy's box was one of the most conspicuous in the theatre. The company was large; but quietly seated in the parquette was Delancy—seeing nothing—hearing nothing; but keeping his eyes steadfastly fixed upon the box his wife was to occupy. Isabella came late; she was leaning upon the arm of Mr. Selmer, and held Eva by the hand; for a moment the group stood in that position until the door of the box was opened, and Delancy had a full view of them. He rose upon his feet, and stood like one entranced gazing upon them. When they were seated, Eva let her handkerchief fall; in an instant Delancy rushed forward, and catching it to his bosom, left the house. So quickly had the scene passed, that Isabella had not perceived her husband, though, when on their return home Eva described to her the conduct of the strange man who had run away with her handkerchief, her heart told her too truly who it must have been.

"And they might have been mine," exclaimed the wretched man as he flew into the street. "Oh! how bitterly am I punished for an involuntary error—but I can bear it no more; I must quit Natchez and find an asylum somewhere for my grief."

And when he returned to his solitary home his resolve was taken; he determined to give up his occupations and travel. He resolved to visit the Holy Land, and see all those places mentioned in Scripture, and sanctified by the sufferings of a Saviour, and the trials of the Saints; and to devote himself to acts of virtue and piety, and to seek those consolations in religion which could alone enable him to support the sorrows of his situation. Having thus resolved, he felt calmer than he had done for years before.

It was a fine autumnal evening—the shadows of twilight yet lingered over the earth; but within the mansion of Mrs. Delancy a blaze of light poured down from the various and magnificently wrought candelabra over the rich carpet and gorgeous draperies, and shed a glow of sunlight radiance upon the superb paintings and splendid statuary that decorated the drawing-room. Eva was reclining half asleep upon a crimson couch; and on a luxuriant looking ottoman by her side, sat Isabella, arrayed with more than usual care, and glittering with gems of rare devices and costly setting. She was expecting a select party of the most favoured of her acquaintances, and bestowed some attention to effect, that their visit might be rendered in every way agreeable. A servant entered showing in a visiter. Mrs. Delancy rose, and started on beholding a Sister of Charity, but instantly welcomed her with the gentle urbanity which distinguished her manners. Appeals to her benevolence were so common that nothing but the lateness of the hour rendered this visit remarkable—yet as the Sister declined the courtesy of a seat, Isabella was attracted by the sweet tones of the voice which answered her. Her next question of "What can I do for you?" was prompted as much by the idea that there was agitation in the being before her, as by feelings of benevolence—

"My purse," she continued, "is always at the service of the unfortunate, and for other griefs,"—finding the Sister still silent—"fear not to speak to me, for suffering has taught me sympathy."

Still the Sister spake not; and it would have been a fine subject for a painter to have portrayed the two figures as they stood together in that temple of luxury. The tall person of the Sister, shrouded in her loose and shapeless black robe, her head covered by its small black bonnet, shading, not concealing the dazzling whiteness of her brow: her deep blue eyes, and almost childlike features, and the small white hand whose taper fingers could just be seen beneath the large sleeve, that enveloped it; offered a striking contrast to the rich velvet dress whose graceful folds fell around the faultless form of Isabella, as if an artist had arranged it for effect; her hands sparkling with jewels; and her whole appearance bearing evidence of her position, and peculiar tastes. Again Mrs. Delancy addressed her visiter, inquiring gently,

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"What is your errand with me?"

"Mercy, lady, *mercy!* I belong to an order in which mercy assumes many forms; but never have I seen her in one more lovely than yours. Oh, listen to her voice, nor let me plead to you in vain," and she sank upon her knees at the feet of Isabella, still speaking rapidly. "I am going far from this part of the country—I will never revisit it; but I could not leave until I had looked upon your face and pleaded for one whom I dare not name. Lady, there was no sin, for he ceased not to love you; even though we believed that you were dead."

"Adelé!" said Isabella, raising her from the floor, "*It is too late!* Delancy has left America. But for you I have no feeling save that of affection. Poor Adelé, yours has been a bitter lot."

"No! I am happy in my present state—far happier than I ever was before," she said emphatically, and Isabella pressed her to her heart as if she had been her own young sister.

Their interview was not long protracted. Adelé clasped Eva in one fond embrace; and again pressing Isabella to her bosom, she went forth upon her mission of charity to a distant land.

After this night Isabella's feelings assumed a new character. She never spake of her interview with the Sister of Charity, but her pride of heart seemed to be subduing itself before the power of Religion, to whose requisitions she began to give up more of her time; and when tidings reached her of the death of Adelé from a contagious fever, contracted by her attendance at the bedside of a hospital patient, she felt how far more faultless and happy had been the unpretending life of the gentle sister, than her own prouder and more dazzling career.

Eva had now grown almost into womanhood; and Mr. Selmer full of years was gradually sinking into that last resting-place of the good—a peaceful grave. Isabella had reached her thirty-second year, and the proud spirit of her youth was tranquillized, for the passionate energy of her character had been controlled by suffering and a true religious faith. Still lovely, she had lost much of the brilliancy of her young years; but there was a chastened sweetness in her smile that told of hopes beyond the grave.

One day while at church, her observation was attracted by an elderly looking man whose devout attention to the services elicited her respect; but as her mind soon fixed itself upon her own duty, and the prayers commenced, she thought of him no more, until that evening, when told that a stranger desired to see her, when she recognized in the person who entered her sitting room, the subject of her morning's speculation. He was apparently about forty years of age, sunburnt and care-worn; and came, he said, from a distant land to deliver into the hands of Mrs. Delancy, a chain and locket, which she had once bestowed upon a friend of his. Isabella trembled with emotion at the sound of his deep-toned voice; but when he took from his bosom the well remembered handkerchief which Eva had dropped at the theatre, and unclasped the locket from his neck, which she had given to her husband so many years before, her heart told her it was Delancy himself; and, unable longer to contain her emotions, she flung herself into his arms, exclaiming,

"My husband! My own dear husband! will you not receive me again to your affections?"

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

BY W. J. WALTER.

Come here, take the world! said old Jove from his throne,
To mortals; 'tis yours, I decide it:
There, take it! the gift be for ever your own,
But, like brothers, be sure to divide it.

Then every one hasten'd his fancy to suit,
Old and young they were busily stirring;
The husbandman seized on the fields and the fruit,
To the woodlands the hunter is spurring.

The merchant with riches his warehouses loads,
The priest 'midst good wine lives in clover;
The King cries; the bridges are mine, and the roads,
I claim toll from each one passing over.

From afar, wrapt in reveries lofty and dim,
Came the Poet, when all was divided;
Poor devil, alas! there was nothing for him,
The thing was all fixed and decided.

And am I, of thy sons the most faithful, he said,
And am I, then, forgotten alone?
And how deep his emotion, what tears did he shed,
As he rush'd to the thunderer's throne.

Well, if thou in the land of bright fancies hast stray'd,
Said the god, do not quarrel with me:
But where wert thou, friend, when the sharing was made?
I was, said the poet, with thee.

I was basking me there in the glance of thy smile,
I was drinking the hymns of the sphere:
Ah! forgive, if enwrapt and bewilder'd the while,
Naught else could I see, could I hear.

What's to do? said the god; earth is portion'd away;
'Tis too late to reverse the decree:
But the heavens are my own, and yon regions of day
Have their portals all open to thee.

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"THERE, I KNEW IT!"

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"THERE, I knew it! I just knew it!".

"Knew what, Sally?" asked Mr. Poppleton, as soon as he had effected an entrance, after having given the bell a pretty strong pull. He had heard his wife's exclamation while standing without, and perceived, by her tone and manner, that she was a good deal disturbed.

"Why, I knew that bell would wake the baby."

"Then, my dear, why didn't you have the baby carried up into the chamber? Or why, if you knew the bell would wake him, didn't you unlock the door, before I came to it? You must have known that it was my time to come home, and I suppose, from your expecting that the bell would wake the baby, you were looking for me every moment."

"Yes, that is a fact," Mrs. Poppleton said, in a calmer tone. "It was wrong in me, I know, not to have sent the nurse up stairs with him; but then I was so busy, that, although I was thinking about it, and was worried at the idea of the bell's ringing, yet, somehow or other, I put off speaking to her from moment to moment, until it was too late. I really believe I shall never reform myself into a sensible, consistent woman."

"If you are in the effort to correct any fault of character, my dear," Mr. Poppleton said, kindly, "you have everything to hope. An occasional lapse, makes us more vigilant in self-government afterwards."

"Perhaps so," Mrs. Poppleton said. "But just hear how that baby is screaming! There will be no peace now, until I take him! I do think I have the crossest children!"

And Mrs. Poppleton hurried up stairs where the baby had been taken just two minutes too late, to spend some ten minutes in getting it quieted off to sleep again.

"A pretty fair touch of human nature!" said Mr. Poppleton, musingly, as he threw himself back into the rocking-chair. "And Sally is not the only one who has cause to blame herself in respect to the sin of procrastination. I believe her loving husband, for all he can give such good advice when occasion requires, is not guiltless in this matter."

No very pleasant ideas were now conjured up in Mr. Poppleton's mind, and he sat musing and thoughtful until dinner was announced. The meal over, he returned to his counting-room, and became again absorbed in business. Half an hour had scarcely elapsed, when a neighbour came in and said—

"Well, Poppleton, our friend Hempsted is 'done for.'"

"What!" ejaculated Poppleton, turning pale.

"Why, Hempsted has failed."

"There, I knew it!" exclaimed the other. "I knew it!"

"Then, if you knew it, of course you are not at all in for it," remarked the friend, quietly.

"Ain't I? Yes, but I am though, to the tune of five thousand dollars!"

"And you knew he was going to fail?"

"I knew he must fail; and have been going for a week past to sell his note to a broker, without recourse; but, fool-like, have put it off, and now I must come in, I suppose, for a meagre compromise of some thirty cents in a dollar. It is too bad!"

"Well, Poppleton, we grow wiser as we grow older," remarked the friend, whom we will call Harvey. "Bought wit, they say, is best. You will hardly be caught in another such a scrape."

"No, that I will not!" Poppleton responded, emphatically.

Harvey, after lounging in Mr. Poppleton's counting room for half an hour, returned to his own store.

"Has Mr. Campbell been here?" he asked of one of the clerks.

"Yes, and he waited for you some twenty or thirty minutes," was the reply.

"There, I knew he would be here to-day!" ejaculated Harvey, striking his fist upon the counter.

"He said he would like to have seen you very much," added the clerk, "before closing with Wright & Co. for the twenty cases of prints, of which he was speaking. He said that he would rather have had your assortment of patterns at the same price, if you would agree to his terms."

"Agree to his terms? Be sure I would! Who wants better terms than cash these times! It is too bad!" This last ejaculation was made to himself, as he retired into his counting room, where he continued. "Ain't I a most consummate fool! I knew he would be here this afternoon, and I intended to accept his terms. His cash would have carried me clear through to-morrow, and now I shall have to 'shin it' until I'm sick as death, and then, ten chances to one, if I ain't protested. Fool, fool, that I am!"

"Well, he is a fool!" remarked the clerk, as the principal retired to his counting room, on being informed that he had missed a good customer. "He knew Campbell would be here, and wanted to sell him his goods, and yet was out of

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the way at the very moment. Well, this is a queer world."

"Does Mr. Yielding stay here?" asked a stout man with a big stick in his hand, which he brought to the floor with an emphatic rap.

"That is my name," said the clerk bowing.

"Ah, very well," said the man, taking from his pocket a bundle of papers, and carefully looking over them. "You superseded a debt for Thomas Appleton, I believe, some six months ago, did you not?" inquired the man, drawing forth a paper, and looking up into the face of the young man.

"Yes, I did—and what of it?"

"Nothing: only he has failed to come forward with the money, and we must look to you for it."

"Humph! I knew it! I was sure of this, when I was weak enough to go that fellow's security!" said Mr. Yielding, in an excited tone.

"Are you ready to take up the account now?" asked the man with a business air, unmindful of the clerk's exclamation.

"Have you seen Appleton?"

"Yes; but he says he can't do anything, and we intend looking to you."

"Well, how much is it?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Here it is, then; I suppose there is no getting away from it. I knew it! I was as sure that this would be the end of it as that I had a head on my shoulders."

"The more fool you!" muttered the constable as he walked away, after pocketing the debt, costs of suit, interest, fees, etc. "But you're only a small sample of the children of folly I meet in my walks."

"Well, brother chip, how do you do to-day?" said another officer of the law, addressing the individual of the 'big stick,' just alluded to.

"Hearty—how are you?"

"O, bright as ever. How's business?"

"Rather dull. Never knew money so hard to come. People havn't really got any. Use-to-could frighten a fellow out of a claim at once by saying 'jail'—but it's no use now. Some folks that I know of would be glad to get even there."

"Hard times, that's a fact. Let me see, I believe I've got a little bit of paper for you."

"For me?" said constable number one, looking half-alarmed. "Nothing for me, I reckon."

"Yes, here it is. You are amerced in the debt of Hendrickson, whom you suffered to go on his own recognizance—and he is now G. T. T."

"There, I knew that would be the upshot of it, when I allowed him to go! What an unconscionable fool I am! And the debt is ninety dollars. I shall never be able to pay it!"

"It'll take a smart man to get away from me," said the other. "I make all my customers toe the mark."

"And me among the rest?"

"Of course. You know every man must do his duty. If you had done your duty, you would not have been in the bad fix that you are. So come along."

While this little scene was passing, a maiden was surveying herself in a mirror that hung in a house opposite to where the officers of law stood conversing. She was young and beautiful, and was dressed to go out, with richness and elegance.

"Don't you think the pavements too damp, Julia?" said her mother, coming into the room at the moment.

"O no, ma'! I am sure they are quite dry. It is a beautiful day, and the streets are crowded with ladies."

"Still, my child, the air is raw, and the pavements must be damp, for only yesterday it rained throughout the day."

"Indeed, ma', you are too particular. I am not such a puny one that I cannot breathe the fresh air. I am sure I am as healthy as Emeline Todd, or Florence Williamson, and I saw them go by, only ten minutes ago."

"You are very susceptible of cold, Julia. You know that yesterday you complained of a sore throat, and I have heard you cough several times through the day. I really wish you would not go out."

"I wont go, unless you say that I may," and the tears came into Julia's eyes, indicating the great sacrifice she would make, if compelled to remain at home.

This touched her mother's feelings, and she said, "I do not wish to deprive you of your anticipated pleasure, Julia. It is only because I fear for your health that I object to your walking out to-day."

"But, indeed, ma', there is no danger. See, I have on my thick-soled shoes. And I won't stay long."

"Indeed I am afraid, Julia," the mother urged, though half relenting. The daughter was quick to perceive this.

"Say yes, ma'! Do! I won't stay but an hour."

"An hour in the street would be sure to give you a violent cold."

'O, but I don't expect to be in the street all the time. I have half-a-dozen calls to make, and shall be in the house two-thirds of the time."

"Well, Julia, I suppose I must say yes. But I do it reluctantly. Remember, I shall look for you home in an hour; and do not, upon any account, remain long in the street."

"O no, I shall be very careful." And the light-hearted maiden glanced from her mother's presence like a sunbeam.

True to her word, Julia returned at the end of an hour.

"I am glad you are back," said her mother, "for I have been troubled about you ever since you went away. I hope you have not taken cold."

"O no, ma'! I feel in a glow all over. It is delightful out, and the streets are thronged with ladies. I should not have been home for an hour yet, if I hadn't promised you."

The cheeks of the maiden wore a heightened colour, and her eyes sparkled with unusual lustre.

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These her mother noticed; and also, an almost imperceptible huskiness of the voice: the latter, she thought, at times, was only imagination; still she felt uneasy, and mentally blamed herself for having yielded to her daughter's importunities. There was cause for her uneasiness. Julia, whose constitution was a very delicate one, had taken cold, and long before nightfall, was troubled with a slight pain in her side, running up towards her shoulder every time she took a more than usually long breath. Although she had obeyed her mother's injunctions to return within an hour, yet she had remained in the street nearly the whole time of her absence, during which the dampness of the pavements had thoroughly penetrated to her feet.

The pain in her side continued slowly to increase; but Julia was unwilling to mention it, for she felt that she had been imprudent. Her father noticed her heightened colour at tea-time, and said, laughingly—

"You blush as deeply, Julia, as if your beau were present."

The quicker motion of her heart, occasioned by this remark, increased the pain in her side to such a degree that she could scarcely bear it without betraying its existence. But she made the effort, and replied playfully to her father's pleasant sally. Still her mother's eye failed not to detect the existence of something wrong, and her heart smote her.

Julia, whose side still continued to pain her very badly at every inspiration, retired early to her bed, in the hope that its warmth and repose would relieve her.

"What is that?" asked Mrs. Colburn, Julia's mother, about ten o'clock in the evening, as she sat in the parlour with her husband. And she listened attentively.

"What is it? I don't hear anything," Mr. Colburn said.

"There it is again. Don't you hear it?"

"No. What does it sound like?"

"Like a groan. There! didn't you hear it again?" And she rose and pulled the bell.

"I did hear something. A faint, low moan, it seemed. But it is only the wind moving a shutter, perhaps."

"Go up, Susan, and see if anything is the matter with Julia," Mrs. Colburn said to the servant who entered at the moment.

The servant departed.

"There it is again!" the mother once more said. "I am afraid something is the matter with Julia."

"O, I expect not, she seemed well enough at tea-time."

In a few minutes the servant returned, and said that Miss Julia complained of a pain in her side.

"There, I knew it! I knew it!" Mrs. Colburn exclaimed, so soon as the servant had withdrawn.

"Knew what, Mary?" Mr. Colburn asked, in a serious tone.

"Why, I knew that she would take cold when I let her walk out this afternoon."

"Then why in the world did you let her go?"

To this question poor Mrs. Colburn was silent, for she knew not what reply to make.

"But I must run up and see her," and the mother hurried off to Julia's chamber.

"What ails you, my dear?" she asked anxiously.

"O, ma', I feel just as though a knife were run into my side, every time I draw a breath. O dear! O dear! what shall I do!" and the poor sufferer almost screamed with pain.

"Julia's very ill," Mrs. Colburn said to her husband as she re-entered the parlour, in a few moments after she had left it. "She has a dreadful pain in her side, which I fear may end in pleurisy. Hadn't we better send off at once for the doctor?"

"Certainly we had!" and Mr. Colburn pulled the bell with a sudden jerk.

"Tell John," he said to a servant who entered, "to run for the Doctor, and say to him that we wish to see him immediately, as Julia is very sick."

"Yes, sir." And the servant hurried away.

"You say, that she has a very bad pain in her side?" Mr. Colburn said, moving towards the door.

"O yes, and it almost makes her scream out at every breath she draws."

"Where do you feel pain, my dear?" the father asked with anxious tenderness, entering his daughter's chamber, and going up to the bed-side.

"O pa', it is all through my right side and shoulder."

"Is it very bad, Julia?"

"It seems as if a knife were run through me, every breath I draw." And the poor girl actually screamed out with the acuteness of the pain.

"Poor child!" ejaculated the father compassionately, laying his hand upon her forehead, that was cold with a clammy perspiration.

In the mean time, the mother had ordered hot water to be brought into the room, with which she now saturated large folds of flannel, and applied them, as hot as could be borne, to Julia's side, in the hope of producing temporary relief. The irritation thus occasioned, allayed, in some degree, the acuteness of the pain, but not sufficiently to produce the desired relief; she was still in great agony when the physician arrived. He looked grave when he saw her condition, for he well knew that her constitution was feeble, and unable to withstand, without a severe shock, so violent an attack as that under which she was evidently labouring. His first effort towards subduing the disease, was to bleed her freely, which soon reduced the pain; other remedial agents, such as the case seemed to require, were then used, and in the course of an hour, much to the joy of the parents, the patient fell off into a gentle slumber.

But this was only a temporary condition. When the physician came on the next morning, the pain had returned, though not with its original, knife-

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like acuteness, and there was with it much fever. It is needless to trace the progress of the disease. At the end of the third or fourth day, its violence abated, but not until it had almost spent the life that sustained it; slowly did Julia Colburn recover from this severe illness, but with a constitution so enfeebled, that she could scarcely bear the slightest exposure.

"You look very bad my dear," said Mrs. Hartley, who with her daughter Mary, a delicate girl of seventeen, had called in to see Julia, after she was able to sit up in her chamber. "What did you say had been the matter with her, Mrs. Colburn?"

"Something of the pleurisy."

"Indeed! That was bad."

"She went out, one pleasant afternoon, about ten days ago, when the pavements were damp from a recent rain, and took a violent cold."

"That was very imprudent, Julia," Mrs. Hartley said. "You must be more careful hereafter."

"But I had not the least idea that it would make me sick, Mrs. Hartley," Julia replied, looking up into the face of her visitor.

"No, they don't think anything will hurt them," Mrs. Colburn said. "But, I knew when she went out that she would take cold."

"Still, ma', you consented that I should go, or I would not have gone out."

"I know I did; and there I was wrong."

"Strange," said Mrs. Hartley to her daughter, as the two passed into the street, on leaving Mrs. Colburn and Julia, "that any mother should let her child, and one so delicate as Julia, go out on the damp pavement when she knew she would take cold!"

"Poor Julia Colburn has had a sick time of it," Mrs. Hartley remarked to her husband that evening.

"Ah, indeed! I did not know that she was ill. What has been the matter with her?"

"Pleurisy, I believe."

"Why, how in the world did that happen?"

"It happened strange enough; her mother let her go out one afternoon a week or two ago, when the pavements were damp, and she took cold."

"That was very imprudent."

"Imprudent! It was worse than that! Mrs. Colburn said, that she *knew* she would take cold, when she let her go out."

"She must be a strange kind of a mother!" Mr. Hartley remarked, as he turned to his newspaper.

"O, ma'!" exclaimed Mary, coming into the parlour at this moment. "See here, Mr. Williams has sent me a ball ticket for the splendid affair tomorrow night, with a note stating, that, if agreeable, he will call for me at the hour."

"He is very kind," Mrs. Hartley said.

"But I hardly think it prudent for you to go out Mary," her father said, "especially to a ball. You know that you take cold very easily, and that the slightest cold affects your throat."

"There is no danger at all, pa!" Mary urged, the moisture gathering in her eyes. "And I want to go so badly; you know that I have not been to a single ball this season, and it is hard to deny me the pleasure of this. I will dress warmly in going and returning, and you know that there is no danger of taking cold in a ball room."

"I don't think we need fear her taking cold, father," the mother remarked, "and it will be such a treat! Indeed, I am afraid we have kept her almost too close for her health; she needs exercise and freedom."

"Well, perhaps you know best," was the quiet reply of Mr. Hartley as he turned to his newspaper, and went on reading.

"I shall be so happy!" ejaculated Mary, in a low tone to her mother.

"But you must be very careful, my dear; the least cold you know, will affect your throat," Mrs. Hartley said, earnestly, for now that her husband had shifted off the responsibility upon her, she felt more serious about the matter.

"O, I shall be careful, ma'; but there is no danger. How do other girls get along?"

"Other girls have better constitutions than you have, Mary; don't forget that. You cannot bear the smallest exposure, and so must be extremely careful of yourself."

"Don't fear, ma'. I shall take care of myself."

On the next evening, arrayed in her thin ball dress, and light satin slippers, Mary Hartley awaited the arrival of Mr. Williams.

"Hadn't you better put your thick shoes on, Mary?" asked her mother, "and take your slippers with you?"

"O no, ma', what is the use of it. I have only to step into the carriage and out again."

"But you have to step upon the pavements, and they are cold and damp at this season. Remember Julia Colburn."

"Julia Colburn was on the street an hour; she told me so herself, when we were there yesterday; and she said, she knew then that she would take cold."

"She must be a very strange girl to expose herself, when she knew that she would take cold."

"So I thought then. But, indeed, ma', there is not the least danger; I can run across the pavement in an instant, and then it is all over. I dislike troubling Mr. Williams with my shoes; it is always unpleasant to do so. Some young ladies like to give their company all the trouble they can; but I think it wrong to give any where it can possibly be avoided."

"Well, I suppose you must have your own way about it. But, indeed, Mary, I would much rather see you wear your thick shoes. You will take your cloak of course."

"O yes, all young ladies throw their cloaks lightly over their shoulders. Ah! there is the carriage now," she added, as a vehicle stopped at the door.

In a few moments Mr. Williams entered, and found Mary ready to accompany him.

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"You must be careful not to let her take cold, Mr. Williams," said Mrs. Hartley, in a tone of concern.

"O, I will be very careful, madam; the windows of the carriage are all closed."

A sigh escaped Mrs. Hartley's bosom, as she saw Mary glide across the pavement and enter the carriage, for she did not feel at ease in her mind.

It was nearly three in the morning when Mary returned.

"How late you have staid, Mary!" Mrs. Hartley remarked, as she opened the door for her daughter.

"But you ought not to have sat up for me all this time, ma'."

The quick ear of the mother detected a change in the sound of her daughter's voice. It was evidently hoarser than it was when she parted with her early in the evening; but she did not remark upon it.

It was, perhaps, an hour after Mary had retired to her room, which adjoined that of her parents, that both of the latter were aroused from partial sleep, by her loud and convulsive coughing.

"There, I knew it! I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Hartley, in a distressed voice. "I knew this would be the case when I let her go to the ball!"

"And still you permitted her to go!" Mr. Hartley mentally said. "Strange inconsistency!"

It was nearly two hours before the constant tickling in the larynx and trachea would permit Mary to sink into slumber. During all that time the cough was loud, concussive and incessant, jarring her whole frame, and producing a degree of exhaustion that finally, itself, subdued the irritation, and the sufferer fell off into a deep sleep.

On the next day, Mary could not speak above a whisper; she had a high fever, and an exhausting cough, occasioned by the tickling in the throat, that had returned. To relieve this, and draw off the high state of inflammation that existed in the lining membrane, leeches were applied by the physician, which produced some degree of alleviation; but, by no means perfect nor permanent.

Between the fever and the cough, both of which continued for nearly a week, Mary Hartley was reduced to the helpless state of an infant. From this, she began slowly to recover, but nature only reacted partially; the shock had been too much for the delicate frame—the healthful stamina of her system were gone. For a few years she lingered on, a burden to herself, and, at the age of twenty-two, sunk into an early grave.

Shall we go on, and multiply instances of the singular folly so common to more than half of the world, that we have presented in pictures to the reader? Or shall we pause here? A word to the wise it is said is sufficient; but for fear that all our readers are not of that favoured class, we will draw one more sketch.

"It was little better than self-murder!" murmured a young lady, with a slender frame and wasp-like waist, dashing aside a tear as she turned from the grave of Mary Hartley. "How well do I remember, though but a small girl, the night when she took cold; and it is said that her mother and father both tried to persuade her not to go to the ball, but that she would not be influenced by them. Strange folly!"

"Indeed, Jane," said the mother of this young lady to her, on the evening of the same day, as she was dressing to go out, "you will seriously injure your health if you lace yourself so tightly."

"O, I am not tight, ma', see there; that is not tight."

"Yes, but *I* consider it very tight; Jane, if you continue compressing your chest in that way, you will break down your health; in a few years from this, when severe duties will tax to the utmost your naturally delicate frame, you will sink in pain and exhaustion under them."

"O, never fear for that, ma', I am not tight," drawing at the same time, upon the lacings of her stays, with all her strength.

"I am afraid, my child, that you will know the truth when its convictions will have come too late." And the mother sighed.

"You give yourself unnecessary trouble about my lacing," the daughter said.

"No, Jane, I do not; and to convince you that my fears are well grounded, I have procured two small drawings, one exhibiting the true form of the human chest, and the other its unnatural compression by lacing, on purpose to make an impression on your mind. Here you see the true form of the ribs, swelling out broader as they descend, to give free action to the heart and lungs; and here is the mal-formation, by the continued external compression of a young lady's stays. You see that the ribs, instead of swelling out as they descend, are all pressed forward, so as nearly to meet, thus lessening the cavity of the chest nearly one half of its dimensions. Is it possible, my child, for those vital organs, the heart and the lungs, to be in a healthy condition under these circumstances? Surely not! Your own waist is fast receiving this unnatural form, and unless you can be prevailed upon at once to abandon your folly, your after days—the days for which you are now living—the days of your most important duties, will be rendered a burden to you, and more than all, you will be unable to perform the most dear and sacred offices of a woman's life."

"You say all this to frighten me, ma'."

"I do not, my child; it is solemn truth."

"But I cannot believe that the first of the drawings represents truly the shape of the ribs." "Why do you not believe it, Jane?"

"O, it is only one of the many schemes got up to frighten young ladies; but I am not one of the class that is easily alarmed."

The mother put away her drawings with a sigh, and the young lady went on to finish her toilet—not, however, without some reproaches from the monitor within. Although she pretended not to believe the pictured representations, yet she felt a

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conviction that they were true; but this conviction she stifled.

Three years from that time, a young mother bent in tears over a sweet babe, that lay upon her bosom.

"Dear little one! How can I put you away?" she murmured—"How can I resign you to the arms of another? I cannot, indeed, my husband, I cannot!"

"But Jane," the husband tenderly replied, "your health, nay, your very life requires the sacrifice; every hour that our dear little one lies at your breast, saps the foundations of your health. This our physician has decided, and we have no reason to doubt his skill and discernment; let another, then, perform for our babe the office of a nurse. You need not love her less, and she will be all unconscious of the change."

"But you know not, dear husband, a mother's unutterable love for her first born, helpless, innocent babe. O, I could lay down my life for my sweet one!"

And the young mother again gave way to tears, and clasped her babe with a strong, convulsive effort to her bosom; then she grew calmer, and sat still and thoughtful, looking down into its innocent sleeping face. Thus she sat, silent for many minutes; then, lifting her eyes, she looked with a sad, though calm and resigned face upon her husband and said,

"You are right; I feel that you are right, dear husband! In earlier years, I could trifle with my health, even under remonstrance, and with a distinct consciousness that I was wrong, and a conviction that my folly would one day return upon me. O, how sadly now am I reaping the reward of that folly. Now, when I need all the strength of a naturally delicate body, which would have borne me through all of my trying duties as a mother, I sink under those duties, because I have destroyed the vital energies of my system; but I must submit to its penalties. I feel that I cannot now, sacrifice all my duties in one unutterable desire to nurse my own babe; she must draw her food from another bosom. O, what a strange unnatural folly was mine; and I did not enter blindly into it. I had a distinct consciousness that evil would follow; I knew that I would suffer for my wilfulness, and I am suffering, deeply, painfully."

The husband sighed as she ceased speaking, but he did not reply. In a few minutes Jane's mother entered with the nurse, who was hereafter to fill her place; the child was resigned to her arms, and then the young mother hid her face on her husband's bosom, with feelings such as none but a mother, who has thus been forced to resign her babe, can imagine or describe.

FOR THE THIRTEENTH OF OCTOBER, 1841.

BEING THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR FIRST MEETING.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF "WM. TELL," "MARY STUART," "JOAN OF ARC," ETC.

"A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light."—WORDSWORTH.

THERE's not a waste, there's not a gloom,
But has its sunny spot,
And hours 'mid saddest life, may bloom
Too sweet to be forgot;
Such was that hour, so calm, so bright,
Which first revealed her to my sight.

A gentle mien, a gladsome eye,
A soft, yet speaking face,
Where moral goodness seemed to vie
With intellectual grace;
And truth and sanctity of soul
Had stamped their halo on the whole.

She came, she went! Long time I sought
Her footsteps, but in vain;
And all was now a moonlight thought,
A phantom of the brain;—
Such as I'd seen in fancy's glow,
But never hoped to meet below.

Weeks, months, rolled on;—and I had given
The vain expectance o'er,
Nor dreamed to see, except in Heaven,
The sweet illusion more;
When chance—what pains had failed to do—
Again revealed her to my view.

One eve—oh! can I e'er forget
That eve, that hour, benign?—
I'd gone—the scene's before me yet—
To bend at Shakspeare's shrine;
I'd gone to muse 'mid fields of air,
And found an angel spirit there.

As harbour to the mariner
On ocean's billows tost;
As light to the lone wanderer
In forest-mazes lost;
As air, as health, to him who long
Has pressed the bed of pain;
Thus bright to me, from out the throng,
Beamed forth that face again.

I've dwelt, proud Thames, amidst thy bowers,
Glad Rhine, I've trod thy strand,
I've gazed on the gems, on the garden-flowers,
Of many a distant land,—
Have gazed on the wise, on the good, and the fair,
But on none,—NO, NOT ONE,—that with HER might compare.

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POPULAR PREJUDICES.

BY MRS. S. E. FARLEY.

Our American writers visit foreign countries in quest of popular delusions, forgetting, or disregarding the errors existing among their own countrymen. These errors are sometimes as extraordinary in their character, though not always as important in their effects, as the superstitions of the southern European, or the wild faith of ignorant pagans.

I will not describe the strange and extravagant delusions among some of our religious denominations, although far more striking and important, than errors of any other character; I would not expose to possible ridicule, anything *intended* as worship of the Supreme Being, lest I should unwittingly offend one of His little ones.

Yet there are many practices common among us, so common indeed as hardly to attract our notice, unconnected with religious belief, which may seem trifling in themselves, but which tend to prove a want of that abiding faith in an overruling Providence, which should characterize the inhabitants of any Christian land. This simple faith would prevent the most unlearned and ignorant in other respects, from trick-trying, fortune-telling, the fear of ghosts and a belief in witchcraft; nor would a reliance on "luck and chance," be evermore known among us. Who would believe there are individuals in some of our largest cities, whose doors are daily thronged, not with the ignorant and degraded classes only, but with many comparatively cultivated and enlightened persons, who seek a prospect of *that future*, wisely and graciously hidden from the view of mortals, by an impenetrable veil? But I will confine my observations to my own immediate neighbourhood, briefly stating a few points of the law of credulity, which governs the minds of our people.

The most inveterate cases of scrofula, which have resisted all other applications, vanish at the touch of a seventh son; and hardy indeed would be the one who should deny his healing virtues.

My neighbour on the right, is a firm believer in "apparitions" as she calls them, having had guests of that description on several occasions, of whose supernatural powers she gives a marvellous account. This woman has a son with an unfortunate obliquity of vision, occasioned as she thinks, by a fall upon the right side of his head, when the child was but a few weeks old. I never meet her that she does not lament her want of courage in not giving "our Benny," a tremendous blow on the left side of his head, "to fix his eyes right again." She says she has tried it "*time and again*," but never could hit hard enough. Poor Benny!

The commencement of any business or journey upon *Friday* is considered *extremely hazardous*. The skin of a *black cat*, whose sombre surface was never insulted by any hair of lighter character, is a remedy of sovereign virtue for a sore throat, croup, &c.; while the blood of a *black hen* whose veritable history would declare her guiltless, from the egg, of any other coloured feather, will cure the shingles, rheumatism, or *anything else*.

The howling of a dog before the door or window of a sick person is a sure "forerunner" of dissolution; and a ringing sound in the head, is always a "death-bell for somebody." Destroying a snake, is as *lucky* to landsmen, as the killing of Mother Cary's chickens is *unlucky* to sailors. A particular joint of a calf is a "lucky-bone," as effectual now to bring money, as was a weasel skin purse in days of yore. Swine and cattle must be slaughtered in the "increase of the moon," or the meat will "shrink in the pot." The seed of potatoes, turnips, onions, &c., must be sown or planted in the "decrease of the moon," or they will "all grow to tops." Eggs will prove addle unless the head of the sitting hen is turned to the east; and butter when melting will turn to oil, if it is not "stirred against the sun."

I cannot number the dreams I have been told which all "come true;" the charming of wounds all have witnessed, and the magical cure of warts, none will doubt. Rods of the witch-hazel, when properly qualified, will point to undiscovered mines of gold or silver however deeply imbedded. Many have been the digging parties in this vicinity, and wonderful the operations.

In the house on my left lives a stout athletic man, of little more than middle age, of good natural abilities, and by no means destitute of cultivation, whose ruling error is of a graver cast. I had noticed his wearing a small box suspended to his neck by a cord, and, having once alluded to the circumstance, my neighbour gave me the following relation—

"My parents had twelve children, each of whom as they arrived at the age of maturity, sickened and died of consumption. Just twelve months elapsed between the different burials, until eleven sons and daughters were laid in the grave. When my last brother died I had just attained majority. The sympathies of the people around us were strongly excited. When the grave was digging for Joel, some of our friends opened the coffin of the next older child, and found the body as fresh and fair as if the soul had just departed. *As each brother or sister died, they fed upon the life of the next in age.* Our friends then urged upon

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my parents and myself the necessity of *burning the heart* of my brother and wearing the ashes about my person, as the only means of saving me from a like fate. But I could not consent to such a course, and he was buried. Two months passed away, and I could no longer conceal from my anxious parents the ravages of disease. They again urged burning the heart of my brother as being their only hope, and as I continued to resist, my mother called the aid of a still more powerful advocate. My wife, to whom I was then engaged, entreated me to consent. 'If I am restored to health by such means, Abby,' I replied, 'I cannot live here. You must leave home and friends, and go with me to some uninhabited spot.' 'I will,—to any part of the world,' was her firm response. So the deed was done. I came here with Abby when there were no inhabitants but bears, catamounts and loupcerviers. I hunted, felled trees, tilled the soil, and built this house with my own hands; yet I am, as you perceive, still strong and hearty."

"But may not your recovery be attributed to air, exercise, change of climate and different mode of living?" I inquired. He shook his head, touched the box, (*the charm*) and turned away.

Surely when such things are believed and practised in our own country, we need not wonder at the Vampyre tales of other lands.

THE WRECK OF THE PEACOCK.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

"Land ho! land ho!"—The welcome word,
Like summons to a feast is heard,
And thronging on the deck they come,
In every heart the thought of *home!*
What though their own dear homes were far,
Yet lovely as the morning star,
That ushers in the rising day,
Their own fair land before them lay.
Yes, there the broad Columbia gave
Her largess to the ocean wave,
And far and wide, in living green,
An ocean wilderness is seen;
And Freeman's foot with pride may tread,
Wherever Freedom's shield is spread.

Well might their grateful hearts beat high,
Like heroes from a victory,
For they went forth with hero's aim;
The hope to win some leaf of fame,
Worthy their country's brow to bind,
Had nerv'd each heart and fir'd each mind,
And borne them onward, day by day,
And made them strong to do and dare,
Since from the Chesapeake's broad bay,
With star-sown banner on the air,
That proud ship took her way.

That ship hath held her course, the while,
Through seas where many a tropic isle,
By incense-breathing flowers oppress'd,
Seem'd lull'd in pleasure's lap to rest,
And fair as sleeping childhood lies—
Trust not—there harbours death and sin;—
Without, the treach'rous reefs extend,
And savage man lies crouch'd within,
With tiger heart his prey to rend—
Who heeds his specious welcome dies!
But onward still that proud ship's course,
When iron Winter wields the force
Of his Antarctic sway;
Where storms and darkness rule the years,
Nor hope, nor love, nor life appears;
But snow-pil'd mountains prop the clouds,
And rock-ribb'd ice the waters shrouds,
As though the world in chaos lay—
Even Spring no smile of joy recalls,
Her sunshine freezing ere it falls.

Those steadfast men, that dauntless crew,
Had brav'd and borne those perils through;
Weeks, months, and years have pass'd away;
And now they come with trophies won,
Of wonders seen and duties done,
Upon their country's shrine to lay;
With tribute glean'd from every clime,
Where science could explore—
And wisdom learn'd from truths sublime
On Nature's deathless page impress'd,
To prove Creative power divine,
And make proud man adore,—
As faith's deep lore in Christian breast
Of heavenly love is seal and sign,
And upward bids his spirit soar.
And though no conqueror's trump they sound,
Nor world have freed from tyrant's chain,
They've conquer'd winter's stern domain,—
'Neath freedom's flag a world have found,
Where tyrant ne'er can reign.

What visions fair doth fancy raise,
As on their country's shores they gaze!
The breathless silence seem'd so deep,
You might have thought them fix'd in sleep,
Save that the flashing eye betray'd,
(Where Hope's gay dreams, like sunlight play'd,)
The rush of thoughts that o'er them sweep;—
Friends, fame, the past, the future, rise,
As stars come forth in summer skies,
Each lovely with the light it bears,
While passing clouds small notice share;
So life's cold fears and real cares,
Melt, in Hope's kindling light, to air.

A shock! a shout! their dream is o'er—
Sudden as bursts the thunder peal,
When the blue lightning gleams like steel;
Fearful, as when from mountain hoar,
Where the eternal snows are press'd,
The loosen'd glaciers, rushing, pour
Their storm on the green valley's breast—

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So sudden, fearful, shock and sound
Hath told—the vessel strikes the ground!
Like hungry wolves, that howl in wrath
On the benighted traveller's path,
  The breakers foam on either hand;
With the fell boa's writhing bound,
The hissing waters close around,
  And press the strong ship on the sand!
Like giant chain'd, she meets the strife,
And struggling groans like thing of life!
What strength, what power her fate can stay,
When the roused ocean claims its prey?
And have those wanderers scathless come,
  From polar storms and rock-sown seas,
  To perish, where the warm land breeze
Seems laden with the prayers of home?

Oh! well for us that distance shrouds
  The dangers absent friends endure—
How should we watch the gathering clouds!
  How weep o'er ills we could not cure!
My son, my son!—oh! had I seen,
While shone that summer sky serene,
And all around my home was fair,
The perils thou wert doom'd to share—
The sinking wreck, the failing light,
The horrors of that long, long night,
When every lapsing moment fell
As though it struck the passing bell
Which warns the doom'd that death is near—
My heart had sunk, had died with fear!
How vain is human love to save—
But He, whose bidding still'd the wave,
Who raised the widow's son from death,
Could smooth for mine the ocean path!
His mercy bids them ne'er despair,
He would not they should perish there;
So strengthened, rescued all, they stand,
In gladness, on the sheltering land.
Great God! our thanks, our hearts we give,
That thou hast bade the lost to live!
Still guide, still guard, where'er they roam,
And oh, bring each in safety home!

March, 1842.

THE BIRD.

A SHADY dell, a lonely nook,
  Where stole my sabbath hours away,
Amidst whose tall grass flow'd a brook,
  That scarcely glitter'd to the day:
There perch'd one little bird of song,
And bade the hills his notes prolong.

Its name I know not; but I know
  Its voice was blithe and sweet to me,
When evening's sun with rosy glow,
  And evening's breeze so soothingly
Spake to the heart,—that trembling tongue,
Deep from the beech-tree sweetly sung.

I ne'er before had heard such strain,
  Of melody so rich and deep,
Pour'd forth as it would wake again,
  The lov'd ones from their long sweet sleep!
For the unknown his haunt had made,
Within a consecrated shade.

I have no earthly relic left,
  Except one soft bright lock of hair;
He could not know I was bereft,
  And warble thus my griefs to share!
Yet I have given that fancy room,
Because he chanted o'er their tomb.

Their woes were o'er!—that thrilling tone
  Deep in my heart-strings lingers still,
And oft I stray in thought alone,
  Where blooms the dell and flows the rill;
List'ning beneath the broad beech-tree,
Sweet bird of evening-song, to thee.

J. C. W.

TO MYRA, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

For thee, my fair and gentle friend,
  On this, thy joyous natal day,
Fond words and kindest wishes blend,
  To frame the tributary lay.

Sweet child!—so innocent and fair!
If ever grief, and pain, and care,
In world like this, where griefs abound,
And aught save care is scarcely found,—
If these, could wish or prayer of mine,
Avert from every path of thine,
Each thought, each wish should upward tend,
In prayer to HIM—the Almighty friend,
That never care or grief should be,
In life thy fearful destiny!

I would that ever, o'er thy head,
  Lightly as now might griefs descend;
That ever—'neath thy fairy tread
  Life's thorny cares as gently bend!
I would thy life might ever be
Like some sweet flowing melody,
Whose strains, ethereally soft
  As "music of the spheres" at even,
In murmuring cadence borne aloft,
  Should sweetly die away in Heaven!

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MEMORY'S DREAM.

A BALLAD:

THE WORDS BY J. A. WADE,

THE MUSIC BY L. LAVENU.

Presented by J. G. Osbourn, No. 30 South Fourth Street.

ANDANTE PENSEROSO.

p

rall:

dim:

The friends of youth, with youth gone by, The ear - ly haunts of home, The

Oh! tell me not of joys that now Are smiling gladly round, In

a tempo.

hopes that like a summer sky Be - - - tray'd me first to roam:—

o - - ther days this gloomy brow With brighter wreaths was crown'd!

cres.

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All these a - - mid a smil - ing throng To

The flow'rs that bloom, the songs that swell, Are

p

you may sad - ly seem: But oh! a thousand charms be - long To

fair and full of glee— But Mem 'ry in her si - lent cell Can

rall: a tempo.

mournful Mem'ry's dream! - - - - To mournful Mem'ry's dream——.

find more sweets for me —— Can find more sweets for me ——!

a tempo.

rall:

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EDITORS' TABLE.

CONVERSATIONS AT THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

BY MRS. HALE.

"I HAVE just seen a letter from a distinguished English authoress," said Mrs. Marvin to the schoolmaster; "would you like to hear her opinion of our American female poets?"

"Certainly—and I hope she does them justice," returned the schoolmaster. "I think women of genius, indeed all women, should be careful to set the talents of their own sex in the fairest light which truth will allow."

"To augment their own importance, by exalting the character of their order?" inquired Ellen Marvin.

"No, I would not have that the governing motive, because it would be a selfish one," said the schoolmaster. "But as women, from their nature and position in domestic life, must always be the first teachers of every human being, and thus hold the moral standard of society, I would have them aim to render their intellectual standard such as to command the respect of men of talent and learning, so that goodness may be more prized, and a higher estimate placed on those christian virtues in which woman excels."

"I am rejoiced that my gifted English friend will illustrate your idea of a true female writer," said Mrs. Marvin. "Hear what she says: she is commenting on the American portion of the '*Ladies' Wreath*'—a work to which she awards high praise:—'The graces of poetry seem to be particularly prized—deservedly prized in America,—the association of tender sentiment with flowers of the minute beauties of nature. I think our exquisite poet, Mrs. Hemans, has introduced this taste among your fair writers, and a most charming department of poetry it is. I am pleased to see too, by the short biographical sketches of your poetical ladies, that so many of them are married and have families, whom they educate and manage so well, being equally efficient in their domestic avocations as in their literary pursuits; this will go a great way in removing a prejudice that once prevailed so much against literary women. And it also says much in praise of your American men, who, though busy with their farms and their merchandize, are pleased to have their wives engaged in more intellectual pursuits. I hope, however, it will not go too far, and make them consider writing poetry only as a woman's occupation.'" Here Mrs. Marvin paused, and after observing that the remaining portion, though exceedingly kind and complimentary, was only for the eye of the lady to whom the letter was addressed, she folded and laid it by.

"It is indeed a very interesting letter," observed the schoolmaster, "and evinces three of the highest requisites either for a poet or a critic."

"And what are those?" asked Ellen.

"Good sense, refined taste, and just principles," he replied; "these qualities or qualifications, whichever they are termed, give the power to seize on and exemplify the true, the beautiful, the poetical, and also incline the writer to observe that proper medium in advancing improvements, so desirable in preserving the harmony of our faculties"

"I am glad she has drawn a favourable inference respecting the character of our American men," said Ellen; "because it is true; and because I think their encouragement of female education and female talent, ought to make them esteemed and loved by the whole sex."

"And yet some of our most accomplished and lovely young women show a preference for foreigners," said the schoolmaster.

"That is because their imagination has been dazzled and their taste corrupted by the frivolous European novels," said Mrs. Marvin. "The weak demented creatures think they will reach their paradise of fashionable life at once, if they can marry a man who has waltzed at Almack's."

"I wish we could banish those weak, washy, pernicious novels," said the schoolmaster.

"I saw a letter the other day from a French lady, one of those excellent women who redeem the frivolity of their age and nation; and she detailed a plan which may be found useful here," said Mrs. Marvin. "I borrowed the letter to show you. Pray, Ellen, get it—it is in my letter box, and read the extract I have marked."

Ellen immediately obeyed her mother, not even stopping as she passed the mirror, to glance at her own pretty face, or arrange her hair, and having seated herself, she read as follows: it had been translated.

"One of our friends, a man of merit, and whom we esteem very highly, as well as his wife, has formed in concert with us a plan to establish a *choice circulating library*, destined to counterbalance, as much as possible, the bad effects produced by the numerous reading-rooms, which place in all hands, and spread everywhere, the most dangerous works, and the sad consequences of bad reading. Especially women, who have not the active life of men, and cannot therefore correct the visions of imagination as easily, are becoming more and more sensible of this fact in our country. We wish therefore to succour these children, young persons, young women, and parents, and form a choice library of sound and healthy reading, which will develope and enkindle the soul, enlighten the mind, and vivify and direct the imagination. We shall place a clerk at the head of our establishment, and will not allow any book to enter this library whose tendency is dangerous. We shall issue to subscribers a leaf of the catalogue every month, giving the titles of the works and a short account of their moral and literary character, as well as the effect they will probably produce on the intelligence, character, and taste of the people. As may be practicable, we will submit these opinions to the consideration of those who are generally known as good judges.

"I should be happy to receive your approbation, and your advice on this plan, which has already gone into operation. For we have already secured the services of a fit young man, as a clerk, and are collecting books, and forming a list of works on Education, Religion, Morals, Philosophy, History, Voyages, Poetry, Tales, Novels, and amusing reading, which last order of books, we are perfectly aware, will disgust in some measure more serious readers, however scrupulous we may be in their selection, for to them they seem to the soul what sugar-plums are to the body. Notwithstanding all this, we believe it impossible to do without them. In a library, where works of poetry

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and imagination are wanting, there will be few readers, and consequently it will be useless." The letter was dated Paris, March, 1841.

"The plan seems a feasible one," said the schoolmaster; "the flood of vile and pernicious books, novels and memoirs especially, issued at Paris, makes this movement of the friends of morality necessary and wise. I hope it may prove successful."

"I wish something of the kind could be done here," said Mrs. Marvin.

"Our 'Family Libraries,'—'School Libraries,' and the like, are prepared on a similar plan of selecting good and suitable books," said the schoolmaster.

"But would it not be well to have our Circulating Libraries more select?" inquired Ellen.

"Undoubtedly," replied the schoolmaster; "though I trust there will never be found here the same necessity as now exists in France, unless indeed, the fashion of reading French novels is introduced among us, which I do not believe can be done. The production of such licentious works in the English language would never be tolerated."

"But they are beginning to introduce translations of these pictures of French life among us," said Mrs. Marvin. "Even an English woman has ventured to do this."

"You mean Mrs. Gore, I presume," said the schoolmaster. "She will receive her reward—the contempt or pity of all who read her book, 'The Lover and Husband;' and if she persist in this course of catering for the morbid tastes of the voluptuous and the vile, she will soon lose her reputation and influence as a popular English writer. No *woman*, who disseminates immorality in sentiment, or encourages vice by palliating and adorning it with the semblance of virtue, will be upheld by the Anglo-Saxon race. Mrs. Gore has ventured on a volcano, from which, if she does not immediately retreat, she will be hurled to destruction."

"May you prove a true prophet," said Mrs. Marvin, earnestly. "But do not let us confine our hopes of moral renovation to the Anglo-Saxon race. I think this effort of the French ladies to purify the public taste respecting literature, is of great moment. And even in Italy, examples of the same devotion to moral and mental improvement may be found among their women. I have here a letter from an Italian lady, now residing in Paris, for the sake of obtaining greater facilities in educating her sons, to whom she herself acts the part of tutor as well as mother. She is distinguished for her talents, has prepared a number of elementary books in her own language, because she found none suitable for children; and the extract from her letter, which Ellen may now read you, shows the tender and self-denying, as well as the intelligent and thoughtful mother. Such women must raise up a good race of men. I am aware that these examples are rare, but they are encouraging. Even ten righteous, you know, would have saved Sodom from destruction." As she paused Ellen read the following passage:

"I continue to devote myself entirely to the education of my two sons. One is thirteen, the other ten. I do not send my children to college, but give them masters at the house at present. This practice I shall continue until it becomes too inconvenient, because I tremble while I think of the dangers they will meet by coming in contact with children badly brought up, and I also deplore the surcharge of useless and even bad labours which is put upon our poor children. For the least fault, for the least infraction of the discipline, they are obliged to write one hundred, two hundred, and even five hundred lines of poetry for punishment. This practice is, I think, both absurd and cruel. One proof that its effect is bad, arises from the fact that the best parents permit the elder sisters or brothers, to aid the guilty, true or pretended, to write the lines which are required. I say *true* or *pretended*, because very often in such a mixed multitude of scholars, justice is administered but lightly, and often the innocent bears the blame of the guilty."

"Their *poetical* method of punishment has never been practised in our schools, I presume," said the schoolmaster. "We should not have so many dabblers in rhyme, if it were adopted; none but a real genius could love poetry after having been made to write, or even copy it under fear of the lash."

"Yet you approve of these attempts at verse-making by our youth?" said Ellen.

"Certainly, if they attempt it, chiefly as a literary exercise to strengthen or refine their own powers of mind," said the schoolmaster. "But they should not expect to charm the public with these jejune, hasty and desultory efforts. They mistake fancy for genius, the light of their own little lamp for the sun shining in his strength."

"We have not received as many articles as usual from *Correspondents* this month," said Ellen. "Here is one that has been on hand some time, a very good one too—'*Visit to a Watering-Place:*' shall it be accepted?"

"Yes, and inserted soon as we have room," said the schoolmaster. "And so also shall be this little poem, '*The Indian Maid's Toilette.*' I do not find any other to accept, though I have, as usual, laid aside a number for further examination."

"Shall I read the titles of the rejected?" inquired Ellen. On receiving permission, she took up a long poem entitled "*Telmora, or the Black Knight.*"

"Oh, that is a Coleridge sort of a ballad," said the schoolmaster. "The author has read the 'Ancient Mariner,' and many other ghostly poems. It ends quite graphically—

"Then wailing cries and dying groans,
Rose o'er the churchyard green,
Telmora fled among the bones,
And never more was seen."

"Pray do not let us disturb him," said Ellen. "But will not the writer, who is probably young, be greatly disappointed?"

"Perhaps so," replied the schoolmaster. "But I see glimmerings of genius in this attempt, and if he live a few years, he will thank us for sparing him the mortification of seeing such an unfinished piece in print. What comes next?"

"*The Last Ball.*"

"It won't do," said the schoolmaster. "Read on, and make an end at once."

"Here is '*The Haunted Well of Palestine.*'—'*To a Flower.*'—'*Stanzas to L.*'—'*Her Birthday.*'"

"That last has some fine lines, and is, throughout, marked with good sense, but we have not room for it," said the schoolmaster.

"Then there are a number of others,—'*The Beautiful Star.*'—'*A Mother's Lay.*'—'*Genius*'—'*The Tempter,*' and '*The Old Maid,*'—a Parody on Alice Gray."

"I dislike parodies," said Mrs. Marvin.

"I seldom find a good one," said the schoolmaster. "This has some merit, but the wit is not very refined. It will not do for the 'Book.'"

"Must we preserve all these rejected articles?" inquired Ellen.

"No, we cannot take that trouble," replied the schoolmaster. "Those who send us their productions must keep copies. It ought to satisfy any reasonable person that we *read* and *note* his or her communication; and we hope our correspondents are all reasonable. When an article is sent with the request to have it returned immediately, if not accepted, we shall return it—otherwise all the rejected will be consigned to the fate of heretics under the reign of the Inquisition."

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EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Beauchamp, or the Kentucky Tragedy. A Tale of Passion. By the Author of "Richard Hurdis," "Border Beagles," etc. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1842.

It is a curious fact that, simultaneously with the publication of this novel, we actually received a communication, signed by a number of our respected friends and subscribers in Missouri, requesting us to obtain the necessary materials relating to this famous Kentucky tragedy, and work them up into a tale for the Lady's Book. We can now inform our correspondents that their wish has been anticipated; the accomplished author of "Richard Hurdis" having wrought up that fearful history into a form which will give it a permanent place in the national literature. The subject could not possibly have fallen into abler hands. All its capabilities have been seized with a firm grasp, combined into a beautiful and imposing picture, and placed before the beholder, with the skill of a first rate artist, and the feelings of a stern moralist. The daughters of the West will now see the seducer and slanderer of female innocence consigned to that immortality of infamy which he has so richly deserved.

Cecil, or the Adventures of a Coxcomb. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1841.

Cecil, a Peer. A Sequel to Cecil, or the Adventures of a Coxcomb. By the same Author. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1842.

These two books are easily characterized. "Cecil" is a story without a plot; "Cecil, a Peer," is a rambling narrative without story or plot either. The provoking manner in which the reader is tantalized with the expectation of coming to something like a denouement—something having the elements of consistent action—something like unity and design—is past all endurance. The parts are well enough executed. Some of the pictures of high life, and here and there a tragical scene or a moral incident, are capitally done. But as a whole, each of the books is a failure. That learned critic, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, says that a history should have a beginning, a middle, and an end. So should a novel; and we would suggest to the author of Cecil the propriety of taking from Mr. James, or the author of Beauchamp, a few lessons in the art of constructing plots, before he attempts the concoction of another work of fiction.

The Life of Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent. By William Roscoe. From the Sixth London Edition, corrected. 2 vols. 8vo., with a Portrait. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart, 1842.

This is one of the most celebrated historical works of the present age. It placed Mr. Roscoe in the first rank of British authors, and opened to his countrymen the treasures of Italian literature. Under the modest title of a "Life of Lorenzo de Medici," the accomplished and elegant writer has given a classical history of the republic of Florence, from the time of Cosmo de Medici, gratefully called by the Florentines, the Father of his Country, down to the final extinction of their liberties. In connection with the main subject of the work, the author has skilfully wrought in a history of the revival of learning and art in Italy, together with full and satisfactory notices of that brilliant court of literati whom it was the pride and glory of the Medici family to patronize and support. The character of Lorenzo himself, as a statesman, an author and a patron of literature and art, is drawn in a masterly style; and the important political services which he rendered not only to Florence, but to all Italy, as well as the literary services which he rendered to the universal cause of human knowledge and civilization, are placed before the reader in the true spirit of a faithful and enlightened historian. The works of Lorenzo and a number of curious and interesting documents relating to the leading characters of his age, form the appendix to the work.

It is gratifying to see books of this description reprinted in this country, by publishers who are willing to do them justice by an elegant style of printing. They should find their way into all our libraries. This work in particular deserves the attentive perusal of Americans, on account of the lessons of political wisdom which it inculcates. It shows us how republics are founded and sustained; and it shows us also how they are undermined and ruined. The fair structure of Florentine liberty was based on virtue and integrity, raised by industry and ability, and ruined by corruption and sedition.

Mr. Daniel Mallory, one of the oldest publishers in this country, is about to issue a handsome work in two volumes, to be called "Short Stories and Reminiscences of the Last Fifty Years, by an old Traveller." Judge Noah, General Morris, and L. G. Clark, Esq. who have perused the manuscript, commend the sketches in the strongest terms. The retail price of the work will be $1 00. Orders may be addressed to Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

J. H. L. of Williamsport, Pa. has our thanks for her kind letter and contribution of January 5th.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Dress of gray satin; the corsage is made three quarters high, and sloped at the front of the neck. It is tight to the bust, and has three rows of trimming or puffing of the material of the dress, coming from the shoulder to the centre of the waist. The sleeves are rather full, but taken in very far down at the top of the arm, and also from a little way below the elbow to the wrist (see plate). They are finished with narrow lace ruffles, falling over the edge of the glove. The bonnet is of drawn-lace; it is very small, scarcely shading the face at all. It has a wreath of roses going across the top.

Fig. 2.—Drawn capotte of moss-green or blue crape trimmed with the same. It comes rather more over the face than the white one, and it is cut all in one piece with the exception of the round at top (see plate); it is without flowers, or any ornament whatever. The dress is of nankeen colour silk. The corsage is tight, and three quarters high; the sleeves are similar to those of the other dress. Gauze scarf, lace collar.

Fig. 3.—Promenade dresses—Dress of cambric muslin. Corsage and long sleeves The dress is only three quarters high, and is made to fasten at back. The skirt has three enormous tucks, each edged with lace. The tucks are placed at distances so that the upper one is only a short way below the waist. (See plate.) White crepe lisse bonnet, lined with pink, and ornamented with small sprigs of flowers. Hair in bands.

Fig. 4.—Dress of striped gros de Naples. The corsage, open in front as far as the waist, is quite tight. Sleeves long and tight, without any trimming whatsoever, except cuffs that turn up at the wrist. (See plate.) The skirt has nine tucks put on in *threes;* with a space between each three, but none between the tucks. Hat of yellow crape, ornamented with flowers and lace. The flowers beneath the front are red. The hair is in bands, lace frill turned over the neck of the dress, lace ruffles.

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Engd. by J. N. Ambrose

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Drawn by W. Perring

Engraved by A.L. Dick

A HARVEST SCENE.

Engraved for Godey's Lady's Book

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Drawn by W. Perring. Engraved by A.L. Dick

A HARVEST SCENE.

Engraved for Godey's Ladies Book.

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

JUNE, 1842.

FANNY LINCOLN; OR, THE VILLAGE AMANUENSIS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Indeed Frank, it is time to end this nonsense. Ever since you have taken that foolish crotchet into your head, the house has been overrun. I wonder that you can find nothing better to do than writing letters for love-stricken clodhoppers, or silly house-maids."

"Quite a flourish of trumpets, sister mine," Frank Beverly replied, laughing.

"No, but Frank, I am in earnest. The fact is, people are beginning to talk about you!"

"And what do they say?"

"Why, they say—they say—".

"What do they say, Isabella?"

"Why, they say you must have but little to do!"

"The allegation I confess to be true, sister," Frank said, assuming a mock serious countenance. "But who, pray, are so much interested in me? Really, I ought to feel flattered."

"It is nothing to jest about, Frank. Everybody is beginning to wonder at you. Florence Milton told me this morning that you were the talk of the whole village."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, she did. And she says that many strange things are said about you."

"Did you ask her what those strange things were, Isabella?"

"Yes, but she hesitated, and then declined telling me. You don't know how it worries me, brother. I do wish you would act a little more sensibly, and visit oftener in the respectable families of the village. You are inquired after wherever I go. Indeed, there is not a family within twenty miles round, with which you might not form a connection, if you would. I know half a dozen young ladies, handsome, rich, accomplished, the pick of the county, who would jump at the offer of your hand."

"I am perfectly aware of that, sister."

"Then, Mr. Vanity, why are you not up and doing, instead of making yourself a subject of ridicule for the neighbourhood. Surely, you do not think so highly of yourself as to decline the first connection for wealth and beauty in Greenlawn village."

"And why not?"

"Frank!"

"Isabella!"

"Really, brother, I am afraid you are demented."

"As people say that I am."

"Do they say that, then?" the sister asked, while a cloud fell upon her face.

"O yes. But what of it? It does not make me crazy. Now, the fact is, sister, I have become so tired of the shallow-mindedness and insincerity of the elite of Greenlawn, that I have cut off the whole tribe; at least for a time. For the past two months, as you know, I have almost daily held confidential intercourse with the lower order of society in the village, as they are called; and in that time I have seen more integrity of purpose, more deep feeling, more tenderness of sentiment, than I have ever witnessed in my life. Truly, it

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is refreshing to hear human nature speaking out in its own impressive language, full of energy and truth! It may be rough at times, for want of conventional polish, but it is honest, for it comes from the heart."

"Really, Frank, I do not know what to make of you."

"You do not think me crazy, at least?"

"I do not know what to think. A man of your position in society, it seems to me, acts very strangely, when he lets himself down and consorts with plebeianism."

"That is not a good word for an American lady to use, Isabella. This is not the country for patrician and plebeian distinctions. The *man* here is the noble. All else is but factitious, and not to be weighed against the man. In all classes, truth, integrity, and virtue, should make honour, and the want of these, dishonour. Come, sister, let the gold of your real character shine clear. Be true to yourself, to the spirit and impulse of this age and this country, to human nature!"

"How strangely you talk, Frank! But, hark! there is the bell again! Another of your elegant visitors, I suppose. Ah, me! I wish I could see the end of all this."

"Fanny Lincoln wishes to see Mr. Francis," said the old servant, opening the door of the room in which sat Frank Beverly and his sister.

"Tell Fanny to walk up into my study, and I will be there in a few moments."

The servant withdrew, and Frank said, as he rose from the sofa where he had been sitting by the side of his sister,

"Who is Fanny Lincoln I wonder?"

"Why she is the girl that old Mrs. Grand, the dairyman's wife, raised. I wonder what in the world she wants?"

"A letter written to her sweetheart, I suppose," Frank said, laughing. "I learn some strange things, sister, that you would like to know very much, for all your light estimation of the plebeians, as you call them. But, good morning; I must see what Fanny Lincoln wants."

When Frank Beverly entered the room he called his study, he found there an apparition that he had little expected. In the centre of the floor stood a fair girl, just blushing into gentle womanhood; and she glanced up at him with a modest, yet not bashful mien, as he entered, that had in it so much of innocence and truth, that the young man was instantly interested, and that not lightly, in his new visitor. He saw that her face was beautiful as to regularity of features and harmony of colour, but far more beautiful than any he had seen in its sweet expression, that blended so much of gentleness and truth of character, with maidenly grace and unassumed dignity.

"Fanny Lincoln, I believe?" Frank said, bowing with his best grace, and smiling at the same time, encouragingly.

"Yes, sir, that is my name," replied the maiden, while the colour deepened upon her cheek. "I have made bold," she continued, "to come and ask of you to write a letter for me, if it will not be too much trouble. They tell me in the village that you will write for any one who asks you."

"Certainly I will, Fanny, and always with the greatest pleasure. But who do you wish me to write to for you? Some sweetheart of course!" he added, smiling.

"O no," replied Fanny, blushing. "I have no sweetheart; but I have a brother," and her manner changed, "from whom I was parted when but a child. We were orphans, and were separated early. He was carried away many hundred miles, and I have never seen him since. Of late I have thought of him much, and so constantly within a few days, that I have made bold to come and ask you to write to him a letter for me. I cannot write myself."

There was a mingling of sadness and regret in her tone as she uttered the closing sentence.

"Do you know where your brother is, Fanny?" Frank Beverly asked, looking on his visitor with a feeling of lively interest.

"I know the name of the place to which he was taken, and I suppose he is there still, if alive."

"What shall I say to him?"

"O you know best. I want to let him know that I am living, and that I still remember him and love him, and that I want him to write to me."

On this hint, Frank Beverly wrote the letter, in a neat and delicate hand, imitating as far as he could, that of a woman. After it was finished he read it to Fanny, and asked if that would answer.

"O yes," she said, "it is just as I thought myself. You are very kind and good, sir," and courtesying as she took the letter which he had folded and directed, she moved towards the door, still keeping her eyes upon the young man with a look of gratitude.

"You must let me see the answer when it comes, Fanny," Frank said.

"I will bring it to you as soon as I get it, if it should come at all," she replied, and dropping another courtesy, glided quickly from the room.

Two weeks passed without Frank Beverly again seeing Fanny; but every day he thought of her, and wondered if she would come again. He did not attempt to account for the interest he felt in the fair but humble stranger, contenting himself with feeling the interest, as he had a perfect right to do. He was sitting before his table engaged in writing one day, about the end of the period just named, when a gentle tap at his door was followed by the entrance of Fanny. She held in her hand a letter which she extended, while a glad smile lit up with new beauty her sweet expressive countenance.

"He is alive and well, and here is his answer," she said—"Read it."

Frank took the letter, and read it through with emotions of lively interest.

"Words are too inexpressive, my dear sister," it said, "to convey to you any idea of the delight

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your letter gave me. In our separation, so young, all recollection of the place to which you were taken was lost by me. In vain have I sought to find you out. But now you suddenly reveal yourself, with every evidence that you are an elegant and accomplished woman. How this evidence gladdens my heart! You have not been left to neglect and ignorance, I know, although you say nothing of your exact condition. The style, the characters, the language of your letter, tell me all this.

"When shall we see each other? Will you come to me, or must I come to you? Circumstances which I cannot control will prevent the latter for many months. Say then that you will come to me, dear sister! How my heart yearns towards you!"

* * * * *

After Frank Beverly had read the whole letter, which was a long one, and had handed it back to the maiden, who still stood near, he looked up into her face, and said,

"Do you wish an answer written to this?"

For a moment or two Fanny paused, thoughtfully, and then replied,

"I do. But ——" and she hesitated, and looked perplexed, even distressed.

"But what, Fanny?" asked Frank, kindly.

"My brother," replied the maiden, "has been deceived by the letter which you wrote for me, into the belief that I could write; he, therefore, imagines that I am different from what I really am. I must not continue this false idea of myself; and it troubles me to have to tell him the truth."

"But why need anything be said on the subject? I can write your letters for you, and he need know nothing of it."

The calm, thoughtful expression of Fanny's countenance instantly changed, and looking Frank steadily in the face with something like offended dignity in her manner, she answered,

"I never wilfully deceived any one, sir; much less would I deceive my brother."

"Admirable girl!" Frank mentally ejaculated, as he gazed upon her innocent face, now lit up with the impulse of truth roused in opposition to a false principle that had been presented as a rule of action. "How far superior art thou to the courtly dames who despise such truth of character as thine, as much as they despise thy humble birth and lowly condition."

There was now a pause of many moments, during which Fanny stood near to the young man, her eyes cast upon the floor. At length he said, looking up into her face,

"Fanny, a thought occurs to me, which may relieve you from your present embarrassment. Say nothing to your brother, now, of your deficiency, but learn to write, and when you can write well, then tell him the whole story frankly."

"There is no one to teach me, sir, and how can I learn?"

"Do you wish to learn?"

"O yes! I have long wished to learn."

"Are you willing to try?"

"Yes."

"Then, if you will accept my services, I will be your teacher."

Fanny looked at him with a bewildered air, not apprehending, on the instant, his whole meaning.

"Will you not let me teach you to write, Fanny?" he said, after the pause of a few moments.

"I wish to learn very much. But I cannot come here often, and besides, it would be giving you too much trouble."

"O, the trouble will be nothing. To me it will be only pleasant recreation; and besides, I shall have the delight springing from the performance of a good action."

"It would take me a long time to learn," urged the maiden, "and before my task was half accomplished my brother would probably be here, and then he would be sadly disappointed in me, and, I fear, cease to love me as much as he would were he to find me innocent in all my ignorance and deficiency."

"When the affection is in anything, we soon come to perform it well. Your eager desire to learn to write, will do more for you than you dream of. Come, let me give you your first lesson now."

Fanny hesitated a moment, and then, as directed, seated herself in Frank's chair at the table, while he stood, writing-master like, and commenced instructing his fair pupil. He found that she already knew how to make all the letters, rudely enough it is true. And as she could read well, manuscript as well as letter-press, there was nothing to do but to teach her to form the letters after correct models, and then to unite them skilfully. The first lesson occupied an hour, at the end of which time, even Fanny was surprised and delighted at her own improvement. Her heart was in it, and where that is the case there is little difficulty in learning to do anything.

"Well, what do you think of that?" asked her teacher, as he held up her last trial at writing a whole sentence.

"I can hardly believe it," she replied.

"You will learn fast enough, and in six weeks will be able to write your brother anything you please."

"Do you think so?" Fanny said, looking the young man earnestly in the face.

"Do I *think* so, Fanny? Yes, I *know* so!"

"I am afraid that it will be asking too much, and yet my brother's letter is not answered," the maiden said, in a hesitating tone.

"True, true, Fanny! Come here to-morrow at this time, and the letter will be ready for you, and then you can take another lesson in writing."

With a graceful inclination of the body, Fanny Lincoln withdrew, and left Frank Beverly in a somewhat mystified state of perception as to his own true internal thoughts and feelings.

"She is a sweet girl," he said musingly; "and would grace, with a little education, a far higher circle in society than that in which she now moves. Indeed, as she now is, I would not give her for a

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dozen of the gilded, artificial women whom it has been my lot to meet in society."

"Who is this Fanny Lincoln, sister?" he asked that evening, lifting his eyes from a book that he had in vain been endeavouring to understand, the sweet face of Fanny ever forming in his imagination, and interrupting all concentration of thought.

"How do you think I should know, Frank?" Isabella said with some surprise in her tones. "All I know about her is, that she is servant to Mrs. Grand, the dairyman's wife."

"Don't say servant, in that peculiar tone of contempt. If it is the lot of Fanny to serve others—even a dairyman's wife—she is none the less beautiful, innocent, and excellent in character. Isabella, if you really want to do something good and noble, go to Mrs. Grand's and interest yourself for that sweet flower, springing in the wilderness. Take Fanny under your care, and teach her all she wishes to learn. You will find her an apt scholar, and she will fully repay, in gratitude and affection, all your kind care and generous solicitude."

"Really, Frank, you are getting into a strange way!" Isabella said. "You certainly don't think, for a moment, that I am going to imitate your erratic folly. It is enough for one of us, surely, to consort with the vulgar, unrefined and uneducated. As for me, let me tell you, Frank, I am not going to join you in any of your mad schemes for breaking through the just distinctions of society."

"You misunderstand me, Isabella, entirely," Frank urged. "I have no desire to break through any just distinctions. I only wish to give to those below us in the social rank, all the aid I can to enable them to rise, even above me, if by native excellence of character, justly developed, they are able to do so."

"You work alone in this, let me tell you," Isabella replied, with marked emphasis.

"I am sorry for that, sister. I was in hopes that you would take Fanny under your kind care, but, as you will not, the duty must devolve upon your brother."

"Frank!"

"Don't look so astonished, my gentle sister."

"Well, I am astonished, and mortified."

"Mortified at what?"

"That you should have no higher or more manly ideas—nothing more elevated as a rule of action than the simple, vulgar desire to become the amanuensis, and now, I suppose, the schoolmaster, of the whole village."

"Could there be any higher or more manly desire, than that of doing good, Isabella? I think not. For my part I am learning, every day, to estimate actions by a new standard—the standard of usefulness to others. And I feel glad to think, that I experience as lively a pleasure in doing good to a ploughman or a dairymaid, as to a so-called lady or gentleman."

"But see where it will end, brother!"

"That I am yet unable to see, and would be very glad if my sister would enlighten me."

"Then I can tell you in a very few words. The end will be this: Your position, and my position, will be broken down in society. We will be respected neither by the high nor low; the one will avoid, while the other will trespass upon and annoy us."

"Fear no such consequences. We possess an antidote to all this."

"And what is that, Frank?"

"We are, brother and sister, alone in the world, and were there not some talismanic influence at work, should long since have passed from the eye of general observation, and from the point of interest."

"And, pray, what wonderful power is that which makes us hold our rank?"

"That power is *money*, sister! We have been left rich by our parents, and herein lies the secret of our estimation. Thousands are passing their lives in obscurity, with better hearts and better principles, and more extensive knowledge than we. What makes the difference? *Money!* It is not our worth, then, that gives us consideration, but our money. For my part, I am learning every day to despise this grovelling estimation. I would not give the single expressive look of gratitude on the honest face of an old, unsophisticated farmer's wife after I have written for and read to her a letter to her absent daughter, for it all."

Isabella could not satisfy her mind as to the kind of reply that she should make to this, and so remained silent. Frank resumed the study of his book, and the subject was dismissed for that evening.

For several days in succession, Frank Beverly's study was graced by the welcome presence of Fanny Lincoln. Her simple manners, and ingenuousness, pleased the young man more and more every time he saw her. But he was more pleased at witnessing the remarkable progress that she made in learning to write.

One morning, about a week after she had commenced taking lessons, young Beverly was disappointed in not seeing her at the usual hour. He knew not how deep an interest the simple-hearted maiden had awakened in his bosom, until, by her failure to come at the regular time, the real strength of this interest became apparent.

On the next day he looked for Fanny at the usual hour of her visit, but she came not. Her failure to appear on the third day determined him to call over at Mrs. Grand's and see what detained her. As he came up the walk that led to the cottage door he caught a single glance of Fanny's face at the window, but it was instantly withdrawn. It was some moments before his knock was answered, and then he was admitted by Mrs. Grand herself, a woman of many excellent qualities, not the least of which were good sense and an affectionate disposition. She had often seen Frank, and knew him very well, although he had no recollection of her gentle, matronly face, for she had resided in the village but a few years.

"Mrs. Grand, I believe?" Frank said, with a bow.

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"That is my name, Mr. Beverly. Will you walk in, sir?"

"For a moment or two, if you please. I have come over," he resumed, after he had taken a chair, "to have a word with you about Fanny Lincoln. You know, I suppose, that I have been teaching her to write. For the last few days she has not come as usual, and as she makes such great progress it is a pity that she should not keep on until she can write well. It is to talk with you about this that I have dropped in."

Frank paused, and Mrs. Grand remained silent for some moments, in the effort to collect her thoughts, and then raising her mild eyes to the face of the young man, and looking steadily at him, she said—

"Fanny is an innocent-minded, simple-hearted, good girl, and did not imagine, until I suggested it to her, that there was any impropriety in one of her age visiting, regularly, at his room, a young gentleman."

Mrs. Grand paused here, and let her eyes fall to the floor, while Frank smiled good-humouredly as he replied—

"I certainly respect your sentiments, and now that my thoughts recur to the subject, must own that you are right. But I am sure Fanny came to me only under the impulse of genuine innocence of heart."

"In that you are right, Mr. Beverly," Mrs. Grand replied with warmth. "I know Fanny well, for, from a little child I have been to her a mother, and she the gentlest and most affectionate of daughters. She is pure-minded and innocent as the snow-drift."

"I am sure of that, Mrs. Grand," Frank said; and then after a brief pause added, "The more I have seen of Fanny the more have I been interested in her; particularly in reference to her strong desire to learn. This desire, Mrs. Grand, ought, by all means to be fostered, and as you rightly suggest the impropriety of her coming to my room, if you will permit me to call here every day, and give her a lesson, in your presence, if you choose, I will most willingly come."

"Your offer is too kind a one for me to reject, and I therefore willingly accept it, knowing as I do so well the character of Francis Beverly," Mrs. Grand replied, frankly. "I know," she continued, "and have often grieved over Fanny's want of education. But since she came to us, a friendless orphan, we have had hard struggling to get along in the world, and have been unable to send her to school, except for a very short time. I taught her to read, which was about as far as I could go, and she reads, I think, very well indeed."

"Then, if it is agreeable to both Fanny and yourself, I will give her, now that I am here, another lesson," Frank said, for he was altogether unwilling to go away without seeing his fair young pupil, and having a word or two with her.

Mrs. Grand arose without replying, and left the room. In a few minutes she returned with Fanny, whose heightened colour, and slight embarrassment and agitation, told the young man at once, that since he had last met her, new thoughts and emotions had stirred in her bosom.

We will not linger to detail the particulars of this interview, nor to chronicle the wonderful improvement apparent at each new lesson that she received from her excellent teacher. Certain it was, that she never seemed tired of acquiring nor her preceptor of teaching her. From mere penmanship her attention was soon turned to books, and day after day, and week after week, nay, and month after month, Fanny Lincoln wandered by the fountains of learning, and explored new regions of knowledge opened to her eager thoughts, with Francis Beverly, her faithful Mentor, ever by her side. In a month from the time that she took her first lesson, she wrote to her brother with her own hand, and so much did it resemble that in which Frank had written, imitating as he had, purposely, a woman's small light chirography, that the difference was not known. The correspondence between them now became exceedingly interesting. He was, it appeared, a lawyer of standing and intelligence, in Charleston, South Carolina, engaged in an extensive practice. Important business, he said, would keep him away from her at least six months, but he urged her to come to him at once. But she wrote to him, that she would prefer remaining with the kind friends, though poor and humble in life, who had been to her father and mother when there was none to take her in, until he could come to her. He then sent her a considerable sum of money, and kept up with her a frequent correspondence, in which he seemed desirous of learning as much of her cast of mind and habits of thinking as possible. All these letters, in the simplicity of her heart, she submitted to Frank, and also her answers; and any suggestions of his were promptly adopted by the maiden.

The frequent visits of the young man to Mrs. Grand's soon became village talk, greatly to the annoyance of his stately sister Isabella, who let no opportunity pass of remonstrating with him upon the subject. This he took all very kindly, and still continued to pursue his own course. One evening as they sat together, she said to him in a tone of concern—

"I wish you would give up your foolish visits to that Fanny Lincoln."

"Why so, sister?"

"Because, everybody is talking about you."

"Well, and what do they say?" inquired Frank, quite composedly.

"Why, they say of course, that you are going to marry that girl," Isabella replied in an indignant tone.

"Do they, indeed! Well, really, it is strange how things of this kind will get out."

"Brother! what do you mean?" exclaimed Isabella, springing to her feet as suddenly as if a pistol had been fired by her ear.

"Why, I mean to marry Fanny Lincoln," replied the young man, in a calm tone of voice.

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For a few moments the sister was so bewildered and confounded that she could not speak. At length she said—

"You but trifle with me, brother."

"Indeed, I do not," Frank said, in a serious tone. "I have spent four months now, in the daily study of Fanny Lincoln's character, and am prepared to pronounce her far superior to any young lady that it has been thus far my lot to meet."

Poor Isabella was for a time mute with surprise.

"Surely," she at length said, "my brother is not going to disgrace himself and his sister thus!"

"How can it be disgrace to marry Fanny Lincoln?" he asked.

"Who is she, or what is she, but the servant of a dairyman's wife?" Isabella replied with warmth.

"I will tell you," Frank said, calmly. "She is the adopted daughter of Mrs. Grand, who has raised her with all the care her condition would allow her to bestow. She is pure, and gentle, and innocent—"

"And ignorant, and vulgar, and forward, and—"

"Not by any means," Frank said interrupting his sister. "For four months she has been applying herself to books with an eagerness and assiduity that has produced what I must call wonderful results. Few young ladies of my acquaintance, in this village, except indeed my sister, have mastered more substantial volumes than she. And what she reads she understands and retains. As to vulgarity, Isabella, you are again mistaken. Nature formed her a lady, in mind and action. Few, let me assure you, have more ease of manner or more true maidenly dignity of character. And forward she is not, but is rather inclined to shrink, and this shrinking disposition seems to increase more and more every day."

But nothing that Frank could say had any effect in reconciling his sister. She would not consent to see her, and solemnly declared, that if he married her, and brought her to the house, she would leave it.

It soon became known through all the village, for Frank took no pains to conceal it, that he was going to marry Fanny Lincoln. All wondered, but the young ladies in the high life of the place, with their mothers, were indignant that the young man should so disgrace himself. Poor Isabella was pitied, and sympathized with, and one young lady actually volunteered to try and charm the lover off, all for the sake of her dear Isabella; but to no purpose. Frank was impenetrable. Fanny was talked about, and sneered at, and made the subject of all kinds of ill-natured remarks; but she was happy in the love of an honest and generous heart, and knew nothing of the indignation she was exciting.

"He needn't think to introduce the low creature here," said Miss Elvira Comstock to the circle of young ladies who were passing an afternoon with her.

"Indeed he needn't," responded her sister Thomasine. "If he chooses to lower himself in that way let him, but such as Fanny Lincoln never darkens our door."

"What a strange preference!" remarked one.

"That proves what he is," said another.

"How much I have been deceived in my estimation of him!" added another.

"Well, girls, we have all made a happy escape," said Elvira Comstock, "for there are some of us, I am thinking, who would not have said 'no' to Frank Beverly."

"Indeed, then, you are mistaken if you think I would," broke in one.

"I never liked him," said another.

"I always thought him low minded," added a third.

"It is all just as I expected," remarked a fourth. And then all joined in abusing Frank Beverly and Fanny Lincoln with might and main.

But, time wore on, and the period was fixed for Frank's marriage: one week before it took place a stage brought to the town two strangers, a gentleman and lady, whose appearance at once drew the attention of the gossiping villagers.

Scarcely half an hour elapsed after their arrival before the man walked out from the inn at which they had stopped, and took his way towards Mrs. Grand's cottage. His knock at the door was answered by Fanny.

"Fanny Lincoln?" said he in an inquiring tone.

"That is my name, sir," replied the maiden, her heart leaping in her bosom with a sudden bound.

"And mine is Henry Lincoln," he said, and instantly the happy creature was clinging to him and sobbing like a child, in the ecstasy of a new delight.

* * * * * *

The wedding was celebrated at the old family mansion of the Beverlys, where Frank and his sister resided. Among the guests were Elvira Comstock, her sister, and indeed the whole circle of the village exclusives, each of whom vied in attentions to the lovely bride, whose beauty and excellence were all suddenly discovered and appreciated. Among the most conspicuous of the company were Henry Lincoln, the distinguished and *wealthy* member of the southern bar, and his young and beautiful wife, to whom he had been married only a few months.

All but Fanny, from this time, forgot her humble origin, but she remained as affectionate and as attentive as ever to the friends who had loved her and cherished her from childhood. Isabella soon learned to appreciate her and to love her tenderly, and Frank Beverly ever after blessed the day that brought Fanny Lincoln to the Village Amanuensis.

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LETTER FROM UNDER THE BRIDGE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

TO MRS. ——.

GLENMARY, FEB. 1842.

My Dear Friend:

THIS, though a good working-day by the almanack, is, with me, one of those mental Sundays when imagination, memory, causality, and the other 'prentices of the work-shop seem bent upon a holiday. There is no visible reason why I should not "toil and spin." My breakfast sits lightly and the sun lies warm upon my slipshod feet; Foible, my dog, waits with patience the hour to go to the woods, and every wheel in the complicated machinery of the little world I govern is right by the clock, yet here have I sat two golden hours, unprofitably idle. And here must I sit, busy or idle, till the village bell come over the fields with noon, for in humble imitation of Alfieri, who had himself chained to his chair to conquer his truant humour, I am a prisoner to dressing-gown and good resolution till blessed "twelve" lets me out with the schoolboys. What to do with this recusant pen, chained to my fingers like the oar to the galley-slave?

"Boz" has commenced the harvest of his laurels, but I wish he would suddenly drop his *cognito* and see the country under some other name. His swallow I think is not large, and if a neck of our whole-hog regimen of compliment do not gorge him, it will be that he wears a vicarious stomach in his doublet. Quite as highly spiced would be the tributes he might pick up by the way-side—tributes without eyes or ears, exacting neither blushes nor disclaimers, neither toast nor speech responsive. I really think that, making the round of our country under the happy name of Smith, and lifting his mask here and there to those who struck his fancy, Dickens might leave us with a sense deeper and sweeter of our love for his genius, than he is likely to gather with the vexed brains and morning headaches of his *ovation*. Every body knows him. Every body loves him. And, faith! I don't see why he should be much pitied, after all! A man might bear such popularity as his, whatever "questionable shape" it could assume. At his age to "put a girdle round the earth" as broad as the language in which he writes, and following it three thousand miles West, to find it embroidered with a great nation in *alto relievo*,—(*raised* to meet him)—this is a lifetime renown to make Milton stare back over the walls of Paradise—to make Dante swear by his own Inferno that he was born six centuries too soon! It is Charles Dickens's due, no doubt, and the payment of these airy dues, prompt and honest as it is, would come with a better grace if a percentage on the vast sale of his works were not also Charles Dickens's due! If state debts could be paid in complimentary dinners, however, "Mississippi" and "Governor McNutt" might not be by-words on the London Exchange. We are a famous nation for paying—compliments! I wish to God we were not as famous for robbing authors and breaking faith with capitalists!

May Henry Clay, (whom God bless!) take at the flood this popular enthusiasm for a pillaged author, and lead it on to the amendment of our law of copyright!

* * * * * * *

You are to understand this line of stars as expressing a domestic eclipse of three weeks, during which I have made my apparition in most of our principal cities, seen the "Boz ball," and aired my holiday clothes and my holiday manners. It was partly business that took me off so suddenly, and, partly *Boz*-iness, I am free to confess. I wished to see this most loveable of authors wearing his bays, and I felt my heart with the country—discreet or indiscreet in its rush to do him honour. So over the hills I jolted—three days and nights in spring-less lumber wagons, (substitutes for coaches in the muddy months) and, well qualified for any stand-up amusement, I joined the great multitude at the Park. With the cobwebs newly brushed out of my eyes, I was of course, susceptible to all the illusions of lights, loveliness and music, and to me it was very enchanting work. Dickens's joyous countenance and the bon-hommie and simplicity of his manners heightened, I thought, even the expectant enthusiasm with which his admirers had come to the ball, and it is enough to say he lost no hearts that night—for all changes to him in the tenure of that commodity must be losses. He seemed, himself, in all honesty of feeling, delighted with his reception, *sans arriere pensée*, if I may be-French you a little. It was an anomaly to see a Dives in literature—a man of great genius receiving his "good things in this life," and it was an anomaly to see a man of deep thoughts wearing "his heart on his sleeve," like a merry schoolboy. He reflected every body's smile, —as gaily unembarrassed among the loving looks and bright eyes as a bird in a garden. There was a delicate line to hit, between reserve and condescension, between embarrassment and insensibility,—a difficult part to play altogether—and Boz was made for it. He is what Balzac calls *un expansif*—with good humour enough, and address, and spirit, sufficiently prompt and mercurial, to

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spread himself over as much of the world as can get near him bodily. "Popular" is a misused word, but, in its best sense, Dickens is popular—popular in his boots as in his books, the right mind for the people and the right man for the people,—rind and core of the same clear ripeness and sweetness. The very young ladies have been somewhat disappointed in his beauty, (as they would be, no doubt, in the Apollo's, if that gentleman were off his pedestal and walking about dressed like Mr. Dickens,) but I do not believe one has seen him without loving him. He is exempt from the disenchantment common and fatal to most "idols taking a walk."

"But tell us something about the ball," quoth you. Truly there is little left to tell after the morning papers have had their will of it. There is always, at every great ball I ever heard of, one complete marvel in the shape of a girl of sixteen, of unknown coinage, but virgin gold, the cynosure of all eyes; and such a one I spent my moment in watching, paying to that extent, my willing tribute to her beauty. She had an old-fashioned face, moulded after Stuart Newton's ideal, with nothing in it, except the complexion, which fifty years could do more than mellow. I should like to know the race of that girl—I should like to know by what fathering and mothering such features, and frame, and countenance are brought about. Faultlessly dressed, graceful, dignified, and so beautiful—and dancing only with men whom nobody knew, and who had, (affinities governing,) no right on earth to know her—it was a precious traverse altogether. I so far overstepped my usual let-slide philosophy as to nudge a very earnest looker-on, and beg pardon for asking the lady's name, but, without removing his eyes from the little bright teeth just then disclosing with a smile, he expressed a wish to be informed on the subject himself—phrasing his reply, however, with more emphasis than piety.

A hint from one of the managers that a certain small curtain near the stage box, was the *introitus* to champagne and oysters, coupled (the hint) with the agreeable request that I would follow thither in the suite of Mrs. Dickens, drew me out of the charmed circle of the incognita, and I saw her no more.

As to any other of the "abouts" of the ball, my dear friend, I fear I cannot minister to your aristocratic taste, for, in all mixed societies, I ply among the plebeians—preferring a rude novelty to a polished platitude. Your friends were all there, (I heard) in the boxes. I was on the floor. Not dancing,—for, "at my time of life," etc. etc.—but being amused—studying the nice line of manners by the departures from it—thanking Heaven for degrees in all things—seeking what no doubt gives zest to an angel's errand on earth, change from the stereotype of perfection. I must say it is a great charm in vulgarians, that, as Sir Fopling says, "you never know what the devil they may do next," while, *au contraire*, the dead certainty of sequence, under all circumstances, in polite society, makes of it the very tread-mill of pleasure.

I have not told you "about" Mrs. Dickens, however. She was, of course, the star of the evening, second in brightness. Great interest was felt on seeing her, the world being aware that she had loved the leading star of the night without knowing his "place in the Heavens," and wedded him before his rising. And besides this, there was the interest felt always in the wife of a man of genius—priestess as she is to the bright fire—nearest and dearest to the wondrous heart which supplies to his imaginations all their reality—model as she must be for the subtlest delineations of pure love, the truest and fairest features of his pictures of woman. She has risen with him, she and her children, a cluster of stars around him, and the world is perhaps not overstepping the limit of delicacy in bending on the whole constellation the telescope of affectionate curiosity. Mrs. Dickens seemed to me a woman worthy to count her hours by Master Humphrey's clock,—appreciative, to the extremest nerve, of her husband's genius, and feeling with exquisite sensibility, the virtuous quality and the prodigal overflowing of his fame. They have four children. Dickens showed me a delicious drawing of them by his friend Maclise, with Grip the raven perched gravely on the back of the chair in which the youngest was seated. Separation from these seems to be the only alloy in their pleasure among us, and I fear they will be drawn home sooner than were otherwise best by this powerful chain. God give them a happy re-union!

As to other and more general "Boziana," are they not written in the Dailys and glorified in the "Extras?" It would interest you, perhaps, could I describe the tribute of some literary milliner, which came in while I was calling, on the day of the ball—a very smart bonnet with a very smart plume, for Mrs. Dickens; but for that and for the anonymous bouquets which entered, like a well-timed floral procession, one every half hour, you must draw on your imagination. To my thinking, the milliner's tribute was very national, and quite as well worth Dickens's thanks as the diamond snuff-boxes which have conveyed to him the homage of nobility.

I should have something to tell you of the Dickens dinner, had I been there. But the obscurest diner-out in these days, is not safe from the indiscretion of friends who have sentences to round off, and the calling on a hen for an egg while she stands on the fence, would seem to me reasonable in comparison with asking for my sentiments to be delivered on my legs. However my progeny may swim or fly, I am a barn-door fowl, and must have a quiet incubation. So, the morning after the ball, I flitted like a ghost before cock-crowing—content to let Mathews and Duer, and others more "to the *manner* born," accomplish their delivery in what posture it pleased God. These gentlemen, by the way, threw the whole force of their eloquence into the cause of copyright, and for that they deserve

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the thanks of authors, and they have mine. The question is one of such simple justice that it only needs, like the "boots of Boss Richards," to be "kept before the people." Author-land is the desecrated Holy-land of our time, and the crusade for its recovery from degradation is now afoot—Cooper, "on his own hook," doing noble service.

Let railroads be glorified! The boy, longing for seven-league boots—the frost-ridden yearnings to up wing and speed southerly with the birds—may be satisfied now. I found friends in the cars, and it seemed to me that I had been translated from New York to Washington in a morning call. A glance at a newspaper, a little chat about Dickens, an exchange of news and happenings, a glance at Jersey and Maryland and the pair of dark eyes in the corner, and lo! the Capitol! *Quanto mutatus ab* stage-coach! And changed too are the road-sideries! (Mayn't one make a word, pray?) The once clammy-banistered and be-niggered hotel in Philadelphia (the "United States") is now like the union of an English club with an English country-house—clean as quakerism, tastefully appointed, vigilantly served, and no less elegant than comfortable. Never before have I found a hotel in Philadelphia which was a fair exponent of that refined city. Then Barnum's in Baltimore has "cast its slough," and is florescent in elegancies, (a shade flowery too in its bills,) and altogether it is easier than it used to be, (to others besides "rising young men,") to get to Washington. Here, to be sure, in the matter of provender, you perceive the difference in your latitude. "Point Comfort" is farther south. But Washington is a great place for "steering wide," and there is enough to enjoy in its troubled waters, particularly for those who know the value of "favouring Gales."

It is all hack-ing at Washington, so I hack'd up to the Capitol, (Morris merely says, "thou shalt not hack it *down*,") and made straight for Greenough's statue. Ye gods! Who is his enemy? Why is the statue not covered till a light is found for it? Why are the masons at work, building it up a second time where it stands, when the shadow of the brows covers the whole face, and the shadows of the chest are so misplaced that the abdomen looks contracted like that of a man in pain. And so of the rest. It is all perverted—all seen to disadvantage,—and yet thousands of people have flocked to see it, and, (not as in Italy, where the error of its position would be at once understood and allowed for,) every spectator goes away with an uneasy doubt of its effect—an unexplained dissatisfaction with the statue. Force your eyes through the darkness—generalize the details by a vigorous effort of imagination and you can see, afar off, the grand design of the artist, and form some idea of what it would be, well-lighted. Greenough should be here—he should have been here when it was first posed,—and, till he come, it should only be exhibited by torch-light. My own impression is, that it will never be properly lighted in the Rotunda unless the dome is pierced, and light it as you will, while it stands in such close contrast with other works of art of the size of life, it will be less effective there than elsewhere. Standing in the place of the column of naval trophies in the front of the Capitol, with a lofty dome built over it, it would be seen by those ascending to the House, in all its grandeur. This only by way of random suggestion, however. I am no authority in such matters. Greenough's genius is one which requires no delicacy in the handling, and the suggestion is not to him. He can put his statue where it will exact from all beholders its due of admiration; but loving his genius as I do, loving the man, as every one does who knows his great and sweet qualities, I would express here the impatience I feel at the inevitable though temporary misappreciation of his work.

Turning on my heel in a very ill humour, I found myself opposite Chapman's Baptism of Pocahontas. I had read a score of criticisms on this painting, some favourable and some not, and from the whole had made up my mind to see a very different quality of picture. In my opinion no writer has done justice to it, or rather the upshot of what criticism it has elicited gives altogether an erroneous impression as to Mr. Chapman's success. It is a peculiar picture, conceived and executed in a severe style of art, and is not such a miracle as to be incapable of exception or criticism; but it is a noble design, exquisitely coloured, and the whole effect is at once to transcend and supplant the spectator's previous conception of the scene portrayed. As one of the republican sovereigns by whose order it was painted, I pronounce myself entirely satisfied, and wish we may get as much honour for our money on the other panels.

I passed an hour or two in the Gallery of the House, renewing my eyesight acquaintance with some of the nation's counsellors, and was not a little amused by a group of lookers-on close by, and their standard of legislative distinction. They were pointing out to each other the different members, with the one commentary, "he's pluck," or "he isn't pluck," and positively in half an hour's calling over of great names to which I listened, there was passed on them no other comment. To be "pluck," it would seem, is the great claim to the *digito monstrari* at Washington—though, (if one may "tell Priam so,") it would be a better reading in the sense of "pluck up drowned honour by the locks." Mr. Wise, by the way, in a speech most eloquently delivered that morning, went into a vindication of the irregularities of the House, and satisfied me, not that he was right in his argument, but that he was a natural orator of a high order. I thought few at Washington seemed quite aware of the feeling, at the outer end of the radius, touching the "gentle amenities" which have distinguished the last two sessions of Congress.

I saw the President, and found him a more benevolent and younger and better-looking man than any of his portraits. I saw, at a distance only, our peerless "Harry," "built round" with noble

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dignity, expressing in his lofty presence his country's estimate of his qualities. Clay looks the President—prophetically I believe and trust. And all the people say Amen!—at least all those with whom I have chanced to converse on the subject.

After two days of the pendulum life at Washington, going and coming between the White House and the Capitol, (not that I *ticked* on the road, however,) I turned once more toward the tee-total zone, ("temperate" will scarce express it,) and was in Philadelphia with a magician's "*presto!*" For the first time in my life, I saw a city with a look of depression. Commonly a public distress has no outward countenance. The houses and equipages, the children and the shop-windows, the very sufferers themselves when abroad, wear the habitual aspect of occupation and prosperity. Not so now in Philadelphia. It is a city of troubled brows and anxious lips; and you have scarce walked an hour in the street before you become infected with the depressed atmosphere, and long to be away. You see why I do not play the *petit courier des dames*, as my country friends exact of me in my travels. I used to send you the fashions after a walk in Chestnut Street. No place like it for an *affiche des modes!* But though a fine day, and the pavement as tempting as the bank of the Arno in April, not a petticoat did I see abroad with which a brown paper parcel would have been an incongruity. For the fashions, indeed, though I was at a singularly brilliant party (concert and ball) given to Dickens the night after, in New York, I saw nothing but anarchy. The plump wear the tight sleeve—becoming to plumptitude. The thin wear the *gigot* and its varieties—becoming to thinliness. Yes—*one* "new wrinkle!" Ears have been put out of fashion by some one who had reasons for concealing hers, and the hair is worn in a bandage, smooth down from the apex of the forehead over temples and ears, and gathered in a knot, well under the bump of philoprogenitiveness. It is pretty—on a pretty woman,—as what is not?

And now having told you all I know of

"the violets,
That strew the green lap of the new come Spring,"

(violets in the city meaning news and fashions,) I must lay aside this abominable pen, mended once too often for the purity of my scrivening finger, and dismiss the lady from my thoughts, and the letter to the post. Adieu.

THE FUNERAL OF LOUIS XIV.

"When the funeral service of Louis XIV. was performed, the church was hung in black and filled with trophies of the monarch's past glories—Massillon ascended the pulpit, and contemplated the scene for some time in silence, then said, in a subdued voice, '*God only is great!*' With one impulse all the auditory rose and reverently bowed before the altar."

The deep sound of a tolling bell
  Is borne upon the air;
Its muffled tone, and solemn dirge,
  Tell that the dead is there.
The sable hanging's darkened fold,
  On the marble pavement falls,
Throwing a dim funereal shade
  O'er the richly fretted walls.
Proud trophies of the monarch's power,
  Gleam round the arching nave;
And the silken banners of the land
  Thro' the gloom and silence wave—
And "clustered lamps" a mellow light,
  A softened radiance shed;
Clouds, from the waving censers, float
  In fragrance o'er the dead—
And the velvet pall, in regal pomp,
  With purple folding, sweeps
O'er the still form of one whose eye
  In death's deep silence sleeps.

The mighty of the realm are there,
  The high born and the brave,
Who have stood beside their dauntless chief
  On fields where banners wave—
Where trumpet blasts rang fiercely out,
  And spears in sunlight flashed;
And the bright swords of noble knights,
  In the din of battle clashed.
But a thrilling sense of sadness steals
  O'er each brave warrior now;
As, by their mighty leader's bier,
  In silent grief they bow.
For his fierce throbbing, dauntless heart,
  And fiery, mighty will,
Have bowed to the destroyer's power,
  The bounding pulse is still.
His noble bearing, proud and high,
  Is in the dust laid low:
No more the royal circlet's gems
  Shall flash upon his brow.

The holy mass and swelling chant,
  In solemn tones were sung;
And sweetly thro' the pillared aisles
  The echoing chorus rung.
Thro' the high dome and lofty arch
  The pealing anthem rose,
Then died upon the air, and left
  Death's sad and hushed repose;
And in a deep and awe-struck tone
  Came forth the solemn words,
"*God* is the only truly great!
  All glory be the Lord's"—
Then with one solemn impulse, all
  Low at the altar bow;
And in subdued and deepest awe,
  Bends each illustrious brow.
"God is the only truly great!"
  In that still, solemn hour,
The truth went home to every heart;
  All saw and felt its power.

S. E. M.

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TRUE NOBILITY: OR, THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"This is the prettiest low-born lass that e'er
Ran on the greensward."

"WELL, well, *mon ami*, I will not argue the point with you; as an American you are right in holding such a belief; but you must still allow me to think that there is something not to be despised in ancient and honourable descent. I cannot but believe that the descendant of those who for generations have been ennobled by lofty deeds of high emprise, will be more likely to perform magnanimous actions than the son of the humble plebeian."

"You agree with me precisely, Henri; but we differ in terms. I assert that the children of a family which can look back with honest pride to deeds of integrity and uprightness, of virtue and heroism, are the true scions of nobility; for their patent bears the signet of an Almighty hand."

"Then the son of an honest blacksmith ought to be as proud of his birth as the heir of a Montmorenci or a Condé; is that your opinion?"

"Something very like it, I confess, Henri; what was the origin of the nobles of the old world? Rapine and violence gave them their heritage of broad lands, while servile submission to a monarch, or perhaps treachery to his enemy, was often the price paid for their sounding titles. Had they been ennobled for their *virtues*, Henri, and had they transmitted these, together with their proud names, through succeeding generations, then well might their descendants have gloried in their birth; but surely you need not be reminded of the black catalogue of crime which might be appended to every genealogical chart in 'merrie England,' no less than in your '*grande* nation?'"

"I won't quarrel with you about it, Frank; but I shall never become a convert to your doctrine; perhaps I am too deeply infected with such prejudices, but they were a part of my lawful heritage."

"I know it, Henri, the blood of one of the noblest families of France runs in your veins, and the only wonder is, that under such circumstances you should possess so much true nobility."

"What do you mean?"

"I am surprised that you did not follow the example of most branches of a noble stock, and make the fame of your ancestors a license for your own worthlessness."

"Frank, you are incorrigible," said Henri, laughing; "according to your creed I ought to rank you, who possess so many estimable qualities, among the lowest of the low."

"Place me in what station you choose, Henri, so long as you find no cause for despising me. But you mistake me; I do not think nobility of soul incompatible with nobility of birth; I only mean to assert that heroic deeds are more frequently performed by men in a lowly than in an exalted station, for the latter have an inheritance of fame, and are too often content to use it to its last grain, without adding anything to it for the next generation."

"I should like to see your father, Frank."

"You shall be gratified if you choose to accompany me home in the spring; but, in what station do you expect to find him?"

"If I must judge by *your* theory, I should say he is some humble artisan, but I know better than to believe such a thing; I suppose he is one of the aristocracy of your republican country, living in the most independent of all modes, as a gentleman farmer, and I should not be surprised if he had carefully preserved a box of old papers, which enabled him to trace his descent from some English yeoman of the time of the eighth Harry."

"You never were more mistaken in your life."

"Well, don't tell me anything about him; I mean to go and see for myself, but no one shall persuade me that you could derive from any mean parentage the chivalrous sentiments which led you to save my life at the risk of your own."

"Pshaw, I wish you would not think so much of a trifling service."

"You may underrate your disinterestedness as much as you please, but if any one else were to tell me that the man who bound his own life-preserver on a sick stranger, when the black waters were yawning to devour him, had performed only a trifling service, I think he would find a little of the spirit of my ancestors in my reply."

The speakers who thus discussed points of honour while they puffed the fragrant smoke from their "Habanas," were Henri de Valence, a young West-Indian of large fortune, and his friend Frank Weston, who had left his native village to seek wealth in New Orleans, that Eldorado of all who can resist moschetoes and yellow fever. They had met as strangers on board a Mississippi steamer, where Henri was suffering from the feebleness attendant upon a long illness. Before they reached their port of destination, the boat was snagged, and the passengers were in the most imminent danger, when Frank, seeing the pallid stranger at his side, quietly took off his life-preserver, saying, "I am strong and can swim, but you are utterly helpless, take this and save yourself." The opportune ar-

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rival of a steamer rescued them, after an exposure of some hours to the most imminent danger; but Henri never forgot the heroic act of his new friend. With the warm-heartedness of his age and clime, he attached himself closely to Frank, and even resolved to accompany him to his native home, rather than part with him for a whole season.

The first spring buds were unfolding their soft green to the warm gales, when the friends set out on their northern journey. Henri was charmed with everything he saw in nature, though strongly disposed to find amusement in some very *natural traits* of individual character. The bold and magnificent scenery of our beautiful land excited his enthusiastic admiration, while his prejudices were sadly shocked at some occasional glimpses of American life. By the time he arrived at New York, he was more deeply confirmed in his ideas of the advantage of high birth, and as he contrasted the quiet gentlemanly deportment of Frank, with the coarse manners of some of their travelling companions, he could not help congratulating himself on having found a friend among the better class of our plebeian citizens.

It was late in the afternoon of one of those balmy days which make June so delightful a month in America, when the travellers approached the spot where Frank Weston was born and bred. As they proceeded slowly along a road cut in the side of a mountain, they looked down upon the village, lying at the foot of the declivity, and nothing could be more beautiful than the view. The neat snow-white cottages were clustered together in a beautiful valley, through which ran a clear and rapid stream, spanned by a rustic bridge. Large elms, those most beautiful of all forest trees, were seen, studding the inequalities of the ground in positions that seemed chosen for their picturesque beauty; and, as the beams of the setting sun shone aslant between their broad stems, gilding the surface of the little river, and reflected in gorgeous hues from the casements of the pretty cottages, Henri thought he had never seen so lovely a spot.

"You will find my native home rather a humble abode, Henri," said Frank, as he approached it. Henri did certainly look a little surprised when he found Frank's father occupying a house not a whit superior to his neighbours, a low-browed cottage, with plenty of room on the ground floor, but possessing no claim either to stateliness or gentility. To be sure it was as neat as woman's skill could make it. Carpets of home manufacture covered the floors; tables of cherry wood, polished so as to rival mahogany, supplied the place of more costly furniture; chairs, evidently the handicraft of some village mechanic, offered little promise of luxurious ease; and the row of shining brass candlesticks which decorated the rude chimney-piece, were certainly better calculated to excite ideas of utility than of beauty. But Henri soon forgot these things in the pleasure which he derived from the warm and hearty welcome with which he was greeted. The family consisted only of Mr. Weston and his daughter, and the young stranger knew not whether to be most charmed with the frank and courteous manners of the old man, or the fresh and glowing beauty of his friend's sister.

Lucy Weston was a true American beauty; not one of those fragile delicate creatures to be seen in gossamer robes and silken slippers, treading the muddy streets of our great cities, and awakening, by the very character of their loveliness, the painful remembrance of decay. She had a clear complexion, a deep yet cool colour upon her cheek, a mouth, perhaps rather too large for regular beauty, but full of expression, eyes blue as the sky in spring, and arched by brows of the darkest chestnut, hair of that rich golden brown which is rarely seen in perfection among the unmixed Saxon race, a form slender and graceful, yet developed into perfect symmetry by healthful exercise, and all these were characteristic of American loveliness. Remember, gentle reader, I am describing the native charms of a village beauty. Lucy Weston had not been immured in the impure atmosphere of a heated nursery during her infancy; she had not spent the ten best years of her life amid the restraints of a boarding school,—she had not been taught that a game of romps was a very "ungenteel thing," and that "little ladies should never move faster than a walk." She had sported and played, and enjoyed a thorough drilling in that physical education which is now so much neglected. The merry little hoyden had acquired the rich treasure of health, while she was only pursuing the bent of her childish nature, and when she did apply herself to mental labour, she brought to her duties a robust frame and perceptions quickened by daily use. Sooth to say, Lucy would not have figured to much advantage at a musical *soirée*, or even at a ball. She was indebted to the village singing-master for her little knowledge of music, and though she occupied a distinguished place in the church choir, she would scarcely have been able to join in an Italian duet. And as to her dancing—it was lady-like, for she could do nothing that was not so, but certainly her teacher had added few "foreign airs" to her "native graces." She was very deficient in the requisites for obtaining distinction in fashionable life; but then, she possessed no small share of useful accomplishments. She made the whitest bread and the sweetest butter that ever graced a breakfast table,—her puddings and pies were delicious,—her skill in darning and mending, that most necessary talent of "making auld claithes luik 'maist as well as new," was unrivalled,—she was the neatest and quickest of sempstresses, (no small accomplishment, let me tell you, my fair reader,)—and, to crown all, Lucy was one of the most systematic of housekeepers. There was no noise, no bustle in the house; everything seemed to be done as if by magic. Rooms were "put to rights,"—the semi-weekly baking was accomplished,—the daily churning was done,—even the weekly

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washing, that most dreaded of all days to slovenly housewives, was quietly finished, without any body being made acquainted with the precise time when all these tasks were in progress; and when Lucy took her seat at the mid-day dinner, attired in a neatly-fitting dress, with her beautiful hair smoothly folded over her placid brow, no one would have dreamed that she had been the principal actor in the busy scenes of their rustic life, and that the profusion of healthful viands which loaded the well arranged table, owed their rich *gusto* to her culinary skill.

Are you shocked, friend reader, that a heroine should know how to cook a dinner? I know it is contrary to all established rules, for the suffering damosels of the Minerva press never even condescend to eat or drink, through three thick volumes of distressful adventure. They may sometimes "snatch a morsel of refreshment," or "sip some wine from a richly chased antique goblet," but to eat a vulgar dinner, would be destructive of all heroic and sentimental ideas. The heroines of those times were superior to the common wants of humanity; their immaculate white dresses never became soiled, even if they were plunged in the most loathsome of dungeons, their tresses never hung in other than rich ringlets, even if they were just snatched from a watery grave, and their appetites never led them to commit such an outrage upon delicate sensibility as to eat a really good dinner. To those who are disposed to be pained by the unrefined habits of my friend Lucy, I can only say in the words of Boccaccio, "if you do not like my story, turn to another page." I am painting life as it is, and, believe me, actual life with all its chances and changes, presents many a picture more deserving of the artist's pencil than anything which exists only in the dream-land of fancy.

Henri de Valence was charmed with both father and daughter. Mr. Weston was a man of remarkably prepossessing appearance. Upwards of six feet high, finely proportioned, and of almost Herculean strength, he presented a fine study for a painter as he sate in the porch at eventide, his vest open to the breeze, and his long gray locks floating upon his shoulders. His broad full brow, his deep blue eyes, his embrowned but ruddy complexion, seemed to form the very perfection of healthful and vigorous and happy age. Mr. Weston had rarely quitted his native village, but he was a diligent reader of good books, a close observer of men and manners, and above all, a profound and accurate thinker. His remarks were distinguished for their originality and acuteness, and one could not help believing, while listening to his simple but energetic language, that the fate which had destined him to a peaceful obscurity, had deprived philosophy of a noble votary. Henri's excitable and enthusiastic temper, afforded a striking contrast to the calm and grave tone of the old man's mind, and, as it frequently happens in such cases, they were mutually pleased with each other. Mr. Weston liked Henri's frankness and warm-heartedness, while Henri was delighted with the cordial kindness, the strong good sense, and the deep insight into human nature which he found in the father of his friend.

In the mean time, Frank Weston seemed to enjoy everything. He was glad to be once more at home, he was pleased at the respect with which his father had inspired Henri, because he had arranged a little plot against his friend's prejudices, which he hoped to bring to a successful issue, and he liked the respectful courtesy, which characterized Henri's manners to his sweet sister Lucy. But Frank was not as clear-sighted as he had imagined. He did not read all the feelings which were concealed beneath the polite demeanour of his friend. Henri was fast becoming a captive, not of "bow and spear," but of rustic beauty and gentleness. He had mingled much in gay society, and he had seen much of its hollowness; he had been courted by manœuvring mammas, and flattered by mercenary daughters, but he distrusted them, and shrunk from all their advances. It was not until he saw Lucy and understood her simple and truthful character, that he felt himself enthralled by the love of woman. Yet there were some points, on which he was not yet satisfied. He had not yet discovered Mr. Weston's occupation, for he went out daily before Henri had finished his morning slumbers and only returned at evening, while it happened, somehow or other, that Henri never met him in his village walks, nor ever heard him allude to his business. It was not until more than a month had elapsed, that Frank thought proper to enlighten him.

"I am going to take you by a new route to-day, Henri," said Frank, as they proceeded to walk, one morning.

"Have you any new beauty to show me?" asked Henri.

"No, but I have an old prejudice to batter down, and I am seeking the proper field for its destruction. Tell me, Henri—what do you think of my father?"

"In truth, Frank, you have just reason to be proud of him; he is worthy to have been a Roman, in the palmy days of the republic, when the name was a prouder title than that of king."

"And you would be proud of such a father even if he were of ignoble birth, Henri?" asked Frank with a smile.

Henri laughed as he replied, "I think I may venture to say yes; but why do you always argue from impossibilities?"

"Will you forgive me the harmless plot which I have contrived to show you the fallacy of your opinions?" said Frank. "Look there," he continued, as a sudden turn in the lane brought them in full view of the blazing fires of a blacksmith's forge.

As Henri turned his eyes in the direction to which his friend pointed, he was thunderstruck. Towering by a full head above his swart workmen, and wielding an immense piece of iron which would have foiled a man of ordinary strength, stood

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Mr. Weston. His face was blackened with smoke, his muscular arms, bared to the shoulder, were grimed with the dust of his forge, and his leathern apron shrivelled and scorched by long use, left no doubt, as to the nature of his daily employment.

"You look surprised, Henri," said Frank; "ought I to be less proud of that parent, because he occupies no higher station than that of a village blacksmith?"

"No, no, Frank, you were right—the man would ennoble any station," exclaimed Henri, as he ran forward to grasp the hand of Mr. Weston.

"Softly, softly, my boy," said Mr. Weston as Henri sprang to his side, "or you may chance to scorch your broad-cloth;" and the old man, who had early become a participator in Frank's scheme, made the welkin ring with his merry laugh.

Henri returned home a little disappointed, and not very well pleased at this attack upon his strongest prejudices. He could not but acknowledge to himself that had he known Frank's parentage he would never have become his guest, and yet he felt no disposition to depart from the hospitable roof. As he took his seat at the evening meal, and contemplated the sweet face of Lucy Weston, he could not help regretting that she should be so misplaced in life. "I have seen many a lady of fortune and fashion, who would give all her wealth for such a face and such a form," thought he; "what a pity that she should be only a blacksmith's daughter." Lucy, who had also been a party to Frank's innocent design upon what he considered his friend's only weakness, narrowly scrutinized his conduct, in order to discover if there were not some change in demeanour consequent upon the recent discovery of their humble origin. But Henri possessed too noble a nature to be guilty of such meanness, and whatever he thought, he allowed no trace of his feelings to be perceived in his conduct.

Months passed away, and the time drew near for Frank's return to New Orleans.

"Do you mean to accompany me, Henri," said he, one day to his friend, "or shall you spend the winter amid the gayeties of New York?"

"That does not depend on my will," answered Henri quickly; "I mean to be decided by circumstances."

"What do you mean, Henri?"

"Is it possible you do not guess my meaning, Frank? have you not seen that I love your sister, and that her decision must govern my future actions?"

"My sister!" exclaimed Frank. "I trust you are only jesting, Henri, and yet it is a subject on which I can scarce bear a jest."

"I am serious, as I hope for Heaven."

"Then I can only say, that I shall deeply regret your having entered this humble abode."

"Frank, is this your friendship?"

"What will your friends, what will the world say, Henri, if you return to your native land with the daughter of a village mechanic as your wife? Will they not accuse me of a mercenary design, in thus introducing you into my family?"

"Give yourself no concern on that score, Frank; I am an orphan, rich and unconnected; surely I have a right to choose for myself."

"Does Lucy love you, Henri?"

"I wish I dared answer in the affirmative; I have never spoken to her on the subject, but my looks and manners must have informed her of my feelings; in truth she has become so strangely cold and reserved within the last few weeks, that I scarcely can flatter myself with hope."

"She understands it all. She is a noble girl; tell her your tale of love, Henri, if you will, and she will answer—"

"What?"

"As I have done. I know her character, my friend; she may love, but she will not become your wife."

"*Nous verrons*—the love which could overcome my prejudices, ought to conquer her scruples."

"The knowledge of those prejudices, Henri, has aroused her scruples; she is as proud as yourself, and the very fact of there being a single distinction between you, which could lead you to think you were *stooping* to an alliance with her, would be sufficient to make her reject your suit. Try, if you wish; I dare say she could love you with all the warmth of her affectionate nature, but she will not yield her consent to your proposals."

Frank was right, though Henri's lurking vanity as well as his love, made him hope a better result. Lucy honestly confessed that in other circumstances he would have been the object of her choice, but that from the moment when she discovered the noble qualities of his character, she had carefully guarded herself from the weakness of loving him.

"I am no believer in blind fatality regarding the affections, Mr. De Valence," said she; "I saw that you possessed the attributes which are most attractive to women, but I knew that you belonged to a different sphere of life;—mind, I do not say a *higher* one, though the world thinks it so. I might have loved you dearly, but I would not, and, even now, my heart rebels, but my decision is made."

"Lucy, dearest Lucy, with such feelings pleading for me in your own bosom, why will you reject my suit? I have wealth unbounded; your life shall pass like a fairy tale."

"When you offered me a true heart, Mr. De Valence, you offered a stronger temptation than all the wealth of your Indian isles. No—had you been one of us, an heir to republican feelings and perhaps republican poverty, I could freely have given you the heart and hand which you seek. But you have prejudices which are a part of your heritage, and you would blush to have it known to the world that the father of your bride was an humble artisan. I am too proud, lowly though I seem, I am too proud to be looked down upon."

"Suppose those prejudices were overcome, Lucy."

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"I cannot suppose an impossibility; they exist in all their early vigour, but in this instance, you are willing to waive them. If I were to become your wife, you would be constantly on the watch, lest the secret of my birth should escape. You would be perpetually mortified by my ignorance of fashionable etiquette; every question respecting my early life would be torture to you; the ermine of my richest robes would seem to you to bear a smutch from the blacksmith's fingers. No, sir, for your sake more than my own, I dare not reciprocate your affection."

In vain Henri pleaded with all the eloquence of an impassioned lover. Lucy was resolute, even though her heart strongly asserted its claim to be heard. And thus they parted, Henri to lament over his unrequited love, and Lucy to cherish in the secret recesses of her heart a tender recollection of one whose proffered affection she had rejected.

* * * * * * *

Five years had passed away—five years with all its chances and changes, ere Frank once more revisited his father and sister. He was rapidly winning his way to fortune, but his father, like the man in La Fontaine's pretty fable, had found her sitting at his door. One of those speculative schemes which make the few rich and the many poor, had brought into great demand the land lying on the borders of the river which divided the village where he resided. Taking advantage of a mania which he did not share, Mr. Weston sold his farm at a price far beyond his wildest ideas of its value, and abandoning his forge, sought an abode in the populous city, where extensive libraries and the society of cultivated men afforded him the advantages he had so long sighed to enjoy. Frank found the old man occupying a neat and comfortable mansion, while Lucy was now quite a city belle, and really looked prettier than ever. Lucy was now three-and-twenty, and every one predicted that she would be an old maid, for she seemed to have formed some ideal scheme of happiness which could scarcely be realized in this cold world. But Frank had not returned alone; Henri de Valence was again his companion.

"I had great difficulty in persuading him to come," said Frank, as Lucy, blushing and trembling, endeavoured to welcome with calmness her brother's friend.

"Lucy," whispered Henri, "I came to you when all the luxuries of wealth were mine, and I determined never to appear before you again until I could convince you that those fatal prejudices which had been the barrier to my happiness, were entirely overcome. But fate has ordered it otherwise. I come not now as a lover, Lucy; no—my heart is still full of your image, but I am now a beggar; labour and sorrow are henceforth my portion."

"What do you mean, Henri?" asked Lucy, as Frank discreetly led his father from the room.

"A hurricane has ruined the value of my West Indian possessions, Lucy, and a general revolt of the slaves on the island has driven me from my native land. I have returned to your peaceful country to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. I offered myself to your brother as a clerk, but he would not listen to my proposal, and I am now a partner in his commercial house."

"Do you still love me, Henri?" said Lucy, while the blood mantled her cheek and brow with crimson.

"God knows how fervently," responded Henri; "for your sake, I have become blind to the beauty of woman, and deaf to the accents of tenderness; but not now would I sue for the love which you once denied; you refused to share my wealth, and there must now be none to suffer my poverty."

"Am I not now rich enough for both, Henri?" murmured Lucy, as she laid her hand in his. "The love which has survived so long a probation, is beyond all price; will you accept as a free-will offering the hand you once sought in vain, or will you cease to value that which in so unmaidenly a manner is bestowed unsought?"

Lucy became the wife of her early lover, and when in later life, his renovated fortunes enabled him to display his beautiful wife in the *salons* of European elegance, the admiration which her graceful manners and self-possessed dignity obtained, left him no cause to regret that he had found *true nobility* in the *Blacksmith's daughter*.

Brooklyn, L. I.

THINGS DEAR TO ME.

There is one only calm sweet face,
One only bright and beaming eye,
Where I can true affection trace,
One breast that heaves for me a sigh.

There is one only sweet, sweet flower,
On which I love fore'er to look,
It grows within my native bower,
It blooms beside a crystal brook.

There is a low soft babbling rill,
By which I could forever dwell;
It winds beside my native hill,
It laughs along the green clad dell.

There is one only angel voice,
Whose music I for aye could drink;
One smile that doth my heart rejoice,
And in it forms one golden link.

There is one only spot on earth,
That holds my heart more than another,
It is the place that gave me birth,
The place where dwells my aged mother.—Sinai.

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ELLEN LANING.

BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.

Ellen Laning was a very beautiful girl, just reaching her eighteenth year. She possessed many accomplishments; a mind gifted, and stored with knowledge extensive and diversified. Her nature was generous and lofty, her heart pure, while her character was marked by much decision and firmness of purpose. She had faults, and they were of a nature to cast dark shadows on her future life. Alas that it should be so! that defects apparently trifling should have power to dim the shining beauties of the heart and mind. Ellen's temper was passionate; her will uncontrolled, while she was impatient of contradiction: to these were added a woman's loving heart and tender nature; and what a world of suffering was there in store for her, with such a combination of qualities. Her mother died when she was an infant: she was the only, and much indulged child of her father. Mr. Laning was, at the period we speak of, well advanced in years; warm-hearted and generous, he lacked decision of character, and was extremely irritable; he was an active business man, thought little of Ellen's faults, and certainly did not take especial care to correct them, when they attracted his notice. When Ellen was eight years old he married. His choice was a wise one; the second Mrs. Laning was every way qualified to rear up our heroine "in the way she should go;" but there was an obstacle in the way, in the injudicious fondness of the father, she was never able fully to overcome. Ellen improved surprisingly, but it may be doubted if her temper was in any degree corrected. Mrs. Laning died the year Ellen was fourteen, at a time when her influence began to be felt, and her kindness appreciated.

Mrs. Laning was a widow, the mother of one son, Herbert Montague, at the time of her marriage with Ellen's father. She was of French extraction, had married an Englishman, and removed with him to America. The year before her death, a brother who resided in France asked for her boy, offering, as he was old and childless, to adopt him. Mrs. Laning's health always uncertain, and at that time very precarious, induced her to consent, and Herbert had been sent to France. Our story opens at the period when he was hourly expected in America.

Ellen Laning was in the large room, used as a library, in her father's mansion. She was sitting in the cushioned chair appropriated to him, and her bright face was turned with a musing and thoughtful expression towards the open window. It was that season of the year when summer is paying her farewell visit, when the sun, as if in sorrow for his long absence, withdraws behind the thin and hazy curtain that is wont to shade his glories in that time of "Indian summer." The air was soft and balmy as it touched her cheek, and the long shining curls stirred on her white neck, as they felt its influence. As the head rested back on the cushioned chair, the eye might have lingered long upon it, and still found new beauties to admire, in the ceaseless play of the sparkling features. The brow was nobly and beautifully formed; there was about the whole face that expression of intellect and feeling, without which mere beauty of feature is worthless, and which united with it constitutes loveliness of the highest and most superb order.

Ellen Laning's memory was busy with the scenes of other days; very vivid in her mind was the parting with Herbert Montague, her child-like distress, and his more manly grief; she remembered too, and it was with pain, her ebullitions of temper; her authoritative manner, against which he seldom rebelled; and her impatience of contradiction. "I wonder," she thought, "if Herbert remembers!" and a glowing spot came into her cheek. Perhaps no one ever lived that possessed a keener consciousness of her faults, a stronger sensitiveness in regard to them, or a more yearning desire to make amends for the wrong she had done than Ellen Laning. Yet she never expressed repentance in words; pride, and a species of shyness or reserve which she believed could not be overcome, always prevented her. The shadows that came over that fine face told truly how anxious was the heart within. Letters innumerable had been exchanged between Herbert and herself; they had been an index to his heart, that had deeply and warmly interested her own. It was wonderful how well her memory retained every syllable of reproof he had ever uttered; she remembered his words as though they were of yesterday.—"Ellen, Ellen! you will destroy your own happiness, and that of every one connected with you, if you do not overcome this irritability of temper." And now years, long years had gone; five-and-twenty was the age of Herbert Montague, and she herself was a woman, with many of the troubled feelings of a woman's heart already struggling in her bosom. "Will Herbert remember?" was her thought once more. The door opened, and he stood before her! She scarce remembered, in the dark and foreign looking stranger, her former playmate; but the smile, the clear musical voice, how soon it removed every doubt! "Ellen! dear Ellen, is it indeed you who have grown up into so perfect and lovely a woman!" And he took both her hands in his own,

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and even kissed the glowing cheek which was not withdrawn from him. "He does not remember!" was the first instantaneous thought of Ellen, and a flood of unalloyed rapture swept over her heart; she could not restrain her tears, or articulate a single word.

"I have done wrong to come in so suddenly, but your father told me I should find you here, and you cannot even fancy, Ellen, how ardently I have longed for this moment." Ellen released her hand, and moved a chair towards him; she smiled —and a smile softer or sweeter never dwelt on the lips of woman—and her voice came again as she bade him welcome to his "Fatherland" with a grace peculiarly her own. She was herself again, and although Herbert might have been more interested in her agitation, he did not withhold the tribute of his warmest admiration to a mind and manners so attractive.

Herbert had come to America for an indefinite period, with many thoughts of residing here permanently; for the present he was domesticated in Mr. Laning's hospitable home. The first few weeks was a scene of perpetual sunshine: that love had grown up between them strong and mutual was nothing surprising. Herbert had not "told his love" in positive words, but in another language quite as satisfactory to Ellen: moreover she shrewdly suspected he only lingered because in doubt as to her sentiments. They mingled in the gay world together, and Herbert saw her surrounded by admirers attracted quite as much by her reputed wealth, as her beauty. He saw with pleasure, that she was wholly removed from the unprincipled wickedness of deliberate coquetry, that she kept herself aloof from those whose attentions, if serious, she could not receive—and all women can discriminate when that is the case. There was nothing in her conduct that did not meet his approbation; reason and feeling alike pronounced her a "most perfect woman." It was at this period two friends came to spend the winter with her; they were sisters—the Misses Warrender. They had been invited some time before Herbert had announced his intention of coming, or it is probable Ellen would have dispensed with their presence. Anna Warrender was a very well informed woman, she had a great flow of words, so that her ideas were always clothed in a becoming garb, talked well and much, expressing herself with the greatest possible elegance and accuracy. She was thirty, although she did not look more than five-and-twenty, had a countenance of decided intelligence, but not gentle, or feminine; worldly, selfish and heartless, poverty made her aim at being "everything to all parties," and in this (as such persons always are) she was detected by the looker on. Her object was popularity; indeed, she was generally liked: here and there might be found those who had an instinctive dread of her *insincerity;* who felt they could not trust her; who almost fancied they saw the bland smile changing to a sneer, while soft words of flattery yet lingered on the ear. She was tall, her figure good, dressed with taste and elegance, and except that in conversation she was addicted to talking more than listening, was certainly agreeable if not interesting. To marry herself well, which hitherto she had failed to accomplish, was an important object, and certainly it struck her that Herbert Montague was a most desirable match. I have simply detailed the character she had borne through life; she had never been guilty of a greater offence than widening a breach between friends whenever she could do it with safety; what circumstances may make of her remains to be seen.

Lucy Warrender was commonplace in every respect; remarkable only for devotion to her sister, whom she regarded as something altogether different from common clay. Miss Warrender soon discovered how matters stood between the lovers; it was discouraging to be sure, but she did not despair, resolving to "bide her time."

One morning the three ladies were discussing a ball, and preparing sundry little nick-nacks for the occasion. Ellen's dress was every moment expected home, and she was not a little anxious to see it. Herbert was reading and listening, often drawn from his book by the lively prattle going on around him. A servant entered, and said a little girl was below who wished to see Miss Laning.

"Show her up," said Ellen, scarcely raising her eyes from a trimming she was tastefully arranging for Miss Warrender.

In a few moments a little girl entered, with so anxious a countenance, that it instantly attracted Ellen's attention, who said kindly—

"What is your errand with me, my little girl?"

"My mother will not be able to finish your dress, Miss Laning, she is very sick indeed"—and the child's tremulous tones bore witness to the truth of what she said. "Not finish my dress!" exclaimed Ellen in visible anger—"tell your mother it is the last article she shall ever have of mine to make. I am astonished at her conduct: she knew the ball was to-night, and that I could not have it finished elsewhere at this late hour. You may go," she added haughtily to the child, who, frightened and in tears, left the room.

"I am quite surprised, Ellen, you patronise that Mrs. Watson; she is very unfashionable," said Miss Warrender.

"I know it," said Ellen sharply, "I employed her simply because she was destitute; I wish I had never seen her!"

"Don't regret a good action, Ellen," said a low voice at her side that made her start, and she turned to him from whom it came, whose sad, grave look distressed her, although she made an effort not to regard it.

"I do not exactly regret it," she said peevishly, "but there is not a woman of my acquaintance that would leave a fashionable dressmaker for such a cause. And to think she should serve me in this way. Why didn't she tell me sooner?"—as if expecting a reply, she looked at Miss Warren-

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der, but that lady only smiled, and there was something in her smile that irritated Ellen.

"If you had listened to the child's explanation you would probably have heard the reason for this delay; perhaps the mother's illness would have been with most ladies, an all-sufficient plea. You have been unjust, Ellen"—and Herbert's tone was cold, and even stern. Ellen was stung.

"I really cannot see," she said, "that Mr. Montague is a judge of this matter. As I am little accustomed to such interferences, I choose to dispense with them for the future"—and she inclined her head with a haughty motion to Herbert and left the room. Miss Warrender—the quick-sighted and far-seeing Miss Warrender—instantly followed her, and by every blandishment that could flatter her self love and lull her sense of right, she managed to stifle the reproach of conscience and strengthen her determination to punish Herbert's insolence.

Let us turn to Herbert. That single little scene had brought back the past with overwhelming force in his mind. It was as though the curtain that had shaded the scenes of his boyhood had been torn asunder by a strong grasp and the whole picture exposed vividly to view. In the days long gone he remembered things until now forgotten; or if thought of at all, considered as the follies of a girl. Was she the same then? She, that his heart had sat on high, a thing more than beautiful, for he thought her good! And bitter, and full of anguish were the thoughts that chased each other through his bosom. Herbert was wise, temperate and firm-minded; patient, energetic and persevering: there was much of reverence in his character, an earnest love of the beautiful, of esteem for the good. He had rational views of married life; looked soberly on that which most men view through the medium of excitement; and he felt too surely there was no happiness for either party without mutual forbearance. It was a curious coincidence that his uncle, who had reared him with such judicious kindness, had always warned him to beware of an ill-tempered wife, and he gave his reasons—in the history of his wedded life! Death had cut down that miserable wife in the very spring time of her life; her husband followed her to the grave without regret, and gave no reverence to her memory, although the lapse of time must have obliterated from his mind many of her faults. Long and painful were Herbert's reflections; he did not quarrel with his attachment to Ellen, but—he would observe—he would abide by the result. Alas! that it should be necessary.

When Herbert and Ellen met at tea there was a hardly perceptible coldness on her part, of gravity on his. Miss Warrender chattered incessantly, her spirits rising in proportion as theirs fell; they became so silent that her sister was the only one to reply to her. After tea was over Ellen, who felt almost unhappy, said—

"Do you intend going to the ball, Mr. Montague?"

"*Mr.* Montague certainly does," replied Herbert with a smile. That smile entered Ellen's heart like sunshine. She extended her hand, while tears trembled in her eyes. Herbert felt them an acknowledgement for her fault: he pressed that little hand warmly, and thought he would rather possess it than a kingdom. Remember, reader, my hero was a lover—like snow, when the sun mounts highest, melt down the good resolves of such before the shrine of radiant beauty. Ellen looked half ashamed as she met Miss Warrender's glance, who, however, seemed obligingly unobservant of what had passed. Just as Ellen had finished dressing for the ball Miss Warrender entered her apartment.

"Ellen," she said, "I am disposed to ask you a question, although I have my doubts about the answer—You are engaged to Herbert Montague, of course?"

"No 'of course' about it," said Ellen abruptly; "neither do I understand by what right you question me."

"I beg ten thousand pardons, my dear love! it was mere curiosity. How beautiful that necklace is! let me fasten it for you?" Ellen yielded with a very ill grace. She was thoroughly out of temper; angry with herself because she had suffered her preference for Herbert to become manifest to Miss Warrender: and that lady divining the truth, contrived by her artful insinuations to make matters worse. It is true, if Ellen had seriously asked herself what had been the cause of quarrel, she would have had difficulty in defining it exactly; but passionate people seldom reason, they yield to a rush of angry feeling that distorts every fact and misinterprets every action into cause of dire offence. Moreover the charm was broken; she had been *once* angry at Herbert, and forgiven; the fit was on her again, and the cloud on her brow abated not one whit when she received the pleasant greeting of Herbert. He was vexed, and gave his undivided attention to Miss Warrender. That ball, for which Ellen had so anxiously prepared, which she had looked forward to as a scene of triumph and pleasure, was witness to the bitterest sorrow her young heart had ever known. But there was no regret; on the contrary, her bitter feelings were strengthened by Herbert's attention to Miss Warrender. We pass over the two weeks that followed, rendered miserable to both by misunderstandings and unkind feelings, aggravated it is true by the mischief-maker that beset their path.

At the end of that time Ellen received a few lines from Herbert requesting her presence in the library. She had been too wretched not to avail herself of this prospect of reconciliation—her sufferings had not been without profit. Herbert met her at the door, and led her to a seat. He said kindly "We have both been unhappy, and without just cause; but I think I see a way that will end all difficulties, if you have firmness to hear the truth spoken. Is it so, Ellen?"

Ellen looked in the face of one so very, very dear to her, and her reply was—"Say on, Herbert, all

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that is in your heart; I will listen; perchance I may profit by it. I have been often wrong since our unhappy misunderstanding." Herbert hesitated, and well he might; her beauty wound with its wondrous spell through every fibre of his heart; her many charms of mind and manners were vividly before him. Yet what he next said might cause her to spurn him for ever. But Herbert was true to himself—to Ellen.

"You remember, Ellen, when we parted long ago?—I loved you as a brother might love an only sister; we were allowed to correspond, and my feelings became of a warmer, deeper character. I cannot tell you now the absorbing interest your letters created in my mind; I watched the gradual unfolding of your noble intellect, the development of so many admirable traits of character, with feelings neither vague nor undefined. Ellen! dear Ellen! may I not say with truth, I loved you before I ever saw you?—and oh! when I did see you—when to all these many excellencies was joined the spell of such surpassing beauty—I have no words to tell—language cannot do justice to my feelings! I do not ask you, Ellen, if that love is returned; I have no right to until you have heard me through: but you will remember that what I am about to say is dictated by the strongest affection for yourself that man is capable of feeling. If you were a common woman I would not venture it, but your noble nature is equal to any self-exertion. Will you not anticipate, and save me this painful truth? Oh! Ellen, it can be no secret to yourself, that your indulgence of temper has already seriously affected your happiness, and must eventually destroy it." During the whole time he had spoken Ellen had remained motionless; the colour had deepened on her cheek till it became crimson; but as the last words passed his lips she grew suddenly pale—so pale that even her lips took the hueless colour of her face; but such was the strong mastery of passion, that no other evidence of emotion was visible. And when her voice came at last, though it scarce sounded like the sweet voice of Ellen Laning, she replied:—

"I have listened to all you have had to say, sir; allow me to congratulate you on your unique mode of courtship! By the way, it can scarce be styled a wooing. Pray give this piece of insolence a name! Perhaps you mean, if the naughty girl behaves herself, and her master is satisfied, she shall have a husband! Is that your meaning, sir?" and she lifted up her flashing eyes and bent the full glare of their intolerable light upon him. But there was something in Herbert's look of mingled agony and despair that sobered even her. He raised his hand, as though he would shut out the sight. "Better now," he said bitterly, "than when too late; there is but one sufferer: if you had been my wife, Ellen, I should have had the unutterable misery of seeing *you* wretched—and God knows I could not have borne it!" He rose up. "Ellen, I am answered—fearfully answered. I will burden you no longer with my presence: when the ocean rolls between us, you will suffer me to think of what might have been our lot if you had listened to me in kindness? Farewell!" he murmured indistinctly, for his voice was broken, and he left the room. He lingered one moment by the door, scarce able to force himself away, when a sudden and heavy fall startled him. Hardly knowing what he feared, he re-entered the room. Ellen had fallen, and lay quite motionless. As he raised her up and bore her to the window her cold, white face startled and shocked him, there was so little semblance of life in those rigid features. The shock had indeed come with sudden and stunning effect on the poor misguided girl; but what man living could resist such evidence of attachment? Not Herbert Montague. Oh! she was dear, unutterably dear to him: past apprehensions and fears were swallowed up in the gushing stream of warm affection that flowed from his heart. And when light came again to the eyes, and he saw that with consciousness came pain, and self reproach, he murmured in tones of tenderness that dwelt in Ellen's ear long after—"Forget the past, Ellen, and forgive; say that you will be mine, and we will be happy still." Ellen's tears flowed fast as she listened, and thoughts and feelings such as she had never known filled her mind. "Herbert," she said at length, "it may be gratifying to my vanity to hear this last appeal—nay, it gives me joy to know you are willing to take me, faults and all! But I will be worthy of you: I will conquer my temper, cost what it may: yet I must have patience on your part, unwearied patience. You must not expect good results too soon: remember the years it has grown! But if you will bear with me, even as your mother did, in a time that is long gone, I will try to reward you, as I never did her!" and a burst of tears finished the sentence. Herbert's words of encouragement came soothingly to her heart, and the barrier broken, she spoke freely of the distress she often endured for want of self government. "Two years shall be the time of my probation; if I am not conqueror then I never shall be. Yours will be no easy task, Herbert; patience, patience, patience! the first and third requisite."

"Do not fear me, Ellen: but one year is a very long time, I never will consent to two." Ellen shook her head, and the sad and thoughtful expression that passed over her fine face brought to Herbert's recollection the superb simile of the poet —"a woman's eye that looked like shaded water:" far down in their dreamy depths lay a world of glowing tenderness and feeling all imaged in the deep blue of those loving eyes. In so far, Ellen had proved herself worthy of Herbert's love, and when they parted, and he blessed her with a solemnity of feeling natural to his character in moments of excitement, she raised his hand to her lips and kissed it; a tear moistened the spot, and Ellen felt no shame that it was so: a calm had stolen into her heart; a blessed sense of happiness, unlike all other feelings; and oh! how much superior to the joys that had filled up the sum of her

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past life. Some hours of that day she devoted to reflection: in the beautiful language of inspiration, "she communed with her own heart and was still!" And Ellen gathered strength from such communion —strength and hope—for she felt her proneness to yield easily to her besetting sin, and looked forward with many fears to the result.

A few days after this the Miss Warrenders held "high converse" in their chamber, a part of which we mean to relate.

"Have you noticed, Lucy," began the elder, "the alteration in the state of affairs? I should say, from present appearances, that Montague was an accepted lover."

"I hinted something of the sort to Mr. Laning; he smiled and said, 'Not exactly.'" [We may as well state here that Ellen's father had been made acquainted with the facts.]

"Oh, you did?" said Miss Warrender—"it must be confessed you have few scruples in the way of gratifying your curiosity. But to our subject:—from a remark I overheard of Herbert's last evening I think Ellen is on trial."

"On trial! Ellen Laning, so rich, so beautiful, so admired!" and Miss Lucy's eyes opened twice their usual width in undisguised astonishment.

"With ordinary men, I grant; but Herbert Montague is not an ordinary man: he will not marry her with all her beauty—and what is more, with all his love for her, unless she curb her temper."

"What a match he is, to be sure!" cried Lucy; "indeed, Anna, I always thought he would just suit you—so handsome and distinguished looking!"

"Pshaw!" was the reply; but there was a tone of bitterness in that single word that found its way to the understanding of Lucy, simple as she was. A long silence followed, broken at length by Miss Warrender.

"There is a way left yet, Lucy—what if our charming hostess, in some whirlwind, should order him out of doors?—I wonder if we could raise a whirlwind?"

"A what?" was the dull reply of the bewildered Lucy.

"Pshaw!" was again the answer of her sister. She considered a moment: it would not do to offend Lucy, that was clear.

"Cannot you comprehend?" she said blandly—"you were wont to be a smart, cunning girl, who could manage a little matter of this kind nicely. Now listen, Lucy." And Lucy's ears opened wide to words prefaced by flattery, as acceptable as rare; for Miss Warrender's honied compliments were never wasted on the members of her own family, unless some special object was in view, as was the case at present. It is not necessary to detail further their conversation, its result will soon become apparent.

The next day they were all in the library. Ellen was drawing; it was one of her greatest accomplishments; she had much natural taste for it, which had been highly cultivated. She had almost completed a sketch from nature of great beauty.

"Only look, Herbert, it is almost done! I am really proud of it; it is one of my best efforts." Herbert admired, and pointed out beauties that had escaped even her partial eye. Ellen left her seat for a moment to cross the room, in search of some brushes she needed. Herbert, who was standing, turned to look after her. She had some difficulty in finding them. He joined in the search. Lucy Warrender, who was writing, rose up with the open inkstand in her hand, ascended several steps to look for a book—slipped—very nearly fell—when down went the inkstand, crash! crash! through the delicate frame-work of the drawing, while the black stream poured fast and far, until every trace of Ellen's exquisite workmanship was obliterated!

"My drawing!" screamed Ellen—"you have ruined it for ever, you little wretch! Was there ever such an infamous piece of work!" and she could not restrain her tears.

"Upon my word, Miss Lucy," exclaimed Herbert indignantly, "I am at a loss to discover how you accomplished that feat. Pray, madam, what *were* you doing with the inkstand up there?"

"I had it in my hand when I went to look for the book, so I had!" and Lucy began to whimper.

"I am almost afraid to ask you to forgive her," said Miss Warrender addressing Ellen, (anxious, no doubt, for the results of their *experiment*,) "it was the most horrible carelessness I ever saw her guilty of. Do forgive her, Ellen?"

Ellen had struggled with her temper as she had never done before; she trembled all over from excitement, and could scarcely command herself to silence. Herbert's indignation soothed her wonderfully, and by the time Miss Warrender had put the concluding question she could answer calmly—

"Let us say no more about it: Miss Lucy will excuse my rudeness when the accident happened, I am sure?" and she bowed gracefully to the conscience-stricken Lucy as she moved to the bell-rope and rang for a servant to remove the ruined drawing.

"Let us walk, Ellen," said Herbert, "the air will do you good;" and they did so. Words of approbation and love that gladdened the ear on which they fell were uttered with all a lover's fondness by Herbert. But he spoke soberly and earnestly of the happiness in store for herself if she persevered; and he proceeded farther in portraying the miseries of an ungoverned temper than he had ever ventured to do. Ellen received it kindly. Several scenes similar to the above were enacted, but Ellen was proof against all attacks. Be it remarked, that all causes of irritation had come from a source in which her *affections* had no interest: moreover, her self love had not been wounded; and self love was a trait in Ellen's character that had necessarily grown strong from long indulgence.

"Ellen, do you intend going to Mrs. Marsden's to-night?" said Miss Warrender as they sat alone in the drawing-room.

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"I have hardly thought about it," said Ellen indifferently.

"Nor *consulted*," rejoined Miss Warrender with the least perceptible sneer.

"Consulted whom?" and Ellen looked up in some surprise.

"Mr. Montague, to be sure; why who else could it be?"

"I don't exactly understand you, Miss Warrender?"

"Why you know, my dear love, you venture on nothing without Mr. Montague's consent or approbation."

"I really was not aware of the fact," retorted Ellen angrily, and she felt conscious that her colour deepened.

"Perhaps not," said Miss Warrender, "and it really surprises your friends very much. Young, rich, beautiful, the belle of the season, there is not a man in town that would not rejoice in your smile! Do not, my sweet girl, spoil your lover; it will be time to wear the yoke when your neck is in it. I do not know any girl more admired than yourself, or one that wears her honours with a better grace." Ellen made no reply, and Miss Warrender plied the needle busily, and sang some snatches of a song before she again asked indifferently—"Shall you go to Mrs. Marden's to-night?"

"Yes," replied Ellen coldly, "I think I shall." Miss Warrender saw the arrow had entered; that her insinuations, implying nothing, or everything, had taken effect. "So the world think I am under Herbert's management. What a charitable, wise-judging world it is!" were thoughts that dwelt often and uneasily on Ellen's mind that day. She did not see Herbert through the day, he was engaged to dine with a friend. When evening came she went up stairs to change her dress, but had scarcely entered her chamber before she received a message from Herbert, wishing to know if she meant to go out this evening. "Certainly," she replied, "I shall be ready in an hour." The servant very soon returned. Mr. Montague would be glad to see her for one moment.

Ellen went reluctantly. Herbert saw the cloud, and without divining the cause, said kindly, "You seem to be as little disposed for gaiety to-night as I am. I am really not well, my dear Ellen, and am almost selfish, I fear, in requesting you to remain with me." Ellen looked up quickly. All that Miss Warrender had said flashed through her mind and rendered her unwilling to remain.

"Your illness is nothing serious, I hope?" she said.

"No, but I have a severe headache, and am really unfit for society. Will you stay with me, Ellen?" She was silent, and Herbert saw with pain she was displeased also. "It is of no consequence; do not think of it for another moment, Ellen. Perhaps for a headache a sound sleep would be a better panacea than even the tones of your sweet voice." He smiled on her, but there was no answering smile, and disappointed, Herbert slowly left the room. Ellen's first false step was leading her on, until her hold on herself was fast loosening: a thousand miserable thoughts were in her heart, and she felt herself angry at Herbert, although her conscience warned her it was without just cause. With a heavy heart and many troubled feelings she arrayed herself for that evening of pleasure. When she informed the Miss Warrenders that her father would escort them, they expressed some surprise: Ellen coldly said, "Mr. Montague had a severe headache—home was the best place for him." To Mrs. Marsden's they went. Miss Warrender separated herself from her companions, and joining Mr. Laning in another part of the room, begged him to see her safely home—"I am really faint, and sick, and shall recover the moment I breathe fresh air, and will not have one word said to Ellen, who is enjoying herself so much." Mr. Laning acquiesced, attended her to the carriage, and in two hours from the time she had left it she was in Mr. Laning's house again. Entering the drawing-room, she interrupted a comfortable nap Mr. Montague was enjoying—hoped his head was better—was grieved to hear of his illness. He thanked her; he was decidedly better, and was surprised at her early return. "Oh! the heat was intolerable; such a crowd one could scarcely move. I wonder that woman ever gives parties in such a house; it won't hold thirty people comfortably, and she has not less than two hundred! I did my best to persuade Ellen to return, my illness was such a good excuse, but she voted the company charming, and refused to stir a step. To be sure she had secured the best beau in the room; few women can be dull with Richard Loring's undivided attention. Don't you think Loring perfectly irresistible?" and here Miss Warrender paused, literally to recover breath.

"Irresistible!" laughed Herbert, "why not exactly; but fascinating, most certainly he is; I have rarely known his equal in conversational power."

"Just so; I have heard Ellen say the same often;" and then she rambled on to other subjects, interesting and amusing her auditor. Returning to the subject ever present in her mind, she lifted a miniature likeness of Ellen from the table.

"How beautiful Ellen is," she said, "and what an admirable likeness this is of her!"

"It is indeed," replied Herbert, "I think I have never seen a better." Miss Warrender looked at it intently, seeming to be lost in thought. "I really think Loring is mistaken," she said at length.

"In what?" asked Herbert.

"Why I heard him tell Ellen this evening, that a painter could no more transfer the varied beauties of her sweet face to canvass, than he could catch the varying shades of sunlight on the water; it was mind that threw its irradiating and glorious light over all!" Herbert was silent, and it must be owned, not altogether pleased. Miss Warrender turned the conversation easily and skilfully, and Herbert was sufficiently interested to listen, or appear to do so. He was not of a jealous disposition,

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but somewhat exacting in his demands on the affections of those he loved. He could not but remember Ellen's unwillingness to remain at home, and often during that night his fancy imaged her listening with rapt attention to the graceful flattery of Richard Loring.

Ellen Laning's eyes opened slowly and reluctantly as the sunshine of early morning poured its bright light into her sleeping room. In some surprise she saw Miss Warrender standing at her bedside.

"Anna! you are an early visitor, truly. By the way, how did it happen you left so soon last evening? I should have been happy to have attended you home if I had known of your illness."

"It was of no consequence; the heat overcame me: I could not think of disturbing your enjoyment."

"Enjoyment!" said Ellen bitterly; "I was bored to death, and would have been glad of any excuse to get off. Herbert was lucky in his headache."

"Oh! I rather think he was afraid of the horrors you encountered. I found him quite well when I returned; we chatted for two hours at least. What a fund of humour he possesses, and how charming he can make himself!" Ellen's brow contracted, but she was silent. "I think," continued Miss Warrender, "you must have made a new conquest, Ellen. I heard Loring pay you a compliment last night such as few women ever receive, or indeed deserve."

Ellen's eyes sparkled, and her colour rose.—"Once before, Miss Warrender, I explained to you fully my feelings towards Richard Loring; never name him again to me in the character of a lover. I never converse with him without mournful feelings, for his high and glorious gifts of intellect are dimmed, dishonoured, and will eventually be destroyed by the dissipation into which he plunges so madly. His nights are devoted to excesses, his days are frittered away in unmeaning frivolities; there is nothing left him but the pity and contempt of the wise and good." Ellen sighed, for she had thought often and long of Loring, with a mingling of admiration for his high qualities, of scorn for their utter prostitution. Miss Warrender lingered in the room, and assisted playfully in arranging the curls over Ellen's bright brow. At length she said laughingly—"If you don't punish that recreant knight of yours for such wicked excuses as he is given to make, the world will think you have made him master before his time. I would not allow it."

"Nonsense! Miss Warrender, will you just be quiet about Herbert?" Ellen was angry, and she thought now with very good cause.

"I have seen more years than you, Ellen, and you may take my word for it, there is nothing gained by being too submissive. I tell you this as a friend; I hope you will not take it amiss." Now Miss Warrender's manner had an air of such warm sincerity, was so earnest, so anxious not to give offence, that Ellen was impressed by it. A frown gathered over her brow, and it was still there when Herbert met her at breakfast. It wanted but a spark to kindle the flame, and that was supplied by the watchful Miss Warrender. Regardless for herself in Ellen's estimation, she ventured some remarks, equivocal, but insolent if understood: Ellen's eyes flashed, and she showered down upon her a whole volley of sarcastic and bitter words, which Miss Warrender bore with invincible good temper. The boundary once passed, Ellen cared for nothing, and her perfect recklessness in saying the most aggravating things she could possibly think of was only one of her characteristics when in the mood. Herbert did not hear all this with the pain he would have done twenty-four hours earlier; he did not hear it with the patience he had promised; he did not speak kindly, or even gently, but he said with cold severity—

"Whatever you may think or feel towards us all, and to Miss Warrender in particular, the rites of hospitality should not be infringed. Your duty as hostess should have taught you to spare the feelings of your guests!" Ellen grew pale with anger. "When I need a monitor I shall employ one; for the present I feel it unnecessary, and Mr. Montague will understand now, and hereafter, that I regard such language from him as insolent"—and here Ellen rose up and fixed her flashing eyes full upon him—"most unwarrantable, and presumptuous, and such as I will not, *under any circumstances*, permit!" She left the room. Herbert did the same, and in the solitude of his own chamber gave himself up to the sad and troubled thoughts that oppressed him. This was the end of all the fair promises and bright hopes that had cheered him. Folly! folly to depend on them! and bitterly he reproached himself now, as these thoughts hurried through his mind. If he remembered his promise, it was only to think the day of patience had gone by. He wrote to Ellen, and more than once the tears filled his eyes while he penned that letter, but it was done with the manner of one who believed there was no other alternative. He left town the next morning, on a visit to the "far west" of our country.

Let us turn to Miss Warrender, who had been told by Ellen that a further extension of her visit at present would be inconvenient. The tears actually forced their way from eyes all unused to the "melting mood," when she heard of Herbert's departure. "Foiled!" she muttered; "foiled in every way. Oh the fool, the bitter fool! to give up everything for that spoiled beauty. I have no patience with him! Gone off, nobody knows where. Well, I have done for her! there is some comfort in that; the presumptuous creature! She will carry a weary heart to her grave; I don't regret the trouble she has given me; she may wrap her robe of pride around her, but it will cover a broken heart!" It is certainly true, Miss Warrender's satisfaction was so great, at the misery she had inflicted on Ellen, that she was in a measure consoled for her own disappointment. She left Mr. Laning's house

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the next day, taking leave of Ellen with as much manifestation of friendship as she had ever shown.

The last and loneliest, was Ellen. Pride, the strong pride of her nature, bore her up on the highest wave of passion. She would not retract—no! not one word. What *right* had Herbert Montague to use such language? There were many would gladly lay their fortunes at her feet on her own conditions—she would not submit to it! Thus she thought through all that day; but when night came, the tranquil night—when the stars shone out from their distant homes, and the pale moon looked down reprovingly on the restless world, and all sounds had died away on the unquiet earth—a change came over her. "It was the first offence," she murmured, "and Herbert promised to have patience. Oh surely he will come again, and we shall be happier than ever!" But there was a consciousness of guilt that oppressed her heavily, and hope, the polar star of life, deserted her. The night passed, and the morrow came; Ellen chanced to be alone in the library when Herbert's letter was handed to her. Ah! how well she remembered their interview in that apartment, her *promises*, and their miserable end. That letter seemed the presage of coming ill; she gazed on the direction until the characters grew dim, she opened it slowly, and with a fearful sinking of the heart, that in after days she remembered as her severest punishment. It was the agony of suspense, and there is no heart so strong as to bear it without shrinking. Every syllable of that letter seemed graven on the mind of Ellen as she read, ay in characters that time might never efface.

"You may think it presumptuous in me to address you, Miss Laning, under the circumstances in which we parted. I do not feel that it is so. You will listen to me, Ellen, for the sake of the same mother who loved us both; to the latest hour of my life, I shall feel in your welfare the interest of a brother—to more I shall never aspire. God has given you splendid gifts of mind and person—they were given to be a blessing to others; if we live rightly it is for those around us. Without the power to control yourself, you could neither give nor receive happiness. I speak plainly—it is better you should hear the truth. The world is before you, hundreds will worship at your shrine, and see no imperfection; let the one ray of truth prove stronger than the flattery addressed you. Ellen, I conjure you, be mistress of *yourself*, conquer your temper, or the fair fruit so tempting to the sight will be ashes at the core. When I think of what might have been, the pen drops from my nerveless hand. Ellen! Ellen! if with this great defect in your character I could have rendered you happy, how gladly would I have taken you to my heart! How worse than vain to talk of this! I feel assured you were satisfied of my affection; there is some comfort in that thought. May you be saved such suffering as mine at our separation. O Ellen! if it had been different—if you could have persevered in your good resolutions, how changed would be our situation now! But this is madness. May the blessing of that God, who ever strengthens the repentant, rest upon you for ever.

HERBERT MONTAGUE."

And this was the end! Where is the eye that could go down into that agonized heart, and portray its utter desolateness? Heavy, heavy, and stunning was the shock. Who can tell of the sleepless nights, the anxious days, the sinking of the heart when hope goes out for ever? Ellen, in the bitterness of that time you paid the heavy penalty of an indulged sin; in the hush of midnight, when no eye saw but One, was the agony of your deep repentance pitied and pardoned.

We pass over a year. The object of Ellen Laning's life seemed greatly changed. She no longer lived for self; her gentleness of character was now apparently its most striking trait; and if she was sometimes thoughtful to sadness, she never yielded to melancholy. She struggled with steady firmness against such feelings; was constantly occupied in mind or body; and gained so strong a mastery over the emotions of her heart, that no eye could detect the truth without long and close observation. When Ellen thought of her reformation, she hoped it was perfect, but she felt herself little tried where all united in attentions to contribute to her happiness. It was at this period an attack of the gout brought Mr. Laning to the verge of the grave; he recovered slowly, unable to walk without assistance, and suffering almost constantly. From being a very active business man, he was reduced to the monotony of in-door life; so often in pain as to be unable to read. Always irritable, he was of course much more so in his illness, and Ellen's task was no easy one. Most faithfully she performed it; she read to him and sang also; and her gentle voice was ever ready with its sweet tones to soothe and sustain. More than once her father questioned her of Herbert's absence; he had not been present at the breakfast scene; but she seemed to suffer so much, that he desisted from further inquiry. Ellen kept her secret, and feeling grateful to her father that he had allowed her to do so, redoubled her attention to his comfort.

We will now leave them, and passing over an interval of some months, return to Herbert, who was at —— Springs. Immediately on his arrival he encountered Edward Thornton, a gentleman whose acquaintance he had made in the west. Thornton was a very peculiar character, and a great favourite of Herbert's withal. The small, keen, gray eyes, that looked out from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, saw far and clearly into the devious ways of the human heart; he loved to talk to Herbert of his success in his favourite study—human nature,—how, to his eye, every varying shade of the face had come laden with the secrets of the heart. Indeed, his power was almost wonderful, and he rarely, if ever, mistook character. Herbert had entire confidence in his judgment, and was always attracted by the ceaseless variety of his

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vigorous and well stored mind. It was the morning after Herbert's arrival the following conversation passed between them.

"How long have you been here, Thornton, and how do you like it?"

"Two weeks—and I like it. I have been at my old study," was the reply of Thornton.

"Plenty of subjects here," said Herbert smiling.

"I have had but one subject."

"Man, or woman?" queried Herbert.

"Woman—they are better worth studying when they have heart and intellect combined," was Thornton's reply.

"Let us have it," said Herbert; "if you have spent two weeks in making out one woman, she must be extraordinary."

"And so she is," rejoined Thornton, seriously, "extraordinary in every point of view. I don't know her name, I did not choose to have any clue to her character, and would not ask it. And I tell you she is such a woman as we rarely, very rarely, see in this soul-destroying world!"

"You grow crazy, man!" said Herbert laughing outright, "why you are caught in spite of your resistance. What does your divinity look like?"

"I will tell you—she possesses beauty of the most striking character; a form that would grace a throne; an intellect whose clear light is softened down by the thousand tender charities that love to dwell in a woman's heart. She is all this, and more, far more. Surrounded by all that proclaims wealth, she declines social enjoyment, and devotes herself unremittingly to an invalid father. She never leaves him; her time is given sweetly, and freely; and if she had not the temper of an angel, the man's irritable humours would break her heart."

"You are 'clean gone,'" cried Herbert, with a burst of irrepressible laughter. "Why you rave like a Bedlamite! your day of freedom is over."

"Mistaken!" said Thornton shaking his head. "I have made a *discovery*—she has loved, and been disappointed."

"How do you make that out!"

"My old study!" said Thornton significantly; "there is an expression of suffering that at times steals over her face, which tells of bitter memories: she has no hope; patient endurance I can read plainly; I have thought, too, self-reproach. And once, when she deemed no human eye was on her, I saw tears, large blistering tears roll slowly, one after another, down her white cheek, while her thoughts were far back in the regions of the past. Herbert, there was suffering there!"

"I can well believe it,"—replied Herbert in a low tone, for there was a chord stirred in his bosom that made it tremble.

"Yes, there was grief there," continued Thornton, "the bitter grief of wasted affection, thrown back on itself. Poor girl! the world sneer, and the heartless laugh; but the good and gentle will pity, and respect you." Thornton was silent for many moments ere he resumed: "One evening I saw them when the father had been unusually irritable, it seemed almost impossible for her to soothe him. Without asking his consent she sat down at his feet and sang. Oh! what a voice was hers!—the rich tones, sad, even in their exquisite beauty, still linger on my ear; they went to my heart, and the old man's too, for he laid his hand on her head, saying;—'God bless my sweet Ellen!'"

"Ellen!" exclaimed Herbert, and he turned so pale, and bent such a startled look on Thornton, as filled the latter with amazement.

"Ellen, I said; 'tis a common name."

"True, most true; and there is no similitude!" murmured Herbert.

"I don't exactly understand you," said Thornton dryly, "but it is late. Good morning. By the way you had better go to the rooms to-night, there will be some fine dancing." To the rooms Herbert went, when evening came; and there, at the farther end, stood—Ellen Laning. The satin she wore, was scarce whiter than her face—her large radiant eyes, subdued and softened in their expression, gave to her countenance a beauty that was almost spiritual. Yes, she was beautiful, even as in the days that Herbert so well remembered. It was the first evening she had appeared in public, and there was a hush throughout the room as she moved down in the dance; all eyes were upon her, and Herbert heard one lady say to another:—"She is beautiful—a queenly beauty—but to me, the life has gone out of those eyes—so large, so lustrous, and so lovely! See you not how cold they are? they do not brighten; there is no flush on the cheek; no excitement in her manner, yet music is pouring its glad notes in her ear, and the noblest are paying homage to her matchless beauty! Ellen Laning has a sorrow in her young heart, that has left its shadow on all her enjoyments." And Herbert knew that the lady who spoke was both an earnest and accurate observer of character. More than once his conscience smote him, as he threaded his way through the crowd; he remembered his promise to be patient, and he thought if he had blighted the young heart of Ellen Laning he scarce deserved forgiveness. He was pale, and had some difficulty in controlling his agitation; he saw that Thornton was Ellen's partner, and had just reached the place where they stood as the dance was over.

He stepped forward—"Miss Laning!"

Ellen started, and grew pale, but commanding herself by a strong effort, she bowed her head,—and "hoped she had the pleasure of seeing him well."

She turned instantly; and Thornton led her to a door opening on a balcony, and out into the fresh air. She trembled, notwithstanding her efforts. "Sit down," he said gently, "the fresh air will revive you, the heat has been too much for you."

"Thank you!" said Ellen feebly, and the sweet tones of her voice sank into the very heart of Thornton. "I will bring you a glass of water,"

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he said abruptly, believing rightly a few moments of solitude would benefit her more than anything else. He passed Herbert as he went in, and with a warm heart, throbbing with indignation, and all the fiery rashness characteristic of him when fully roused, he caught Herbert's arm and led him aside: bending his mouth close to his ear he said fiercely:—"Let me tell you, my friend, if you have wronged that girl in word, or thought, you are a scoundrel not fit to cumber the earth! And I would blow your brains out, as quick as I would do that!"— snapping his fingers in his face. Herbert shook off his grasp with a quiet dignity peculiar to him, and said calmly:—"Regain your senses, Thornton, and then you will recollect I am incapable of such baseness." He turned away, but it was with a heart heavy, and full of misery; Ellen had shrunk at his approach, if not in anger, at least in coldness; love for him had gone out from her heart for ever; what right had he to hope it would be otherwise? He had no doubt she was changed—he felt that Thornton had judged rightly, and he clung to the hope, that he was not wrong in believing she still loved and suffered. In half an hour, Herbert saw Ellen leave the room; he followed to the parlour where she had left her father, knocked gently, but there was no answer; with a trembling hand he opened the door. On a low stool at her father's feet, sat Ellen, tears were on her cheek, and she had laid her weary head on his knee. He seemed to be soothing her, and regretting that he had urged her to go out that evening.

"Ellen! Let us be friends, Ellen!—and forget the miserable past;"—and Herbert was by her side. "Oh Ellen, if you can forgive—for I too have been to blame—and can love me, as once you did, we may be happy yet." Ellen's father drew the poor trembling girl into his arms, and kissed her. "Speak frankly, my daughter," he said; "if you can indeed love Herbert, it would be a happiness my old age hardly hoped for, to see you united." Ellen stood up, and extending her hand, looked on him she had loved so long and so well, and for whose dear sake she had conquered self; and though her voice faltered, there was a smile struggling through her tears as she said:—"Herbert should judge my love by his own!" and Herbert took her to his heart and called her his own for ever. When they were alone he told her Thornton's story, and such encomiums as lovers' lips so often frame, and loving woman is so glad to hear, fell sweetly on Ellen's ear. She went back to that first promise, and its disastrous conclusion, and in detailing her feelings, Miss Warrender's insinuations came to light; this reminded Herbert of his own experience, and he related the kindly efforts of that excellent lady in his behalf. "Do you not see, Herbert, how good has come out of evil? I never should have succeeded in conquering myself, but for this frightful separation; and thus it is Providence so often permits the evil-minded to triumph, that a blessing on others, may be the result." She lifted up her earnest eyes, and Herbert thought as he looked, that life had come again into those shining orbs.

There are seasons in this world, over whose unclouded happiness there falls no shadow from the earth, when the heart goes up in gratitude to God and the mind is surrendered to the intense enjoyment of the present. Such feelings were Ellen Laning's, and oh! how the rapture of that reunion was increased by the consciousness that she *deserved* it—that her efforts had been unwearied, and had been rewarded as such self-exertion ever will be. The next day they walked some distance from the house, and unexpectedly encountered Thornton. He stared in astonishment—there was no mistaking the beaming eyes of the now happy Ellen, or the bright colour that tinged her fair cheek; gladness dwelt in her joyous smile, and the quiet happiness of a heart at rest. Herbert lifted his hat. "Good morning, Thornton; I hope you are in a better humour with me now than you were last night. Come Ellen, plead for me, he was going to blow my brains out on your account, so it is but fair that you should defend me." Ellen smiled and bowed, but she coloured deeply; she could not avoid noticing Thornton's confusion, she suspected his secret, and with a woman's tenderness she pitied. "I see I was mistaken. I leave to-night. God bless you both," and he hurried from them. It was the first woman, and the last, that ever produced any impression on the wayward, but generous heart of Edward Thornton.

Our friends returned to the city. Mr. Laning, aware of his failing health, hastened on the marriage, and Ellen consented—it was Herbert asked.

They were married; in the course of a wedding tour they passed through the village where Miss Warrender resided. She came to see them in a perfect paroxysm of delight, overwhelming Ellen with congratulations, and declaring Herbert to be a "most perfect man."

"I really cannot stand that!"—exclaimed Herbert; "no one in this world should claim perfection—unless indeed it is Miss Warrender."

"Not even your wife?" inquired Miss Warrender.

"Not even my wife,"—said Herbert looking fondly on Ellen—"she is too truly good, to make any pretension"—and he lifted her small white hand to his lips, with an expression of countenance that dwelt on Miss Warrender's memory for months. There was entire and perfect confidence between them; and Herbert Montague had given no divided love to sweet Ellen Laning.

Harrisburg, Pa.

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THALES OF PARIS.

BY MRS. E. S. BENNERS.

The most favourite hobby of the *bourgeois* of Paris is philosophy; not the philosophy which consists in the study of nature, or in scientific researches; but, when a Parisian philosopher has attained a fortune equal to his wishes, has his country house, his pleasant apartments in town, a happy family around him—in short, when he has all he can want, and age begins to calm his passions, he sets up for a philosopher. If his wife scolds, if his dinner is ill cooked, if a sudden shower deranges a party of pleasure, he alone is calm, smiling, ready to console everybody; he is a philosopher. Philosophy is his universal remedy for all such evils, and happy in his family, with his house and furniture insured and his funds safely placed, he dreams of no other trials.

M. d'Herbois, a happy professor of this consoling system, seemed to have been sent into the world expressly for the purpose of praising philosophy, without ever having occasion to practise it. He had inherited and increased a comfortable fortune; he had been married at an early age to the woman he loved; and now his only son, just twenty-two years old, was on the point of marriage with a young lady whose fortune, family and disposition were as agreeable to the happy father as to the son. M. d'Herbois, who was of a kind and amiable disposition, was preparing the establishment of his son with all the disinterested tenderness of a kind parent, and the wisdom of a philosopher.

"I intend," said he, (as he was talking of his plans to his friend Durand, who was no philosopher,) "I intend to give Gustavus our country house at Sussy. It is a very great sacrifice certainly; we can no longer depend upon passing all our summers there as usual, because my wife might not like it. Mothers and daughters-in-law, you know, do not always agree so well; but then we love Gustavus so much that we would give up anything for him. We must exercise our philosophy a little. Moreover, we shall give up the first story of the hotel in Paris to the young people, and take the second ourselves. My wife does not quite like this part of the arrangement; but as I tell her, 'only think, my love, if some unforeseen accident was to deprive us of our fortune! then, indeed, we should have to go into the attic, and to enable us to bear such a misfortune, we should require all our philosophy; whereas we scarcely need any to reconcile us to going up a few steps more. In all things we should imitate Thales of Miletus, one of the seven sages of Greece, who met all the ills of life without complaint, and defied all mankind to disturb the serenity of his soul.'"

"And I suppose you defy mankind in the same manner!" said M. Durand.

"Certainly. I have a good right to do so. Have you ever known me to depart from my principles?"

"I know, that since you and I left college together, thirty years ago, you have never been afflicted with any real misfortune; and if Thales of Miletus, whose history I have forgotten, had no more to try his philosophy than you have, it could not have cost him any great effort."

"Why really," said M. d'Herbois with great simplicity, "I think I am more of a philosopher than Thales himself; for I am a husband and father, and he was a single man."

"But," replied Durand, "you have never yet had any trials."

"If trials should come I could support them."

"What! if your wife should deceive you, if your son should disappoint your hopes, you would bear these misfortunes with the patience of Job?"

"Of Thales, if you please, my friend; my model is a Greek philosopher, not an Arab, like Job."

Proud of Thales and of himself, M. d'Herbois continued with alacrity the preparations for the wedding of this beloved son. One morning he was going to consult him on the purchase of some jewels for the wedding *corbeille*. The room the young man occupied was at the extremity of the apartments, and accessible through the drawing-room on one side, and on the other by a private staircase; so that Gustavus could go in and out without disturbing anybody. M. d'Herbois was just going to lay his hand on the lock of a glass door with a curtain before it, when he heard a noise and stopped. Gustavus was not alone.

"What can this be?" said he to himself. "I hope this is no fair afflicted one, whom Gustavus is consoling for broken promises."

He put aside the curtain a little, and became more easy on seeing a man.

"Perhaps," thought he, "it is a creditor; that would not be of so much consequence."

He continued looking and listening. The man, who had just entered, was about his own age, with an intelligent and rather sarcastic look, and was clothed like a substantial farmer.

"My dear Pierre," said the man, "listen to me."

"Pierre!" said young d'Herbois, "you are mistaken, sir; my name is Gustavus."

"I am not at all mistaken," said the stranger; "listen to me, if you please: I have something to tell you that makes me very happy, but I am afraid you won't like it as well as I do."

"I cannot imagine, sir," said Gustavus, "why

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anything that makes a respectable man happy should be disagreeable to me. Pray go on."

The stranger seated himself and began.

"You know, my friend, that twenty-two years ago Mde. d'Herbois had a son whom she was not able to nurse herself. They looked for a woman who could take charge of it, and fixed on my wife, Margaret Pithou, of Pontoise."

"Ah! then you are my foster father," cried Gustavus eagerly, advancing to him. "Come, let me take you to my father and mother, they will be delighted to see you."

"Stop," said Pithou. "Your father and mother must not know that I am here till I have told you everything."

"Told me everything! What is there, then, to tell?"

As the conversation began to take this mysterious turn, the poor philosopher on the other side of the door could hardly breathe for agitation.

"I will tell all," said Pithou. "I was a poor man, who gained a living by raising calves. We contrived to make both ends meet as long as our cows continued well. My wife and I were then young, and had a son about three months older than that of M. d'Herbois."

"Yes, older than me," said Gustavus.

"No, not at all; but just hear me out. Misfortunes came upon us. A rich man who had plenty of money came from Paris to carry on business at Pontoise. He bought up the best cows, hired the best pastures, raised the price of hay and all sorts of provender, and completely broke down the little dealers like myself, as his calves were always the fattest, and brought the best prices. A bad year came next, and we were entirely ruined. My wife fell sick from sorrow; her nurse child began to suffer; but we did not dare to mention it, for fear it should be taken away: in short, one night both my wife and the son of M. d'Herbois died. My poor Pierre," continued the man, addressing himself to Gustavus, "only think what a pitiable state I was in! my wife dead, and a little starving child in my arms: no money, and weighed down with debt. I did not know what to do. At last I hit upon a way of saving you. I thought that though rich people were sent into this world to help the poor, they were often too hard-hearted to do so; and that it was needful to get by cunning what they would not give from charity. So I told every body that my own son was dead, and I sent you, my own child, to M. d'Herbois by one of my cousins, who did not herself know anything about the trick. You are that child, my son, my dear Pierre!"

As he finished this strange history he threw his arms round Gustavus and embraced him with tears in his eyes. The young man remained silent from consternation.

"Come, cheer up, my boy," continued Pithou; "you have been spared a great deal of poverty and suffering by the time you have been with M. d'Herbois, besides getting the advantage of a good education. Really, when I think seriously about this matter, I can't find any reason to repent of it. Since that time I have prospered; I came to Paris, got into business, and am now very well off. Of course, as an honest man, I don't want you to get any advantage from the fortune of M. d'Herbois. We will let him know everything. I can produce proofs of what I say. I will go and get them ready, and bring them to M. d'Herbois. Adieu." He embraced Gustavus again, and went out by the private stairs.

Meantime M. d'Herbois, who had not lost a word of the whole conversation, knew not what to do or what to think. Gustavus, his son, from whom he had never been separated for twenty-one years; for whom he was joyfully making all sorts of sacrifices; who was to perpetuate his name; and now that name was Pithou, and he was another man's son! He rushed into his wife's apartment exclaiming "I have no son! my son died twenty-one years ago!"

Madame d'Herbois was a woman of a lively disposition, and understanding her husband's character she did not always take his expressions in their literal sense.

"You almost frightened me," said she laughing; "but considering that Gustavus has been dead these twenty-one years, he eat his breakfast this morning very much like a living man."

"Madam, Gustavus is not my son."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that he is neither mine nor yours: our poor Gustavus died at nurse, and we have brought up in his stead the son of Pierre Pithou."

Madame d'Herbois was serious enough now, and the unhappy couple retraced all the circumstances of the infancy of Gustavus. It was true that he had been sent to be nursed at Pontoise, and afterwards brought home in consequence of the death of Margaret Pithou. All that Pithou had asserted was probable; and perhaps, alas! it was true. At that moment Gustavus entered the room, and for the first time M. d'Herbois observed that his son did not resemble him. Their eyes were not alike, nor the shape of the face, nor the figure; and it also struck M. d'Herbois that his voice had the same tone as that of Pithou. Gustavus, oppressed by what he had just heard, knew not how to begin the painful confession. He looked from one to the other of his parents with tears in his eyes, afraid to address either.

"My dear son," said Madame d'Herbois, "come to my arms. We know all you would say. But you are our son. I know it by my affection;" and she wept in his arms.

"You know all!" exclaimed Gustavus; "has Pithou already brought his proofs?"

"No, but your father heard the whole conversation."

A servant informed M. d'Herbois that there was a person in his study waiting to see him.

"It is that detestable Pithou," said he, and he went out leaving the mother and son weeping together.

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It was not Pithou, however, but his friend Durand whom he found waiting for him.

"My good friend," said he, "as you are preparing for a wedding I thought you would be glad to make a purchase of the finest cameo I have ever seen; and it is not dear either; look at it."

"Don't talk to me of cameos, or weddings, or sons," exclaimed M. d'Herbois in a rage.

"Why, what can be the matter? has Gustavus done anything wrong?"

"There is no Gustavus. I have no son," cried he; and with some difficulty he gave his friend an unconnected account of the discovery he had just made.

"Indeed this is a bad business," said M. Durand, "but still it is not quite a desperate matter. We will make this M. Pithou listen to reason, and most probably he will consent to let you keep Gustavus; you have the affection of the young man, and as for the rest it is of little consequence."

"Of little consequence," exclaimed M. d'Herbois violently. "Of little consequence! I have lost my child, my own flesh and blood. They have left me in his place the descendant of these Pithous, and you say it is of little consequence!"

"And it is of little consequence. Have you not always loved him as your son? could your feelings towards him have been stronger if he had really been Gustavus? and do you think the young man can ever love any other father? No! no! Settle the matter with Pithou, who will be the only loser in this affair."

"The wretch!" said M. d'Herbois walking up and down the room. "To have duped me in such a manner—to have misdirected my affections. But there are laws against such crimes; we live in a civilized country, where the substitution of a child is a punishable crime. I shall bring Pithou to trial; he shall not escape."

"But," said Durand, "consider that there are many circumstances that extenuate this action. Pithou was in the extremity of distress, bewildered by the sudden death of his wife. Certainly nothing can justify a crime, but if anything can excuse it, the feelings of a father trying to save the life of his child may plead for him. Besides, you must observe what his conduct has been; as soon as he is rich, and able to support his child, he comes to claim him; he does not wish him to profit by your fortune; he does not even allow him to conclude the advantageous marriage that was to have taken place. All these things will be considered in his favour, and the result of the whole will be, that the judges will only sentence him to pay the expense of the education of Gustavus or Pierre, whichever you choose to call him; better let him alone."

The advice was very sensible, but M. d'Herbois was in no condition to listen to it. The violence of his passion continued to increase, and his anger began to extend itself to the innocent young man.

"Yes," said he, "he looks like Pithou, he speaks like him; no doubt the young Pierre Pithou will prove a deceiver like his father."

"Now my dear friend," continued Durand, "do take this matter quietly. Gustavus has had nothing to do with the business, let him be married, and do you buy this superb cameo. You'll never find another like it."

"If you mention that cameo again"—

"My dear friend, consider that you are a philosopher, and that you have declared that it is not in the power of man to disturb your tranquillity."

"Do not talk to me of philosophy when I have lost my child."

"You have lost no child. Gustavus is as good a son as you can desire; as for the one who died twenty-one years ago, you did not know him, and have never before thought of him. But if his loss were really an affliction, what is the use of your philosophy if it does not enable you to bear your misfortune with firmness."

The philosopher wept instead of answering; and the tears which fell from his eyes proved how vain was his stoicism, and how much superior Thales of Miletus was to Thales of Paris.

"Ah!" said M. Durand exultingly, "I have conquered your philosophy at last. Now then, I must give you comfort. Lapierre, Lapierre, come in."

Lapierre came in, still wearing the farmer's dress, which he had assumed for the occasion.

"This," said Durand, "is the Pithou who has given you so much trouble; he is a servant of mine, and the proofs which he has threatened to produce have no existence. I know the real Pithou well, he is still raising calves at Pontoise, he has married again, has a number of children, and I assure you has no idea of claiming one who does not belong to him. But, Mr. Philosopher, allow me to remark that your practice does not quite agree with your professions. As soon as you are even threatened with affliction, you lose all self-command, you investigate nothing, you do not stop to consider probabilities; but without the slightest proof you are ready to withdraw your affection from your unoffending son, and to send an innocent man to the galleys. And yet, one of the maxims of your Thales (whose history I have just read over for your benefit) is, *never decide rashly*."

Humbled and ashamed, M. d'Herbois was obliged to acknowledge that the lesson had been too much for his philosophy. It was surprising that he did not quarrel with the friend who had given it: but the Parisian philosopher is a good-natured being, and perhaps a little pride prevented him from giving way to his feelings. Gustavus, however, was in some degree a sufferer; though his father had his doubts removed, yet he could no longer trace in his son's features the resemblance to himself of which he had formerly been so proud; and when Gustavus spoke, he said to himself, his voice is certainly like that of Pithou—he must have caught it in his infancy.

The marriage of Gustavus took place at the ap-

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pointed time. But though M. d'Herbois was delighted with it, he had changed his mind about the country house, and determined that Gustavus should be the guest instead of the master of it. Nor did he any longer think it right to make his wife give up her apartment, and the young couple took possession of the second story.

No longer able to maintain his character for philosophy, M. d'Herbois thought proper to attribute all his failures to his situation of husband and father.

"It is impossible," said he, "to preserve a proper tranquillity of mind, when our happiness depends not on ourselves, but on a wife and child. For that reason when the mother of Thales urged him to marry, he replied that it was too soon; when at a subsequent period she renewed her entreaties, he answered that it was too late."

We find however in our time, that the philosophy of many begins with their marriage, but few philosophers could have withstood the trial of M. d'Herbois.

THE PILGRIM AT NIAGARA.

A CALLING AND THE ANSWER.

BY THE LATE GRENVILLE MELLEN.

PILGRIM.

WHENCE DO THEY COME?—These myriad of waves
Racing in serried ranks, with shout and plunge
To brave the whirlpool! Are the rivers rent
Up from their first foundations among mounts
And clouds, through all the earth, to hasten here
Twining their thousand tributes to this gorge
To leap in one vast channel to the sea—
Or are the fountains of the deep unseal'd
Under those ocean-lakes—and the old tides
That heav'd the planet's centre, when the Word
Went out for Time to burst into the song
Of praise in the beginning—are they now
Breaking, as they broke then, from hidden caves,
Where silence walk'd with Night, thro' soundless realms;
Do they, like watery pillars, surge from seas,
That have no limits, and flash first to light
Amid that billowy congregation!—there
Swaying like that they heav'd from, in the home
Where power began its trampling. If you know,
Tell me how deep these waters, and how far
The battling that they leap to—'mid that foam,
Rings towards those adamantine rocky floors—how deep
Life wheels in those vast eddies—and how long
The bones of dark men, and the wreck'd canoe
Have circled in the vortex that keeps in
Its loud circumference, that world of ruins
That flash adown its all-engulfing hell,
Off from that fearful edge. Tell me if man
Can buffet in that sea—if ocean's storm
Can call thus to the clouds, when all its hosts
Open their brazen throats in rivalry,
And roar along the pathway of the ships!

AND WHITHER DO THEY GO? these crested waves
That in terrific and perpetual van,
Leap to this pale abyss—where do they roll,
When cast from that imprisonment, they sweep
On their strong way rejoicing—when the foam
In which they lifted as they broke the bars
That would confine their fury, fades and falls;
And like a sea of emerald, whose depth
It tires the eye to dream of, they swoop on
Into th' engorging waters whose great arms
Rest upon rival shores! Can you unfold
The mystery of their parentage, or go down
Into the gulf that tombs them? Can you see
That their gigantic passage dwindles them,
Or their strength falters? Is their thunder less
Than that your fathers told of—or their sires
Had sung to them, as legends of a time
When only forests quiver'd to the sound
Of the appalling waters—and the wolf
Glar'd undetected down the misty crag,
Or thro' the banner'd branches.—Do you hear
Confession from these billows—do they deign
To heed your shouting, or to stay the tread
That makes the gray crags tumble from their base,
Up to the eyry where the eagle stares?
Do they give back an answer when you cry
To that loud army for its history,
And whither it is passing?—to what lands
Or what insatiate Scylla it will sweep,
In its untiring course?

GUIDE.

Now cease, I pray—
For you can win no answer. There's no tongue
But seems as palsied, when 'twould move to tell
Of what you ask for. It is not unveil'd
To this humanity. Would you pass within
The chambers of this mystery—and bow
Before the awful knowledge that is there,
I tell you, pilgrim, you must cast the robes
That mantle your mortality, and mount
Up to that fountain of intelligence
That breaks above the stars. You must first spread
The pinions of an angel. It will then
Be given to your vision to unveil
Wonders whose godlike origin it tasks
Man's spirit but to contemplate—which bend
Beneath all footstools when the questioning
Comes of their birth or ceasing. I have stood
Beside this battling till my spirit reel'd,
And grew afraid with mightiness I saw,
And heard, and felt, until my giddy brain
Seem'd madden'd as the waters—and the thought
Of WHENCE and WHITHER whelm'd me as that sea
Whelm'd these great battlements!—I tell you here
There is no answer to your seeking—none
E'en to your prayer to light that mystery,
That is now midnight to the pilgrim's eye—
The mystery of the FOUNTAIN of these waves,
And of the ocean country of their TOMB!

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THE TENTH PASSENGER.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Nine gentlemen, who were desirous of being together, had secured themselves seats in the hindmost of four stage-coaches that started at the same hour from Paperdollarogo to Specieville, a road always much travelled. We leave our readers to guess in what section of the Union these two flourishing towns are located; and most probably they will guess right. In this line nine was the number of passengers allotted to each coach; and the coaches were handsome round-bodied, three-seated vehicles that went along genteelly. Preceding them by two hours was another line (also much patronized) in which travellers were conveyed in those long interminable things that look like menagerie caravans, and that, though overflowing with human beings, are never so full that all who offer cannot be taken: short people standing upright in them, long ones sitting on the floor, and women and children piled on each other's laps three deep. Our business, however, is with the genteel line, and even here (the very best stage-coaches never being an inch too large) nine grown persons were quite as many as could possibly be accommodated in the same carriage, particularly if any of the travellers chanced to be of extra dimensions. In the above-mentioned company there were no less than three "stout gentlemen," one for each seat. A man that looked like a farmer was taken up about two miles from the starting-place: but he was satisfied to ride outside with the driver.

Stages first, second, and third were freighted with gentlemen, ladies, and nurse-maids holding babies —biggish children (counted two for one) being inserted between, so as to fill up all possible interstices. It is to be regretted that two children, however small, always occupy more space than one grown person, however large; and though they are charged at half price there are (unfortunately for travellers) no such things as half children.

Our nine unincumbered gentlemen having held back till the cargoes of the three first coaches were assorted, were by this means enabled to dispose of themselves all in the same vehicle. By the judicious arrangement of putting on each seat one of the largest men and one of the smallest, with a third who was in size about the *juste milieu*, and each being properly willing to incline himself a little back or a little forward, as was most accommodating to his companions, they were all very comfortably fitted in: without, however, the smallest superfluity of space. The sky was cloudy and threatened a storm; but they were so well guarded against its effects that they took no heed of the weather.

As soon as the bustle of starting had subsided, and the stage was fairly under way, two of the gentlemen, who were elderly bachelors, began to congratulate themselves and their companions on the prospect of having a pleasant, snug, quiet ride all to themselves, without the incumbrance and annoyance of women and children. Another (who was a married man) had no objection to children, provided they did not cry; none of his own seven ever having been heard to whimper in their lives; for, even when cutting their teeth they only looked serious. A third (being a very candid person and scrupulously truthful) acknowledged that out of his nine darlings there was not one that had the gift of being quite incapable of crying; but that he never took any of his family with him when he travelled, that he might enjoy their society with greater zest when he returned home. An ancient gentlemen (the widower of several wives) had obtained a glimpse of one or two pretty girls in each of the other stages, and would have had no objection to ride with *them*, only that they seemed to be matronized by old fat women, a species of animal whom he thought ought to be collected annually, in carts: and afterwards shipped off to the Sandwich Islands, or Caffraria, or any other place where obesity is always at a premium.

A young officer who had graduated at West Point, and who, like most young officers, was already engaged to be married, and to whom all human beings that bore the form of women were sacred, seemed somewhat scandalized at the ungallant remarks of the bachelor and widower gentlemen, and contended that he never in his life had met with a woman in whom there was not something agreeable.

"Then, my dear sir, you have never been out of your own country: and as to your life, it has not, as yet, been a long one," said Mr. Bromfield, a very fine-looking man, of an uncertain age, who had recently returned from a sojourn of twenty years in various parts of the world beyond the Atlantic.

Lieutenant Cessford acknowledged that he had never crossed the ocean, but that he felt himself perfectly qualified to bear testimony to the beauty and amiability that characterised his countrywomen. As there was a newly-arrived Englishman in company, all the other gentlemen most cordially joined in this eulogium; and the Briton himself united in commending the pretty faces of the Ame-

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rican ladies, being particularly struck with the smallness of their mouths.

"And now," continued Mr. Mainwaring, for that was the Englishman's name, "is it true that, according to all the books written by my countrymen, (including Miss Martineau,) America is the paradise of women, and that here they are petted, indulged and idolized by our sex, even from their cradles? Is it really the practice of every American to yield up his own convenience and his own comfort, (always without a murmur,) whenever the accommodation or the fancy of a woman is concerned, even if that woman is like the one whom Johnson accused to her face of being ugly, poor and foolish?"

"The brute!" exclaimed young Cessford. "Of all the enormities recorded of Dr. Johnson by his devoted and admiring biographers, I have always considered that anecdote the worst."

"It is certainly true," observed Mr. Bromfield, "that among Americans there is a universal feeling of respect and kindness towards the female sex. We have it both by nature and by cultivation. Our little boys begin by deferring always to the little girls, and allowing them the best of the bonbons and playthings: and giving up to them the most amusing and easiest parts of their childish pastimes; volunteering to carry for them their baskets and bags; resigning to them the best places at puppet-shows and juggling exhibitions; relinquishing for *their* benefit seats in steamboats and in carriages; and in short beginning betimes to let them see that, as American females, they are not expected to endure any privations or inconveniences that can be staved off by the males. Also, you will never see an American woman working out in the fields, or exposed to any drudgery that is humiliating or unfeminine."

"Is it true also," asked the Englishman, "that as our tourists assure us, this self-denying devotion on the part of your men is never acknowledged or rewarded by any expression of gratitude on the part of your women?"

"I fear," replied Mr. Bromfield, "that in too many instances this allegation has been founded on fact. With innumerable exceptions there is, perhaps, a large proportion of our women who seem to regard every man they chance to meet with as being 'born for their use, and living but to oblige them.'"

"The reason of that apparent indifference with which American ladies are supposed to receive civilities," said Mr. Cessford, "is because they are so much accustomed to them. These attentions and kindnesses from our sex to theirs are of daily and hourly recurrence, (as they ought to be,) so that they are considered on both sides as matters of course—things which there is nothing particularly praiseworthy in performing, but which it would be disgraceful to omit. It is true that many of our ladies would no more think of making an acknowledgement to a gentleman for resigning his place to them, than to the servant who changes their plates at the dinner table. And why should they? Are we not sufficiently repaid by the pleasure of having added to their accommodation?"

"Yet they would be much displeased at the omission of any of those acts of civility," observed Mr. Bromfield.

"They would be surprised; astonished; shocked; disgusted—as well they might be; and yet they would have too much dignity to notice it at the time, though it might not very soon be forgotten or forgiven. But I conceive that it would be utterly impossible for an American man to treat a woman rudely. Any one that *could* do so would degrade himself for ever, and incur the scorn and contempt of his own sex, as well as of theirs."

"You speak very strongly, my young friend," said a gentleman named Ashwood: "nevertheless, in the main you are quite right. I have travelled much in the new settlements; and even from the wildest and roughest backwoodsman I have seen no instance of rudeness to a woman. A woman may travel in the public conveyances from Maine to Florida without an escort, and it will be her own fault if she meets with the slightest disrespect or annoyance from any of her own countrymen; always excepting those who use tobacco. A stranger will not presume to speak to a lady whom he does not know, unless by doing so he can render her some material assistance: but he will tacitly and respectfully forego his own comfort and convenience to promote hers. And even if he is a tobacco chewer he will try to avoid spitting directly on her dress; neither will he smoke a cigar exactly in her face."

"Still," said Mr. Bromfield, "I do persist in saying that our ladies, in return, *should* evince a little more regard for the convenience of gentlemen, even if they do not acknowledge their civilities. For instance, a lady ought not to keep a gentleman waiting to go out with her, when she knows his time to be precious. If she has not a carriage of her own and cannot afford to hire one, and there is no man in her family, she should not be *too much* in the practice of making sociable tea-visits at far-off houses, (particularly when the sky threatens a storm,) and depending for an escort home on a gentleman who may be over-fatigued with the business of the day, or who is perhaps in infirm health, and who in his heart would much rather be excused the necessity of walking two or three miles that evening, perhaps in a heavy rain. Again: ladies should dispense with feathered hats, large bonnets, caps, turbans, or whatever their head-dresses may be called, when they visit a place of public amusement. They should make a particular point on these occasions (if they cannot go bare-headed) of wearing some close, neat, pretty little thing that will not intercept the view of any person behind them. When I see a lady, on a crowded night, on a front seat at the theatre in a large hat and feathers, I always set her down as a vain, selfish, and perhaps insolent woman; such a one as I could neither love nor marry."

"And yet perhaps it may be mere want of consideration," observed the young officer.

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The other gentlemen all united in declaring that no woman could possibly put on a large head-dress before going to the theatre without knowing at the time that by doing so she would prevent at least half a dozen persons from snatching even a glimpse of the performance, except in the most tantalizing and painful manner.

"Fortunately, however," said the most fashionable man in company, "among really genteel women the custom of wearing hats or bonnets at the theatre is nearly exploded."

"Again," pursued Mr. Bromfield, "why cannot ladies who are going to concerts or lectures, so make their arrangements as to be there at the proper hour, instead of causing a disturbance by coming in late, when the company is all seated and perhaps the entertainment of the evening commenced. Then, when they find themselves late, why are they not contented to take what they deserve, places on the back seats: instead of marching resolutely towards those that are nearest the front, and dislodging gentlemen who have earned good accommodations by coming early, and perhaps waiting an hour before the commencement of the performance; the said gentlemen (in consequence of vacating in favour of women whom they neither know nor care for) being obliged to stand all the remainder of the evening."

"Less still," said Mr. Ashwood, "are ladies to be excused for going late into a strange church, disturbing the minister, and interrupting the attention of the congregation. Instead of slipping into a seat near the door, are they to be regarded with indulgence when they walk straight up the middle aisle and stand persistingly before the entrance of one of the best pews: looking boldly and steadfastly in, till they have dispossessed whatever gentlemen may be sitting there, and sent them to seek for a place wherever they can."

"I have often been tempted to wish," said Mr. Kingsland, who was a member of congress, "that all women were excluded, as they are in England, from admittance into the galleries of our halls of legislation."

"Am I hearing rightly?" exclaimed the young lieutenant.

"Yes," continued Mr. Kingsland; "let them be satisfied with reading the debates when they appear in the newspapers. Their doing so every day will be a sufficient test of the interest they really take in political affairs, and of their capacity to understand them. At Washington I have often felt much compassion for gentlemen whom I saw to be deeply interested in listening to the debates, and to whom it was probably of consequence to hear them well, and to be possessed of the particulars on that very day—I have, I say, really grieved when I saw such gentlemen disturbed and dislodged from their seats, to make room for a party of foolish girls, gallanted by some empty-headed idler about town—girls that, even when Mr. Clay or Mr. Webster were speaking on a subject of intense importance, kept up all the time a silly whispering with each other about some nonsense of their own, or a giggling flirtation with their beau. I could not help thinking how much better it would be for those young ladies (particularly if residents in Washington, where hearing the debates could be no novelty) to stay at home and attend to household affairs, or to ply their needles usefully, or to improve their minds with a book: rather than encourage the habit of regarding a visit to 'the house' as an indispensable part of their daily routine. Also, few of the families that live at Washington can afford to keep their daughters in idleness."

"I am glad to find," said Mr. Mainwaring, "that there *are* Americans who are not entirely blind to the faults and foibles of their own people: displeased as they always are with the pictures drawn of them by our English tourists."

"It is not because those pictures are too severe," rejoined Mr. Kingsland, "but because their severity is not well-directed. To give a true picture of American society you must make the lights as prominent as they really are, and above all things you must put the shadows in the right places. But most of your British travellers, from some strange obliquity of vision, which seems to attack them as soon as they set foot on our shores, see nearly everything through a false medium. Passing over innumerable blemishes in character and manners, of which we are fully conscious ourselves, and which we readily acknowledge to be wrong and absurd, they take up ideas that have no foundation, and misrepresent us on points of which we are wholly innocent. An American, in writing of America, is always sincere: he 'nothing extenuates, and sets down naught in malice:' he tells what he has really seen, and gives to his country and her people their rightful share of praise and blame. Yet in England he is rarely quoted as authority, when the land in which he was born and brought up is the subject of discussion. An Englishman would rather take his impressions of America from another Englishman who has run through the whole Union in a few months (or perhaps weeks) and knows nothing of the people except as he glanced at them on railroads, in steamboats, or at the tables of hotels. If he *is* a gentleman and has been admitted into good society, he judges of the men and women of America from what he sees of them on occasions where, of all others, there is less real development of character—that is, at dinner parties, evening parties, and at balls. It is only in the familiar intercourse of private life that a people can be really known and understood by a foreigner. And even then, it requires a long time to know them thoroughly, and to have opportunities of observing all the minute touches and the blending of tints that contribute to forming the picture."

"I go so far as to say," resumed Mr. Bromfield, "that no man can correctly and understandingly describe a country and its inhabitants unless he himself is native and compatriot; or unless it has been his home from childhood. Are we not better acquainted with Scotland and the Scotch from the

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novels of Sir Walter and the poetry of Burns than from all the tours in the highlands and tours in the lowlands that ever were indited by their English neighbours? Who has described the Irish with the truth and power of Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, and Mrs. Hall—all of them Irish women? Could the most enlightened stranger that ever visited England give us such pictures of fashionable society as have been painted by Lady Charlotte Bury, Lady Blessington, and Mrs. Gore? And who but a man that had actually passed his life among them, could depict with the intimate knowledge and the graphic verisimilitude of Dickens, that class emphatically termed 'the English people?'"

"I believe you are right," said Mr. Mainwaring, "and therefore as my stay in your country will not exceed a twelvemonth, I will not presume to write a book about it. Let me do myself the justice to say, that in reading the accounts of America that have been promulgated by English travellers, there are very few in which I have not detected glaring discrepancies, gross improbabilities, and palpable misrepresentations; all originating from the prejudices that my countrymen are too justly accused of entertaining against every nation but their own. Above all, do not imagine me a believer in Mrs. Trollope."

"I am glad to hear you say so," exclaimed Cessford.

"And yet," observed Mr. Kingsland, "there are many things in Mrs. Trollope's book that *ought* to be believed, because they are unfortunately too true. The veracity of this lady is not always unimpeachable, and she was much soured by the pecuniary disappointments that followed her to America, and also by her not being received into the best society. Still her representations, though coarse, are in many things too faithful—to our shame be it spoken. It is true she has been so unfair as to represent the habits of the people whom *she* chanced to know as the habits that prevail throughout America. Not, however, that her associates were of the class insinuated by a western publisher, when with more wit than candour he transposed the title of her work from 'Domestic Manners of the Americans' to 'Manners of the American Domestics.' Neither does she deserve the sweeping conclusion of a writer in the New Monthly, who despatched her book in one line by saying 'Mrs. Trollope is a trollop.' Her countryman does her great injustice; she is, I believe, of highly respectable parentage, and has been extremely well educated. There can be no doubt that she is a very talented woman, (notwithstanding her coarseness,) and a writer of great ability. And when, in her book of America, Mrs. Trollope describes what she has actually *seen* with her own eyes and heard with her own ears, (instead of pinning her faith upon the mystifications and falsifications of others,) she is seldom so far from the truth as many people suppose."

"I believe her book to have done much good on our side of the Atlantic," said Mr. Bromfield; "and indeed we ought to consider it rather an advantage to have such a scavenger once in a while going through our country, and raking up our dirt, and piling it in the full glare of the sun. We may thus become fully aware of much that, if left to ourselves, we should never have discovered."

The conversation of the gentlemen was now interrupted by their arrival at the town of Staremberg, where the stopping of stages for a few minutes to water the horses costs all the inhabitants the loss of an hour's work—first in the time employed in gazing at these daily phenomena, and next in the time employed in talking them over after they were gone. Having just passed through the aforesaid town of Staremberg, the last of the four vehicles (our stage) suddenly drew up before a house that stood far back from the road, with a sort of garden in front, having a wooden paling and a gate.

"Why are you stopping again?" said one of the gentlemen looking out, and addressing the driver—"whose house is that?"

"It is Mrs. Hardwick's," replied the man, "and there is the lady herself standing in the porch. She has just made a sign that she wants to get in; and she is giving her last orders to her women; and her baggage has already been placed at the gate."

"Get in!—where?" said two or three gentlemen.

"Into this stage. I suppose when the three others passed she saw that she could not be comfortable in any of *them*, on account of the children, and there being no room."

"But there is no room in this either," said half a dozen gentlemen.

"There is room for one more on the seat beside me," replied the driver, "provided he sits a good deal toward the end—to be sure it's rather close work to be driving a team of four horses when one's elbows are wedged."

"And dangerous too," remarked the Englishman.

"The stage is quite full already," said Mr. Bromfield: "there are nine grown persons in it now, and nine is the number allotted by the regulations, and it is impossible for another one to obtain a seat in it."

"Yes," replied the driver, "but then we calculate on one of the gentlemen coming outside."

"It will not be me—it will not be me," was the exclamation of several voices.

"If the weather was fine I should not care much myself," said Mr. Ashwood, "but there is a cold, damp easterly wind, and there will be rain in less than ten minutes."

"But consider, sir, it is a lady," persisted the driver.

"Well," said Mr. Bromfield, "she has seen already that the stage is full, and that she has no chance of getting a seat in it. And she must see too, by the delay, that no one is willing to resign in her favour."

"She is coming towards the gate, still talking to her maids," said the Englishman. "Coachman, drive on; you have no right to take up a tenth passenger."

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"Not without the gentlemen are agreeable," replied the driver; "that is, I cannot *force* an odd passenger into a stage after the lawful number is made up; but still I never knew a stage drive off and leave a lady standing at her gate."

"Then what does she stand for?" said Mr. Bromfield; "let her go back to her house and wait for a chance till to-morrow: or, why did not she send to engage a place yesterday?"

"Ladies seldom take the trouble to do that," replied the driver, "unless they've a gentleman to do it for them. When they know the stage passes their door, they mostly depend on getting in somehow."

"More shame for them," said Mr. Bromfield; "I wish in all such cases that *somehow* should prove to be no-how."

"She is coming straight to the gate," said the Englishman. "Coachman, I'll give you half a crown—half a dollar, I mean—if you'll drive on."

"I can't take a bribe, sir," said the man with dignity, "and I'm not a coachman, but a driver; I'm part owner of this line, and a gentleman myself."

"How unfortunate," exclaimed the Englishman. "There, now, she's opening the gate. What a disagreeable face she has," he added in a low voice. "Will nobody tell her she shan't come in?"

The lady came out of the gate and planted herself firmly on the roadside. It was evidently the settled purpose of her soul to get into that stage.

Several of the gentlemen now put out their heads to expostulate.

"Madam," said one, "we are all very sorry, but the stage is really quite full."

"We are all stowed as closely as possible," said to her a second.

"There is not even room for a kitten," said a third.

"None of us are very small," said the largest of the stout gentlemen.

"The stage is only intended for nine grown persons," said Mr. Kingsland; "so it is out of the question for us to take a tenth passenger."

"Unless, madam," said the Englishman, "you will content yourself to ride outside."

"Hush! hush!" exclaimed all the other gentlemen—"That will never do."

"A lady riding outside, and none but men within!" said Mr. Ashwood—"We should be hissed all along the road, and hooted in every town we passed through; and published in all the papers."

"And yet this is a land of liberty!" said Mr. Mainwaring, sarcastically.

"It is," replied Mr. Ashwood—"but then we are required to defer to public opinion, and to respect the usages of society."

"Gentlemen," said the driver, "please to finish—I can wait no longer."

"Good morning, madam"—said most of the gentlemen, bowing to the lady—"Driver, go a-head."

"Driver," said the lady, "get down, and open the door for me."

The driver obeyed the lady.

"We are all very sorry, madam," said one gentleman.

"We should be delighted with your company," said another; "but indeed it is out of the question."

"We are nine already," said a third—"and there is really not an inch to spare for a tenth passenger."

"I don't expect to be squeezed in with nine people," said the lady, indignantly—"I have not the least idea of making myself uncomfortable. But I conclude, as a thing of course, that some one of you will have the civility to make room for me, by getting out and sitting with the driver."

"It is going to rain," said Mr. Ashwood.

"I can't help that," replied the lady, sharply.

"There is one man with me already," observed the driver.—"However, I leave it to the gentlemen passengers—if they are willing, so am I. But it is time we were started; the other stages will wonder what's become of us."

The lady put her hand on the door, and her foot on the step.

"We are not willing," exclaimed several of the gentlemen.

"There is a rain coming on, and whoever rides outside will get wet," said Mr. Kingsland.

"And what then?" said Mrs. Hardwick, contemptuously—"I never saw a *gentleman* that minded a wetting when the accommodation of a lady was in question."

"Monstrous!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Dear madam," said Mr. Ashwood, "let me advise you not to persist in this matter. Try and recollect if your journey cannot as well be deferred till to-morrow—surely it is not on business of life and death."

"It is on no business at all," replied the lady, scornfully. "Do you suppose that ladies like me ever travel on business? If you *must* know, I am going to surprise some friends with an unexpected visit—and my trunk, and my carpet-bag, and my bandbox are all packed, and standing here at the gate. And I have got on my travelling dress, and am all ready; and I don't chuse to get unready again, and wait till to-morrow."

The gentlemen looked more particularly at the lady. She was a woman somewhere between forty and fifty, and rather beyond the middle size, both in length and breadth. She might once have been handsome; but her face was now only remarkable for its very unamiable expression. She was arrayed in a thick hard gray cloth riding-habit: and over that a very cumbrous and voluminous brown merino cloak, with a full cape nearly as long as the cloak itself and something wider: and over that a very slippery and troublesome-looking boa. On her head was a wide-spreading Leghorn bonnet with towering bows. In her hand she carried a square travelling basket of inconvenient shape and size. On her feet were gaiter-boots that seemed as if the soles were not only double but treble or fourble. Except for its inconvenient hea-

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viness, her whole costume looked as if intended for a pedestrian tour to the Rocky Mountains, rather than for a few hours ride over good roads and through a populous country. Within the inclosure stood two Irish maid-servants, who had followed her to the gate: and they exchanged with each other significant glances, as the gentlemen preferred their objections to admitting Mrs. Hardwick into the stage.

"Coachman, drive on," said Mr. Mainwaring—"when the stage has already its full complement what right has an extra passenger to be inflicted upon us. Is there no law against a woman stopping the stage, and forcing herself into it?"

"None that I know of," replied the driver. "It's a thing they always *will* do—and they would do it all the same even if there was a law against it. Even if a gentleman *should* be so ungenteel as to prosecute a lady, the jury would all agree to let her off, or the judge would sentence her to nothing. We men always get the worst of it."

"Shameful!" exclaimed the Englishman. "I'll never become a citizen of a country where women are such drawbacks to comfort."

"But what is to be done," said another gentleman; "is the stage to be kept standing here all day?"

"I'd rather pay the amount of her fare myself," said a third gentleman—"(if the loss of that is any object,) than either to have her crammed into the stage, or to give up my place to her and go outside."

"As to her fare," replied the driver, "I scorn money as much as you can, both paper and specie. But it's a thing I never did in my life, to drive off my team and leave a lady standing in the road. I should not know how to go about it. It would not tell well, and might injure the line."

"We'll take the responsibility!" exclaimed most of the gentlemen.

Mrs. Hardwick heard all this with the most perfect *sang-froid:* still keeping her foot firmly on the step, and her hand firmly on the door, and looking pertinaciously in the faces of the gentlemen. The driver stood fidgeting impatiently beside her: and her two women tittered and whispered at the gate, apparently enjoying the scene.

"Madam," urged Mr. Bromfield, trying to argue the matter calmly—"I really think your own delicacy might prompt you to give up this determination to join our company to-day, when you see that we are all obliged to express our unwillingness to receive an addition to our already complete number. Being now on the spot, you can easily engage a seat for to-morrow's stage. Positively there is not an inch of room to spare for you this day."

"Is there no one among you that is gentleman enough to ride outside, for the sake of making room within for a lady?"—persisted Mrs. Hardwick—as regardless of all that had passed, as if she had not heard a word of it.

This appeal produced excuses all round, in allusion to the approaching rain, which from the appearance of the clouds threatened to be long and heavy. One of the nine gentlemen could not expose his new great-coat, nor another his new hat. One had his cloak packed in his trunk, and could not get at it; one had the rheumatism, and rubbed his left shoulder very hard with his right hand; another had a cold, of which he gave immediate evidence by coughing loudly. The father of nine children could not, for their sakes, expose himself to the risk of getting wet, and perhaps dying in a rapid consumption. The widower of three wives had been but a few weeks married to a fourth, who would think it quite too soon for him to catch cold and die. Another gentleman could not ride on a high unguarded seat without becoming dizzy, and in danger of falling off and getting killed. The Englishman merely said (as was true) that no one had a right to expect *him* to relinquish his seat, and that he had the law on his side; so he folded his arms, contracted his brows, compressed his lips, and sat firm. The member of congress took out a newspaper and began to read. And Mr. Bromfield insisted in vain that the driver should jump into his seat and go on.

"How can I," said the driver, "when a lady is keeping her foot on the step and her hand on the door?"

At last the young officer (who had changed colour repeatedly, and seemed unwilling to trust himself to speak while the other gentlemen were arguing and resisting) started up and exclaimed—"I can bear this no longer—Madam, though I am sorry to see you so persevering, *I* will vacate my seat in your favour, and ride outside with the driver. As to the weather, exposure to its inclemencies is a part of my duty—I have been two years in the Florida war."

"And you look much the worse for it," observed Mr. Bromfield. "The swamps have not agreed with you; I suspect you have just recovered from a long illness, and are going home an invalid."

"No matter," said Mr. Cessford—"one wetting more or less is no consequence to me now. I am too well used to them."

The young gentleman then made an attempt to get out: but Mr. Bromfield and Mr. Ashwood pulled him back, as the wind had brought up a heavy cloud, and the rain was now falling in large drops.

"It is raining on the lady," said the officer—struggling to get out.

"Perhaps she will go back to her house"—said Mr. Kingsland, looking off his paper.

No such thing—Mrs. Hardwick unshrinkingly maintained her ground, knowing that the gentlemen (however she might deserve it) would not allow her to be exposed to the pelting of the storm.

"Decide—gentlemen—decide," said the driver, "which of you is to ride with me. I cannot wait another moment."

To be brief, the officer sprang out and assisted the lady into the coach, and was then about to place himself with the driver. But Mr. Bromfield,

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who had an umbrella with him, and was in robust health, had already taken the seat and steadily refused to relinquish it: contending that the young gentleman from Florida had already suffered enough from exposure to weather. Mr. Bromfield held the reins while the driver attended to Mrs. Hardwick's baggage. Her two Irish girls slammed the gate, sheltered their heads by throwing over them the skirts of their gowns, and ran back to the house: laughing loudly, as the stage finally drove off with the lady in it.

Mrs. Hardwick's trunk had been put behind with those of the gentlemen, but she declared that, on account of the rain, her carpet-bag and her bandbox *should* go inside. So the carpet-bag rolled about the floor of the stage, among the feet of every body: and she requested the young officer to take charge of her bandbox, which he could only do, by holding it in his lap. After she was fixed on the back seat, spreading herself out and occupying twice as much space as was necessary, the ungrateful lady looked round ferociously upon the delinquent company: as if the favour of admitting her had been entirely cancelled by their demurring so long about it. Every one felt uncomfortably; and as no man knew what to say, there was a silence for more than a quarter of an hour. At last the young officer compassionating Mrs. Hardwick in the goodness of his heart, and thinking she must feel some "compunctious visitings," (which she did not,) endeavoured to commence a dialogue by addressing to her some remark about the country through which they were passing; to which she answered only in monosyllables, and with a very ill grace. The gentlemen all felt her a check upon their conversation, as is always the case when a person is present who will neither talk nor be talked to—much less when that person is one whom none of the company are disposed to like.

The rain increased, and the wind rose and blew so furiously under the umbrella as to break it; and Mr. Bromfield was soon most deplorably wet, his great-coat being completely saturated. The driver was protected by an oil-cloth coat and hat. The farmer that sat on the other side, took his leave at the end of three miles, having arrived at his own house. Mr. Bromfield was now left alone with the driver, who said to him in a low voice, "I knew there would be no use in trying to avoid taking up Mrs. Hardwick. She is one of those women that always *will* get into the stage. She would have stood there till doomsday before she would have given up and gone back to her house, and waited till to-morrow—I know her of old, for I used to live in her neighbourhood. But as to forcing a woman away from the coach-door and driving off, and leaving her standing in the road with the rain raining on her, it's one of the things I never could bring myself to do; let her deserve it ever so much."

"Who *is* Mrs Hardwick?"—asked Mr. Bromfield.

"She is the widow of Judge Hardwick, of these parts. She had a first husband that belonged down east, and he died very soon (as well he might), and before she had been a widow two months, she set her cap for Judge Hardwick who was very rich and hated her like poison; but for all that somehow she got him to marry her. You have seen how she perseveres. And then he brought her here to live, in a house that his father had left him. They had no children. So she persevered also in making him leave her everything when he died, and nothing at all to his sisters, and nephews, and nieces. She is not on speaking terms with any of his people, or her own either—and here she lives by herself with two women, (mostly Irish) that she changes (or rather they change themselves,) every two or three weeks. She says she likea retirement and wants no visitors. She has some saying about her always being a stranger to a person that she calls Ann Wee, and about her never being alone when she *is* alone: which sounds like nonsense. However the truth is, that her wanting no company in her own house is nothing but meanness, for she likes company very well at other people's houses. When Judge Hardwick was alive, he was a very open-hearted, free-handed man, and had friends all through the country, and all over the state, and *would* entertain them and their wives in spite of her. So she has ever since been paying off these visits ninefold. And that's the reason she is always getting into stages. There is nothing in the world to prevent Madam Hardwick from keeping a carriage of her own, except meanness; or why she should not have a seat engaged for herself beforehand. But instead of that, she takes her stand, and depends on perseverance. She has been the tenth passenger many a time, always dislodging somebody from his place; for no matter how slim all the others are, she is determined for her part not to sit crowded. And she never will say how far she wants to go till the stage gets to the very place; another proof that the old boy is always in her."

"What was the name of her first husband?"—asked Mr. Bromfield.

"Her first husband was Mr. Littleton," replied the driver. "He was a poor weak-minded fellow, but of a high family. She was a Miss Catherine Flintham, and counted a great beauty when she was young. It was said that she jilted a very fine young man, that she was engaged to before she laid siege to poor foolish Littleton. And the fine young man took the loss of her so to heart that he disappeared for ever. Some said he took poison—some that he put a pistol to his head—and others that he hanged himself."

"No he did not"—exclaimed Mr. Bromfield, after giving a start that almost threw him off the box. "He died neither by poison, pistol or rope, for I am that fine young man myself. I thought there was something in her face that was familiar to me, though I have not seen her these twenty years—and after I left America I resolved never even to inquire after her. As it is, I can never be sufficiently grateful to this woman for jilting me."

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"To be sure you can't"—said the driver—"You've had a lucky escape."

Mr. Bromfield then looked back through the front glass at his old sweetheart, who sat up erect, and wide-spread, and inconvenient, on the back seat, looking disagreeably with all her might: silent herself and the cause of silence in others. He turned away with a sort of disgust, and fell into a deep reverie, which the driver at last interrupted by saying:—"And so you are getting all this wetting for her. A pity you did not find her out in time to make yourself known."

"I am glad I did not"—said Mr. Bromfield.

"You'd better not have anything to say to her," observed the driver. "If she sets about persevering she'll make you marry her after all. There's no standing that woman."

"I *will* have nothing to say to her," said Mr. Bromfield. "And I neither wish herself or any one else to be aware of my ever having seen her before."

"Then don't look much at her," said the driver.

Mr. Bromfield relapsed into a reverie. In the mean time several of the gentlemen, including Mr. Kingsland, Mr. Ashwood, and particularly Mr. Cessford, importuned him to come into the stage, and let one of them take his place outside. But he always refused, saying that he could not be more wet than he was; that he had a very good constitution; and that if he *was* to get his death by taking cold, he had gotten it already; and that it was not worth while to have more victims. Mrs. Hardwick looked daggers at Mr. Bromfield; and the last time he turned his head towards the company, a change came o'er the spirit of her face as if she recognized him. However, she made no sign.

At length they stopped at their dining place, which was in the town of Big Chickeys. The officer handed out Mrs. Hardwick, and was conducting her to the eating-room, where the table was already set. "I don't dine here," said she, and accosting the landlord who knew her very well, she desired him to get one of his people to convey her baggage to Mrs. Cramwell's in Corn street.

"To be sure it is none of my business," replied the landlord; "but maybe madam, you don't know that Mrs. Cramwell's house is chuck-full. She has eight of her husband's folks staying there, and two whole families of her own people. She has had to borrow pillars and kiverlids of me."

"No matter," returned Mrs. Hardwick—"She'll have to give me a room somehow. They must only stow the closer. It is at least two months since my last visit there."

Then turning to Mr. Bromfield, she said to him with desperate assurance—"I believe, sir, your name is Bromfield—will you have the goodness to take your umbrella and escort me to my friend Mrs. Cramwell's in the next street? You may probably get back in time for dinner."

"Excuse me, Miss Flintham," replied Mr. Bromfield, with equal desperation—"my umbrella has been broken by the storm, which seems to have set in for the day. As I can now have an opportunity of resuming my place inside of the stage, I must hasten to get a change of dry clothes out of my trunk, before I proceed on my journey."

The landlord then interposed, and offered to lend her an umbrella, which she could send back by the man that wheeled her baggage. The young officer, in the overflowing of his politeness, seized the umbrella and proposed to walk with the lady to the house of her friend. On their way thither, she made out to inform him, that Mr. Bromfield was once a beau of hers; but he was so changed by living in foreign countries, and had become such a fright, that she had not recognized him till they all got out of the stage.

Mrs. Cramwell's door was opened by a girl and six children, all of whom had accompanied her to see who it was that had come. The girl looked aghast, and the children scampered off to run and tell Mrs. Cramwell. Mr. Cessford made his parting bow: and Mrs. Hardwick thanked him for his civility with a cold curtsey.

While changing his soaked habiliments, Mr. Bromfield mentally congratulated himself on his accidental meeting with Mrs. Hardwick under circumstances which were calculated to show her disposition in its true light: proving to him how little he had lost in losing her, and precluding all possibility of his ever again being induced to renew his addresses.

The dinner was soon despatched; the nine gentlemen, full of stern resolutions, returned to the stage, which was now supplied with fresh horses and another driver, with whom they took care to stipulate that they should certainly inform against him if, during the remainder of the journey, they were again incommoded by his taking up a tenth passenger.

FROM THE MSS. OF DR. FRANKLIN.

In vain are musty morals taught in schools,
By rigid teachers and as rigid rules,
Where virtue with a frowning aspect stands,
And frights her pupils with her rough commands:
But woman——
Charming woman can true converts make—
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake:
Virtue in them appears so bright and gay,
We hear with transport, and with pride obey.

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WILTON HARVEY.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1842, by C. M. Sedgwick, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

THE CONCLUSION.

"What are the aims which are at the same time duties?—The perfecting of ourselves, the happiness of others."

The Spring of 1837 opened with its train of disasters to the commercial world, and before Stanley came from his sick room the banks had stopped payment, and the firm of Harvey & Co. was involved in the general crash of houses established by intelligent industry, and for the most part ruined by a substitution of speculation for the sound principles of trade—of dreams for slow realities.

Stanley had already learned from his sister, who had been his constant attendant, the state of affairs at his uncle's. Mr. Harvey's bankruptcy came upon the ladies of the family with the suddenness of an explosion. No intimation of it had been given to them; they had been suffered to live on in feminine ignorance of the approach of the storm till it burst over their heads. Grace was accustomed to seeing her father absorbed by business—this absorption is the chronic disease of our commercial capitals—she perceived the constant diminution of his cheerfulness and grieved at it, often uttering a woman's wish that there were no such thing as buying and selling in the world, but never doubting that her father's sun would shine out again when the Spring business was over. Mrs. Salton did not trouble herself to think about it; and when the crisis came, and Mr. Harvey was paralyzed by it, his energy and hope apparently extinguished, she could not, for the life of her, see the reason of his mental distress. "Why in the world could not he do as others did?—There were their neighbours the Lorys—Sam Lory had failed, but they had not given up their house, or changed their furniture: and the Carltons—Carlton had failed thrice, and his wife and daughters had kept their place in society, and dressed as well as anybody in the city: and Mrs. Hastings had not made the slightest change; she had herself heard Mrs. Hastings say she would *not* lay down her carriage—she could *not* live without it. To be sure she could not say how it was done, but somehow or other, for it was done." But finally, finding that she had stubborn materials to deal with in father and daughter, she discreetly *ratted*—gathered up her little fortune, and went to live in Paris, where the greatest amount of outside selfish enjoyment may be had at the least price.

The firmness, courage and cheerfulness with which Grace met their change of fortune doubled Clavers's admiration of her, but it did not increase his confidence in his own success. He saw she was independent of the circumstance of fortune—that her brave spirit seemed relieved from an incumbrance, and joyed in its restoration to freedom and activity. She was more than usually kind and cordial to him, but his self-love was too keen to be deceived, and he perceived that she was not occupied with him, but that her mind was intent on her father, and the duties before her.

She received Stanley, when he for the first time since his illness appeared at her father's, with an earnest delight that somewhat shook the poor fellow's weakened nerves. Adversities seemed to hang about her like a halo of clouds around the sun, that only serve to show the power and beauty of its light. "Thank Heaven! my dear cousin," she said, "you are with us again; as soon as you can put your shoulder to the wheel all will go on right. My father has actually smiled to-day, and has sat up long enough to eat his dinner."

"Sat up! why Mary did not tell me he was ill."

"No, we kept you in ignorance till you could come to us, and we could all bear the burthen together. He is ill, but only ill in mind. He reproaches no one but himself, though he has been inveigled into joint-stock companies, deluded into buying stock here and there, and lots everywhere, in city, forest and morass—in the earth, and if not in waters under the earth, in earth under the water. He dwells continually on his folly and madness, and on the risks and losses in which he has involved others. You can hardly imagine, Stanley, the utter despondency of his cheerful, hopeful spirit. Mary mentioned old Staats' name in his hearing yesterday, and he wept like a child, and said he had taken from him his little all and given him for it property at a 'fancy' price, and which he had since found had an unsound title. And there is a sempstress, a good creature, who has always made our carpets, that he is particularly distressed about. His kind, generous, most unselfish spirit rises above all personal considerations; but the thought that others have been defrauded and ruined through his intervention is intolerable to him. I have disposed of all my disposable finery and valuables, and paid off and dismissed the servants; but I can go no further without your head to set my hands to work. Like most women, I am in impotent and *blissful* ignorance of all business affairs. But, Stanley, now the flush has passed from your face, I see that you are not yet strong enough to begin work; go

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and see my dear father and cheer him—if you can."

Never was a man fitter for such a mission than Stanley at this moment; but the task was more difficult than he foresaw. The reaction on Mr. Harvey's exaggerated expectations and over-stimulated hope had nearly overwhelmed his reason. He was like a man removed from an intense sunlight to an obscure chamber; every object was alike black to him. But he was now in the hands of skilful mediciners. The science that ministers to the mind diseased must be inspired, not learned; and affection most surely inspires it.

It was some time before Stanley could rouse his uncle to a statement of his affairs. Having done this, he applied his good sense and his professional knowledge and acuteness to them, and he found the mass of actual property so considerable that, notwithstanding the various and complicated entanglements, he believed all demands against his uncle might be satisfied, and a small surplus remain—it was not a bankruptcy. In the lax morality in money concerns that pervades our community, disheartening the honest at home and disgracing us abroad, there are instances of incorruptible and uncompromising integrity that shine like lights amidst much darkness. Mr. Harvey had been over alarmed by the pressure of the times and the general distress. He had, to be sure, most unwisely risked all he possessed, but he had proceeded on a solid basis of property, and not, in the pervading spirit of gambling, recklessly contracted debts to be paid by future and uncertain profits. If he had been surrounded by widows and orphans defrauded of their subsistence by his speculations, he would have been driven to a mad-house.

"If my debts are paid, Stanley," he said, "my children and I can work with stout hearts for our bread; do not think of our wants till all claims against us are satisfied."

He made no reserves for possible contingencies, no calculations based on brighter days to come; he leant himself to no authority, nor sheltered himself under any evil example, but bent all his energies to the payment of his debts as his first duty, and that on which all after happiness hung.

Grace and Mary made an inventory of the furniture preparatory to the sale, and when Stanley expressed his wonder at the half frolic they made it, Grace said, "Why do you wonder? I have not a single pleasurable association with it; I detest its warehouse freshness and fustian. When I came home and found our old battered nursery furniture sent away to auction, I cried over its memory. It was all written, or rather scratched over with memorials of our childhood; there was Mary's crib that she had slept in when first she came to live with us; and the rocking-chair that you always rocked over in, Stanley—oh, those were things to love; but these!—these are only associated with the dull vanities, unmeaning gaieties, and insupportable ennui of the past winter."

"You do *not* love Clavers, Grace, thank God!" exclaimed Stanley. It was an involuntary emission from his heart, a mere thinking aloud; and when Grace replied, laughing, "Why how very odd, Stanley, what put that into your head now?" he turned to the desk from which she had attracted him and buried his face in the heaps of papers upon it; he dared not explain, and he would not retract. Grace did not repeat her inquiry. Hamlet should have said of woman, rather than man, "In apprehension how like a God;" so intuitive is her comprehension, at least on some subjects.

Whatever processes might be going on in the hearts of these young people, externally they appeared wholly occupied with concerns as far from sentiment as one pole from another. Clavers's visits were constant, but, as he thought, of little profit; for though Grace did not appear to avoid him, she was occupied in answering her father's business letters, in revising accounts, and comparing papers, sometimes with Mary, oftener with Stanley. While she pursued these tasks unconscious of his scrutiny, Stanley would sit with his eye upon her and say to himself, "Is this the girl that but a few years gone was compounded of sentiment, of frolic, and innocent caprice—played on by everything, acting on nothing—is she the fine lady of the last few months living a life of purposeless vacuity,—now what intelligence! how capable, how cheerful, how patient in her devotion to this distasteful business! and how—! how—! how—!" any lover in the height of his ecstasy may fill these blank spaces. Poor little Mary watched the frequent wanderings of her brother's eye, and, half provoked, wondered at Grace's unconsciousness, and finally hope mastering fear, finished her unuttered reflections with "it *must* all come right some time or other!"

While the young people were one day employed at their usual tasks, a woman having rung at the door, and sent her name up to Mr. Harvey, was admitted to his room. He appeared disconcerted at seeing her, but rising from his recumbent position on the sofa, he begged her to be seated. "I hope you'll excuse me, Mr. Harvey," she said, "my heart is so full, I felt that I must speak to you myself."

"I have nothing to excuse in you, Mrs. Heley," he replied; "I blame only myself." He spoke in so despondent a tone, he was so changed from the light-hearted, stout-hearted man she had known him, that the good-natured woman melted into tears. Mr. Harvey rose and paced the room. "I deserve it, ma'am," he said, "I know I deserve it. I am assailed with reproaches on every side, but I can bear anything better than a poor widow's tears. I have been a fool, Mrs. Heley, but God knows I never meant to wrong you."

"I know you did not, Mr. Harvey. Dear me, sir, don't feel so! Why in the very first of it—in the very worst of it, says I to Maria, Mr. Harvey meant to make our fortunes; he's only missed the mark; says I to Maria, I daresay it's owing to the deposites—for they say that's the reason all the

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merchants are breaking. It's Mr. Harvey's folks I am sorry for, says I, for they ain't used to working and roughing it and doing every way as we are, and after all, says I, Maria, if we keep a contented mind, we can enjoy ourselves if the day is ever so cloudy, says I. Why, Mr. Harvey, I should not have had one bad feeling about it, but for poor Maria's mortification. You know, sir, young people ain't old people, and they must be a little fanciful and foolish; and I had promised Maria a present of a hundred dollars when our money came in, and she run in debt for a gilt clock and a marble slab, and a thing with artificial flowers in it, and a glass shade over it. She thought she must have them, because Mrs. Tilley, the milliner, and Lucinda Pratt, the dress-maker, has these unsuitable things.

"Well, sir, when I saw how things were going, says I to Maria one day, these flash things make me feel just as if we had a fool's-cap and bells on our heads; and this seemed to cut her right down. It was, indeed, our own folly, sir, and not your misfortune that troubled us. Poor Maria! she worried herself into a regular daily fever; and you may think what a relief it was when we heard from you."

"Heard from me?"

"Yes, Mr. Harvey, if ever there were hearts running over with gratitude, it was ours; I asked Mr. Gretton to tell you so; I a'most wonder he forgot it. He brought us the bond and mortgage, and the regular interest on our money, sir, from the time we paid it over to you—how thoughtful of you, sir!—and he explained everything, and joked about our speculating. Says I to Maria, after he was gone, he's as bright as steel, Maria."

Mrs. Heley's communication seemed to herself very plain, and she was puzzled at the amazement expressed in Mr. Harvey's countenance. She began to imagine that his late shocks had affected his mind, and she hurried to a conclusion. "I can't feel to keep this hundred dollars, sir," she proceeded, laying a bank-note on the table, "but I am just as thankful as if I did."

"What hundred dollars, and for what, Mrs. Heley? I comprehend nothing of all you are saying." Mrs. Heley endeavoured to explain how she had happened to tell Mr. Gretton about the gilt clock, &c., and how he had given her the hundred dollars overplus, saying it was his uncle's wish all losses should be made up, and how these unlucky articles having been resold, there was no occasion for the hundred dollars; but before she had finished, Mr. Harvey rang the bell, and Mary appearing, "my dear child," he said, "send your brother to me." Mrs. Heley hastily withdrew, and meeting Stanley on the stairs, she prepared him for an explanation with his uncle by saying how sorry she was to find Mr. Harvey not himself—that if any body had told her, she would not have asked to see him; "but she told Maria she felt as if she must thank him with her own lips."

The explanation was easily made. The sums of money that Mr. Harvey, in the overflowing generosity of his heart, had forced upon Stanley from year to year for himself and his sister, had been well husbanded and amounted to enough to repair the involuntary injury done to the contented carpet-maker; to restore, in safe bond and mortgage, the sum Staats had jeopardied by paying fourfold its worth for the lot in Thirty-fifth street, and to satisfy some small debts due to labouring people, which pressed most heavily on Mr. Harvey's conscience. "It was your own money, my dear uncle," said Stanley, "you must forgive me for guessing at your wishes, and disposing of it without consulting you. You may remember that I promised to use the money, provided Mary and I wanted it. Happily we have not. My professional earnings were, at first, small, but we brought our frugal expenses within them. Old Staats' table is not quite as luxurious as that at the Astor House, but it costs much less, and Mary has preferred, out of compliment to her cousin," he smiled, as he turned a sparkling glance on Grace, who had followed him to her father's room, "the plaited frill system to French embroidery."

Mr. Harvey was too simple a man to like scenes—he stood at the window with his back to Stanley and Grace while this explanation was making, but when it was at an end, a certain snuffling and blowing of the nose betrayed his emotion in spite of himself:—"I am the only fool in the family," he said; "and you, my children, are as wise as Solomon, and as good as you are wise. I ought to be ashamed of myself to lie prostrate here, good for nothing, with such props to lean upon. I'll thank God, and be a man again;" he kissed the girls, and grasped Stanley's hand; "I have heard of sending young blood through old veins, but you have done better, my children; you have put fresh spirit into a faint heart. I'll go to work with you, and we'll get through the woods yet, and when the time comes when no man can look me in the face, and say I owe him a shilling, we'll have a merry dinner, if we have but widow Heley's baked beans to dine upon."

And Mr. Harvey was from that day, as he had resolved to be, "a man again," a man in decision, vigorous purpose and activity.

He gained strength and cheerfulness every hour. If he extricated himself from a responsibility that had been fraudulently thrust upon him, it was a battle won; if he provided for the punctual payment of a debt, it seemed a fortune gained; and when the first of May came, and he found himself settled in a small house with the bare decencies of life about him, he had a store of happiness in his sense of escape from danger, and of duty fulfilled, that made his heart run over, and his honest face glow. He walked about his little parlour rubbing his hands, kissing the girls and ejaculating "comfortable!—exceedingly comfortable, is it not Stanley? By George, it takes a lifetime to find out what you can live without! Thank Heaven, there's nothing here we are afraid to spoil—none

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of Mrs. Salton's jimcrackery! Now the boys, poor dogs, can come home and enjoy themselves without their aunt crying out at every movement they make, 'Wilton!' 'take care Charles!' 'you wear my life out boys!'—poor fellows, I used to wish their vacation at an end." And as they gathered about their contracted dinner-table, he looked from one to another cheerily, and asked if it were not far pleasanter to sit close and cosy than at their "extensive table," loaded with dishes that nobody tasted, and wines that did nobody good; and after carving, dispensing, praising, eating and relishing a pair of fat young fowls, and drinking a glass of old sherry, he expatiated, as if he had the wisdom of the "seven wise men," on the superiority of their present frugal and simple life, and on the folly of bartering time, independence, and tranquillity for possible wealth. Having nearly exhausted his subject, he began to fancy, from the air of his auditors, that they grew tired of his theme, or perhaps did not sympathize with him, and after a slight pause, and a change of countenance, as if he had turned his eye from a sunny summer's day picture to one that presented graver images, he said, "After all, Grace dear, I am not such a ninny as to condemn fortune in toto, only I would have you look upon it as a means, and not an end—not as the supreme earthly good, or in and by itself a good at all, but as something that it takes a clear head and a sound heart—and more, a conscience right towards God and man to use well. But you, my child, are not—it is no flattery to say so, for you have proved it—you are not of the common run, and if—if—that is—pshaw! you know what I mean, Grace?"

"Indeed, I do not," replied Grace, laughing.

It happened that at this critical moment Augustine Clavers called at Mr. Harvey's for the first time since the removal of the family to their new home, and having been asked by the servant to walk up stairs, he had mistaken the apartment, and entered the adjoining room. The communicating door was a-jar, and he involuntarily paused at hearing the family in earnest conversation.

"Well then," continued Mr. Harvey, "there is no harm speaking out plainly. It is no secret to any one here that Clavers is your lover; and if—as I was going to say, Grace—you have a hand in spending the fortune he has so oddly come by, you will profit by the lessons you have learned; you will not wait, as your father has done, to be gray before you are wise."

"Wise!" echoed Grace, with a sort of abstracted sigh that did not intimate a very close attention to her father's sententious discourse. "I do not think, my dear father, it would be a very wise comment on our experience, if I were to clutch at my first chance of fortune."

"My child! why you don't understand me. I know fortune would not influence your decision. I told Clavers so in our darkest hour."

"Did he presume to think it would?" asked Grace, her face flushing with honest pride.

"Oh no; certainly not. He only alluded to it as giving him an opportunity to prove his disinterestedness in our change of fortune; as a timely relief to us."

"We want no *relief;* surely you told him so?"

"No I did not; I told him nothing; I left it all to be settled between you. But Grace, my dear, I am surprised; do I understand you; you seem to be decided?"

"I am so."

"Decided—against Augustine Clavers?"

"Perfectly," she replied, trying to hide her embarrassment with a laugh which had rather a choking sound. There was a pause—and at this moment poor Clavers would have rejoiced in an earthquake, or in any other catastrophe that would have afforded him present escape and future oblivion. Stanley was leaning one arm on the mantel-piece, and appeared profoundly occupied with a business letter, which Mary, looking aslant at it, smiled to see contained but three lines. The silence was broken by Mr. Harvey, simple hearted man, murmuring "what a pity!"

Mary looked at him for a moment archly, and then putting her arm around his neck, she said, "tell me honestly, uncle Wilton, what is it you are thinking a pity?—that Grace is not in love with Augustine Clavers?"

"No, no, Mary, there is no reasonable objection to Clavers, though I confess I never took to him."

"Then perhaps the pity is, that Grace and Stanley are cousins?" Mr. Harvey said nothing, but looked very conscious, and Mary, sure of the ground she stood upon, fixed her eyes mischievously on her brother and Grace, and proceeded, "and it is not *possible* for cousins to fall in love with one another." Mr. Harvey was not distinguished for his quick perceptions, but there was no mistaking the present manifestations. Stanley was now reading in earnest, with his eyes fixed on Grace, whose face and neck were dyed with blushes, reading her very soul. "Good George!" he exclaimed, as the revelation burst upon him.

"It *is* possible?" said Stanley in a low voice, thrilling with rapture. Grace gave him her hand, and burst into tears.

Mary's tears flowed too; tears of the purest joy, as she embraced first one and then the other, and then leaning over her uncle's shoulder, she said, between crying and laughing, "Is it a pity, Uncle Wilton?"

"Yes, you little witch, it is a pity that they are cousins; that is, it would be in a common case; but this is so very uncommon!" A most natural view for Mr. Harvey to take, and a true one. Objections that are wise and potent beforehand, are insufficient after a strong and pure affection is matured. We may not destroy life; and what life is there like the mutual love that hopeth and believeth all things!

At the moment that the parties in Mr. Harvey's apartment had no ear for anything beyond that little room, Clavers escaped and returned to his

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lodging. His hope was turned to bitterness; and at this crisis, when his mind was prepared for unholy passions, circumstances made him a prey to the [illegible]n the gray of the evening, while he was still meditating on the fatal disclosure of the morning, he was told that a woman wanted to speak to him, and being shown up, after much hemming and stammering, she said, "you don't appear to know me, Mr. Clavers?"

"I have not that advantage, my friend."

"Why, Mr. Clavers! I am Kitty Rice, that witnessed John Ross's will."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Rice; I recollect you now perfectly; take a chair, Mrs. Rice."

Mrs. Rice obeyed with the air of one establishing herself for a long visit, and after some original remarks upon the length of the walk from Cherry street, the little dependence to be placed on the weather in the spring of the year, &c., she gave a long preliminary ominous hem, and entered upon her business. "She had come from a sense of duty," she said, "to tell Mr. Clavers what it might be very important to know; she should have told him directly after the old gentleman's death; but she was afraid of bringing one into trouble that had been very pretty to John, and that John set by." Clavers was not in his happiest humour, and he impatiently told the woman to speak out.

"Oh sir," she said, "it is not that I care about speaking at all, it is only, as I said, from a sense of duty."

"Well, go on, go on;" he said, as if impatient to have her show some other sense.

She then proceeded, but with abated zeal, to relate the particulars of Ross's death as far as they were involved with Stanley Gretton. She confessed that being providentially near the key-hole, she and Miss Sally had looked through it, for she thought after all that racketing of the old gentleman to get a word out of him, there must be something going on, and she had seen Mr. Gretton take a parcel from Ross and hide it in his bosom, and she and Miss Sally had always felt as if the poor old gentleman's death was hastened, but they had concluded to wait awhile and see if something did'nt turn up; and sure enough!"

Mrs. Rice certainly knew the rhetorical art of pauses; she had broken off at the highest point of interest. But Mrs. Rice had not a common auditor. Clavers's curiosity was wrought up to a painful keenness, but caution, wariness had been the habit of his life, and he felt that it might be of vital importance to him, not to let this gossiping woman know the rate at which he estimated the importance of her communication. He affected to gape, set a lamp he had just lighted, on a table behind him, and asked Mrs. Rice, with an air of indifference, if she had anything more to tell.

Mrs. Rice felt a good deal, to use the vulgar simile, as if she had had cold water thrown in her face, but she was too sure of the importance of her communication to be put down, and she proceeded. "Night before the last, sir; May-day night you know, Miss Sally and I were up pretty late, setting our house to rights—we've moved into the house next yours, Mr. Clavers; and about eleven, I think it was: Miss Sally thinks it was half after, but the moon is in the first quarter now, and so I conclude it could not be after eleven, for it was not down, I was looking out the back window, and I saw two men; one had a spade in his hand, come into Mr. Ross's yard; you know it runs through to the next street; and they went right forward, and unlocked the back cellar door, that was never unlocked before but by John Ross himself; and in they went. One of them was a gentleman, and the minute I saw him, says I to Miss Sally, 'as sure as you are alive, its'——I kind o' hate to speak his name."

"Oh you need not, Mr. Stanley Gretton, I presume?"

"Well—yes—I don't want to harm him; he may have been doing no harm, but Miss Sally and I thought it duty to find out what we could, and we went into our cellar, and listened, and we heard a digging, till one o'clock, and then we were so beat out with our day's work that we went to bed, but last night, sir, between eleven and twelve, we heard a cart stop at the back gate, and presently after, the same two persons came out of the cellar with a long box, and I seized up my lantern and a pail and went out to the back street to the pump, and as they came out of the gate the light flashed up in the face of one of them, and it was—Mr. Gretton."

"Of course it was; and the box was put on the cart, and driven away?"

"Why, did you know about it before?"

"If I did, my good woman, I am not the less obliged to you for your wish to serve me. I would advise you and Miss Sally to keep to yourselves this story, for some people might laugh at you, you know, for sitting up to watch your neighbours' business, with your ears against a stone-wall half the night. I do not. I think your motive was a kind one, and here is ten dollars for your trouble, which has been the same as if it were of importance to me." Mrs. Rice made some little ado about taking the money, feeling a good deal like a tradesman, who has been detected selling damaged goods, however her scruples were overcome, and she pocketed it and departed. Had she once more availed herself of her 'providential' proximity to the key-hole and looked through it at Clavers, she would have thought she had made a very poor bargain. Relieved by her departure from the necessity of acting a part, he walked up and down the room like a madman struggling for light out of this darkness. Stanley's agitation on the morning he went to his room after Ross's death recurred to him; his changed manners ever since; his constant avoidance of him; his having on more than one occasion when he took his arm recoiled from him, in short all the irrepressible horror which poor Stanley had in vain struggled with from the hour when he had discovered that Clavers's father was the murderer of his parent, now for the first time came

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with all its force to Clavers's mind to confirm his suspicion that Stanley was conscious of doing him some great wrong. His suspicions first took one shape and then another. He was too much excited and embittered for calm investigation, or action, and he resolved to go to Stanley's lodgings, tell him what he had heard, and demand an explanation. He went to Staats' house. The outside door was open; he entered without ringing. The whole house was in confusion; people running to and fro in every direction; but without noticing this, Clavers proceeded to Stanley's apartment. The door was a-jar, and the room empty; a writing desk was open on the table, and a lamp burning beside it, as if just left. Clavers, after a moment's hesitation, went to the desk with the intention of leaving a note to request an interview, when an open letter caught his eye, and riveted it. It was in Ross's well known hand. Clavers did not hesitate; passion swept away the common barriers of honour. He read it, if that can be called reading where each word passes through the eye to the mind like an electric shock.

Stanley was in the parlour below, where old Staats, to whom he had been summoned by Adela's shrieks, was dying in a fit.

No man's death could take less life from the world than old Staats'; and when Stanley, after kindly seeing the last offices performed for him returned to his room, he must be forgiven if the strongest emotion the death of his old host excited was joy that poor little Adela, no longer kept in durance by her grandfather's absurdities, might now be sent to an institution for the blind.

Events were crowding in Stanley's life. He had the preceding night, after a lapse of fifteen years from his father's death, removed his remains to the church where, in his life-time, he worshiped, and there by the light of a feeble lamp and with a single attendant, read the solemn service for the dead, and then deposited the coffin in the vault beside his mother's. He had deemed this the close of that tragic history; but how was he startled on returning to his room to find Ross's letter gone—spirited away! "Could Clavers have been there?" Nothing seemed less likely; they had scarcely spoken for weeks, and now never voluntarily met. But there was no use, no repose in conjecture, and trying to drive the subject out of his head, he took the surest means of doing so by hastening to Mr. Harvey's.

The hour of mutual explanation and perfect mutual understanding, when all the past and future point to one focus of light, is one of the happiest in the history of true love—the first hour of sunny daylight after a troubled night. Even the recollection that now and then darted athwart Stanley's mind of his portentous loss, little disturbed it. But when, after prolonging his stay far into the night he returned to his lodgings, the risk of discovery to Clavers took possession of his generous mind, and he passed a sleepless night, and rose in the morning looking little like the happy man that he was. He was scarcely dressed when the following note, enclosed in an envelope with Ross's letter, was brought to him.

"Dear Gretton:—An old woman, a Mrs. Rice, came to me yesterday with disclosures about you. She has watched you through key-holes, and dogged you through the night of the first and second. She roused my suspicions that you had injured me! I went to your room to demand an explanation; Ross's letter lay open on your desk; I knew the hand and read it. It would be idle to speak to you of the night I have passed. I could not exaggerate my sense of disgrace, my wretchedness, and there is no use in describing it. I have been in daily dread of discovering a mean parentage. The fear that, after all, this old man would prove to be my father, haunted me till he died. There were certain looks and tones of his that shot conviction through my soul; and then I thought him only an illiterate, vulgar, honest carpenter! Now, I would thank God to call the meanest *honest* labourer in the street father.

"Within a week I shall quit my country for ever, to be a wanderer; but not, if my present resolution stands, an idle or a useless man. Gretton, you have bound me by a golden link to my race. Your noble conduct has raised me from a dark, isolating distrust to faith in man. Your mercy to me has taught me humbly to look to God's mercy.

"Give Miss Harvey my sincere congratulations; and let the idle world say that I go because you are her accepted and I her rejected lover. I thank Heaven it is so. Yours, gratefully and affectionately, A. CLAVERS."

Stanley put Ross's letter into his pocket, and hastened to Clavers's lodgings. The meeting of the young men was serious, but frank and most friendly. There was no reference to the past, but what was implied by Stanley throwing Ross's letter into the fire, and saying, "would that all memory of this wretched business could be effaced as easily as I destroy all record, and the only evidence of it. But as this cannot be, I believe you have decided wisely. Let me know now, Clavers, and always how I can best serve you."

"You have already done me the best service, Stanley, that man can render to man, by overcoming my evil with your good."

Note.—The readers of the New York newspapers of 1840 will perceive at once the resemblance in the character of Ross to that of Robinson, the murderer of Mr. Suydam, and the similarity of some of the circumstances of the above story to a part of that real tragedy.

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ON THE REMOVAL OF AN ANCIENT HOUSE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Where art thou, Old Friend? When last
This familiar haunt I past,
Thou didst seem in vigorous cheer,
As like to stand as any here,
With roof-tree firm, and comely face
Well preserv'd in attic grace,—
On columns fair thine arches resting,
Among thy trees the spring birds nesting
Hast thou vanish'd? Can it be,
I no more shall gaze on thee?

Casements, whence the taper's ray
Glittered o'er the crowded way,
Where embalm'd in fragrant dew
Peer'd the snowy lilac through,—
Chimnies, whence the volum'd smoke
Of thy warm heart freely spoke,
Fallen and gone!—No vestige left,
Stone from stone, asunder reft,
While a chasm, with rugged face,
Yawns and darkens in thy place.

Threshold! which I oft have prest,
More a habitant, than guest,
For their blessed sakes, who shed
Oil of gladness on my head,
Brows, with hoary wisdom drest,
Saints, who now in glory rest,
Fain had I, though tear-drops fell,
Said to thee, one kind farewell,
Fain, with tender, grateful sigh,
Thank'd thee for the days gone by.

Hearth stone!—where the ample fire
Quell'd old Winter's fiercest ire,
While its blaze reflected clear,
On the friends who gather'd near,
On the pictures quaint and old,
Thou of quiet pleasures told;
Knitting-bag, and classic page,
Precepts grave from lips of age,
Made the lengthen'd evening fleet
Lightly,—with improvement sweet.

Fallen dome!—belov'd so well,
Thou could'st many a legend tell,
Of the chiefs of ancient fame,
Who to share thy shelter came.
Rochambeau and La Fayette
Round thy plenteous board have met,
With Columbia's mightier son,
Great and glorious Washington.
Here,—with kindred minds they plann'd
Rescue for an infant land,
While the British Lion's roar
Echoed round its leagur'd shore.

He, who now, where cypress weeps,
In Mount Vernon's bosom sleeps,
Once, in council grave and high
Shar'd thy hospitality,*
When the sound of treason drear,
Arnold's treason, met his ear.
Heart, that ne'er in danger quail'd,
Lips that ne'er had falter'd, pal'd,
As the Judas-image stole
Shuddering o'er his noble soul,
As he sped, like tempest's shock,
On to West Point's peril'd rock.

Beauty, here, with budding pride,
Blossom'd into youth, and died,
Manhood tower'd with ruling mind,
Age, in reverent arms declin'd,
Bridals bright, and burials dread,
From thy gates, their trains have sped;
But thy lease of time is run,
Clos'd thy date, thy history done.

All are vanish'd,—all have fled,
Save the memories of the dead,
These, with added strength adhere
To the hearts that year by year
Feebler beat, and fainter glow
Till they rest in turf below,
Till their place on earth shall be
Blotted out, old dome, like thee.

Other fanes, 'neath favouring skies,
(Blessings on them!)—here may rise,
Other groups, by hope be led
(Blessings on them!)—here to tread,
Yet of thee, their children fair,
Nothing wot, and nothing care;
So, a form that soon must be,
Number'd with the past, like thee,
Rests with pilgrim-staff awhile
On thy wreck, deserted pile,
And the dust that once was thine,
Garners, for affection's shrine.

* The intelligence of Arnold's defection and flight from West Point, was transmitted to Washington while at Hartford, the guest of his friend Colonel Wadsworth, in the house, which is here commemorated. In a chamber of the same building, the plan of the southern campaign had also been previously laid.

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EARLY LAYS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "ATALANTIS," "THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

—— "Thus in earlier days,
Untutor'd, when through Fancy's reed the thought
Found its first utterance, and, in idle song
Gave voice to youth's fresh impulse, ran the strain,
Capricious, wanton as the summer wind
Sporting at dawn along the ocean sands;—
Unfearing the great deep, unconsciously
As any child, from its scared mother's arms
Escaping, and, above the precipice,
Catching at purple blossoms o'er the steep!
Oh, censure not the song if immature,
Nor chide the thought which, in our riper years,
Fades to a fancy. There shall yet be hearts,
Young, happy hearts, who, by the sea-beat shore,
Or hanging o'er the hilly heights at eve,
Like gentle children glad to be released,
Shall echo back the burden, and believe
A being in the voice."

I.

SONG BE MINE.

Song be mine, though flying
  Still the rapture be;
Wooing, winning, dying,
  Is the destiny:
Beauties now that kindle,
  Glory now that springs,
Still, ere evening, dwindle
  Into mortal things!
Who would scorn the treasure,
  Though in use it flies;
Song be mine and pleasure,
  Though with dawn it dies!

Zephyrs light have shaken
  From their golden wings
Odours, lately taken
  From Sabæan springs;
Iran's groves have given
  Sweets, that as they fall,
Make us fancy Heaven
  Is the lot of all:
Moments wing'd and gilded
  Are not made to last;
Souls of love, be yielded,
  Ere the joy be past.

Bid the strain, ascending,
  Rouse the dreaming heart,
Till, with rapture blending,
  Tears of feeling start;
Never count the minute
  As a minute known;
'Tis the joy that's in it,
  Felt before it's flown;—
He who, 'midst the flowers,
  Wrapt in song like this,
Stops to tell the hours,
  Was not made for bliss.

II.

I SIGH TO LEAVE.

I sigh to leave these moonlight groves,
That hear, and long have heard, our loves;
I weep this gentle clime to fly,
These blessed airs, that azure sky;
I mourn that hearts which never yet,
'Till now, have suffer'd one regret,
Should thus the cruel doom deplore,
That neither heart had fear'd before.

And wilt thou sigh when I am gone,
And seek these moonlight groves alone;
And wilt thou weep the hapless fate
That made, and keeps us, desolate;
And wilt thou mourn that, torn apart,
Each gentle sense and clinging heart,
We thus the cruel doom deplore,
We had not felt or fear'd before?

And, oh! by our remember'd loves,
Lead thou none other to these groves;
And whisper in no other ear
The happy tones 'twas mine to hear;
And let no other heart be press'd
Upon the breast where mine was bless'd;
And keep thy charms as things apart,
Things sacred to my exiled heart.

I could not bear, though now no more
I taste the joys so dear before,
That other ears should win that tone,
That bless'd, and still should bless, my own;
That other bosoms should recline
Upon the heaving swell of thine;
And other hearts than mine should prove
The pure, sweet offering of thy love.

III.

OH! BRIGHT WERE THE VISIONS.

Oh! bright were the visions that bade him
  The garb of the warrior assume;
And dear was the hand that array'd him
  With the falchion, the helmet and plume;
And fond was the voice that assured him,
And lovely the hope that allured him,
And the past that seduced him from story,
And the present that wooed him to glory—
  Ah, hapless! they led to his doom.

Too blind, in the warmth of devotion,
  To see the false image that led,
With the brave he is crossing the ocean,
  Where an ocean of blood will be shed;
He stands in the land of the stranger,
A foe, yet he dreams not of danger;
He joins in the summons to slaughter,
And burning for glory, he sought her
  Where sorrow and shame were instead.

Alas! for thee, child of ambition,
  Not the glory thou sought'st will atone

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For the shame of that sad coalition,
And the pride of that pure spirit flown;
Not the grief of that land which deplores thee,
N[illegible] tears of that love which adores thee,
[illegible]ty who would not believe thee—
[illegible]f these, hapless youth, will retrieve thee
The whiteness of soul thou hast known.

We blame thee that, worthy of glory,
Thou forsook'st its fair shrine for a shade;
We weep thee that, born but for story,
From its niche thy bright image must fade;
Or if seen midst the proud that men cherish,
They will feel thou wert fitter to perish;
Or, if rousing one other emotion,
It is, that such gallant devotion
On so lowly an altar was laid.

IV.

A SONG FOR BYGONE LOVELINESS.

A song for bygone loveliness—one tribute to the past—
A requiem o'er the lovely form that met too soon the blast;
That closed its wings and hush'd its voice, a beauty all too brief,
When came the wintry winds that call'd for autumn's latest leaf.

Yet, may we not deplore her!—too good for world like ours,
A creature bright and beautiful, and blessing, like the flow'rs;
A thing we knew by odour, and by life and light alone,
Like the buds, it could be with us but a single season known.

Be like her, then, to seek her; 'tis virtue's sweet reward,
That, from the side of virtue still, it may not be debarr'd;
'Tis thus to earth she sends a shape like that we but survey'd,
To show of what choice forms of love the sweets of heaven are made.

V.

SHE HAS MOURN'D:

She has mourn'd, till the teardrop of anguish, descending,
Congeal'd on her cheek in the snows of the dead;
And the dark fate, so long on her footstep attending,
At last settled down on her desolate head:
Hers was the woman's, the weak one's lot—
We give her our tears, yet we mourn her not.

No more will she weep over bright prospects faded,
Sweet prospects too lovely to part with so soon;
No more will that heart, once all gladness, be shaded
With the sorrows that rise like the storm cloud at noon:
She was stricken when life was without a spot—
We cannot but weep, though we mourn her not.

Let her grave, O ye maidens, be cover'd with roses,
The softest that bloom 'neath the tropical sky;
Let the tear dim each cheek as the night curtain closes
O'er the grave of the sweetest of earth that could die:
Yet though tears be shed o'er that lowly spot,
She is happy now, and we weep her not.

VI.

YES, LONE WERE MY BOSOM.

Yes, lone were my bosom, if liken'd to thine,
And base were my soul, if it knelt at thy shrine;
And the heaven we worship were false, if it be
More true to the spoiler than thou wert to me.

If the hope that has cheer'd me through danger and death
Be as easily lost as its owner's frail breath,
Then 'twere meet that my heart, in its conflict should fly
To the succour of him who decrees it to die.

If my hope of the future, as they tell me, be vain,
Thy lures shall not win me to trust it again;
And the evening of life were but anguish to me,
Did I deem its sad sunlight vouchsafed me by thee.

Thou may'st rule o'er the slaves whom thy fortune has made,
I am none, and by me thou canst ne'er be betray'd:
I call for no curse on thy head but the one,
To trust with my trust, and like me, be undone.

VII.

THE STORM IS GATHERING.

The storm is gathering over us,
Our early hope is gone;
And the skies that used to cover us
With beauty, now have none;
They're cold and sad, and trooping winds
Speed wildly o'er their breast,
Until, like us, the lone bird finds
No single spot of rest.

But sky and earth, and sea and field,
Are all alike to him,
Whose heart is sad with buried hopes,
Whose eye with grief is dim;
They're nothing in their loneliness,
Though bright to all that see,
If, speaking through our consciousness,
They say we are not free.

What care we though we lose the bow'rs
Where childhood laugh'd in glee;
The tender vines, the gadding flow'rs,
And music of the bee;
Our hearts had lost them long before,
And though they met our eye,
Yet little could their gifts restore,
When hope and freedom fly.

The better home, when tyrant's sway
In dwellings of the brave,
Is in the forest far away,
Beyond the chainless wave:
The stormy winds that rule the deep
Make better barriers there,
Than walls of stone and castled steep
That guard the homes of fear.

What dangers may the freeman find
In savage wilds to dread;
They nerve his arm, impel his mind,
And soon are vanquished:
He plucks security from strife,
And in the wilderness,
Finds equal liberty and life
In toil and watchfulness.

VIII.

NO, NEVER! THOUGH LOUD BE THE VOICE.

No, never! though loud be the voice that upbraids me,
And dark the dishonour attached to my name;
Though malice assails and though slander o'ershades me,
And the lips that once worshipp'd breathe nothing but blame—

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While thou, all unmoved, art relying as ever,
And still keep'st thy faith as in earlier days;
My spirit shall bend to that destiny never—
I live in thy love—I am proud in thy praise.

Yet, were it not so, and wert thou not before me,
Confiding and fond as when blessing and bless'd;
Did thy smile come not still, all the past to restore me,
Bringing sunshine and calm to this desolate breast;
I know not what else in this life could sustain me,
Thus blacken'd by slander, thus sinking in fame;
I live—for thy bosom will never disdain me—
I love—for thy spirit has shared in my shame.

IX.

SONG AT SEA.

The jewell'd brow of Night
Swells calm beyond the breeze,
While, like a bird, we take our flight
O'er wild and lonely seas:
Yet many a hope is given
To ward the tempest's wrath;
And hearts, that win like heaven,
Send blessings on our path.

Yet, do we sadly doubt,
The blessing when most blest,
As ruby lips will pout,
Though pleased, to be caress'd:
Ah, think you they are weeping now
The forms we so deplore?
Looks *she*, with watching and with wo,
Still, where the waters roar?

Though I doubt her not—ah me!
Of the days I have to live,
Full of true felicity,
Many a long one would I give—
Though it pained my heart to see
Tears upon a cheek I know—
To know that one now weeps for me,
As o'er these seas I go!

X.

CALM AT SEA.

Calm on the deep! the heavy sail
Hangs lifeless from the mast;
The sea, without a single gale,
Appears to sleep at last;
And peering in its face, the sun
Looks down with burning light,
Till, far as eye can stretch, his one
Rich mirror hangs in sight.

A world, from all the world apart,
Chain'd idly on the sea,
How droops the eye, how sinks the heart,
Vain, wishing to be free!
How dread the fear that fills the thought,
That winds may never rise—
Thirsting, yet fasten'd to the spot,
Beneath those burning skies.

The pirate rears his bloody flag,
And leaves the Cuba shore;
Blow, breezes, blow, for if ye lag
We hail our homes no more:
And should our hapless fate be such
We'll wrong not nature so,
To think that hearts who've sigh'd so much
Will soon forget their wo.

Ripple, ye waters, into smiles,
The sun's vast mirror break,
Whilst far Bahama's dreary isles
Shall vanish in our wake.
Nor should your storms affright us more—
Blow, tempests of the deep;
I better love old ocean's roar
Than this, his stagnant sleep.

XI.

TO THEE, WHEN RUDDY CUPS.

To thee, when ruddy cups are glowing,
When wit and eyes alike are bright,
I turn, and all my heart bestowing,
Look sadly for thy sight:
Thou dost not come, and though delighted
To all around I seem to be,
Yet, oh! my every thought is plighted
That hour to thee.

What though the favourite lip be smiling,
Though warm the song and sweet the strain,
And many a glance, with spell beguiling,
My wandering soul would chain—
Vain were the worse than wild endeavour,
A traitor then I could not be;
Idle the toil that seeks to sever
My thought from thee.

Deep in my soul and ne'er departing,
Thy image watches o'er my sleep,
And from my dream of rapture starting
I catch thy glances deep:
Sovereign o'er all, thy image linking
With all I feel, with all I see,
Keeps me, for evermore still thinking
Of thee—thee—thee!

XII.

MEETING TO SEVER.

Meeting to sever,
Perchance to forget,
Would that we never,
Oh! never had met.
Better unseeing
To come and depart,
Than linger in being
Divided in heart.

In that first meeting
My soul revels now;
My heart is still beating
With happiest glow:
The memory grows dearer
As parting draws nigh,
And brings thee still nearer
When ready to fly.

How should we sever
Such sorrow would be
A grief that would never
Desert me and thee:
Meeting in gladness,
How tender, how dear;
Parting in sadness,
How full of despair.

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"NIGHT AND MORNING," OR THE INCOG.

BY MISS M. B. SNOW.

"I WONDER if I can find a Fanny!" suddenly exclaimed an enraptured young man as he threw down a novel he had been literally devouring with his eager and anxious eyes, and paced the room in a state of very alarming agitation mingled with tremulous hope. "A Fanny! To be loved for one's self alone, oh, would it not be charming! To be loved by that sweet little creature who neglected all her studies until she felt such a tender passion for me, as to open her eyes to the wonderful difference between my great accomplishments and her great want of them. And then to have her go by herself, and surprise me afterwards by coming out a genius! Oh how would Mr. and Mrs. Remarkable Smith (his mother out of the maternal fondness of her heart early discovered signs of that which he should become—therefore his name,) look down upon such common-places as Miss Lucy Gray and Miss Letitia Grove!" And as Mr. Remarkable Smith suited the action to the word, casting his eyes upon the floor contemptuously as if they were already at his feet, he awoke to the consciousness that he was at present pacing a room not quite large enough for the dreams in which he had been wandering, and as yet he had not found a Fanny.

"I will go incog," he resumed, but in a more humble tone, "I will go incog, and who knows but I may bring home a wife to set this common-place little village in a hubbub until next Thanksgiving, when all the old maids of the place will stop their talking about the delightfully romantic event; and think of nothing but the six varieties of pies. I will start now, and as my poor mother would almost rise from the grave if I should dishonourably lay aside the romantic name she gave me, (good soul, I wish she hadn't thought me so bright!) I will go a Fanny-seeking under the striking title of Mr. Remarkable Beaufort, being as this latter gentleman was once so fortunate. John!" he cried to a little urchin of all work whose business it happily was to wait particularly on Mr. Remarkable's call, "John, I wish to make some particular arrangements about a little tour I intend making to the Lakes. Mind John, the Lakes, if any one should inquire which way your master goes." "Yes sir," replied the boy, and in one hour after the exciting soliloquy of Mr. Remarkable Smith, the "common-places" spoken of by him so haughtily, had a deep plan of revenge marked out to humble him. The boy he called had come quickly, for his attention had been attracted by the loud voice of his master, and all that he had gained was revealed again.

Upon the door of the Circulating Library of E.—a little community of good home-bred souls, just far enough from the New England Athens not to be disturbed by rumours of evil, but pleased with the sight of wonderful things, brought therefrom by such as Mr. Remarkable Smith,—there might be seen at the time of my story, a notice in staring capitals, of "A new work by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart., just received—Night and Morning." Towards that notice the same day which brought the desire of a Fanny to the susceptible heart of so promising a young man, a young lady advanced, and passing it proceeded at once to the internal repository of such precious things. After an earnest inquiry for the new work, she received it smilingly, and tripped off.

In curl-papers, and in otherwise careless negligé might the same young lady be seen the next morning, her haste being very apparent to get to the finale of the exciting book. And yet when she closed it suddenly, she made no comment on its beauties, but exclaimed with seeming delight, "Letitia! Lucy! Will it not be grand! And I know I shall succeed! This afternoon I will go to my aunt's!"

And that afternoon too, though somewhat later than the hour fixed upon by the fair reader in the morning, Mr. R. Beaufort, after having arranged his business for an absence of some weeks, left the village of E. accompanied by the boy, who had already proved himself so old in the sin of betraying.

And now a word about the standing, and importance, and wealth of the disguised tourist.

He was the greatest match in the village of E.! To say this would seem to be saying all that I could, to convey a right idea of Mr. Remarkable Smith, and yet I must enter into particulars respecting the effect of this fact upon himself and others.

There were many maidens who were conscious, and gave signs of their consciousness, of his superior attractions, both in wealth and person, to the many nice young men of E.; and this it was that made him vain, and so fastidious in his choice.

He was superior both in person and manners, because he visited the—to them—seat of fashion often, and came back with some new-born grace, or "just out" style of dress, and made them envious and admiring. He was a romantic young man too; read all the latest novels from the city, and talked much about being courted for one's wealth, and how his heart longed for a sympathizing spirit which should be won by the knowledge and love of his merits alone.

In all the village, he could not find one that

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would answer to his high-wrought desire, for he thought, "did they not know him to be the richest storekeeper there, and an excellent match?"

There was one young lady in E., a visitor and relative of Letitia Grove, whom he had never seen. When expecting her arrival, her friends had spoken to him of her in the warmest praise. He, ever on the jealous look-out for any attack upon himself in the way of matrimony, thought this a snare, and was heard to say that "the Groves would neither get him for themselves, nor for that paragon of perfection they called Miss Alice Merry!" And this having been repeated to the family itself—surprising though it may seem there were gossips even in E.—the consequence was that Mr. Remarkable Smith was made aware of the displeasure it had given to one of the most respectable families in the place, to which family his thoughts ever afterwards turned in a stream of bitterness made evident in the opening of our tale.

And Miss Alice Merry! She was all that her friends had painted her. So petite, with a sweet and childlike face yet beaming with all joyousness and evidence of mind. She was indeed merry, full of unbounded gayety and wild mirth!

She had seen, but had not been seen by the great man of the village, and as she looked upon his fashionable figure, his handsome face, and the genteel *tout ensemble* of his appearance, she thought how great a pity it was, that he should be so spoiled by vanity and romance. And it *was* a pity too, for there were many redeeming traits in his ambitious nature, which under a wise maternal culture would have made him a more respected and happier man. His mother died in his youth, but not until there were many promises of a full harvest from the seeds of vanity and pride which she had sown.

When the object of Remarkable's tour was made known to the three young friends, Alice was appointed the agent of cure to his "distempered brain." Through her the revenge of Lucy and Letitia was to be brought about. What was the revenge?

About ten miles from the village of E. there stood, upon the outskirts of another and smaller one, a pretty cottage with a well cultivated garden, small but tastefully laid out, owned by a widow lady who now resided there. Mr. Remarkable Beaufort, as he passed at evening, inquired of the boy if he knew the owner of so pretty a place. He did. "It was a widow lady with no companion but a niece,"—but here he sighed visibly.

"A niece, and is she pretty, Charles?"

"The sweetest creature that I ever saw," replied the boy with an animated look, "but"—and here he sighed again.

"What is the meaning of that 'but,' and what is her name?" spoke Remarkable as his curiosity became evidently excited by the mystery of those repeated sighs.

"Alas! sir, alas! Fanny is wanting, sir, wanting here," said Charles, mournfully touching his forehead, but turning his head suddenly away, as his eye met the expression of joy and triumphant delight on his master's face.

"Her name Fanny! a clouded intellect, and beautiful!" exclaimed Remarkable, forgetting the presence of his young, and it seems, quick-eared companion, "she shall be mine! I have found at last the one who shall love me for myself alone, one whose heart will not be bought with gold, young, beautiful, and inexperienced!"

And with an eagerness of purpose not to be wondered at in one so full of romantic expectation as our Remarkable, he directed the boy to drive hastily to the nearest inn, as he wished that evening to make the acquaintance of the lone widow and her pretty niece.

"Perhaps Mr. Smith—Beaufort I mean," said his humble companion in the embarrassed voice of one who gives unasked-for counsel to a superior, "perhaps it would be better to wait until morning, for it is already late for Fanny to be about, and maybe Mrs. Farley would be surprised to see you at this hour."

"You are right, you are right! Be up betimes, and after an early breakfast you shall show me the way to the widow's cottage." So speaking, they drove up to the village's best inn. And Mr. Remarkable Beaufort, after painting dreams of love and beauty in the speedily sought solitude of his own chamber, threw himself upon its humble bed, to continue there the fancies of his waking hours.

Upon that couch had rested those whose hearts were moved with thoughts of gain, of hope, of sorrow, but never had it bent under such a weight of mingled attributes in one human heart—romance, vanity, but latent goodness of spirit—as it did now!

It was a bright and balmy morn. Remarkable and the boy had attended to the unromantic, but still no less imperious call of nature for the refreshing cup of smoking coffee and the buttered roll after their night's repose, and now might be seen wending their way towards Mrs. Farley's retired home.

When very near its flowery enclosure, Remarkable espied a girlish form reclining on a bank sloping from the white portico, and at the same time the boy exclaimed "that is poor Fanny."

"Poor Fanny!" murmured the visionary youth in an under tone, "poor Fanny, the very title! And see a book has fallen upon the grass at her feet while she is arranging those freshly gathered flowers for a bouquet."

By this time the garden gate had been opened by his guide, and they stood by Fanny's side. She looked up and smiled as the boy Charles—who had once served Mrs. Farley in the same capacity as now Mr. Remarkable—told her that a stranger had come to see Fanny and her aunt. Then turning to the stranger she spoke to him of her flowers, so beautiful, which she had been permitted to gather only by learning a lesson in the now neglected book. She had a sweet and happy voice, which gave no evidence of surprise or embarrassment at the unwonted sight of the early visitors.

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And Remarkable's heart was gone! There was a laughing brightness about the eye, a look of soul about that sweet lovely face, which confirmed his romantic expectations of winning the "innocent" from the lethargic chains which bound her spirit down, and at the same time made those expectations more fraught with the happiness of his life.

That first visit was an era in our hero's history! He forgot romance, pride, vanity, all the evil traits which had governed him before, he forgot his high renown in the village of his birth, he forgot all things but that one new, rapturous feeling which the sight of Fanny's simplicity and grace had, with a sudden, but governing power, rooted in his breast!

Day after day he sought her side, and day after day he thought to see some evidence of love in the pure creature who had now become the whole world to him.

Love made no greater transformation in the case of the true Beaufort's Fanny, than in the second Beaufort—Remarkable himself. It brought him from the high pinnacle of self-appreciation and pride of wealth to the feet of Fanny May, and he watched to know if the master key of love would unlock the secret places of her intellect and bring its jewels forth. His romance was now that which every human heart beats longingly with, until it beats no more. A desire to be fervently beloved, to be the only "precious one" of life, to fill the heart of the beloved one so that there shall be no room for the thought of another! Love made him gentle and refined, brought out the good sense, as well as true poetry of his nature, and made him worthy now of being beloved as he had long wished—for himself alone.

And Fanny too! By times a flash of wit, a thought brighter than was looked for in "poor Fanny," would burst forth from her merry heart, to her own surprise it seemed as well as to Beaufort's, for she would relapse into a silent mood, as if it were something new and strange. And then her ignorant simplicity would be the more apparent after the show of sense had faded all away.

Remarkable, with all his love, could not help wishing that his Fanny's genius would develope itself more speedily than it did, for although he would marry her with the little appearance of intellect which she now possessed, yet having learned to know and feel its value more, when the leading passions of his mind were destroyed by a new power, he wished to take his beautiful Fanny back to E. as intelligent in mind as her bright face warranted.

A month of sunshine in the heaven of love had passed, and our disguised Remarkable was to be married to poor Fanny May.

She still talked of birds and flowers in her simple way, still loved better to wander with him to a pleasant spot not far from her home, letting her wild spirits have full play, than read or work, but yet Remarkable had suddenly come upon her at times when she seemed a different being!

He had seen her once when she thought no one near, reading as it seemed a letter, and as she read her face was bright with smiles, not childlike, but springing from some intelligent and reasoning perception. And the smiles were painted with a rosy blush as she went on, murmuring "love him! Ah yes I do! and is he not worthy now,"—here the sound of footsteps made her pause, and as Remarkable with his arm around her waist drew her gently to him with a lover's kiss upon her lips, she was almost a child again, and sullenly refused to show him the mystic document.

And a month had made no little change in Fanny. Her aunt declared that she had wonderfully brightened since Mr. Beaufort had been so much in love, and she did not doubt but time would bring forth wonderful things. And the aunt said rightly.

Remarkable now felt himself beloved, even as he loved, and unadorned as he was with the trappings of wealth. And when in Fanny's avowal the tide of deep affection seemed struggling to break away the barriers of her intellect, he cared not for the "genius," which his first romantic impulse was to win, but clasped "poor Fanny" to his heart, with blessings on the conception of his wild enterprise.

From the village of E. his trusty Charles had brought credentials of his respectability—for his master had warned him to bring no more—and Fanny was his without a suspicion of the truth! The romantic passion to be thus beloved, had become much weakened, and yet it was a pleasant consciousness.

The sun rose bright upon the wedding day; and Fanny never looked so beautiful! No ornament save the flowers which she loved, was seen upon her simple dress, or in her hair. There was a light in her blue eye, dancing with a meaning mirth, as if there were some wild work going on in the heart which beat so quickly beneath the bridal robe.

The bridegroom came; and with him many friends whom he had brought to witness the finale of the now exposed and romantic tale. Two of the fair conspirators were also there. Where was the third?

All were assembled. The holy man stood ready to perform his pleasant duty of joining two willing hearts—why did they wait?

In a room above, forming the centre of a young group, stood the bride and groom. Now it was time to explain to Fanny how she had been deceived. With a comprehending smile she listened to the tale, but fainted not, looked no surprise, showed no emotion of delight or pride. The bridegroom wondered, for he spoke of that which dazzles common minds—he spoke of wealth.

At last she turned upon him such a face,—so bright, so laughing with the frolic and glee of her wild heart. "You have deceived me wofully, Remarkable Smith," she exclaimed, "but it may be that you have been yourself deceived! I am no longer poor Fanny May, but the Alice Merry

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Drawn by W. Fearing. Engraved by A. L. Dick.

A HARVEST SCENE.

Engraved for Godey's Lady's Book.

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whom you once condemned unseen. The good boy Charles told us of all your romantic plan, and has since been our faithful friend and spy. I, to punish you for your wicked pride in thinking I came to woo, resolved to gain your heart—which I then thought could only love lightly—and then leave you to seek another Fanny, not so bright as I. But I did not think to lose my own," she added, smiling and blushing, "yet here I am waiting your most gracious decision as to my becoming Mrs. Remarkable Smith, or remaining as I am, simply Alice Merry?"

"I have long suspected," exclaimed the happy bridegroom as he snatched her to his heart, "I have long suspected that 'poor Fanny' was not so very humbly gifted as she appeared to be, and now that the double plot has come to such a joyful denouement, let us hasten to the parlour lest your friend Miss Grey, and cousin Letitia, through disappointment of their 'revenge,' might invent some new one to prevent my longed-for happiness!"

And never did a more loving and devoted couple listen to the solemn close of the marriage rite, than did Mr. Remarkable Smith, now no longer "the Incog," and Miss Alice Merry, whose alias was Fanny May.

HARVEST SONG.

BY MRS. HALE.

(See Plate.)

Away to the harvest—the soft winds are sighing,
As laden with sweets from the freshly mown hay,
They come, like the angel of Hope to the dying,
To lure the sick soul from the city away.

Leave seemings of life to the slaves of ambition,
The Festival Nature is spreading, come share;
So shalt thou be taught, by her spirit seal'd mission,
All innocent hearts to her temple repair.

Then come with the young, in this season of gladness,
Like birds from their cages, the scene to enjoy—
And damp not their mirth by an accent of sadness,
Nor teach them life's gold must have sorrow's alloy.

With thee, if the shadow of Evil should enter,
Turn, turn to the sunshine of innocent eyes,
Where Childhood is happy she never dares venture,
For angels surround them with light from the skies.

Oh, when we, like children, heaven's bounty receiving,
Look up to our Father and welcome his love,
In beauty rejoicing, in goodness believing,
Then shall we be ripe for the harvest above.

THE STEPMOTHER.

BY DR. JNO. C. M'CABE.

They tell me I am motherless! they said my mother died
When I was but an infant child, and that I sobb'd and cried.
They tell me too, that she who sets me often on her knee,
Is not my mother—yet she is a mother kind to me.

Her face is very saintly calm, her eye is very mild—
She kisses me full oft, and says, I am "her pretty child!"
And often when she thinks I sleep, her soft hand, pale and fair,
Is laid upon my infant brow, and then she breathes a prayer.

When sickness o'er my frame hath spent its very weakening powers,
She pulls for me, and brings them in, Spring's earliest, sweetest flowers;
And when my racking fevers rise, and soothing draughts I'd sip,
She gently raises up my head, and cools my parching lip.

And when she sees that slumber's veil is gathering o'er my eye,
She pats my cheek, and sings to me the soothing lullaby.
And oh! I dream so sweetly then of angels' visits here,
And wake, and find it true—for she, sweet one, is hovering near.

And when I get my little books, she learns me how to spell,
Till words so difficult to call I learn so very well;
And then she sweetly kisses me, and smooths each straggling curl,
And makes me love her when she says, "You are my own sweet girl."

Mother, I love her! from thy home 'mid Heaven's eternal rest,
Where tears of anguish never fall, nor sorrows heave the breast,
I know thou'lt smile to see thy child hath found a mother's love
In one whose dove like spirit shall mingle with thine above.

Petersburg, Va., 1842.

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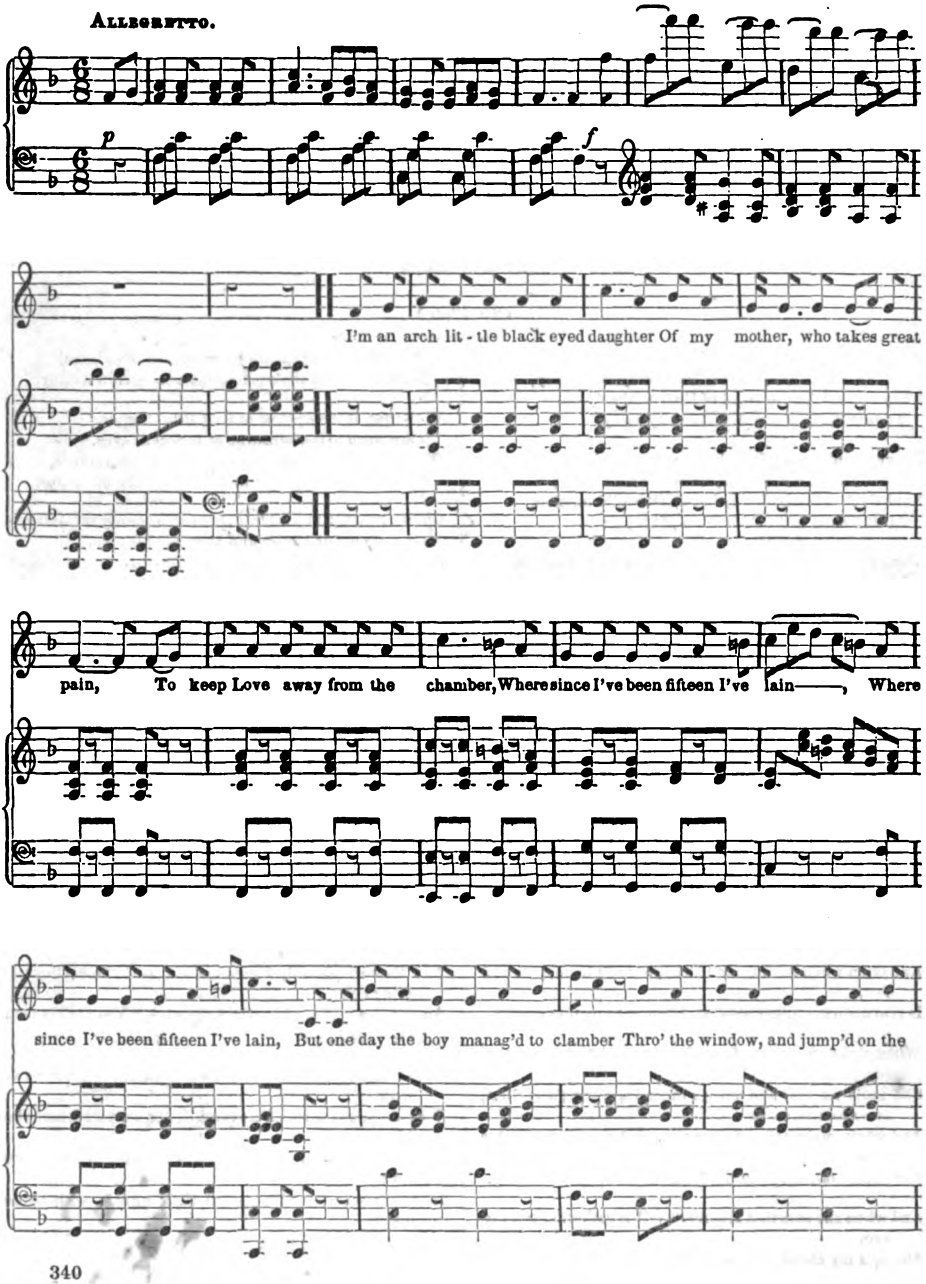
I'M AN ARCH LITTLE BLACK EYED DAUGHTER.

SUNG WITH GREAT APPLAUSE BY MISS WATSON.

THE POETRY BY RICHARD RYAN.

THE MUSIC BY JOHN SINCLAIR.

Presented by J. G. Osbourn, No. 30 South Fourth Street.



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ad lib: ad lib:

floor, When Mamma took him hold by the shoulder, And soon turned him out at the door, When Mam-

ma took him hold by the shoulder, And soon turn'd him out at the door, And soon turn'd him out at the

door, soon turn'd him out at the door, soon turn'd him out at the door.

loco.

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II.

Oh, I then half a day, wore the willow,
When Mamma glided in at the door;
And found Love again near my pillow,
With his sweet coaxing smile as before,

Up he jump'd and as gay as a linnet,
To Mamma began warbling this strain,
"Turn Love out of doors, in a minute,
He's in at the window again."
Turn Love out, &c. &c.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

CONVERSATIONS AT THE EDITORS' TABLE.

BY MRS. HALE.

"I have found the quotation I alluded to in my note, yesterday," said the schoolmaster, as he seated himself comfortably in the arm-chair Ellen had drawn for him near the table—"I have found it; but it was rather too long for my memory, so I copied it fairly out. Here it is, Mrs. Marvin, and after Ellen has read it I should like to hear your opinion on the matter."

Ellen was very busy, putting the few last stitches in the last leaf of an ottoman cover, on which she had bestowed great pains and much precious time. But then she had done it for a dear friend who was soon to be married; it was an offering of her heart, as well as of her genius and industry, and one which she knew would be valued and treasured. It is true she had seriously injured her eyes, which had never been strong, and, as her mother fancied, had greatly increased the severity of those nervous headaches to which she had, from a child, been subject. But Ellen, for once, had been obstinate in her determination to work the ottoman.

There was *one* motive, however, besides love for her friend, which had induced her to persevere, after she was sensible that her health was injured by this close application to her needle. She had overheard a young lady, famous for her skill in worsted work, saying to a gentleman, in a sneering tone, "that Charles Howard, if he married Ellen Marvin, would have to darn his own stockings, for she was quite too literary to know anything of needle-work."

Now Ellen was early instructed in the best, because the most useful, knowledge of that truly feminine accomplishment. In plain needle-work, of every kind, she excelled; she even cut and fitted her mother's dresses and her own; and in that important department of household economy, *mending*, she was unequalled among young ladies. The slender income of her mother, while bringing up her daughter, had exercised the ingenuity of both; to make it suffice for a decent appearance would have done credit to the talents of an *honest financier;* but by their own good taste and neat and careful industry, they had always been able to maintain that simple elegance, which so surely pleases the eye of the refined.

But then Ellen never had done much worsted work or embroidery of any kind. Her mother did not encourage it, and never, till she heard the ill-natured remark of the young lady, did Ellen think it of any particular consequence that she should show she could count threads and sort worsteds; for in these consists the chief merit—except patience. But she could not bear that a friend of Charles Howard, as the young gentleman alluded to was, should think her deficient in such an indispensable female art as needle-work; and so she had devoted many weeks of unceasing toil over her embroidery frame, and now had nearly finished her task. Her head and eyes were throbbing with pain, still she was cheered by thinking, "Charles' friend will see this!"—when the schoolmaster entered, and she laid down her work to read, as he desired.

"The writer has not minced matters," continued the schoolmaster; "he tells his thoughts like a bold, honest man, and shows reasons for his belief."

Ellen smiled at his earnestness; she knew that he had some application of this reasoning to make, and felt it might be intended for her; but she read out, in her impressive manner, as follows.—"It is generally thought, by the stronger sex, that all which a woman should aspire to, is to be a notable manager of her household, to go bustling and fidgeting through the world, and be gathered to the dead at last, without being missed anywhere except in her kitchen and nursery. And whose fault is it, if men think thus? *It is the fault of women.* They have degraded the character of the married woman to that of the household drudge, or at best the family superintendent. The wife and the mother, too, they have degraded. They teach the incompatibility of household duties, with active, exalted and widely-influencing virtue. As if to make puddings and pies, to scold servants, and kill spiders, and whip children, were the great business of life *after* marriage, if not before. As if a good mother and a good wife could by no possibility be good for anything else; nay, as if, when a woman *is* good for anything else, the good wife and the good mother are beneath her. The fault is their own, if men see the domestic virtues playing about in a subordinate sphere, and the showier excellences of female character out-blazing them. They have but to unite the two—they have but to *continue* the process of self-education *after marriage*, and there lies the true economy—not in knitting your own stockings, in wearing cheaper calico than your neighbour, or in watering your soap—no! but in preparing for a profitable and happy old age, by making easy and pleasant the pathway to knowledge and virtue to your children. Be a good housekeeper—that is every woman's duty. She cannot be a good wife or a good mother on easier, or indeed on other terms. But be something more. Be the intelligent companion of your husband, the intelligent monitress and playfellow of your children. This you cannot be, if your endeavours after mental improvement are not exalted and quickened by marriage, and resolutely persisted in. A different course, and in the natural progress of education, mothers will not be proper companions of their own children, after a few years more. Instead of being able to converse with them about their studies, instead of being able to help them over the difficulties that lie in their path, ten to one but they are ashamed to open their mouths before them, or worse still, driven to depreciate the noblest intellectual attainments of their children. Stationary women cannot be—they must go forward or backward, in the passage of years. Let them see to it, that their talents, be they five, ten, or only *one*, are unceasingly improved, if they wish to be respected. And let them sustain and encourage each other."

"I think he has coloured his picture too highly," said Mrs. Marvin; "still we cannot deny its resemblance. Our sex are too fearful that their good will be evil spoken of."

"And so do the evil, or at least the folly, to conciliate an evil-speaking world," said the schoolmaster. "And this the best will continue to do, till there is a better understanding of the true way to elevate the female character. Women are not true to their own order, as Lord Brougham would say. I have heard ladies, even *young*

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ladies, whose hearts should be overflowing with kindness towards their associates, when an absent lady was named, at once begin some disparaging observations, usually respecting such faults or foibles as men, from her appearances would never suspect. This is very foolish as well as wrong."

Ellen was thinking of the disparaging remarks, respecting her want of skill in needle-work, which she had overheard; she therefore joined warmly in the opinions of the schoolmaster, and related some instances in point.

"You think, then, that women will never be properly respected by men, till they claim esteem for the sex as well as for the individual?" inquired Mrs. Marvin.

"Yes; woman must be true to the interests of woman, if she really wishes to improve herself," returned the schoolmaster. "She must seek to elevate the standard of female education; she must dwell with pride on the genius of those women who have done honour to the sex; she must encourage female talent; she must be kind, charitable and true in her feelings, then she will rise. Good men will uphold her upward and onward course. Her superior moral endowments will be more and better appreciated as the divine precepts of Christianity become better understood. And when, aided by mental culture, her powers shall be directed to social, moral and religious improvement, then will her genius be acknowledged as among the best gifts of God to our race"

"Oh! how I wish every woman in our land could hear you," exclaimed Ellen; "they surely would practise what you recommend."

"You pay me a great compliment," said the schoolmaster. "Such an effect would be a mightier victory than a mere mortal can ever hope to achieve. It requires the agency of Him who brought 'peace and good-will on earth' to bind together the hearts of women in the bonds of charity with each other. The truth is, that neither men nor women have yet learned the right way of obtaining happiness and greatness—that we must seek to make others happy—that we must raise ourselves by elevating our kind. Men pursue their ends by associating more with each other, and hence it is that they succeed in engrossing, to a great degree, wealth and knowledge. Let women, therefore, I reiterate, be true to their sex and to the duties of their sex, and they will, eventually, gain that full companionship with men which they were created to hold. Their duties will always be dissimilar, yet equally important, and deserving equal estimation. But we are falling into the prevalent error of the age, descanting on general principles for the public benefit, and neglecting to perform particular and private engagements; we have nearly forgotten, in the pleasure of conversation, that we had editorial matters before us. I think we had better adopt a new plan with our *correspondents*—notice only the articles *accepted*."

"It will be the best plan," said Mrs. Marvin, "as it will entirely spare the feelings of the disappointed writers."

"Yes, and allow them, if they choose, to send a copy of the articles, which we do not want, to some other editor who may be glad to insert them. The articles sent us, of late, are generally good, and had we not engaged such a host of regular contributors, we should receive some that we are now compelled to decline. "*Passage Creek*," "*Night*," and "*They think we have forgotten*" are the only pieces we have laid by; a few others we may, hereafter, select from the mass of papers before us."

"But the poem by the *farmer*, will you not accept that?" inquired Ellen.

"A portion of it; all for which we have room here," said the schoolmaster—and he handed her the following extract:

"Oh! shade of Faust! the *type* of lettered men!
Thy fame is *stamped* on the historic page;
Nor left, to cherish with the toilsome *pen*
Thy meed of glory for a future age.
And could'st thy spirit find this world again
And see the fruitful lore of many a sage,
Thou would'st escape the power of Pluto's might,
Borne *upward* by the rays of learning's light.

With thee, the sun of science rent the cloud
That like a pall, hung darkling round the mind;
And shot her rays of wisdom on the *crowd!*
While Learning, mirror-like, with beams refined
Reflected every image."

"There, that is a sample of the intelligence of our working class—showing that labour and literature may be united—the pen and the plough held by the same hand," said the schoolmaster. "We give it a place in the Lady's Book to encourage such efforts of self-education, and show our confidence that they will be successful. Refinement of taste and feeling, and the cultivation of literature are perfectly compatible with that healthy industry which agriculture requires. And as men become temperate, and avoid the excitements of appetite, they will require new mental stimulants. Lyceums, libraries and reading-rooms must take the place of taverns and tippling houses."

"That reminds me of a new series of '*Temperance Tales*,' said Ellen; "here is the opening one—'*The Broken Merchant*;' it is a story of thrilling interest, and deserves the approbation of every woman in our land."

"It will be popular, then," said the schoolmaster; "if the ladies like a work its success is certain. The author, T. S. Arthur, is a writer of much promise and *performance* too; one of our most popular magazine writers. I am glad to see that his talents are to be devoted to the Temperance cause. These '*Six Nights with the Washingtonians*' will instruct and strengthen many in the path of duty."

"I have here a little volume of poems, '*The Gift*,' sent me some time since, which has been mislaid, and therefore unnoticed," said Mrs. Marvin. "It must not be neglected, for its author, *Miss Sophia Watrous*, has claims on the sympathy of her sex: she has been for many years an invalid, and the poems were the solace of her sick pillow. Her harp is humble, but the expressions of a chastened, tender, pious spirit are full of instruction to the Christian."

"I have looked them over with deep interest," said the schoolmaster. "They reminded me of the poems of Cynthia Taggart, written in similar sufferings from sickness. Both these ladies give evidence of that calm strength of soul, which makes the heroic in woman's character; and her genius never appears so lovely as when, like the trodden chamomile, it springs apparently from the very pressure which threatened to destroy it. We commend this 'Gift' of Miss Watrous to young ladies; it will not amuse, but if they have kind and teachable hearts, it will interest and instruct them. How full of humble submission and heavenly hopes are these lines, the beginning of a poem—'Hours of Sickness.'

'This pulse beats feebly—life will shortly close;
E'en kindest friends must leave me to repose—
All, save the blessed Jesus—on his breast
I lean my head, and seek an holy rest.
My rest! I bid thee, throbbing breast, be still;
I wait my summons—Lord, I wait thy will;
But oh, thou wilt not chide me, though mine eye
Turn faint and weary to my home on high;
For thou hast bid me love and seek its rest—
A home most blessed, holiest and best;
And I have pour'd to thee my ardent soul—
Its wishes, loves, its hopes, its joys—*the whole!*'"

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EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

The Poets and Poetry of America: By Rufus W. Griswold. Carey & Hart, 1842.

This is a beautiful volume, and one which reflects great credit on the liberality of the publishers. It is a large octavo, well printed, well bound, and adorned with well executed engravings, one of which represents a group containing likenesses of Dana, Bryant, Halleck, Sprague, and Longfellow. It contains selections from the works of a large number of American poets, and brief notices of their lives.

The Two Admirals: A Tale. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1842.

In the opening chapter of this novel there is by far too much of the tedious and uninteresting dialogue, which too often mars Mr. Cooper's writings; but the subsequent portions fully compensate for the dulness of the commencement. They are graphic, spirited, and striking; full of incident and admirable description.

Zanoni: By E. L. Bulwer. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, 1842.

To our mind this is decidedly the ablest of Mr. Bulwer's novels. The story is the least important part of the book, but it is nevertheless wrought with a high degree of skill, and is full of interest. The reflections are original, profound, and just.

The Knickerbocker.—This excellent monthly, we are glad to perceive, still maintains its long established and well deserved popularity. It numbers among its correspondents some of the ablest writers of the country, several of whom do not contribute to any other periodical. The editor himself, Mr. Lewis Gaylord Clark, is one of the most accomplished critics and agreeable writers we have, and his notices of books, men and things, are exceedingly attractive.

The Arcturus.—This sensible and sprightly periodical still continues to win golden opinions. Its editorials are usually pungent, sagacious, and well-timed; and its contributed articles are of a very high order of merit. It is published by Geo. L. Curry & Co., New York.

The Young People's Book.—This admirable periodical has gained the highest applauses of the intelligent press. It is, indeed, the ablest work of its kind which has ever been attempted in this country.

Six Nights with the Washingtonians: A Series of Original Temperance Tales. By T. S. Arthur. No. 1. The Broken Merchant. Godey & M'Michael, Philadelphia. (See cover for Prospectus.)

To the readers of the Lady's Book it is scarcely necessary to say, that Mr. T. S. Arthur is a writer of peculiar and superior abilities. Acute in his perceptions, clear in his analysis of motives, accurate in his delineations—no man presents truer pictures of human life; while in everything he writes there may be found the evidence of an earnest desire to benefit and improve those whom he addresses. In the series of stories, the title of which stands at the head of this paragraph, he will do eminent service to the cause of morals and temperance. The lessons he will inculcate will be lessons of practical utility, and their good consequences will be extensively felt. As a sample of the opinions expressed by the leading journals in regard to "The Broken Merchant," we give a few extracts from the numerous notices which have been made by them.

"We have frequently observed among the tales of the day, those of Mr. Arthur as possessing a practical truthfulness, unexceeded by any American writer, and approached by few. Mr. Arthur has been, and is, a close observer, and in his pictures of domestic life, his groups include all the necessary characters, while the back ground and filling up take in all the accessories and incidentals, which, skilfully managed, give pen-picture its *vraisemblance*. Its tendency, motive, and practical moral, Mr. A.'s sketches are not only unexceptionable, but excellent and effective. The first 'Night with the Washingtonians' contains a story complete, 'The Broken Merchant,' and if the other five are equal to this, we shall have in this little serial publication six of the best stories in aid of Temperance ever written. As mere ministers to amusement, too, they will be very acceptable."—*Brother Jonathan.*

"If the succeeding numbers are kept up with the same spirit that characterises the one we have just perused, they may be instrumental in adding greatly to the cause of Temperance, and will doubtless secure a wide circulation with many attentive readers."—*Baltimore Patriot.*

"We have read the first one, entitled 'The Broken Merchant,' and the perusal of that alone would reform a drunken man."—*Washingtonian, Marietta, Pa.*

"*Six Nights with the Washingtonians.*—We need only call attention to the author of this series to insure for it a reading from all who can conveniently peruse it. As a writer he interests intensely. His tales are always drawn from facts, and his clear observation enables him to give to every object its appropriate colouring. His moral is always of a high order."—*Methodist Protestant.*

"*Temperance Tales.*—We are pleased to see that Messrs. Godey & M'Michael have commenced a publication calculated to be eminently useful, under the title of 'Six Nights with the Washingtonians.' The first number has been issued, giving the story of the 'Broken Merchant,' and an admirable commencement it is. It has rarely been our fortune to peruse a sketch of domestic life more true to nature or more touching in its delineations. The daughter of the 'Broken Merchant' is a beautiful picture; the patient fortitude and undying affection of woman were never more faithfully expressed. The friends of the temperance reform could not have a more valuable coadjutor than the publication undertaken by Messrs. Godey & M'Michael, nor among our many writers, one better calculated to promote their cause than Mr. Arthur."—*Pennsylvanian.*

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1. Muslin dress high in the neck: inserting is introduced into the waist in three rows, producing a very pretty effect. Small bishop sleeves. The cap at the top of the sleeve furnished with an inserting and worked edge. Coloured sash. Rice straw bonnet.

Fig. 2. Walking dress of material suitable to the season. The corsage is made high in the neck and finished with edging. Tight sleeve, with a seam. Skirt with two rows of worked trimming on each side—(see plate). Thin crape bonnet trimmed with lace.

Fig. 3. Plain muslin dress.

Fig. 4. Summer dress of white muslin. Corsage high in the neck, and open to the waist. Chemisette of needle work moderately high Skirt trimmed with folds of the same material as the dress, put on full. Our plate shows that it requires three to be fashionable.

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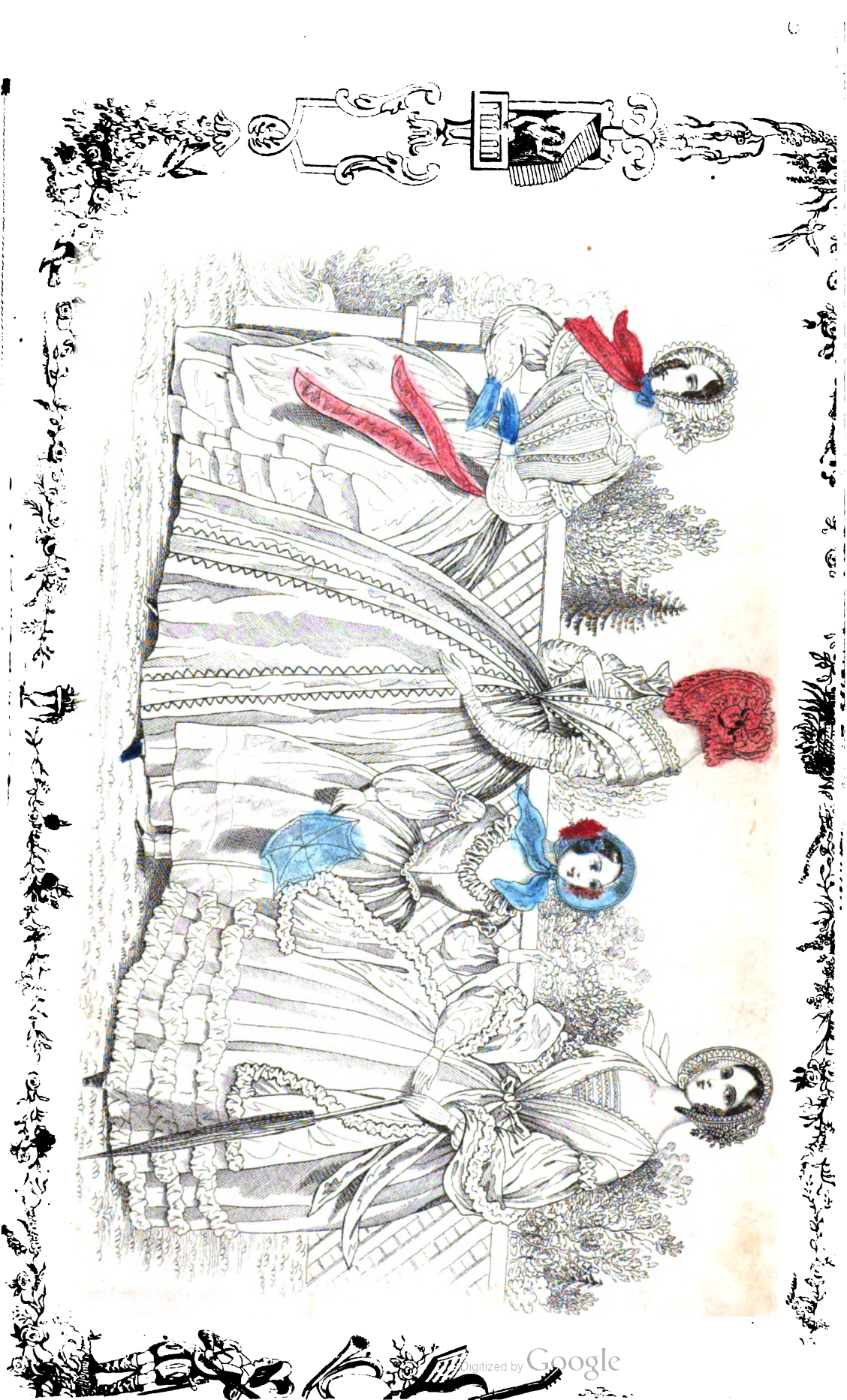

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK,

AND

LADIES' AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE, MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY,
MORTON M'MICHAEL AND LOUIS A. GODEY.

MISS C. M. SEDGWICK, MISS E. LESLIE, AND N. P. WILLIS,
REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS.

VOL. XXV.—FROM JULY TO DECEMBER,
1842.

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Fashions, Coloured—Four Figures.

MUSIC.

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THE MINIATURE.

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

JULY, 1842.

THE MINIATURE.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

(See Plate.)

Sweet theme of the poet,
  Earth's fairest and best,
Is the young heart first waken'd,—
  As the dove from its nest,
When it flutters, beholding
  The sky spread so wide,
Then flies to some covert,
  Its tremblings to hide.

Thus trembles the maiden,
  When, childhood gone by,
Her soul's voiceless language
  Seems read by each eye;
Thus screen'd in the wildwood,
  Securely alone,
Her heart's deep emotions
  In silence are shown.

The palm's queenly foliage
  In homage bends o'er her,
And the pure orange blossoms,
  Like stars, shine before her;
While bright flowers are springing,
  With kisses to meet,
And bless the warm pressure
  Of her soft, pearly feet.

In the temple of Nature,
  Thus shrin'd, doth she seem,
Like the spirit of Beauty,
  Resolving Love's dream.
Ah! its spell is upon thee,
  Fair child, while thy hand
Holds the gift of the lover,
  Thy heart he'll command.

His only possession
  To thee hath he given,
The likeness of one
  Long ascended to Heaven;
And there may it draw thee,
  To centre thy heart,
For there meet the faithful,
  Oh, never to part!

As diamonds from darkness
  Their lustre obtain,
So the soul from affliction
  A brightness may gain;
And thus, lovely maiden,
  When tried wilt thou rise,
From life's deep, dark sorrow,
  To the light of the skies.

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IS SHE RICH?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"CAROLINE is certainly a sweet girl!" a young man said to his friend in an admiring tone.

"That she is," responded the friend, "one of the sweetest girls I have met for a long time."

"Do you know anything about her?" inquired the first speaker.

"Not a great deal: still, I have been slightly acquainted with her for some time, and the more I see of her the more do I admire her. She is, Harry, the very one, I think, to suit you."

"So I have thought. She is modest and intelligent, graceful in manners, and beautiful in person. Just the woman of whom any man might be proud."

"Then, Harry, if you feel drawn towards her, why do you not think seriously of addressing her? She will make you, I am sure, a most excellent and truly affectionate wife."

"I am sure of that, and I have thought a good deal on the subject of late. But, there is one question that I wish to ask, and yet I have thus far hesitated."

"What is that, Harry?"

"I am almost ashamed to put it, for fear that you will misunderstand me, or judge me harshly."

"Don't fear that: speak out plainly."

"In a word, then—Is she rich?"

"Harry! Is it possible!"

"I see that you are surprised and disappointed. I can read in your face that you think me mercenary. But do not misjudge me. I am poor myself, and cannot, for a very long time, place a woman in the position in society that I wish her whom I love to occupy. From the thought of toil and obscurity for my wife I shrink. I cannot entertain it for a single moment. That is the reason why I make money with the woman I marry indispensable: not so much for my own as for her sake. Do you appreciate my motive?"

"I understand it, Harry, but cannot appreciate it. The principle, depend upon it, is a false one."

"I do not think so. Look around you, and observe the condition of nine out of ten of the wives of our acquaintances moving in the same circle that we do. Look, for instance, at the wife of Morrison. My heart always aches for her when I visit them. Tied down to domestic duties, and half of the time with a babe in her arms, what more can her life be than a scene of tiresome drudgery? It makes me sick to think of the change that has passed upon the gay, joyful, light-hearted Emily Miller."

"And yet she seems contented—nay, more, happy."

"To me she does not. There is something sad and dreary in the expression of her eye that always touches my feelings."

"You see through a perverting medium, Harry. If Mrs. Morrison were to hear you talking thus she would be most profoundly astonished."

"You think so?"

"Certainly I do. She loves her husband and her children, and, I am sure, is far happier, and much more contented in her condition than you are in yours."

"Well, I can tell you one thing; I don't want a woman who can be contented under such circumstances."

"You will have cause to change your mind before you die, or I am very much mistaken. In this country wealth is held by a very uncertain tenure, and it behoves those who possess it to-day, to be prepared to come down from their elevation to-morrow. In seeking a wife, then, our aim should be, to find one who could be happy in either condition."

Henry Richmond, the young man who had professed himself to be governed by money in his ideas of marriage, shook his head, as he replied,

"I cannot see it as you do. And, for my part, I am not afraid of becoming poor if I once get my hands on a good fortune. Give me the money, and I'll take care of it. But you have not answered my question—Is Caroline Wentworth rich?"

"She is rich in a true heart, and in virtuous principles. No farther."

"I am sorry for it!" Richmond replied, while his countenance fell. "I feel more drawn towards her than to any woman I have ever seen."

"Then why not take her as she is, a highminded, affectionate, virtuous woman, worth more than mountains of silver and gold."

"I have told you my reasons, Charles Hammond," the young man replied; "and much as it may pain me, I cannot act in opposition to the plain dictates of common sense."

"Your reasonings, rest assured, Harry, are altogether fallacious. Money cannot add to the real happiness of the married life."

"You certainly cannot be in earnest! Have you forgotten the adage, that when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window?"

"I do not found my philosophy of life upon current adages, eight out of ten of which are false in their applications. I try to look upon the world with my own, not with the eyes of others."

"But, if ever there was a true adage, that I am persuaded is true. How can love exist where there is, on the part of the wife, a necessity for wearying toil, accompanied with many privations?"

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"Your views are entirely too vague, Harry. You deal too much in generals. Let us come down to a matter of fact consideration of the subject."

"Very well. The more so the better."

"In the first place, then, you are a clerk in an old, substantial house, and your salary is —"

"Twelve hundred dollars."

"Very well. And you consider your situation permanent?"

"O yes; as long as I choose to retain it. And what is more, I look for an advance of salary soon; at least within the next year. And beyond that, as I have a thorough knowledge of the business, I look for an interest in the concern, or a connection with some man of capital in an independent business."

"All very fair, and all within the bounds of a reasonable expectation. Now, with a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year, and all this in prospect, why are you so anxious for a rich wife?"

"Because I wish my wife to live in a much better style than twelve hundred dollars will afford. I have no wish to make the woman I marry a mere slave to household affairs, as she would have to be, under the best arrangements that could be made with such a salary."

"But a woman of Caroline Wentworth's good sense and good principles, would take delight in caring about household affairs, when married to the man she truly loved; far more, I am sure, than in sitting in mere idleness. It is a mistake, into which others as well as yourself have fallen, to suppose that there is no pleasure for a woman in domestic duties; even when accompanied, as they sometimes are, with wearying toil. For my part, I am persuaded, that no wife ever finds permanent and true happiness beyond the circle of her own household, or out of the duties incident to her domestic relations."

"Well, I can tell you one thing," Richmond replied; "I never intend that my wife shall drudge about the house from morning till night. I don't want a woman who hasn't a taste above such a condition!"

"Such being your views then, it would be useless for me to urge reasons why you should pursue a different course of action to that which you have set for yourself. That you are labouring under an error, fatal to your own and the happiness of any woman whom you may marry, I have not the slightest doubt. I only hope that you may see cause to change your views, before you resolve to unite yourself with another in marriage bonds."

"You are far too serious about this matter," the young man replied, half-laughing. "Only give me enough money, and I'll make any woman happy to whom I am married."

"Depend upon it Harry," his friend said in a serious tone, "your views in relation to marriage are fatally erroneous. If, in marrying, the idea of money and the luxuries which money will buy, be first in your mind, these will modify in a degree, thoughout life, your appreciation of the woman to whom you unite yourself. If, by any unlooked-for reverses, these should fail, your appreciation of your wife will fail in a like degree. The result is too painful to dwell upon! Seriously, Harry, were I a woman, I would rather die than marry you with your present views!"

"Nonsense! You were always ultra and queer in your notions. I am no believer in this love of a woman for her own sake alone. The accompaniment of that which money will procure, is indispensable. In fact it makes three-fourths of the real pleasures of society."

"I see that it is altogether useless to argue the point with you, Harry, and so I will give it up."

"It certainly is no use, if you expect to bring me around to your side. I cannot acknowledge the truth of positions, to my mind so perfectly transcendental."

The friends then parted, the one still firm in his views of marriage, the other pained exceedingly at hearing such principles not only openly avowed, but pertinaciously adhered to.

It happened after this, that Henry Richmond was thrown frequently into the company of Caroline Wentworth, and the more he saw of her, the more did he feel drawn towards her.

"If she were only rich!" he would sometimes exclaim mentally, as he gazed upon, or thought of her, "what a prize she would be!"

"Take her then! Why make mere gold a consideration?" a voice within would sometimes whisper.

"No—no—no"—would be the internal reply. "Let some one who is rich enough to afford it, marry her. I cannot."

Among others of Richmond's acquaintance was the daughter of a wealthy merchant; a pampered and spoiled child of fortune, possessing few graces of either mind or body. Towards her his thoughts would often turn, and then return with a feeling of dislike.

"What do you think of Eveline Toby?" he asked one day of his friend, with whom he had held the conversation recorded.

"I think that there is not much that I should call very interesting about her," was the reply.

"But her father is worth, they say, at least a hundred thousand dollars, and she is his only daughter."

"Well?"

"There is something interesting in that."

"Not to me, if the daughter is to be the penalty for handling a few of the old gentleman's dollars."

"That would be something of a drawback. But the temptation is strong."

"I should hope not, Harry."

"Well it is, I can tell you. But the worst is, a poor clerk, though he may be permitted to say a word or two to a rich merchant's daughter, must not dare to think of marrying her."

"It's as well, perhaps. For there are but few poor young clerks who would know how to use

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money judiciously, if so suddenly acquired. Far better for them to struggle up the mountain of prosperity, step by step, and with sometimes painful labour, than to be carried suddenly, with no effort of their own, to the top."

"You may think so," was the reply, "but I do not. You seem terribly afraid of the influence of money!"

"So I am, whenever what is purer and higher is in danger of being made subservient. Money should be a servant, but not a master. It is a good, but should never be looked upon as the greatest good."

"And so you do not think much of Eveline Toby," Richmond said, in a light tone, thus changing the subject.

"She is no doubt good enough in her place, but as the wife of either you or myself, I think she would be exceedingly out of place. For me, because I could not love her with her money, and for you, because you could not love her without it. But it always pains me to talk with you on this subject, and so if you please, we will waive it."

"As you choose," the young man said, and so the subject was changed.

From this time Henry Richmond became a pretty constant visitor at the house of Mr. Toby. But he was looking rather too high, and became sensible of the fact, by a not very gentle hint from the purse-proud merchant.

Not being willing to run the risk of winning the daughter's affections and then proposing to elope with her, he gave up the pursuit and turned his attentions elsewhere.

His next demonstration was on a young lady who was reputed to be worth some twenty thousand dollars or so. But after he had evidently won upon her affections, and just as he was about offering himself, Mr. Toby died, leaving, as it was generally reported, quite a large fortune to Caroline.

Henry Richmond at once abated his attentions towards the young lady he had so seriously thought of marrying, and after a suitable time had elapsed for Caroline to recover, in some degree, from the shock occasioned by her father's death, resumed his visits to her. These visits were not without the desired effect. In time a proposition for marriage was made, and not long after, their union was consummated. At the time this occurred, Richmond had just commenced business with a partner who advanced the required capital.

The fortune brought him by his wife was the clear sum of fifty thousand dollars, in funds at once available. The young couple commenced the world with quite a dash—entering at once upon a splendid and costly establishment. Against this imprudent course, the partner of Richmond remonstrated, but his remonstrance was met in a way that pleased him so little, that he proposed at once to dissolve the connection if the other were willing. This was promptly agreed to, and then, with the capital obtained by his wife, the young man commenced business alone, and upon a scale somewhat similar to that on which he had commenced housekeeping.

This occurred in the spring of 1837—a bad time for the commencement of that kind of business. The result was, that, by the next spring, his affairs, from heavy losses occurring on his first free sales, were a good deal entangled.

And now came the first painful reflections consequent upon his marriage. It was but too evident to his mind, that, with his utmost care, industry, and attention to business, it would be almost impossible to sustain himself. And what then? In the event of ruin, how could he meet the wife whose fortune he had lost? How could he bear to see her reduced to a state so far below the one in which she had moved, as she would have to fall to, necessarily? The thought almost maddened him; especially as he felt assured, that she would have no sympathy for him—that she would, on the contrary, bitterly reproach him, if not in words, still by her looks and manner, for what he had done. From the hour such thoughts passed through his mind, he was a miserable man.

In the summer of 1838, it became so difficult for him to meet his payments, that he began to think seriously of the necessity of selling the beautiful house in which he lived, a part of his wife's legacy; and of endeavouring very materially to reduce expenses. He had long felt the necessity of doing this, but had hitherto shrunk from the duty, because he dreaded to let his wife know the perilous condition of affairs.

One evening about this time, after having passed through a day of peculiar trials, while he was sitting with his wife in their richly furnished parlour, he said—

"Eveline, I am afraid that we shall have to part with this house."

"I don't understand you, Henry," she replied, with a look of astonishment. "Why should we part with this house, pray?"

"I want money in my business very much, Eveline. Indeed, I do not see how I can possibly get along without some five or six thousand dollars, and that immediately. I have tried many ways to get it, but all have failed. The last resort, and one that I have thought of with painful reluctance, will be the sale of this property."

In look and tone, it was evident that Mr. Richmond felt keenly the necessity that urged him to make the proposition. But his wife did not seem to see this, so great was her surprise, even indignation, at the proposition.

"And sure you've had forty thousand dollars of my money in your business already," Eveline replied; "and I can't see what you want with any more!"

If a pistol had been fired off close to his ear, Henry Richmond could not have started with a stronger expression of surprise in his countenance than he did at this cutting remark. For a few moments he knew not what to think or say. He had already seen enough of his wife's disposition, to

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destroy in his mind all the little affection he had once entertained for her. But now, the indifference that he had felt changed into anger, contempt and dislike. For nearly half an hour he had paced the floor backwards and forwards, his mind filled with bitter reflections. How deeply, how painfully did he regret his folly, now too late to be remedied. He had married a rich wife; but her money had proved a curse to him, leading him on beyond his depth, where he was now floundering about, with scarcely a straw to support him. He had shrunk from and dreaded the idea of his wife's ever being obliged to come down to the details of domestic life; but now domestic duties, in their most uninteresting forms, he sadly feared, were in store for her; and worse than all, she had no knowledge of such duties, and so far from entering into them cheerfully, would do so with reluctance and complaining, and perhaps, with what was worse, reproaches. At last, the necessity of making her understand truly his position forced itself upon him, and he said, though with a good deal of reluctance,

"Eveline, it is but due to you, that I should explain my situation. In doing business, a merchant does not confine himself to his cash capital. On fifty thousand dollars real capital, many men do business to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars. On forty thousand, I have been doing business to the amount of over one hundred thousand dollars. Now, it often happens, under these circumstances, that payments are to be made before sufficient returns can be had upon sales to meet them. Discounts in bank, usually, have heretofore made up these deficiencies. But now the banks are doing scarcely anything, and every one is hard run. Having been disappointed in the receipt of some heavy bills due from the west, I am at this time exceedingly straitened, and am really in danger of having my business broken up. It is for this reason, and only when pressed to extremity, that I have made the proposition for selling our house. The money would be of great use to me, and would, in all probability, be the means of saving me from failure. And now, while I am on the subject, I might as well say, what I have long thought, that it will be necessary for us to reduce considerably our expenses; they are very heavy, and we could, no doubt, get along, and very genteelly too, on half what it now costs us to live."

To this Mr. Richmond was answered by a gush of tears, which was followed for some time by violent weeping.

"Do not feel so distressed about it, Eveline," her husband said tenderly, "all will be well again."

But she seemed not to hear him, and still continued weeping.

"Eveline! surely with your husband you would be willing to share any condition in life! then why be distressed at the thought of so slight a change?"

But the appeal had no power over her heart: the truth was, she was too selfish to love her husband truly and tenderly, and there was little or nothing about her calculated to call out his affections: they were not one flesh, but twain.

In gloomy and oppressive silence the remainder of the evening passed. On the next day he came very near being protested. The consequence was that he became doubly urgent for the sale of the house. His wife finally, though with reluctance, consented, and the house was sold: but the amount received for it was instantly swallowed up among his payments, and the good it accomplished scarcely perceived. Two months after, just as they were preparing to move into a smaller house and materially reduce their expenditures, the crisis in Mr. Richmond's affairs came, and he was compelled to make an assignment for the benefit of his creditors.

Six months previous to this time his friend Charles Hammond had entered into business with Richmond's former partner, and, on the evening of the very day which saw the utter wreck of his fortunes, Hammond married the modest, intelligent, and beautiful, *though poor*, Caroline Wentworth, and commenced housekeeping in a quiet, economical, but very comfortable and genteel way.

From a merchant, supposed to be rich, and living in a style of elegance and luxury, Richmond was suddenly reduced to a condition of dependence. He had made so many bad debts, that the whole of his capital was absorbed; and when his creditors were all paid, there was nothing left for himself and family. To procure for them the simplest necessaries of life, he was compelled to ask a situation as clerk, and finally obtained a place in the store of his friend Charles Hammond and his old partner, at a salary of one thousand dollars a year.

With this sum, and such a woman as Caroline Wentworth for a wife, he could have not only lived comfortably, but happily. But, alas! in his present condition, there were no elements of contentment. Thrown thus suddenly down from a position in society that she had held under a feeling of pride mingled with contempt for all below, his wife became fretful and peevish, reproaching him almost daily for having squandered the wealth she had brought him. He, in turn, became soured, and retaliated by neglect, and sometimes unkind treatment.

And thus, modified in some degree, they still live—he yet unable to rise higher than a clerk, and she full of murmuring and discontent at her lot. Were it not that two children bind them together, they would, doubtless, long since have separated by the power of a mutual repulsion.

How differently pass the days with Charles Hammond, and Caroline his gentle wife! Both are contented with their lot, and each finds that years but add strength to the affection that first bound them together as one. With them, external circumstances had no influence, and therefore, no change in external circumstances can affect their regard. It was by a mutual fitness for each other that they were attracted, and that fitness remaining, change cannot pass upon their hearts.

In this sketch, imperfect though it be, is involv-

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ed matters of serious import to young men just entering upon the world. The one most important act, at this period of life, is marriage. And it depends, altogether, upon the end in view in choosing a wife, whether the marriage will be a happy one or not. If money is regarded as the chief end, then marriage cannot bring happiness. If beauty is regarded first, or rank, or intelligence, the same result will follow. *Moral fitness* must be considered first in the catalogue of excellences, and then whatever of the rest follow, will add to, instead of diminishing the happiness of the married life.—Money is held by a very uncertain tenure; mere beauty of face survives not the spring-time of life; and wit and intellectual light grow dim, as years accumulate, unless there be burning within a pure flame of moral excellence to shine through them.

TO A SEAGULL.

BY J. M'LELLAN, JR.

On thy swift and snow-white wing,
Sea bird! whither dost thou tend?
Wheeling now in airy ring,
Loftier than the sailing cloud.
Poising now thy balanced plumes
Motionless in upper air;
Swooping now thy seaward flight,
O'er the fretting yeast of waves,
Till the bursting billow's crest
Thy sharp-pointed pinion laves,
Battling on thy downy breast;
Now thou foldest up those wings,
Floating on the restless main,
Rising on the swelling billow,
Sinking in its gulf again.
Watching ever with keen eye,
Where the shining fishes glide,
Then with talons and with beak,
Bearing them from ocean's tide.

Sea-bird! wildly-calling sea-bird,
Whither on thy daring wing?
Hast thou the deep thunder heard,
Hast thou the red lightning seen?
See—the shadows of the cloud
Deepen o'er the evening sky:
See—the foam that crowns the surge
In a showery spray flies by!
Soon the darkness of the night
With the howling storm will come;
Hasten then thy devious flight,
To thy nest beyond the foam.
Roars the deep, and raves the gale,
Yet all heedless thou dost stay,
Spreading out thy feathery sail,
And pursuing still thy prey.
O'er the elemental strife,
Soundeth thy discordant scream,
Like the battle's piercing fife,
Swelling o'er the clang of arms.

Haply o'er the raging brine,
Painted 'gainst the lurid sky,
On the grey horizon's verge,
Some lone bark dost thou descry.
Thou dost catch her shattered mast,
Thou dost see her fluttering sail,
Thou dost mark her banner cast
To the madly-driving gale;
On her sloping, crowded deck,
On her strain'd masts thou dost see
Her wild seamen—though to me
That far vessel is a speck.
Thou dost see some aged sire
Wring his clasp'd hands in despair;
Some sweet maiden pale with fear,
Kneeling low in fervent prayer;
Some fair child with locks of gold,
Drenched by the relentless wave.
—And who walk that fatal deck,
Soon are destined for the grave!

She advances! o'er her stern,
Thou dost poise thy pinions now,
Hovering o'er each bending mast
Stooping to the plunging prow!
Soon her grating keel will crash
O'er the billow-hidden rock;
Soon a frightful feast be spread
For thy wild and hungry flock;
Soon thy whetted beaks be red
With the corse on ocean tost;
Soon thy talons be entwined
In those bright locks of the lost!
Lo! the fearful scene is o'er,
Lo! the sea hath gained its prey.
O'er the tempest's hollow roar,
O'er the dashing of the spray,
Comes the loud convulsive cry
Of the drowning mariner;
Shrill, more shrill it echoes by,
Then sinks, and sinks, and all is o'er.

Wanderer of the pathless sea,
Keen of eye and strong of wing,
O'er how many shores, tell me,
Have those iron pinions pass'd?
In some calm and bright lagoon,
Of the verdant Florida;
Circled by its coral reef,
Thou hast haply urged thy way!
Or by palmy woods that fringe
Cuba's ever-flowery shore,
Lending still a greener tinge
To the waves that round her roar.
Or by Greenland's stormy coast,
Far amid the polar seas
Thou hast round the ice-bergs tost
Screaming in the northern breeze.

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THE RAIN KING;

OR,

A GLANCE AT THE NEXT CENTURY.

BY MISS LESLIE.

The year 1942 was in progress. So many new stars had been added to the flag of the great republic, that Texas, Mexico, and California, Canada, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland were classed among the old, or perhaps among the middle-aged states. And "the cold and the pitiless Labrador," having now the requisite amount of population, had just applied to be taken into the union. Everything required for comfort or for luxury, for use or for ornament, was now cultivated or manufactured at home. Ladies despised French silks, and gentlemen detested English cloths. "West India goods" were effaced from the sign-boards of the Yankee grocers. We were our own West Indies.

The gold and silver mines of the south were energetically worked, and they yielded abundantly. The Carolina planters were no longer obliged to pack up bag and baggage, and run away with their wives and children from the malaria of their own rice-fields. Those unwholesome swamps had long since been drained, and converted into fragrant groves of that all-important shrub whose foliage supplies "the cups that cheer but not inebriate." Old Virginia was at last tired (and very laudably so) of raising what one of our most eminent medical professors annually denounced, in lecturing to his class, as "that infernal weed, gentlemen."

The Florida war was *really* over; the great-grandsons of Tiger-tail, Wild Cat and Short-grass having all come in, and stayed in when they came. Amy Dardin's horse had been paid for; and the Girard College had been finished, and was almost ready to receive the descendants of the orphans whose admission had been contemplated by the Great Disregarded.

In Philadelphia parlance "the far west" was no longer expressive of the region merely beyond Broad street: but it extended two or three miles over Schuylkill, and was made accessible by a dozen beautiful wire bridges. It was a handsome likeness of that portion of the British metropolis denominated the Borough: but being inhabited by persons whose business was to supply the daily and indispensable wants of the community, it, of course, was not considered genteel by the ladies of Philadelphia. Here, however, were located the Rain works, a new establishment: with vast and powerful machinery, so constructed as to produce dense clouds of vapour ready to descend either in showers or in settled rains, as might be expedient.

At this period, intellect, no longer satisfied with the measured step of a march, was now striding over America: and exemplifying its power in numerous inventions and improvements, such as the preceding age would have deemed it impossible to effect, and insane to imagine. The theory of a certain ingenious and highly scientific philosopher, who flourished towards the middle of the nineteenth century, had now been brought to practical perfection; it having been fully proved by successful experiment that, with the agency of steam power, wet weather might be furnished *ad libitum*—these artificial clouds having all the properties of real ones, except that they could not promise to rain frogs: as even the most minute tadpoles were not light enough to be drawn up and let down by them.

The gentleman who had practically completed this discovery, was a descendant of the *brother* of the great man who first took up the subject—just as Signora Vespucci was descended from the brother of the great Amerigo. He was more fortunate than his learned and scientific predecessor, in living at a time when bank bubbles were exploded, and there was money in the land; therefore he was in no want of the most substantial sort of encouragement. Unlike his great-great-uncle, he rejected not the appellation of the Rain King—the title of king being in the twentieth century bestowed only on persons who had done something to benefit the people. The old sort of kings had become obsolete throughout the civilized world; and princes and lords had had their day. Even in England, the descendants of Queen Victoria's children were now merged into the people, and obliged to get an honest living for themselves.

The rain office was, for the present, located in the lower story of the Universal Institute: a vast marble edifice, whose architecture was of that excursive order distinguished as the pure American. For the advantage of a central situation, this building had been erected near that part of Broad street once occupied by a four-quarter grass lot denominated Penn Square, but now covered with ranges of stores filled with the most fashionable materials for female dress. Here were exposed to sale the foulards, grodenaps, and repses of New Jersey, that whole state having been laid into mulberry bushes; and care being now taken to provide silk-worms enough to eat the leaves, and cocooneries enough to contain the silk-worms. The example of Jersey had been followed by some other portions of the union, where the land was sandy and piney: and

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through which it was formerly the custom to convey stage passengers always at night—the widely-scattered inhabitants being ashamed that strangers should see their country in daylight. So great was the change, that dyed cottons had been discarded throughout North Carolina, whose provincial citizens were seen no more in their jay-bird costume of sky-blue coats and aronetta pantaloons. In fact, nearly the whole American community was now "walking in silk attire."

The fashionable stores above mentioned exhibited the light and elegant crêpe lisses, aerophanes, tulles, blonds, and illusion-gauzes now manufactured on the banks of the Connecticut; the mousselines de laine and balzerines of Rhode Island (Newport had revived and become nearly equal to Providence); the organdies, painted lawns and fine laces of Massachusetts; not to mention the embroideries and artificial flowers of Lowell, where the many thousand young ladies of that wonderful city (having now souls above calico) had long since devoted their talents to the manufacture of articles of taste and elegance.

Chestnut street had for the last fifty years been given up to the confectioners, whose rival palaces standing side by side, evinced that theirs still continued the best business in Philadelphia—a city that, as we learn from an old pamphlet of that period, was even in the days of William Penn "renowned for the excellence of its pies and cakes."

On the day that the office was opened for the first time, the rain king resolved to take his seat there: anxious to know what effect this great invention would produce on the people. The terms and regulations had been published in the newspapers for a month past. All rains were to be bespoken the day before they were required. All applicants were to explain, upon honour, their reasons for wanting rain. All persons to whom it would cause particular inconvenience, were allowed to appear at the office and remonstrate. The time and quantity of the rain was to be regulated according to the wish of the majority of the applicants. Couriers were in attendance to convey orders from the rain office to the rain works over Schuylkill, these couriers being mounted on velocipedes that, when the impetus was once given, skimmed along without touching the ground: always keeping just three inches above it.

The rain king was this day arrayed in a dark blue frock coat of Mount Holly velvet, with pantaloons of Tuckerton satin, and a vest of Cincinnati cashmere—the shawl-goat having been introduced with great success into the state of Ohio. His shirt-frill was of the finest Pawtucket lace, and his cravat was ornamented with the richest Merrimack embroidery. Now that everything was made on our own side of the Atlantic, and our money no longer sent out of the country for the benefit of foreign manufacturers, nearly all our people could afford to dress well, (even persons of genius,) and it was considered right and proper to do so, by way of giving employment to our own artisans. Coarse articles were only used for clothing the paupers that were still sent in shoals from Europe.

The rain king was a man of middle age and of middle size. It is unnecessary to praise his looks, for most people were now handsome: thanks to the important improvements in all the arts connected with the preservation of beauty and the modifying of ugliness. There were now dentifrices that preserved the teeth instead of injuring them; and when the operation chanced to be absolutely necessary, tooth-drawing was performed in a manner that made it quite a luxury. There were unguents of such veritable efficacy that bald heads and gray hair became matters of tradition, and the art of making wigs and false curls was entirely lost. There were lotions that *really* smoothed the skin, and emollients that filled up furrows and levelled wrinkles. The surgeons could not only straighten eyes, but they could change light gray orbs into lively black or amiable blue: and could rub dull ones bright, as easily as we can clean our silver. They could pare away a little from noses that were too large, let down the end of one that was too much *retroussé:* and by the help of pincers draw forward a flat nose, and extend one that was too short, with little or no pain. They could partially sew up an extra large mouth, reducing it to reasonable dimensions without leaving the slightest mark at the corners. They could shave off as much of a long chin as was required; and they could cement a piece on to a short one, so nicely that the join would never be perceived.

The rain office opened for the first time at nine o'clock in the morning. Fifty years before, it would have opened at nine in the evening: the English custom of turning night into day having then for awhile been adopted in Philadelphia. But at the present period, it was again the fashion to keep rational hours, and to work by daylight—and Philadelphians always do what is fashionable.

The city clocks were all striking nine in chorus, when the numerous people assembled outside of the rain office began to go in: only one at a time being admitted. The vehicles that brought them were drawn up four a-breast: setting down in Broad street, and taking up in Market street. Carriages impelled by clock-work which could be wound up or stopped at pleasure, were just getting into vogue, and, as yet, were considered very *recherché*. Horses were beginning to be ungenteel, and were chiefly confined to cabs. Omnibii had long since been exploded: and would have faded into mere traditions, only that the ruins of two were still extant; the dismantled body of one being joggled every day by the boys in a deserted stable-yard at Kensington: and the other lying on its side near the Navy Yard, overgrown with the dusky leaves and white flowers of the Jamestown weed.

The applicants for rain were admitted one at a time, entering at the Broad street door, and exiting at that on Market street: from the purlieus of which last, the *élite* took particular care to emerge as soon

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as possible by turning the first corner they came to. The rain king was seated in the very prince of rocking-chairs: one whose back slid up and down and whose arms expanded or contracted at the pleasure of the sitter, so that it could be made to fit everybody. On each side of him sat a clerk, two trustworthy young men, but dressed merely in Hackensack chaly, with shirt frills of Slabtown blond; their salaries not allowing them to indulge in the rich velvet of Central Jersey and the fine thread lace of Southern Massachusetts.

Place aux dames was still the order of the day, that being a fashion which it is thought the men of America will never relinquish. Therefore the females, as usual, were allowed precedence on this new and important occasion.

The first person that applied at the bureau of the rain office was a very pretty girl of sixteen, Miss Louisa Vigil, who having sat up all last night to finish the new novel of "the Doomed of Dedham" and expecting to do the same to-night with "the Blind Hunchback of Nehashaminy," and having calculated on devouring "the Poisoned Rose of Seekonk" to-morrow (the day announced for its publication) she wished for a hard steady rain that might prevent old Miss Nancy Nethercoat from coming to spend her weekly day. She farther explained that it was impossible to read if Miss Nancy was in the house; the good lady always bringing with her a great bag of Dorcas-work, and expecting all the females of the family to assist her in expediting it. Therefore Miss Louisa bespoke a most inveterate rain, and offered to pay for it liberally out of her own pocket-money.

The young lady had scarcely departed at one door, when Miss Nancy Nethercoat herself came in at the other: and cheapened a fine day for to-morrow, that she might be able to perform her intended visit, and obtain the assistance of dear Mrs. Vigil and her sweet daughters in making up red flannel for emigrant children.

Mrs. Posey, a young married lady, was desirous of engaging a violent and unremitting rain for a week, accompanied with a penetrating east wind, that her dear William who had a slight cold, might be prevented from going to his store, and compelled to stay at home with her.

Mrs. Maintain Thorn, who had for twenty years supported a worthless husband that passed most of his days and nights at taverns, requested a week of fine weather to enable herself and daughters to execute a plan they had formed in absolute desperation. This plan was to give their tormentor the slip, and gradually remove to Germantown: carefully leaving no trace behind, and trusting that it would be a long time, if ever, before he could discover their new abode. One of the rain clerks afterwards heard that these much to be pitied women adroitly effected their purpose, and all got safely and secretly to their Germantown house. But while they were congratulating each other on the success of their enterprise, the old fellow came riding out on the top of the last load of furniture.

A body of small school girls had made up a subscription purse for a heavy rain to last all next day; so as to prevent them from being sent to school and to give them a holiday. To make assurance doubly sure, they wished to know if some sleet could not be thrown into the bargain, just at school time, so as to make it *impossible* for them to walk.

A body of large school girls were earnestly desirous of subscribing for delightful weather all the next day; as their instructors were to give them a gipseying party on the beautiful banks of the Wissahicon.

Two domestic companions (as servant girls were now called) had clubbed together to pay for a settled hard rain to pour down from morning till night on the next Monday and Tuesday, that the weekly wash might be delayed, and time afforded them to prepare dresses for a ball which they were to attend in cabs on Tuesday evening.

Three hundred washerwomen sent a deputation to know what would be the charge for ensuring fine weather for ever.

The whole body of cabmen wished to subscribe by the year for perpetual rain.

Mr. Huddleston Henning was willing to pay handsomely for six days rain, that it might prevent his wife from undertaking her quarterly house-cleaning: at which time she and her maids always rode a raid into his library, committing intolerable and unendurable depredations among his books and papers. He did not care how much she scrubbed and whitewashed after *this* week, as he was going on the following Monday to Harrisburgh to apply for a divorce.

The business of umbrella-making and parasol-making being now carried on separately (in consequence of the nice division of labour that characterised the twentieth century) a deputation was sent from the umbrella-makers offering handsome terms for settled rains three days in the week, and sudden showers the other three.

A deputation was sent from the parasol-makers, requesting that the rain king would pay no sort of attention to the umbrella-makers, and privately offering a still handsomer gratuity for continual sunshine. This underhand proposal was considered highly selfish and dishonourable, and their petition was laid on the table.

The storekeepers of Burlington were desirous of bargaining for at least four decidedly rainy days in every week, that the Burlingtonian women might be compelled to purchase of *them* their cotton-spools and tapes, rows of pins and papers of needles, instead of going down to Philadelphia every morning in quest of those articles: and thereby greatly assisting to impoverish a very ancient and highly respectable town, which as yet had not adopted any particular means of enriching itself.

Several market gardeners were urgent for dry weather to bring forward their melons. Several others desired rain for their cabbages.

A farmer offered to pay well for a week's fine weather till he had got in his hay-harvest.

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An iron-master offered to pay immensely for a tremendous rain to extinguish a fire that was raging in his pine-forests.

We have given but a slight synopsis of the applications that were made at the rain office on the first day of its opening. People continued pouring in and pouring out till three o'clock; after which hour no more were to be received. On consulting the register it was found that the bespeaks for rain were exactly balanced by petitions against it. In fact there was a tie, and the rain king was puzzled how to act. The clerks, who were very anxious that the pluvial experiment should be tested on a large scale, and extremely curious to see a whole rainy day produced by machinery, hinted the pardonability of straining a point, and having the rain at all hazards. But (unlike *some* directors of public institutions) the rain king was an honourable man, and vehemently opposed to the smallest dereliction from strict integrity. One of the clerks then proposed tossing up a dollar, and trusting to chance. As in these happy days every gentleman *had* a dollar, there was no difficulty in obtaining one for the purpose, as would have been the case a century before. On the contrary, not only the rain king, but each of his clerks, pulled out a handful of them. It was decided that heads should signify rain, and tails fine weather.

Just as the rain king was proceeding to throw up his dollar, one more carriage was heard to stop: and immediately afterwards there was a tap at the door. It was opened, and Mrs. Highflyer, a lady of very great fashion, made her appearance, expensively and modishly drest. She swept directly up to the rain king, and said to him—"I hope I am not too late—I could not think of coming at the same time with the populace, and I knew *I* could be admitted at any hour I pleased. I wish to explain that I am going to-morrow evening to have a select and splendid party, comprising the very cream of the *élite* of Philadelphia; in short the aristocracy of the aristocracy. To my utter horror I have just received a letter from some of those country cousins whom it is everybody's misfortune to have, informing me that if the weather permits, they purpose to start early to-morrow morning (travelling slowly in their own vehicle, as one of the girls is delicate) and that they will arrive at my house in the evening for a week's visit. There are three sisters and a brother. I took all my children and spent last summer at their farm, for the benefit of fresh fruit, and rich milk, and new-laid eggs; but they need not have been such fools as to think of taking me at my word, when I told them, at parting, I should like to see them in Philadelphia. As for producing them to my super select friends to-morrow evening, it is quite out of the question. I shudder at the thoughts of their countryfied heads, and their six-months-old finery. And as for keeping them back, that is equally impossible; as the more they know there is a party in the house, the more they will want to be at it. Therefore as their coming depends upon the weather, I have resolved on bespeaking the greatest rain (particulary for to-morrow) that machinery can produce. Let it be the most driving, the most violent, the most unceasing, the most determined, and the most extensive that can possibly be made; let it pour in torrents for at least thirty miles west of the city. Provided it is first rate, and really stops their coming, I will pay the highest price for it. For if I see one of these Appleshaw faces in my rooms to-morrow evening, I shall run away to Oregon to hide my mortification."

The lady now stopped to take breath; and the rain king, though he did not in his heart approve her motives, was also in his heart glad that her application, at the eleventh hour, had produced a majority of one; and that therefore he could conscientiously order a capital rain for to-morrow, to be continued at discretion during the week.

Next day the machinery was put into extensive operation. At daylight a heavy steam-cloud overspread Philadelphia and the country beyond it, to a great distance; and descended in a long hard rain that lasted all day without intermission, at a vast expense to that ever-regardless-of-expenditure city. Branch clouds had been deputed at the same time to do their duty in New Jersey and Delaware.

The results were not quite so satisfactory to the applicants at the rain office, as they had anticipated. By reading all night at the Doomed of Dedham, and the Blind Hunchback of Nehashaminy Miss Louisa Vigil's eyes had become so inflamed that the great rainy day was wasted; for (though it *did* keep away Miss Nancy Nethercoat and her Dorcas bag) the young lady was entirely unable to get through even one leaf of "the Poisoned Rose of Seekonk."

Mrs. Posey's husband *did* stay home with her during the long rain, and in consequence became tired of his wife.

The little school-girls obtained a holiday; but romped and squabbled and made so much noise, that they were slapped, and shut up by their mothers, and sent crying to bed.

The umbrella-makers had such a run of custom and such a demand for their umbrellas, that their journeymen and journey-women struck for higher wages, and would not be pacified till their requisition was granted.

The maids that dreaded the wash were, it is true, enabled to work at their ball-dresses: but they spoiled them from not knowing how.

The cabmen were gratified by the profits of the long rain; only most of them caught cold, and coughed themselves off their seats.

Mrs. Huddleston Henning *was* prevented by the rain from cleaning her house that week, during which the state legislature suddenly broke up. So Mr. Huddleston Henning could not go to Harrisburgh for his divorce, and had to endure the whole house-cleaning all the *next* week. He locked his library door: but the room being on the ground-floor, his wife and her maids mounted the step-ladder and got in at the window.

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Painted by Bellange

Engd by Wm McCluskey

THE OLD SOLDIER & HIS FAMILY.

Engraved for Ladies Pocket Book

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There were only two additional cotton-spools, three yards of tape, four rows of pins, and a half-

was accused of unfair preferences; and there were hints of bribery and corruption.

And its flowers are strewn at the soldier's feet.

He gains, what he never had won in war's strife,
A home, where he's planted the rose and vine,

Chain'd the spirit, whose mission was *freedom and truth*.
The soldier will ne'er with that lov'd semblance part,
But he worships no longer the god of his youth.

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There were only two additional cotton-spools, three yards of tape, four rows of pins, and a half-quarter-of-a-hundred needles sold in Burlington on account of the rain; the women perferring to sit idle rather than not go twenty miles and back, for their sewing articles.

The rain *did* prevent Mrs. Highflyer's Appleshaw cousins from coming to town; but it also prevented the choicest of the *élite* from coming to her party. There was to be one still more select, on the following evening at Mrs. Tiptop's; and the *haute noblesse* thought it better to reserve themselves for *that*, than to run the risk of getting rheumatisms, catarrhs, damp feet and splashed dresses by stepping out of carriages in a violent shower, pattering across flooded pavements, and draggling up wet doorsteps.

It was only in one instance that this rain gave unqualified satisfaction to the bespeaker; and that was when it extinguished the fire in the pines.

In short it was found every evening, on posting the books, that the applicants for a continuance of fair weather outnumbered those that desired rain. The profits of the enterprize not covering the expenditure, the stock of the rain company fell: and there was much ruinous speculation in consequence.

Natural rains had never occasioned anything worse than submissive regret to those who suffered inconvenience from them, and were always received more in sorrow than in anger. But these artificial rains were taken more in anger than in sorrow, by all who did not want them. The company was accused of unfair preferences; and there were hints of bribery and corruption.

A loan was obtained at exorbitant interest, but the treasurer of the company ran away with nearly all the money; and is now living in great splendour in California. A confidential clerk was sent to bring him back, but never found him; and the confidential clerk's charges for travelling expenses, loss of time, and loss on the sale of a pair of boots which he found too tight for him, completely swallowed up the remainder of the funds.

The rain king became unpopular, because he had not the miraculous power of pleasing everybody. The rain works are abandoned; and he has gone in the last steam-vessel to China, by the short cut, as it is called, through the ship canal that now unites the Atlantic and the Pacific. The Chinese have succeeded in driving away the English, and in settling down to the stationary state in which they excited the wonder of the world for thousands of years. Their country still requires more irrigation than it receives, and long droughts are still frequent. But though the emperor's edicts generally commence with "Read this and tremble," he announces in them that magic *may* be employed when nothing else will do. Therefore our rain king is studying that ancient and respectable art (an American can turn his hand to anything), and when he has acquired it, and practised it awhile successfully, he will most probably return to his own country: and be able to furnish every individual with exactly as much rain as will suit that individual's own particular purpose, without infringing on the convenience of his neighbour.

THE OLD SOLDIER AND HIS FAMILY.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

(*See Plate.*)

The soldier had stood by his chieftain's side,
When the battle was wild as the rous'd ocean strife;
At Lodi had seen the blood-swollen tide,
And Waterloo strewn with the wrecks of life.

He had stood in the ranks when the simoon's breath
Showered Egypt's hot sands like burning rain;
Had faced the ice winds, when the valley of death
Seemed wide as the snows on Muscovy's plain.

He had followed the light of his chieftain's star,
Till he saw it go down in rayless gloom;
Then hasted from the mocking world afar,
To seek in some lonely spot a tomb.

But the true and the faithful are noted above,
And mercy the falling, when humble, will meet,
And the angel of peace twines the garland of love,
And its flowers are strewn at the soldier's feet.

He gains, what he never had won in war's strife,
A home, where he's planted the rose and vine,
But the light of his life is his gentle wife,
And his children, whose kisses are sweeter than wine.

He is happy—he dreams not of glory below,
But his Clara has shown the believer is blest—
He can smile at the world with its mirage like show,
And look up to heaven as the place of rest.

Oh! what hath come o'er him, and shaken his frame?
A semblance—an image—a toy for the young!
His lips may not utter Napoleon's name,
But we read on his face how the arrow hath stung.

He thinks, while love, sorrow, and pride rise in turn,
Like clouds that the setting sun draws in its train,
Of his genius and valor, and majesty stern,
Of his kindness and power—and that all was vain!

Yes, all was vain, while the *self* in his heart
Chain'd the spirit, whose mission was *freedom and truth!*
The soldier will ne'er with that lov'd semblance part,
But he worships no longer the god of his youth.

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THE FIFTH OF MAY.

AN ODE, FROM THE ITALIAN OF MANZONI.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF "WM. TELL," "MARY STUART," "JOAN OF ARC," ETC.

Vergin di servo encomio
E di codardo oltraggio,
Sorge or commosso al subito
Sparir di tanto raggio,
E scioglie all' urna un cantico,
Che forse non morrà.—STANZ. II.

He was;—now motionless and lone,
—All hushed life's latest sighs,
That mighty breath for ever flown—
The unconscious Ruin lies,
And Earth—as desolate and chill—
Earth, awestruck at the tale, is still;
Mute-musing o'er the last sad hour
Of the portentous Man,
Nor knows when mind of equal power
Shall flame in Glory's van,
When mortal step, so vast, so dread,
Shall thunder o'er her bloodstained bed.

Him, high enthroned in sovereign state,
I saw, nor woke the strain;
When, by vicissitude of fate,
He fell, rose, sank again,
Though thousand Voices rang around,
Mine joined not in the empty sound.
No dastard outrage on these lips,
No breath of servile praise,
Now, in that mighty Sun's eclipse,
My virgin voice I raise,
And twine around his lowly tomb
A wreath which yet, perchance, may bloom.

From Alp to Pyramid, from far
Manzanar to the Rhine,
We heard the thunder-crash of War,
We saw his lightnings shine;
On, on they burst, from sea to sea,
From Tanais to Sicily.
Was this true Glory? Future time
Will say; meanwhile, in dim
Suspense, before that Power sublime
We bow, who willed in Him
To stamp a trace more bright, more grand,
Of His own all-creative Hand.

The trembling and tempestuous thrill
Of thought, of purpose high,
The anxious heart, the stubborn will,
That burned to reign or die,
And grasp'd and held a power, a scope
Not Folly's self had dared to hope,
All this He proved; and glory bright,
Enhanced by perils past,
The strife, the victory, the flight,
And exile sad, at last,
Twice prostrate—in the dust o'erthrown—
And twice exalted o'er a throne.

He named himself;—in deathlike gloom,
Against each other arm'd,
To Him, expectant of their doom,
Two Ages turn—alarm'd:
He saw, judged, spake his sovereign will,
And, at the mandate, both were still.—

He vanished;—on a lonely Isle,
In languor closed his days,
The theme of Envy's baleful smile,
Of Pity's softest lays,
Of inextinguishable Hate,
And Love, triumphant over fate.

As on the shipwrecked wretch's head
The o'erwhelming billow weighs,
From which, but now, with arms outspread
And wandering, wistful gaze,
He vainly strove, whilst heaved on high,
Some far-off headland to descry:
Thus, on that Soul the gathering shade
Of sad reflection fell;—
Alas, how often He essay'd
His own vast tale to tell,
Whilst, on the eternal page, unmann'd
Down sank his listless hand.

And oh! how oft, when silent Day
Was lingering in the West,
Downcast those eyes of lightning ray,
Arms folded on his breast,
He stood, whilst memory of the past
Its quivering flashes round him cast:
Again, as in glory's day, reveal'd
He saw his eagles fly,
Saw the waving plume, and the tented field,
And the squadrons rushing by,
The warriors, that heard but to obey,
And the monarchs, who crouched beneath his sway.

In pangs like these, against despair
His breathless Spirit strove,
Fast sinking; but a Hand was there,
In pity, from above,
Wafting him into a purer clime,
And leading him on, through paths sublime,
That cloudless hope inspire,
To eternal meads, to a prize, which exceeds
E'en the bosom's fond desire,
Where the Glory, that round his noontide play'd,
Is but as silence and as shade.

Lovely, beneficent, divine,
To noblest triumphs prone,
Do thou, O Faith, with joy benign,
Inscribe upon his stone,
That never Eminence more proud
To Golgotha's dishonour bow'd.
True to his merits as his faults,
Be hushed all fiercer zeal;
The God, who prostrates and exalts,
Who wounds, but loves to heal,
That pitying God was there, to shed
A solace on his desert bed.

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THE MIDNIGHT VOYAGE OF THE SEAGULL.

A TRADITION OF SALEM.

BY MRS. VOLNEY E. HOWARD.

I DO not affirm that the following tale is true; but I assure the reader that it is a veritable legend, handed down by oral testimony from parent to child, and *was* believed to be true by our pious ancestors, and no less persons than the judges of the land in the year ——. As it is a little more imaginative than the generality of those pinching, pinsticking, abortive efforts at the supernatural, which yet—frightful to think—gave to the stake and the halter so many poor wretches at a subsequent period, I fancied it might prove somewhat interesting to your readers.

Tradition has located the events I am about to relate in the town of Salem, in Massachusetts, but so changed by increase of wealth and population from the straggling sort of place it then was, that with the exception of its two harbours, few localities remain to point out to posterity the precise spots in the now flourishing town where the scenes of *diablerie* happened, or the *dramatis personæ* lived.

It was a cold frosty night, in the savage month of January, when the moon and stars shone with uncommon brilliancy, and cast their cold beams over the thick carpet of snow that covered the streets and the country far about, that Horace Harden sat alone in his study, which opened to the street. The curtains were closely drawn, and a bright fire, roaring up the oldfashioned chimney, cast a blaze of light and cheerfulness over the room, with its massive oak furniture, its shelves of books, and a single oil painting (an heirloom) that hung opposite. Doctor Harden, as he was usually called, was seated at a table covered with books and papers, but he was not engaged in study. On what was he meditating? On his promising prospects? Or on the literary fame he had already won? No: he is meditating, with a look of deep despondency, upon a miniature which he has detached from a ribbon around his neck; let us glance at it—a lovely, a very lovely girl! Who is she? Perchance the open letter on the table before him will throw light upon the subject; let us use our privilege and look over his shoulder.

DEAR GEORGE:—I have but to-day received your most welcome letter. I am truly glad to hear of your arrival, though I acknowledge that a degree of selfishness has a share in my pleasure, as I need a friendly heart to whom I can unburden my soul, and you have been from boyhood my only confidant. I am not, I trust, cold-hearted; I wish well to my neighbours and associates; but I cannot run up those intimacies which other men do, (dignifying them with the name of friendship,) or make a *friend* of any of those with whom I am surrounded. I am on sociable terms with many, but their minds are deficient in such qualities as I require, before I can bestow the affection, the esteem, and the confidence that I have for so many years, my dear George, given to you.

I have not now, as in former times, to tell you of my fond hopes, my lover's fears, and my efforts to obtain a competence, that I might offer it to my Sarah; you know long since that all my hopes seemed on the point of accomplishment. Competence, ay even wealth it may be termed in this country, is mine; Sarah's affections were, oh heavens! *are still*, mine; even her father consented to the marriage, and every obstacle seemed removed. Oh! what happiness it was when that consent was won, and I clasped her to my heart, exclaiming "Mine, my own, my beautiful!" Yes, it was bliss to sit and gaze into the depths of those dark eyes, and read the fond, the innocent love of the bashful girl, whose lips faltered in maiden modesty to make the avowal! Yes, it was bliss, and I was happy; but short-lived happiness, for the past year has been productive of frightful changes. I had various reasons for not writing you a detailed account of my disappointment and distress, and I thought I could so much more easily communicate my sorrows *viva voce* than by letter; but I feel that I was mistaken, and wish you to be acquainted with the leading particulars before I see you.

About a month after your departure Mr. Carew, to the surprise of every body, and of his daughter and myself in particular, after an excursion to Charlestown, Boston, and the vicinity, returned with another wife! No one doubted his right to wed if he wished; but the suddenness of the match, and the apparent unsuitableness of the lady, pained Sarah and myself. You recollect Mrs. Matte, the old French woman (as she was generally supposed), who resided in the outskirt of the town, on the path toward Lynn? I had heard it mentioned that her daughter had come to see her, but concluding that she was some poor person of her mother's class, with whom, except in my professional character, I could have nothing in common, and giving every moment I could spare from my business to Sarah, I had forgotten her existence. Conceive then my astonishment on finding that she was the person selected by Mr. Carew, to succeed his former excellent lady, to be the mother and companion of his beautiful daughter!

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I had been absent for a day or two, and on my return hastened to Mr. Carew's. Sarah was alone in the usual sitting room; she had evidently been in tears; and in answer to my anxious inquiries, informed me of her father's marriage. I eagerly demanded what sort of a person his wife was, and how she behaved to Sarah,—determining in my own mind to hasten our marriage, and rescue her from the society of one so uncongenial, as I felt assured Mrs. Matte's daughter must be, to the refined, the gentle Sarah. Her description of her mother-in-law was rather confused; I could only discover that she was an *oldish* woman, with fierce black eyes and a malicious look, dressed very gaily; very soft spoken, but in Sarah's opinion very deceitful. She had not treated Sarah ill; oh no, she had been there but two days, and called her 'dear,' and 'her sweet girl,' and 'her charming daughter,' perpetually; but to Sarah's fancy all was hollow beneath this show of kindness; too much parade, too much officiousness. She was not vulgar, though there was a fussiness about her that showed, in Sarah's opinion, that she had not been accustomed to her present station in society. I endeavoured to soothe Sarah, and mentioned my desire of removing her to a house of her own as soon as possible, with every other assurance that I could give her, though inwardly fretting at Mr. Carew's delusion. I painted to myself a florid, buxom widow, of a station just above poverty, gaudily dressed and proud of her new importance, and was deliberating on what I should say to Mr. Carew, when the door opened and in glided the new Madam Carew. Were I less sick at heart, I should play with your curiosity; but I must be as brief as my wish of putting you fully in possession of the circumstances will permit. Suppose then my surprise at beholding one of the most elegant women I had ever seen, richly dressed it is true, but with the utmost taste and propriety, who, approaching with an air of the most winning kindness and suavity, said,

"Is your headache any better, my dear Miss Carew? I have been looking for these drops; they are excellent for a headache. Nay, do not refuse to gratify me by accepting such a trifle; I assure you they will relieve you immediately."

She forced into Sarah's hand a beautiful visnagrette, set in pearls, and turning to me, who had involuntarily risen and remained standing, she continued:

"Dr. Harden, I think? I have had the pleasure of meeting you before, though you, I see, have forgotten it. Pray, sit down, and do not make me feel myself an intruder, for the few minutes I shall stay."

There was nothing in the words, but the manner in which they were said, gave me the idea of an old friend, though when or where we had met, I could not for my life recall. She remained, perhaps, half an hour conversing cheerfully and pleasantly on various subjects, and discovering a richly stored memory and cultivated mind. She endeavoured to draw Sarah into the conversation; but, though I aided her endeavours, to my mortification Sarah uttered nothing but monosyllables, and became sadder and sadder, till Mrs. Carew rising, and gracefully bidding us adieu, quitted the room. For the first time, I thought Sarah prejudiced and unjust. Her mother-in-law appeared to me totally different from her description. Even now she insisted that her description was correct; that though she might look young to me, she looked old to her, and disagreeable and malicious she was sure she was.

If I write so minutely, I shall fill a volume instead of a letter: but I have been more particular in this instance, as it was the first symptom of a—what shall I call it? *wandering of intellect* (George—it must be said—) in my beloved Sarah. I must hurry on to the conclusion of my days of happiness. I saw but little of Sarah for a month or six weeks after the marriage of Mr. Carew. The duties of my profession called me at that time much into the country; and when I returned cold or wet of an evening, I felt too much exhausted to dress and enter into general society; and Mr. Carew's house was constantly filled with company; so that the only interviews I had with Sarah were for a few minutes in the morning before I began my now daily journeys. At the end of a few weeks, however, I became more disengaged, and was delighted to feel that I could once more give a large portion of my time to my affianced bride. But a change had come over my day-dream of bliss. I observed an alteration in my Sarah, that did not appear to have as yet struck any other person, at least no one had mentioned it, and I hardly know how to describe it, though it filled me with anxiety. She seemed to have become apathetic; the bright glance of intelligence which was wont to meet mine, became wandering and cold; she became silent, sullen and variable in her temper; at times she would weep violently, but give no reason for it. In fact, she became totally altered, till by degrees her fine mind was entirely deranged and lost: not in the wild ravings of insanity, but oh, misery, in the dulness of idiocy!

I have sat by her for hours, endeavouring to awaken some gleam of the enlightened intellect that once glowed in that beautiful statue, and in despair at my ill success, have broken from her presence, and in the silence and darkness of my own room, have thrown myself on the floor, and howled in unutterable agony. I think I could better bear to see her dead, to know that the worst had come, than to see her suffer this living death that forms the dreadful obstacle between us! I can see her whenever I choose, for to her father, yes, and even to Mrs. Carew, I seem ever a welcome guest; yes, five minutes' walk will place me in her presence; but for what? but to torture my heart by seeing her who was—Heaven forgive me—my idol, degraded to a child, and not an intelligent one either, sitting on the carpet playing with baby's toys, or crouched in a corner of the sofa in hopeless, sullen despondency. It is a singular fea-

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ture in her distemper, that she neither raves nor prattles; she seems to have forgotten how to talk connectedly. Alas! it is more like the meetings of old to sit in my lonely office, and gaze on those sweet features as limned by the artist, in the miniature she gave me. In that I can still see that bright glance, that smile of peculiar sweet archness which has so long been a stranger to those beautiful lips. I had been absent for a few days; and on my return, I went to Mr. Carew's; my visits have been so constant, that I have gradually omitted knocking; and as usual, I opened the door of the sitting room, and entered without ceremony. This room has, since Sarah's illness, been appropriated to her, and there, as usual, I found her, attended not by her old nurse, but by Mrs. Carew.

She is a singular, and I believe an amiable woman. It was not till lately that I became, as it were, acquainted with her. When she was married to Mr. Carew, I was so much absorbed in Sarah, that though I thought her handsome and elegant, I suffered myself to be prejudiced against her by the evident dislike of my poor Sarah, whose dislike is, I suppose, very natural from an only child to a stepmother. Or, perhaps, it was the aberration of her intellect, which, alas, had then commenced, which created such groundless enmity. Contrary to my fears, Mrs. Carew seems really attached to Sarah, and watches over her as over a younger sister; for in spite of poor Sarah's expressions of *oldish*, she is a young and very attractive woman; nay, she may well be called beautiful, for she gains on the esteem every time one sees her. Indeed, she looks younger every day; and yet it is a rather singular fact, that at times, when I look at her suddenly, I receive the impression that she is old; but I suppose it is fancy, because she is the wife of an old man; for her magnificent black eyes are as brilliant as diamonds, and her red lip and roseate cheeks tell that the blood of youth is coursing through her veins. Her figure is regal, and her conversation and manners particularly fascinating. It is a brilliant mixture of masculine sense and information with feminine softness and delicacy. I like her society; it prevents my thoughts from resting too intensely on my suffering love; and I generally converse with her for most of the time I pass at her house. But Sarah, it is evident, dislikes her as much as ever, and shows it as much as her enfeebled state will admit. What is all this to you? I know not, but out of the fulness of the heart the 'pen writeth,' in this instance. Oh, my poor Sarah! I should think and write of nothing but thee!

Mrs. Carew was standing before her when I entered; she held a glass with a dark-coloured liquid which she was persuading Sarah very earnestly to take; but just as I opened the door, Sarah with angry vehemence dashed the glass from her hand, exclaiming "I won't, I won't, I won't!" then springing from the sofa and looking wildly round, she screamed, "You may beat me, but I won't, I won't!" At this moment Mrs. Carew looked round, she had heard the opening of the door; her face was agitated and flushed, and *for a second looked old;* but instantly composing herself, she approached me and said with a sigh,

"This is a thankless office! she will not take her medicine, though you ordered it every day! I am compelled to disguise it every way to get her to swallow it, and you heard how she speaks to me! Me, who have done and borne so much for her sake, and—why should I not say it? for yours! Oh! could I but see her restored! But that I fear is hopeless! It is hereditary—there was madness in her mother's family!"

"But I am surprised to hear her speak," said I; "I have not heard her say so much for months!"

"Havn't you indeed?" exclaimed Mrs. Carew. "She *can* talk if she pleases; but her language and ideas are so—so debased, that I am thankful when she is silent. It is so distressing to hear indecent language and vulgar oaths from lips like hers!"

"Good Heavens!" cried I, "Mrs. Carew, do not distract me!"

"Distract *you!*" said she, in her most musical voice, her large dark eyes suffused with tears. "Is it not enough to distract *me*, to see you hanging over yonder hopeless maniac? wasting your young feelings, your rich love, over a senseless block! But what do I say—excuse me, Dr. Harden; in truth I am very foolish and almost worn out."

All this was said with a manner and air that I cannot describe their fascination; suffice it to say, that I led her to a seat, pressed her hand to my lips, and was about to seat myself by her, when Sarah stood between us, her eyes flashing, her lips open, her face, her very brow flushed! She pushed Mrs. Carew away, and seizing my wrist looked in my face in such a sad strange manner, that it cut me to the heart; and George, as I glanced from her to Mrs. Carew, as I live I saw flit over her countenance the elvish malicious expression I had sometimes heard poor Sarah speak of! Sarah seemed striving to speak, but after a moment the animation faded away, her features assumed a wobegone expression, she passed her hand backward and forward over her forehead as if striving in vain to recollect something, shook her head faintly, and dropping my hand returned slowly to her accustomed seat. I could stay no longer, but rushed into the open air. Poor, poor Sarah, how is this to end? I cannot but hope, for she certainly *did* seem more animated—there *was* a change, and I need not tell you that any change from the dead sea of stupidity, must be for the better.

Thus far had our hero written; he was still gazing mournfully at the miniature, when a slight knock was heard, and though it was late in the evening, Dr. Harden was not surprised, but rose and bade the applicant walk in. The door was slowly pushed open, and first the head and then the body of a man was introduced, who nodding his head to the doctor by way of bow, stood twisting his raccoon-skin cap into different shapes, and

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glancing his little peery gray eyes into every corner of the room.

"Well Joe," said Dr. Harden, after waiting for his visitor to speak, "what is the matter, does any body want to see me?"

"I—I—I—would be glad to, sir," answered Joe, with considerable effort.

"Very well, sit down then, and let us see what's the matter," good-naturedly responded the doctor.

But Joe remained immovable, his foot half raised, his mouth open, and his eyes no longer darting about, but fixed on the spot where the pet kitten quietly and comfortably slept at one side of the fireplace. While he is staring at the cat, let us take a survey of him. He is a young man, not more than eighteen or nineteen years old, a little above the middle size, and formed for strength and activity. His outward man was enveloped in a large pea jacket, which met a pair of loose thick reddish boots, and round his neck was tied a black silk handkerchief. The head belonging to this alluring person was decorated with a natural shock of coarse light hair, that seemed unconscious of the comb or brush, and stood forth independently in every direction, excepting where an attempt had been made behind to bind the ends into a queue. The face, though not rich in intellect, was by no means foolish, though there was that uncertain wavering expression that characterizes those who, "unstable as water," can never excel. Dr. Harden reiterated his request to Joe to sit down; but that worthy, depositing his cap upon the floor, with long careful strides, as light as his heavy fishing boots would allow, approached the unsuspecting cat, and seizing her with both hands, with a grin of mingled terror and delight marched toward the door.

"Joe!" said Horace, "what ails you? are you bewitched?"

"Don't, Doctor—d–don't," exclaimed Joe, holding the cat at arms' length, "you know who's hearing you?"

"Why nobody, you goose," said Horace laughing, "but you and the cat!"

"Cat!" stuttered Joe; "'deed Doctor I only called acause I'm so bad with the rheumatiz, and you're powerful in curing that; only, you see, I can't tell just how I feel when anybody's here; I wouldn't affront pussy I'm sure, only jest let me put her out doors till I'm done."

He carried pussy out, all the way declaring that all he came for was to consult the doctor about his ailments, then closing the door he crept to the fire, and looking piteously up in the doctor's face, he whispered,

"I'm in an awful state, Doctor!"

"In an awful state, Joe! What in the name of common sense is the matter? The rheumatism is not very pleasant, but you need not make so much fuss about it. Why, be a man, Joe!"

"Oh Doctor!" whimpered Joe, "'tain't *that*, it's my poor soul I'm feared about! Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Your soul, Joe?" cried Horace; "you had better go to the minister, but sit down and don't be a fool, or go and let the cat in first; hear how she is mewing."

"Oh Lord, Doctor, don't; do let her stay out a little while, do now; I've got somethen to tell you, and maybe *she* would tell *them*," said Joe; then sinking his voice to a whisper, he went on, "I've somethen to tell you, but you must not tell nobody, or it will be my death, oh dear, oh dear!"

"What have you been about, Joe?" said the doctor sternly; "have you been doing anything wrong?"

"No! no, sir!" cried Joe eagerly, but dropping his voice, he went on, "that ar—I didn't want to do any, I wur forced to do what I did! but you see, Doctor, you must promise not to tell nobody if you want to do any good. I'm afeard to tell, and then agin I'm afeard I shall go out of my head if I don't tell."

Dr. Harden felt both curiosity and interest about poor Joe; he knew him for a goodnatured simple fellow, much attached to himself in return for former kindness shown to Joe's mother when suffering both from sickness and poverty. Horace had not seen him for some time, and now beheld with some surprise his usual vacant, good-humoured simper and lounging gait, exchanged for an eager suffering look, and a nervous terrified manner. He concluded that some one had been playing some trick on his humble friend, and resolved to interfere in his favour.

"Sit down, Joe," said he, "I promise to keep your secret, unless you give me leave to disclose it, so sit down and let me hear all about it."

Drawing his chair as near to that of his patron as possible, Joe commenced his narration in the following words:

"You know, sir, how I'm cabin boy aboard of the Seagull, Capt. Allen, I suppose! Well, when we come home last vi'ge, about a month ago, the ship was brought along-side of Mr. Carew's wharf in winter harbour and jest lashed to the piles, and after she was unloaded Mr. Carew said how if I was a-mind to be faithful and take good care of the wessel, I mought stay aboard and keep her in order, pump her out you know, sir, and sich like, and get my grub at his house, and he'd allow me a trifle for wages; so mother was glad that I could be arning somethin in winter, though it was main lonesome to the old woman having me away all night, and a good part of the day."

"My good fellow," said Horace, utterly out of patience, "if you have nothing better than this to tell you had better go home, I—"

"Oh Doctor," said Joe in great alarm, "I have, sir, I have, only I wanted you to know all about it. Well, sir, I staid aboard, and for some nights nothin disturbed me, till one Friday night, jest arter I had turned in, I heard somebody call me, so I jumped up and ran on deck, and now sir you won't believe me, but it is as true as I'm a sitting here, who should be standing on the wharf but Madam Carew! I was struck all on a heap, and

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stood a rubbin my eyes, when she said, 'Help me on board Joe;' so what could I do, sir?"

"Go on," said Horace, "I will talk with you about it by and by."

"Well sir, I went and give her my hand, and she jumped aboard, and arter her come the sightest a cats ever you *did* see; as I stood a thinking what she wanted and what she was going to do with all them hannimals, she says says she, 'Joe, is not there a bible in the cabin?' 'Yes marm,' says I. 'Well,' says she, 'go and bring it up.' So I runs down and brung it up, wondering what she was going to do; so she told me to take it and throw it overboard. 'Why marm,' says I, ''tis the cappen's;' but she stamped her foot on the deck and looked at me with them great big black eyes of hern so fierce-like that I felt quite flabergasted; so says she, 'Ain't I your owner's wife,' says she, 'and what's more, if you don't do just as I tell you you shall never see another sun.' She frightened me so that I was afeard to say no, and I did as she said, and as I throwed the blessed bible over the taffrail, as it struck the water she laughed, and there was such a laughing all round that I thought there was a hundred folks there, and then I heard a kind of scrabbling, and I looked and seed ever so many things like cats, only they *warn't* cats, crawling aboard on all sides, and them was what was laughing! I was just thinking of jumping ashore and running home, when Madam Carew says, 'Joe! you're in my power, and all that will save you is to do just as I tell you. Cast off the ropes there,' and she pointed to stem and stern, and I *felt* that I must do her bidding, she looked so dreadful, so I did, and then she told me to go down below and stay till she called me; so I went down into the cabin, for I was glad to get out of the way of such queer looking folks."

"*What* queer looking folks, Joe?" said Horace, concluding some trick had been played on his humble friend, and determined to sift it.

"Why—Doctor—didn't I tell you? The cats—I mean the men and women that they turned out to be, all dressed mighty fine too, but queer somehow, and they made such noises and looked so at me that I made but one jump down the companion way, and it was a good while afore I dared to peep up to see what they were about. By Jings! it was a sight, Doctor! These queer sailors had got the old Seagull under weigh, and though there warn't a thimble full of wind, the sails drawed, and she went snorting through the water, right down the bay!"

"Joe," said Horace in utter surprise, "you mean you dreamed all this I presume? It was a singular dream to be sure, still"—

"Oh no, Doctor," said Joe, fixing his earnest eyes on Horace's face, "twan't a dream! I be telling Heaven's truth sir! Did I ever tell you a lie?"

"No Joe, not that I know of, go on with your story!" answered Horace, who determined to hear the whole, and then form his opinion as to Joe's sanity.

"Well Doctor, they were all quiet enough for some time, but after a while, Lord save us! what a racket they did make! The shrouds was hung full on 'em and they were chasing one another about the deck like mad, and sometimes they were dancing, but I could not see who played, and I never heard sich tunes afore; it made my flesh all creep-creep so queerly! And all the time it grew warmer and warmer, till it was more like July than December! Well! at last somebody hollored something that I could not understand, and they all stopped their frolicking and huddled together on deck, and I was feared they'd catch me peeping and kill me, so I creeped down and lay down on the transom; so in a minute Madam Carew looked down the companion and called me, and at first I did not answer, for I was afeard that they had found out I was a watching them and was a going to throw me overboard, but she said, 'he's a laying there sound asleep! I told you he was a simpleton!' so when she called again I made believe to wake up and"—

"Well, well, Joe! don't be quite so long in your story, my man!" said the doctor, who began to be interested in Joe's adventure; if it *was* a hoax, it was a bold one, and he was determined to find it out.

"I'm a telling as fast as I can, Doctor; I aint book larned like you, so I hopes you will put up with me."

Horace saw that the more he interrupted Joe, the more prosaic he would be, and resolved to let him go on in his own fashion.

"Well Doctor, she called me, so I made believe I'd been asleep, and jumped up the ladder and stood a looking about, and there we was, close into land, but it warn't Salem, it were bright moonlight, and I could see as plain as day; there warn't no more vessels there, for there was only a little bit of beach and no harbour, and what kept the vessel steady I don't know, for she warn't anchored; howsever Madam Carew told me to hoist out the boat and row her ashore; well you see there warn't no boat aboard but an old wherry turned bottom up a midships, so I told her how it would take two or three men to hoist that out, but she stamped her foot, and I jest took hold and turned it over, and then a heap of 'em catched hold and had it out afore you could wink, for somehow it seemed as if they could not do anything of that sort without I begun first. Well! then *she* told me to row her ashore, so I jumped in and she and another got in with me and I pulled ashore, and I heard a great splattering in the water, and Lord! there was a whole school of cats a swimming arter for dear life! Well! I almost dropped the oars, for cats you know be creeters that don't like the water no how! But it made no odds whether I rowed or not, for the wherry went dancing along and run up high and dry itself; so they got out and went up the bank, and Madam Carew told me to stay by the boat till she come back, and staring at me with her big eyes, she held up her finger and said

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if I did not mind her I was a dead man, for she'd got the power over me. Well! I was forced to stay till they come back, which they did in no great time, all loaded with marsh rosemary, and oh how green and pretty it looked!"

"Marsh rosemary! Green and pretty at this time of year, Joe!" cried the doctor, thinking he had discovered a discrepancy in Joe's narrative.

"Don't I tell you, sir," cried Joe, "that it warn't this time of year *there*, for the trees looked all green and full of leaves, and it was as warm as summer! and I had to pull off my pea jacket! It got warm very soon after we left the bay, and the brig cut through the water like a streak of chalk, though as I told you, there was not a capful of wind."

"Well Joe," said Horace, "this is the strangest story; has not some person put all this in your mouth, Joe? I am afraid you are suffering yourself to be made the tool of some bad person!"

"And that's true enough," cried poor Joe, "the tool of the devil I'm afraid! Oh Lord! what's that?"

Horace started and looked in the direction to which Joe's trembling finger pointed. It was his cat that, tired of remaining in the cold, had scrambled on to the window ledge, and pressing herself against the glass, gave token of her presence by a loud mew.

"It is my own poor cat," said he, "and as she is very useful I must insist on taking her in, as I will prove to you that *she* at least is no witch." So saying he opened the window, and taking the shivering grimalkin in his hand, placed her on the cover of the large bible that lay on a corner of the table. Puss stood very contentedly rubbing her head against her master's hand, till Joe was satisfied that she was *bona fide* a cat and nothing else, and turning away continued his tale of *diablerie*.

"Doctor, you must not be mad with I for being skeart! If you'd a seen all I seed, you mought be a leetle skeery too! But howsever, to finish off, when they got down to the wherry they seemed in a great hurry, and all on 'em put their green stuff into the wherry, and Madam Carew says, 'come Joe, row me on board;' so she and one more got in, and I rowed them on board, and t'others come like cats again, only I could not see how they did it, for one minute they was men and women standing on the beach, and the next—why—they were cats walloping in the water! Well, the woman as was with Madam Carew says to me, 'Joe, how do you like Bermuda?' and Madam Carew said 'hush, there is no need to let him know more than we are obliged to, and if he tells *that*, he shall never see another Friday!' Oh Doctor! I'm afeard that I am a dead man if you can't help me! I aint got much more to tell: they got the boat aboard somehow, and we got home before daybreak, then Madam Carew offered me a crown, but I didn't want none of her money, then she sot up a laugh and said I should take it, so I took it and put it down in the fo'kisle, and here they are, for I won't keep 'em any longer!"

So saying he put his hand in his trousers pocket and drew forth a dirty rag, from which he took three crowns and presented them to the doctor, who said "there are three crowns, you said she gave you but one."

"That's the first time, sir," answered Joe; "they been twice since that. I don't think they always go to one place, but 'tis always warm weather, and they bring on board marsh rosemary or whatever it is."

"What do they do with it?" said the doctor.

"The dear knows, sir, they takes it away with them, and is very careful to pick up every sprig. I aint dared to speak of it, but I'm a growing sick, and if they go on so I shall die, I can't stand it."

"Why, what is there in it so frightful, Joe?" said Horace, wishing to gain every information possible before he made up his mind on the singular account given by the young sailor.

"Oh you don't know the feel of it, Doctor," cried Joe, with an involuntary shudder, and pulling his chair still nearer to the doctor, while his pallid countenance, his sunken cheeks and a sort of hopeless expression in his eyes, convinced his hearer that if it was a trick, Joe was sincere in his belief of its reality. "It is an awful feel sir, to have your flesh feel creeping all over you, and your hair standing up from the roots, and a sort of faintiness as if there was something awful nigh you that you could not see, as I know there is when they are on board. You see Doctor, after the first time, they didn't order me down below, and feeling curous like, I stood sometimes on deck, and as they didn't say nothing to me I felt bolder; I wanted to find out who steered and give orders, for though I could see *them*, there was thick darkness all abaft the binacle, nor was there any candle in the binacle, so how they could see the compass puzzled me famously; so when they were all eating and drinking, (and where they got their vittles and wine *I* don't know,) I crept up towards the helm, but I could not go there, for my hair stood on eend worser than ever, and a cold clammy sweat broke out over me, and I thought I should have swounded; and a strange low laugh burst out of the darkness and rang all over the ship! *All* was still in a minute, and I was so skeered that I dropped right down on the deck and crawled away on all fours till I got down below. It wan't a loud laugh, it was very low and sweet, but it rang all round, and it made my blood run cold, and I didn't get over it, for I shook and trembled as I sat in the cabin, and every creak the rudder gave I shuddered and felt my heart jump up in my throat! And Doctor, it is a fact, I feel worser *now* when they go away than while they are there; for how do I know if *what* steers, that I *can't see*, goes away too? And I don't like to go on the quarter-deck in the day-time even, and anights—oh I can't sleep; I lay shivering and listening for that terrible laugh till I am almost crazy! Oh Doctor, I shall die or go crazy!—I cannot stand it! I've just stole up here to tell you about it, but I must go back, though I'd rather be tied up and take a hundred lashes!"

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"Well, cannot you get permission to leave the brig? The voyage is up, and I suppose you can quit and take another service if you like," said Horace, anxious to discover if there was anything behind; for although he knew Joe to be an honest, though generally considered a dull boy, his story was of such momentous importance, involving as it did the life and character of many individuals, that he felt as if treading among precipices blindfold, and wished to be certain that he was not misled.

"Oh sir," answered Joe, "*she* would kill me, she said she would, and I know she will keep her word, for she is an awful woman! And sometimes when I open my eyes in the night, I think I see a pair of huge shining eyes looking at me! Oh how do I know but that she sees me now!"

This confession of Joe was none the less interesting to Dr. Harden, from the circumstance that Madam Carew was stepmother to his poor Sarah; his heart thrilled with wild and mingled emotions as he reflected that this, if true, might be in some measure connected with the strange state of his beloved. He recollected circumstances that, though at the time only striking him as odd, he now viewed with other feelings. The singular circumstance of the uncertainty he had himself felt of the age of Mrs. Carew, that she looked old at one minute and young the next, as he remembered to have heard observed by others as well as himself. It was not the difference caused by the mysteries of the toilet, that was a common occurrence; but it was a sort of haziness that seemed to play over her countenance at the first moment of looking at her, which he had formerly attributed to some weakness in his own eyesight; but now!—Wild ideas thronged upon him till his brain whirled; he felt the awful responsibility he had incurred by becoming the depositary of so dreadful a secret: if he buried it in his bosom he was accessary to their deeds, and consigned his beloved Sarah and poor Joe to destruction; while on the evidence of a simple fellow like his humble friend (selected by them probably for that very reason), he dared not accuse the wife of so rich and influential a man as Mr. Carew. He questioned Joe if he knew any of the others who participated in these infernal pleasure parties; but Joe declared, that though at the *first glance* he thought he knew a good many of them, there seemed a sort of haze over them that he could not say for certain. The longer he reflected the more difficult appeared his position; to accuse them without more responsible evidence than Joe, was not to be thought of, but how to obtain this evidence, was the question. At length an idea struck him, which though hazardous, was the only feasible means he could think of to ascertain the truth or falsehood of Joe's allegations; it was to take Joe's place on the ensuing Friday. It was a wild plan, and if Joe had spoken the truth a dangerous one; but to a young man like Horace, of ardent temperament, high courage, and deep devotion to his lady-love, it was not without its allurements. The very excitement was not without its pleasure to a mind of eager inquiry, tied down hitherto to the dull daily routine of life in a small town, as Salem then was. The only difficulty was, how he was to pass for Joe. As he looked at him he saw the impossibility of his own athletic form, manly step and erect carriage passing for Joe's shambling, slouching, loosely made person, even if the face could be concealed. A child might detect the difference, much more a company of witches. How then could he contrive it? On further questioning Joe, he found that they never looked about the vessel, whether it was that they relied on her being deserted, or that they had means of knowing that Joe alone was on board he knew not; but he determined to run the risk of concealing himself on board.

On mentioning his plan to Joe, the delight that beamed over his countenance, as almost on his knees he thanked and blessed him, proved that he had told no wilful falsehood, and he promised him to come down on Friday evening, and charged him to watch his words and even looks, that no suspicion might be entertained of their intentions. He also desired him to tie up his face as if for the toothache, and wear it so for the short time that would intervene before their adventure, as this was Wednesday. Joe promised obedience, and suggested to the doctor to come well armed, as in case he was discovered, he might defend himself.

"Though I thinks myself," he continued, "that if they found you they would all turn to cats, and jump overboard."

"If that be the case," said Horace, "why don't they go where they wish, without a vessel?"

"Lord knows, sir," cried Joe, shaking his head; "who knows what they can do, or what they cannot? I don't see what they want of *me*, and yet it sort a seems to me that if I didn't go, and *begin* as it were for them, they couldn't go themselves! I can't explain what I mean, but you'll see sir, if you keep your promise."

"That I certainly shall," said Horace; "and now my good boy, if go you must, you had better make no longer delay; we must be careful to attract no suspicion."

On Friday Horace, taking the precaution of arming himself to the teeth, as it is called, sallied forth, and by a circuitous route gained the wharf at which was the Seagull, he hoped without attracting any observation. It was the dinner hour of the primitive inhabitants of Salem, and he had not met a person on his way. Joe, who was on the watch, welcomed him with tears of joy, and opening a small stateroom, gave him the key, which he had rummaged out, and called his attention to an old fowling-piece and a cutlass which he had placed in it for fear that the doctor should have forgotten his arms. Joe's face was tied up as the doctor had recommended, and he now produced a pea jacket, an old hat, and boots like those he wore himself, which, with a forethought so entirely unexpected that it almost aroused the doctor's suspicions, he had provided. He immediately put them

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on, and tying a handkerchief similar to Joe's over his face, saw that his opportunities of observation would be much safer from the disguise. He now entered into a consultation with Joe, who had risen considerably in his estimation, as to the method to be adopted for him to see without being seen. Now that he had entered the lion's den, a thousand things occurred to him which he had not thought of before. If they should detect him, alone or nearly so among so many, and they too armed with supernatural power, defend himself as bravely as he might, his death would be inevitable, and Joe would be silenced either by death or fear. What then would he have gained, and what would be thought had become of him? He regretted that he had not written something to leave behind him, but it was now too late. He questioned Joe over and over respecting their proceedings; but minutely as he questioned, Joe's account did not vary. In answer to a query whether any of them remained on board while the rest went to gather the marsh rosemary, which seemed the object of the voyage, Joe could give him little satisfaction. Joe could not see anybody on deck, but as he was on shore, there might be and he not see them; but as the brig, though neither moored nor made fast in any manner, remained stationary, he argued that some controlling power *must* be there, and mentioned the helmsman, who or whatever he might be, that it was likely *that* remained in the vessel. He also added that he thought he had seen two fiery eyes once glowing through the darkness that on these occasions shrouded that part of the deck. "Oh!" cried he, "how do we know what may even now be listening to us!"

Do not accuse Horace of cowardice, he was as brave as most men, nor would he have shrunk from dangers of which he could calculate the nature or extent; this was a leap in the dark; no shouting comrades to witness his bravery and stimulate it by their own; no applauding spectators; alone—far from any friendly refuge—in the night—he had rashly undertaken to beard the dreadful beings of whom he had often heard, though but half believed till now. A few minutes would yet place him on shore, where he might watch for the departure of the vessel in safety, and give the alarm. Yet should he shrink from peril and leave poor Joe, who now looked up to him as a protector—a saviour—to go through the frightful scene alone! Yet would not Joe be more endangered by his presence than his absence? for though hitherto they had shown no intention to injure Joe, yet the discovery that he had betrayed them, and introduced a spy, might—would of course be the signal of death for both of them. He mentioned this to Joe, but the poor fellow at once declared that he would rather die than go alone once more, and that, if the doctor went on shore—so would *he*.

Horace hesitated no longer, but bracing his mind to the adventure, he proceeded to take such measures, and give Joe such instructions, as he thought requisite for their safety. He charged him, if left with the boat as usual, to search for some live shellfish, of a kind that grew not in the waters of Salem, and some green leaves or twigs, and above all, some of the marsh rosemary, as "tokens true," of their perilous adventure. Joe promised obedience, and suggested that as night was rapidly approaching, it would be better for the doctor to retire into the stateroom and conceal himself, which Horace immediately did, and lying down in the berth, he endeavoured to arrange his thoughts, till, singular as it may seem, he dropped into a sound slumber. When he awoke, it was night, but he could feel that the brig was in motion, and surging through the wave with immense rapidity. He arose as softly as he could, and ventured to peep into the cabin; it was dark, except a pale unnatural light that gleamed down the companion-way, and as far as he could discover, it was empty. He ventured out and crept to the foot of the ladder, where he could hear the sound of many voices in high revelry on deck. While he stood listening, he heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and hastily retreated to the stateroom, till he saw Joe descend. I have already said that he wore a suit of old clothes, and a slouched hat, and now wishing to see all that he could without detection, he ascended the ladder.

It was a gay though fearful sight that presented itself to his astonished eyes; the vessel was lit up by a lambent flame that played about the masts and rigging, now spreading itself in a thousand brilliant forms and colours over the shrouds, then collecting into a huge globe on the highest spar, and anon darting in bright streams and fantastic shapes round the dark hull, illumining the blue waves and their feathery crests of white foam as the gallant brig dashed swiftly onward. The deck seemed filled with revellers of both sexes, though what it was precisely that employed them, he found it impossible to discover, the atmosphere being filled with a sort of thin, transparent haze or gas, that by its constant quivering motion rendered every object of a dreamy character. Though many of the faces as well as voices seemed familiar to him, he no sooner fixed his eyes upon any person than the lineaments became distorted, resembling a reflection in the water disturbed by dropping in a pebble. While he remained gazing with fascinated eyes upon this, two females separated themselves from the crowd and approached the companion-way. He slipped down, and giving a sign to Joe, ensconced himself again in his stateroom. The women descended into the cabin, and ordering Joe to leave it, they seated themselves very near to the door of the stateroom, through which Horace was peeping. He could now see distinctly, and easily recognized Mrs. Carew and an old woman who passed for her mother. After a moment's pause they resumed their conversation, the old woman saying,

"You don't seem to advance much in your scheme, yet you have been nearly a year about it already!"

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"No, not yet," answered Mrs. Carew, "he holds out stoutly; but my triumph will be the greater when I *do* succeed, which I *shall*, depend on it. He talks much with me, and I see that he is pleased and interested by my conversation. None of the women he sees can compete with me, but he yet clings to Sarah, though I did hope he would have been tired of her before now. Oh how I hate her! When he sits bending over her, and speaking in his rich sweet voice, I feel as if I could stab her with pleasure, and long to drug her next draught so deeply that it would put her to sleep for ever, instead of stupifying her!"

"Why don't you, then?" said the other, carelessly; "she would then be out of your way, and you might do as you pleased with her old doating father."

"Yes; but *now* Harden would grieve for her, and perhaps not come to a house that reminded him of his loss; and as I wish him to respect as well as admire me, I could not seek him elsewhere. No! I must disgust him with her; surely he cannot much longer love a drivelling idiot! When that is accomplished, and he is in my toils, I will quickly get rid of her and her foolish old father. But *you*, methinks, are not keeping faith with me! You promised, out of all the roots and plants and herbs we have obtained so plentifully, to compound me a philter, that as a last resort might be used and force him to love me!"

"And so I can,"said the old crone; "but you are so impatient! It is not every hour or time that this can be done; the moon and the constellations must be in favourable positions. You know too that from some foolish whim, you wanted to gain his love without the philter. Pah! *love* from a boy like him for such as *you* and *I!* But I will make it for you, before the moon has again waned. Yet I warn you again that it will not be the kind of love he had for Sarah! *We* cannot make *that*, but as far as wild passion will content you I can—"

"I don't care, so he loves me and none but me; but I will try my own arts first, and have that ready if they fail. But why should I talk to you about *love*, who have outlived all your womanly feelings but love of mischief!"

"Well, you say true enough; I can't comprehend why you care about a man's *loving* you; at your age too! But I'll help you, I have sworn it, and we are also compelled to assist each other in all mischief. Now let us go up; we are losing the fun, and it is little enough a poor old woman like me gets to make her merry!"

So saying, she led the way on deck, followed by her companion; leaving the concealed listener in a tumult of feelings, in which however *joy* predominated. Yes, *joy*, for was his Sarah yet to be saved? The love professed for him by Mrs. Carew filled him with disgust; a thousand circumstances corroborated the words he had overheard, and he felt an intense loathing of her, which in some degree extended to himself for having liked to converse with her. "And I have kissed her hand!" thought he, and he wiped his lips violently, as if to remove the contamination. Just then Joe came down to apprise him in a whisper that land was in sight, for all the witches had assembled at the bows, and he should soon have to go on shore.

In a short time all was silent on deck, and he determined to venture up. With proper precautions he ascended the gangway, and eagerly fixed his eyes on the beautiful island that lay sleeping in placid loveliness before him. The bright tropical moon poured her silver light over hill and dale, and the air seemed loaded with perfumes. As he watched the wherry drawn up on the little beach or inlet, and Joe standing by its side,—there, thought he, is the bright southern isle! Oh for a walk in its sweet orange groves! Never shall I see it again! So near, yet never to stand upon its verdant shores! As he thus meditated a taunting laugh rang out as it seemed just beside him; he turned, but no one was there! The bright moonbeams poured a flood of light upon the deck; none but himself was there! But the feeling of unaccountable dread, that poor Joe had described, fell upon him, and it seemed to him that he *must* jump overboard; anything to escape from that dreadful vessel, and that unseen but not unfelt influence. He was a bold and skilful swimmer, he could easily reach the shore, where he and Joe could remain till some vessel would sail for their native land! But the thought of his sweet Sarah, withering under the drugs of that she fiend, restrained him, and rushing down to the stateroom he buried his face in the bedclothes and lay listening with inward shuddering for the dreadful laugh that he felt was not formed by earthly lip! It died away, but still he lay, every sense lost in that of hearing, but it came not again. He was roused by his own name whispered by Joe, who said, as he tried to pull a blanket over him,

"For massy sake, Doctor, take keer! The door wide open and your legs a sticking out! If they'd a come down instead of me, now! There, here are a passel of shells I got, and here's some weeds and —oh massy! they're coming!" He darted out of the stateroom pulling the door after him, and gained the ladder as the others came down.

Horace sprang from the berth, and with a pistol in each hand stood at the door ready to defend his life, if he found himself betrayed. He could see, through a hole cut in the panel, several women come down loaded with herbs, which they piled carefully upon the cabin table, then all departed but three, who seating themselves commenced a consultation. He could not distinguish their faces, but he recognized the now hated voice of Mrs. Carew.

"I have no desire to go again," said she, "we have as much rosemary as we need."

"Then let this be the last voyage," said another, "for much as you vaunted the stupid obedience of your simple boy, I doubt him. There is a boldness, an alertness in his manners to-night that I have not noticed before."

"Yes," muttered the third in a shuddering whis-

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per, "and I heard *our master* laugh to-night, and that ye know bodes mischief somewhere!"

"Ay?" said Mrs. Carew. "Then we will give to-night to yonder boy a glass of wine, with the drug you know of in it, and when they seek him, for he will hardly go to town again, he will be silent enough. Come, let us go on deck and prepare."

The demon women then ascended the steps, leaving Horace in the greatest anxiety for his humble friend. Fortunately, however, Joe came down soon after the women went on deck, and was instantly put on his guard by Harden, who advised him to button up his sea jacket, pull the handkerchief further over his mouth, and pretend to be drinking the wine but pour it into his collar. He cheered him with assurances of his protection and assistance, and finally succeeded in reassuring him.

I will not describe at length the anxiety of that, as it seemed to him, long, long night; repose was out of the question; thought chased thought through his troubled mind, like clouds driven through the sky by a fierce north-easter, precursor of an autumnal tempest. And to what a tempest did he look forward, consequent to his intended denunciation of the infamous Mrs. Carew and her pretended mother! If he substantiated his charge, these women would probably accuse their confederates, and into how many families would the hand of justice carry agony and disgrace! Though unable to designate any but the two we have mentioned, he had a dim perception that he knew them all, the voices, the faces, all seemed familiar; and how many of those, with whom he daily associated, might be implicated, he dreaded to imagine! He must expect a powerful opposition; all who were linked together in that dreadful band, supported by their relatives and friends, would be against him; his tale would be discredited by every means, obloquy would be poured upon his character, his motives would be questioned, his veracity impugned, and himself perhaps ruined! As he looked at the shellfish given him by Joe, and at the handful of sea rosemary taken from the table by himself, and reflected that these were all the evidences he could bring, beside that of the simple Joe, to substantiate the wild and improbable accusation he must bring against some of the first families, he felt a sad and deep despondency creeping over his heart, palsying its high and noble impulses, and shrouding with gloom his hopes and expectations. One bright star shone through this mental darkness, the evening star of love—the thought of his sweet Sarah! She was not a maniac or an idiot, he might save her; she might recover, and be his, and was not that happiness to dream of? While thus "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," the door of the stateroom was cautiously opened, and Joe crept in.

"We are een amost home now," whispered he, "don't you hear the music I told you of?"

Horace roused himself, and was indeed aware of a strain of music so wildly sweet, so soft, so soothing, that he hardly dared to breathe, lest he should lose some of the melody!

"It always comes," said Joe, heedless of the signs for silence made impatiently by the doctor; "I thought I'd peep in to tell you that *she* offered me the wine, and I took it and made believe drink it as you told me, and she didn't suspect. So now I go to sleep; it always put me to sleep."

So saying, and suiting the action to the word, by yawning hideously, Joe stolé out of the stateroom, leaving Horace to enjoy the harmony unmolested. In a minute or two, to his surprise, he felt himself nodding; he endeavoured to rouse himself by every method he could think of, but in vain, and his last effort was to crawl to the little door and lock it, when he sunk on the floor, and, entranced by the delicious tones that were gushing around him, without further resistance gave way to slumber. He was awakened by repeated knocking, and his name, first low, then louder and louder till the call became a shout, and the hammering against the door threatened to beat in its panels. He gathered himself up, and hardly knowing where he was, felt for the door and opened it, to the great delight of Joe, whose fears for his safety had rendered him almost desperate.

"Oh doctor!" whimpered the poor fellow, "I'm so glad to see you alive, if you did but know how skeered I been! I kinder thought *she* might have done something to *you*, as I couldn't make you hear. You need not look about you now, *they* have all been gone this hour, and I been trying to wake you for I don't know how long!"

It was as Joe said, *all* were gone but that individual and himself. Horace looked for the shellfish and rosemary, and found them safe; his mind was made up, and directing Joe to follow him, he bent his steps, not to his own lodging, but to the house of the clergyman, from whence messengers were soon despatched for the selectmen, and other leading citizens of Salem.

* * * * * *

In a small room appropriated to his daughter, in the handsome mansion of Mr. Carew, were his wife and his daughter. Crouching in a corner of the room, her back smarting from the lash, that, wielded by no weak or unwilling hand, had left its livid welts on her beautiful arms and shoulders; her pale features working with internal emotion, and her white lips muttering words which she either dared not, or could not articulate, was the once lovely, indulged, and admired Sarah Carew. On a sofa opposite, her triumphant eyes gloating on the misery of her victim, and her scornful lips mocking at her agony, sat Mrs. Carew.

"So! my pretty Miss! You won't obey me, won't you! This is the second time you have dashed the medicine from my hand; but you shall find, minion! that *I* am mistress! Yes—mutter and gibber like an idiot as you are; as *I have made you*—do you hear? Ay; you understand, but it shall not avail you! When she comes for whom I have sent, she will bring another, and together

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we will force it down your throat, and then see if your doctor will like his pretty mammit!"

A fiendish laugh followed this taunting speech, and she watched with delight its effects on her shuddering hearer; when the door opened, and the clergymen of that and the adjoining parish, the selectmen, the lawyers, and the other dignitaries of the town, entered. In the rear of the party walked Doctor Harden, whose haggard and worn look, marked his sense of the responsibility he had incurred, while his resolute eye spoke a determination to do and dare all, to punish vice and unmask hypocrisy.

Mrs. Carew rose and confronted her visitors with a look that quailed not, and a port as haughty as their own; but Sarah no sooner saw Dr. Harden, than with a cry of delight she bounded forward and catching him by the arm, muttered, "don't let her whip me again!" and exhibited her arms now black where the whip had struck. The eyes of the assembly turned first upon the victim, and thence to Mrs. Carew, who coloured with rage as she saw her hated step-daughter folded in the arms of her lover; and she exclaimed:

"Poor thing! how she contrived to mark herself so, I cannot tell; I have just come in to give her attendant an opportunity to breakfast, but the unfortunate girl is very violent sometimes! But what is your wish, gentlemen? Mr. Carew is from home, shall I send for him?"

In a few words the clergymen informed her of the accusation against her; she laughed contemptuously, and desired to know what proof they could possibly expect to find of such a crime, and how they dared accuse her of such wickedness. "Who was her accuser?" She turned her flashing eyes upon the doctor, with a glance of mingled rage and surprise, but rallying her faculties, she ordered a servant to go instantly for Mr. Carew, and seating herself, bade them search, if they thought it fitting and proper, on the accusation of a villain, whose base designs upon herself she had scorned, and forbore complaint to her husband only at his abject entreaty, and solemn promise of reformation.

* * * * * *

They had searched the house throughout, but without success. Every apartment had been closely investigated, and they had been joined by an officer who had been employed to apprehend the mother of Mrs. Carew, who assured them that no trace of rosemary or anything uncommon, had been discovered at her house. Horace was in despair; his companions had evidently lost all faith in his story, and looked at him with no pleasant countenances, as one who had by his dreams led them to offend the richest—the most influential man among them. They proceeded in a body to the room of Mrs. Carew, to which she had retired, and asked respectfully for admittance. The door was thrown open, and Mrs. Carew demanded:

"Have you any further insult to offer, gentlemen? Ye have already searched this chamber, or I mistake, but perhaps ye wish to search my pockets!"

"No, madam, no!" cried one of the gentlemen, "if we have offended, I deeply regret it, but on the information that was sworn to before us, we could do no otherwise. We have now to take our leave, with every feeling of"—

"What!" interrupted Horace, "are you really going to take no further notice of my allegations, sworn to so solemnly? Do you intend to search no more?"

"Search yourself, sir, if you think proper," said one of the selectmen, who from the first had been very backward in the business; "for my part, I must think that you dreamed the adventure!"

"I dreamed the shellfish and green rosemary too, I presume!" cried Horace; "but I *will* search once more."

Thus saying, he re-commenced a search, examining the panels, and turning up the carpet with an air of desperate determination, that alarmed Mrs. Carew, who angrily exclaimed:

"I am willing that the proper officers should search my house, if such is your will, but I will not consent that this wretch, who has no view but to insult me, should be allowed to carry his insolence further. I command him to leave my habitation, and I pray ye to understand, that though my husband has given way to these proceedings for once, he will neither forget nor forgive insult to me—his lawful wife!"

The rest of the party, struck with dismay at her covert threat, began to insist upon his leaving the room, but Horace, who had at that moment discovered a small crack in one of the panels, through which he fancied he inhaled the perfume of the rosemary, refused to stir, and endeavoured to force open the panel in spite of the now furious menaces of Mrs. Carew.

"It is in here, infamous woman, you know it well. So help me heaven! I will not stir from hence till I am satisfied!"

Glancing round the room, he saw some billets of wood lying on the hearth, and seizing one, in spite of the opposition of those around him, who began to think that the whole was a falsehood, or perhaps an insane fancy, he dashed the billet at the concealed door, and the shock succeeded as he wished, a part of the panelling sliding back, and giving to view a private closet, heaped with tropical productions! There was the green rosemary, the golden orange and the fragrant pine-apple, with a hundred other productions of those sunny isles where winter is unknown. All rushed to have a nearer view, but Horace, whose quick eye beheld Mrs. Carew hastening to the door.

"Secure the sorceress!" shouted he, and at the word, the officers of justice seized their victim, who with bitter laugh and flashing eyes, taunted them even then, and bade them beware of her vengeance!

In spite of her denunciations, she, with the hag her mother were securely lodged in the jail, and

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orders given that no one but the magistrates should have access to them.

The tumult—the horror and dismay of the town of Salem and its vicinity, can better be imagined than described; all confidence was destroyed, and Horace was beset from morning to night with inquiries which he could not answer, relative to those whom he saw on the fatal voyage. He gave as much of his time as possible to the care of his dear Sarah, and endeavouring to console Mr. Carew, who felt the blow more as a shock to his pride than to his affection; and forgave Horace his agency in consideration of his daughter, whose rapid amendment was hailed with delight by both father and lover.

After two or three days, a private message was conveyed, by the jailer, from the old woman to one of the magistrates, promising a full confession if her life was spared, and an hour after, another communication to the same effect, was received from Mrs. Carew. The magistrates and their associates immediately met in consultation, and it was determined that as the day was far advanced, on the morrow they would visit the prison, and from one of the prisoners elicit all the information they could, even by sparing her life.

They were saved the trouble. That evening at a late hour, three men, so muffled up that not a feature but their eyes were visible, handed to the jailer an order signed by the magistrates for admittance to the prisoners; and ordering him to keep watch on the outside of the jail during their conference, the men proceeded to the rooms of the two women. After half an hour, the men left the prison, ordering that the prisoners should not be disturbed till morning.

In the morning, when the keeper visited the cells to carry breakfast to their inmates, he found both the miserable women strangled on their beds! He instantly gave the alarm, and the whole populace flocked to the prison. The magistrates solemnly denied having given authority to any body to see the prisoners, and pronounced the order a forgery. It was long before the people could settle down into their usual state of security, if indeed they ever did; and when, some years after, the "Salem Witchcraft," as it was called, broke out, much of the ferocity and credulity of the populace at that period, may be traced to the impressions left by the Midnight Voyage of the Seagull.

Who cannot guess that the recovered Sarah, was wedded to him who for her sake had dared so much? Mr. Carew's death, some months after, breaking the only tie they had to Salem, and leaving them rich beyond their expectations, they removed to another part of the country, from a place that awoke unpleasant associations.

And was not Joe a man of importance? Liberally provided for by Horace, he lived as happily as he desired; his society being much sought for, especially of an evening, when over a mug of cider he delighted his hearers with an account of his marvellous adventures, which it was noticed grew more and more marvellous as time brought new listeners, his memory constantly recalling new circumstances, to the great edification of his audience. Indeed a great part of this veracious history is derived from his narrative, as it is remarkable that Dr. Harden never mentioned the supernatural and most wonderful events of his life here detailed. The account, as I have given it, without the alteration of a name, save that of Dr. *Harden*, has been handed down from father to son for three generations; and within these thirty years the once proud mansion of Mr. Carew stood, a sad remnant of former times, in the good town of Salem.

THE VISITOR.

I'LL leave the spirit's land awhile,
And in my light canoe
Will sail across the shallow seas
As I was wont to do.
I will fasten my bark where the willow trees wave;
Of my own native land a welcome I crave.

Nor rustling forests greet my ear,
Nor cabin still the eye;
Alone! and on this blessed spot!
My hopes, alas! they fly!
And our council fires' glow too has vanished away:
Not an ember is left to cheer with its ray!

Then hie me to the Hobomock,
With lily banks around;
And list if merry on the ear
The plashing oars resound.
Still the bright waters sparkle the same as before,
But as calm as the blue they reflect is their shore.

I'll follow down this stream awhile,
No hunter's path is here;
Yet 'tis the very self-same stream,
Its limpid waters clear.
But more loud are the sounds by that murmuring rill,
(The continuous clack of the noisy mill.)

Forms unfamiliar gaze on me;
No brother's hand I meet;
A kindly welcome I may hear,
Yet strange the sounds that greet:
But not to the wind will I whisper it round,
Lest it waft to their ear the sorrowful sound.

Enough, and more; a sadness reigns!
My home, as not of yore,
Will to my brothers be a place
Of heritage no more;
For our home is removed; far over the sea,
Here, unwept and unsung must our memory be.

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THE WIDOW BY BREVET;

OR,

THAT SAD AFFAIR OF MISS PICKLIN (FORMERLY MRS. KENI).

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"Pray God we may make haste—and come too late!"—RICHARD II.

Imogen. "But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?
Pisanio. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.
Imogen. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The skies of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charged him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, and midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in Heaven with him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing."—CYMBELINE.

LET me introduce the courteous reader to two ladies.

Miss Picklin, a tall young lady of twenty-one, near enough to good-looking to permit of a delusion on the subject, (of which however she had an entire monopoly,) with cheeks always red in a small spot, lips not so red as the cheeks, and rather thin, sharpish nose, and waist very slender; and last, (not least important,) a very long neck, scalded on either side into a resemblance to a scroll of shrivelled parchment, which might or might not be considered as a *mis*-fortune—serving her as a title-deed to twenty thousand dollars. The scald was inflicted, and the fortune left in consequence, by a maiden aunt who, in the babyhood of Miss Picklin, attempted to cure the child's sore throat by an application of cabbage-leaves steeped in hot vinegar.

Miss Euphemia Picklin, commonly called Phemie—a good-humoured girl, rather inclined to be fat, but gifted with several points of beauty of which she was not at all aware, very much a pet among her female friends, and admitting, with perfect sincerity and submission, her sister's exclusive right to the admiration of the gentlemen of their acquaintance.

Captain Isaiah Picklin, the father of these ladies, was a merchant of Salem, an importer of figs and opium, and once master of the brig "Simple Susan," which still plied between his warehouse and Constantinople—nails and codfish the cargo outward. I have not Miss Picklin's permission to mention the precise date of the events I am about to record, and leaving that point alone to the imagination of the reader, I shall set down the other particulars and impediments in her "course of true love" with historical fidelity.

Ever since she had been of sufficient age to turn her attention exclusively to matrimony, Miss Picklin had nourished a presentiment that her destiny was exotic; that the soil of Salem was too poor, and the indigenous lovers too mean; and that, potted in her twenty thousand dollars, she was a choice production, set aside for flowering in a foreign clime, and destined to be transplanted by a foreign lover. With this secret in her bosom, she had refused one or two gentlemen of middle age, recommended by her father, besides sundry score of young gentlemen of slender revenues in her own set of acquaintances, till, if there had been any thing besides poetry in Shakspeare's assertion that it is

"*Broom* groves
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,"

the neighbouring "brush barrens" of Saugus would have sold in lots at a premium. It was possibly from the want of nightingales, to whose complaining notes the gentleman of Verona "tuned his distresses," that the discarded of Salem preferred the consolations of Phemie Picklin.

News to the Picklins! Hassan Keni, the son of old Abdoul Keni, was coming out in the "Simple

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Susan!" A Turk—a live Turk—a young Turk, and the son of her father's rich correspondent in Turkey! "Ah me!" thought Miss Picklin.

The captain himself was rather taken aback. He had known old Abdoul for many years, had traded and smoked with him in the *cafés* of Galata, had gone out with him on Sundays to lounge on the tombstones at Scutari, and had never thought twice about his yellow gown and red trowsers: but what the deuce would be thought of them in Salem? True, it was his son; but a Turk's clothes descend from father to son through three generations; he knew that, from remembering this very boy all but smothered in a sort of saffron blanket with sleeves like pillow-cases—his first assumption of the *toga virilis*. (Not that old Picklin knew Latin, but such was "his sentiment better expressed.") Then *he* had never been asked to the house of the Stamboul merchant, nor introduced to his wives nor his daughters—(indeed, he had not forgotten that old Keni was near cutting his throat for asking after them)—but of course it was very different in Salem. Young Keni must be the Picklin guest, fed and lodged, and the girls would want to give him a tea-party. Would he sit on a chair, or want cushions on the floor? Would he come to dinner with his breast bare and leave his boots outside? Would he eat rice-pudding with his fingers? Would he think it indecent if the girls didn't wear linen cloths, Turkey fashion, over their mouths and noses? Would he bring his pipes? Would he fall on his face and say his prayers four times a day, wherever he should be, (with a clean place handy?) What would the neighbours say? The captain worked himself into a violent perspiration with merely thinking of all this.

The Salemites have a famous museum, and know "what manner of thing is your crocodile;" but a live Turk consigned to Captain Picklin! It set the town in a fever!

It would leave an indelicate opening for a conjecture as to Miss Picklin's present age, were I to state whether or not the arrival of the "Simple Susan" was reported by telegraph. She ran in with a fair wind one Sunday morning, and was immediately boarded by the harbour-master and Captain Picklin; and there, true to the prophetic boding of old Isaiah, the young Turk sat cross-legged on the quarter-deck, in a white turban and scarlet *etceteras*, smoking his father's identical pipe—no other, the captain would have taken his oath!

Up rose Hassan, when informed who was his visitor, and, taking old Picklin's hand, put it to his forehead. The weather-stained sea-captain had bleached in the counting-house, and he had not, at first sight, remembered the old friend of his father. He passed the pipe into Isaiah's hand and begged him to keep it as a memento of Abdoul, for his father had died at the last Ramazan. Hassan had come out to see the world, and secure a continuance of codfish and good will from the house of Picklin, and the merchant got astride the tiller of his old craft, and smoked this news through his amber-mouthed legacy, while the youth went below to get ready to go ashore.

The reader of course would prefer to share the first impressions of the ladies as to the young Mussulman's personal appearance; and I pass at once, therefore, to their disappointment, surprise, mortification and vexation, when, as the bells were ringing for church, the front door opened, their father entered, and, in followed a young gentleman in frock coat and trowsers! Yes, and in his hand a hat—a black hat—and on his feet no yellow boots, but calfskin, mundane and common calfskin, and with no shaved head, and no twisted shawl around his waist; nothing to be seen but a very handsome young man indeed, with teeth like a fresh slice of cocoa-nut meat, and a very deliberate pronunciation to his bad English.

Miss Picklin's disappointment had to be slept upon, for she had made great outlay of imagination upon the pomp and circumstance of wedding a white Othello in the eyes of wondering Salem; but Phemie's surprise took but five minutes to grow into a positive pleasure; and never suspecting, at any time, that she was visible to the naked eye during the eclipsing presence of her sister, she sat with a very admiring smile upon her lips, and her soft eyes fixed earnestly on the stranger, till she had made out a full inventory of his features, proportions, manners, and other stuff available in dream-land. What might be Hassan's impression of the young ladies, could not be gathered from his manner; for, in the first place, there was the reserve which belonged to him as a Turk, and in the second place, there was a violation of all oriental notions of modesty in their exposing their chins to masculine observation: and though he could endure the exposure, it was of course with that diffidence of gaze which accompanies the consciousness of improper objects—adding to his demeanour another shade of timidity.

Miss Picklin's shoulders were not invaded quite to the limits of *terra cognita* by the cabbage-leaves which had exercised such an influence on her destiny; and as the scalds somewhat resembled two maps of South America (with Patagonia under each ear), she usually, in full dress, gave a clear view of the surrounding ocean—wisely thinking it better to have the geography of her disfigurement well understood, than, by covering a small extremity, (as it were, the Isthmus of Darien,) to leave an undiscovered North America to the imagination. She appeared accordingly at dinner in a costume not likely to diminish the modest embarrassment of *Mr.* Keni, (as she chose to call him)—extremely *décolleté*, in a pink silk dress with short sleeves, and in a turban with a gold fringe, the latter, of course, out of compliment to his country. "Money is power," even in family circles, and it was only Miss Picklin who exercised the privilege of full dress at a mid-day dinner. Phemie came to table dressed as at breakfast, and if she felt at all envious of her sister's pink gown and elbows to match, it did not appear in her pleasant face or sisterly at-

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tention. The captain would allow anything, and do *almost* anything, for his rich daughter, but as to dining with his coat on, in hot weather, company or no company, he would rather

> "be set quick i' the earth,
> And bowled to death with turnips,"

though that is not the way he expressed it. The *parti carré*, therefore, (for there was no *Mrs.* Picklin) was, in the matter of costume, rather incongruous, but, as the Turk took it for granted that it was all according to the custom of the country, the carving was achieved by the shirt-sleeved captain, and the pudding "helped" by his bare-armed daughter, with no particular commotion in the elements. Earthquakes do not invariably follow violations of etiquette—particularly where nobody is offended.

After the first day, things took their natural course—as near as they were able. Hassan was not very quick at conversation, always taking at least five minutes to put together for delivery a sentence of English, but his laugh did not hang fire, nor did his nods and smiles; and where ladies are voluble, (as ladies sometimes are,) this paucity of ammunition on the gentleman's part is no prelude to discomfiture. Then Phemie had a very fair smattering of Italian, and that being the business language of the Levant, Hassan took refuge in it whenever brought to a stand-still in English; a refuge, by the way, of which he seemed inclined to avail himself oftener than was consistent with Miss Picklin's exclusive property in his attention. Rebellious though Hassan might secretly have been to *this* authority over himself, Phemie was no accomplice, natural modesty combining with the long habit of subserviency to make her even anticipate the exactions of the heiress; and so Miss Picklin had "Mr. Keni" principally to herself, promenading him through the streets of Salem, and bestowing her sweetness upon him from his morning entrance to his evening exit; Phemie relieving guard very cheerfully, while her sister dressed for dinner. It was possibly from being permitted to converse in Italian during this half hour, that Hassan made it the only part of the day in which he talked of himself and his home on the Bosphorus, but that will not account also for Phemie's sighing while she listened—never having sighed before in her life, not even while the same voice was talking English to her sister.

Without going into a description of the Picklin tea-party, at which Hassan was induced to figure in his oriental costume, while Miss Picklin sat by him on a cushion, turbaned, and (probably) cross-legged, *a la Sultana*, and without recording other signs satisfactory to the Salemites, that the young Turk had fallen to the scalded heiress,

> "As does the ospray to the fish, that takes it,
> By sovereignty of nature,"

I must come plump to the fact that, on the Monday following, (one week after his arrival,) Hassan left Salem, *un*accompanied by Miss Picklin. As he had asked for no private interview in the best parlour, and had made his final business arrangements with the captain, so that he could take passage from New York without returning, some people were inclined to fancy that Miss Picklin's demonstrations with regard to him had been a little premature. And "some people" chose to smile. But it was reserved for Miss Picklin to look round in church, in about one year from this event, and have her triumph over "some people;" for she was about to sail for Constantinople—"sent for," as the captain rudely expressed it. But I must explain.

The "Simple Susan" came in, heavily freighted with a consignment from the house of Keni to Picklin & Co., and a letter from the American consul at Constantinople wrapped in the invoice. With the careful and ornate wording of an official epistle, it stated that Effendi Hassan Keni had called on the consul, and partly from mistrust of his ability to express himself in English on so delicate a subject, but more particularly for the sake of approaching the object of his affections with proper deference and ceremony, he had requested that officer to prepare a document conveying a proposal of marriage to the daughter of Captain Picklin. The incomplete state of his mercantile arrangements, while at Salem the previous year, would account for his silence on the subject at that time, but he trusted that his preference had been sufficiently manifest to the lady of his heart, and as his prosperity in business depended on his remaining at Constantinople, enriching himself only for her sake, he was sure that the singular request appended to his offer would be taken as a mark of his prudence rather than as a presumption. The cabin of the "Simple Susan," as Captain Picklin knew, was engaged on her next passage to Constantinople by a party of Missionaries, male and female, and the request was to the intent that, in case of an acceptance of his offer, the fair daughter of the owner would come out, under their sufficient protection, to be wedded, if she should so please, on the day of her arrival in the "Golden Horn."

As Miss Picklin had preserved a mysterious silence on the subject of "Mr. Keni's" attentions since his departure, and as a lady with twenty thousand dollars in her own right is, of course, quite independent of paternal control, the captain, after running his eye hastily through the document, called to the boy who was weighing out a quintal of codfish, and bid him wrap the letter in a brown paper and run with it to Miss Picklin—taking it for granted that she knew more about the matter than he did, and would explain it all, when he came home to dinner.

In thinking the matter over, on his way home, it occurred to old Picklin that it was worded as if he had but *one* daughter. At any rate, he was quite sure that neither of his daughters was particularly specified, either by name or age. No

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doubt it was all right, however. The girls understood it.

"So, it's *you*, Miss!" he said, as Miss Picklin looked round from the turban she was trying on before the glass.

"Certainly, Pa! Who else should it be?"

And there ended the captain's doubts, for he never again got sight of the letter, and the turmoil of preparation for Miss Picklin's voyage, made the house anything but a place for getting answers to impertinent questions. Phemie, whom the news had made silent and thoughtful, let drop a hint or two that she would like to see the letter, but a mysterious air, and "la! child, you wouldn't understand it," was check enough for her timid curiosity, and she plied her needle upon her sister's wedding dress with patient submission.

The preparations for the voyage went on swimmingly. The missionaries were written to, and willingly consented to chaperon Miss Picklin over the seas, provided her union with a pagan was to be sanctified by a Christian ceremonial. Miss Picklin replied with virtuous promptitude that the cake for the wedding was already soldered up in a tin case, and that she was to be married immediately on her arrival, under an awning on the brig's deck, and she hoped that four of the missionaries' wives would oblige her by standing up as her bridesmaids. Many square feet of codfish were unladen from the Simple Susan to make room for boxes and bags, and one large case was finally shipped, the contents of which had been shopped for by ladies with families—no book of Oriental travels making any allusion to the sale of such articles in Constantinople, though, in the natural course of things, they must be wanted as much in Turkey as in Salem.

The brig was finally cleared and lay off in the stream, and on the evening before the embarkation the missionaries arrived and were invited to a tea-party at the Picklins. Miss Picklin had got up a little surprise for her friends with which to close the party—a "walking *tableau*," as she termed it, in which she should suddenly make her apparition at one door, pass through the room, and go out at the other, dressed as a sultana, with a muslin kirtle and satin trowsers. She disappeared accordingly half an hour before the breaking up; and, conversation rather languishing in her absence, the eldest of the missionaries rose to conclude the evening with a prayer, in the midst of which Miss Picklin passed through the room unperceived—the faces of the company being turned to the wall.

The next morning at daylight the Simple Susan put to sea with a fair wind, and at the usual hour for opening the store of Picklin & Co. she had dropped below the horizon. Phemie sat upon the end of the wharf and watched her till she was out of sight, and the captain walked up and down between two puncheons of rum which stood at the distance of a quarter-deck's length from each other, and both father and daughter were silent. The captain had a confused thought or two besides the grief of parting, and Phemie had feelings quite as confused, which were not all made up of sorrow for the loss of her sister. Perhaps the reader will be at the trouble of spelling out their riddles while I try to let him down softly to the catastrophe of my story.

Without confessing to any ailment whatever, the plump Phemie paled and thinned from the day of her sister's departure. Her spirits, too, seemed to keep her flesh and colour company, and at the end of a month the captain was told by one of the good dames of Salem that he had better ask a physician what ailed her. The doctor could make nothing out of it except that she might be fretting for the loss of her sister, and he recommended a change of scene and climate. That day Captain Brown, an old mate of Isaiah's, dropped in to eat a family dinner and say good-bye, as he was about sailing in the new schooner Nancy for the Black Sea—his wife for his only passenger. Of course he would be obliged to drop anchor at Constantinople to wait for a fair wind up the Bosphorus, and part of his errand was to offer to take letters and nicknackeries to Mrs. Keni. Old Picklin put the two things together, and over their glass of wine he proposed to Brown to take Phemie with Mrs. Brown to Constantinople, leave them both there on a visit to Mrs. Keni, till the return of the Nancy from the Black Sea, and then re-embark them for Salem. Phemie came into the room just as they were touching glasses on the agreement, and when the trip was proposed to her she first coloured violently, then grew pale and burst into tears; but consented to go. And, with such preparations as she could make that evening, she was quite ready at the appointed hour, and was off with the land breeze the next morning, taking leave of nobody but her father. And this time the old man wiped his eyes very often before the departing vessel was "hull down," and was heartily sorry he had let Phemie go without a great many presents and a great many more kisses.

* * * * * *

A fine, breezy morning at Constantinople!

Rapidly down the Bosphorus shot the caique of Hassan Keni, bearing its master from his country-house at Dolma-batchi to his warehouses at Galata. Just before the sharp prow rounded away toward the Golden Horn, the merchant motioned to the caikjis to rest upon their oars, and, standing erect in the slender craft, he strained his gaze long and with anxious earnestness toward the Sea of Marmora. Not a sail was to be seen coming from the west, except a man-of-war with a crescent flag at the peak, laying off toward Scutari from Seraglio Point, and with a sigh that carried the cloud off his brow, Hassan gaily squatted once more to his cushions, and the caique sped merrily on. In and out, among the vessels at anchor, the airy barque threaded her way with the dexterous swiftness of a bird, when suddenly a cable rose beneath her and lifted her half out of the water. A vessel newly arrived was hauling in to a close anchorage

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and they had crossed her hawser as it rose to the surface. Pitched headlong into the lap of the nearest caikji, the Turk's snowy turban fell into the water and was carried by the eddy under the stern of the vessel rounding to, and as the caique was driven backward to regain it, the bareheaded owner sank back aghast—SIMPLE SUSAN OF SALEM staring him in the face in golden capitals.

"Oh! Mr. Keni! how *do* you do?" cried a well-remembered voice, as he raised himself to fend off by the rudder of the brig. And there she stood within two feet of his lips—Miss Picklin in her bridal veil, waiting below in expectant modesty, and though surprised by his peep into the cabin windows, excusing it as a natural impatience in a bridegroom coming to his bride.

The captain of the Susan, meantime, had looked over the taffrail and recognised his old passenger, and Hassan, who would have given a cargo of opium for an hour to compose himself, mounted the ladder which was thrown out to him, and stepped from the gangway into Miss Picklin's arms! She had rushed up to receive him, dressed in her muslin kirtle and satin trowsers, though, with her dramatic sense of propriety, she had intended to remain below till summoned to the bridal. The captain, of course, kept back from delicacy, but the missionaries stood in a cluster gazing on the happy meeting, and the sailors looked over their shoulders as they heaved at the windlass. As Miss Picklin afterwards remarked, "it would have been a *tableau vivant* if the deck had not been so very dirty!"

Hassan wiped his eyes, for he had replaced his wet turban on his head, but what with his escape from drowning, and what with his surprise and embarrassment, (for he had a difficult part to play, as the reader will presently understand,) he had lost all memory of his little stock of English. Miss Picklin drew him gently by the hand to the quarter-deck, where, under an awning fringed with curtains partly drawn, stood a table with a loaf of wedding-cake upon it, and a bottle of wine and a bible. She nodded to the Rev. Mr. Griffin, who took hold of a chair and turned it round, and placing it against his legs with the back towards him, looked steadfastly at the happy couple.

"Good morning—good night—your sister—*aspetta! per amor' di Dio!*" cried the bewildered Hassan, giving utterance to all the English he could remember, and seizing the bride by the arm.

"These ladies are my bridesmaids," said Miss Picklin, pointing to the missionaries' wives who stood by in their bonnets and shawls. "I dare say he expected my sister would have come as my bridesmaid!" she added, turning to Mr. Griffin to explain the outbreak as she understood it.

Hassan beat his hand upon his forehead, walked twice up and down the quarter-deck, looked around over the Golden Horn as if in search of an interpreter to his feelings, and finally walked up to Miss Picklin with a look of calm resignation, and addressed to her and to the Rev. Mr. Griffin a speech of three minutes, *in Italian*. At the close of it he made a very ceremonious salaam, and offered his hand to the bride; and, as no one present understood a syllable of what he had intended to convey in his address, it was received as probably a welcome to Turkey, or perhaps a formal repetition of his offer of heart and hand. At any rate, Miss Picklin took it to be high time to blush and take off her glove, and the Rev. Mr. Griffin then bent across the back of the chair, joined their hands and went through the ceremony, ring and all. The ladies came up, one after another, and kissed the bride, and the gentlemen shook hands with Hassan, who received their good wishes with a curious look of unhappy resignation, and after cutting the cake and permitting the bride to retire for a moment to calm her feelings and put on her bonnet, the bridegroom made rather a peremptory movement of departure, and the happy couple went off in the caique toward Dolma-batchi amid much waving of handkerchiefs from the missionaries, and hurrahs from the Salem hands of the Simple Susan.

And now, before giving the reader a translation of the speech of Hassan before the wedding, we must go back to some little events which had taken place one month previously at Constantinople.

The Nancy arrived off Seraglio Point after a very remarkable passage, having still on her quarter the northwest breeze which had stuck to her like a bloodhound ever since leaving the harbour of Salem. She had brought it with her to Constantinople indeed, for twenty or thirty vessels which had been long waiting a favourable wind to encounter the adverse current of the Bosphorus, were loosing sail and getting under way, and the pilot, knowing that the destination of the Nancy was also to the Black Sea, strongly dissuaded Captain Brown from dropping anchor in the Horn, with a chance of losing the good luck, and lying, perhaps a month, wind-bound in harbour. Understanding that the captain's only object in stopping was to leave the two ladies with Keni the opium merchant, the pilot, who knew his residence at Dolma-batchi, made signal for a caique, and kept up the Bosphorus. Arriving opposite the little village of which Hassan's house was one of the chief ornaments, the ladies were lowered into the caique and sent ashore—expecting of course to be received with open arms by Mrs. Keni—and then, spreading all her canvass, the swift little schooner sped on her way to Trebisond.

Hassan sat in the little pavilion of his house which looked out on the Bosphorus, eating his pillau, for it was the noon of a holiday, and he had not been that morning to Galata. Recognising at once the sweet face of Phemie as the caique came near the shore, he flew to meet her, supposing that the "Simple Susan" had arrived, and that the lady of his love had chosen to come and seek him. The reader will understand of course that there was no "Mrs. Keni."

And now to shorten my story.

Mrs. Brown and Phemie were in Hassan's own

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house, with no other acquaintance or protector on that side of the world, and there was no possibility of escaping a true explanation. The mistake *was* explained, and explained to Mrs. Brown's satisfaction. Phemie was the "daughter" of Captain Picklin to whom the offer was transmitted, and as, by blessed luck, the Nancy had outsailed the Simple Susan, Providence seemed to have chosen to set right for once, the traverse of true love. The English embassy was at Bulgurlu, only six miles above, on the Bosphorus, and Hassan and his mother and sisters, and Mrs. Brown and Phemie were soon on their way thither in swift caiques, and *the* happy couple were wedded by the English chaplain. The arrival of the Simple Susan was of course looked for, by both Hassan and his bride, with no little dismay. She had met with contrary winds on the Atlantic, and had been caught in the Archipelago by a Levanter, and from the damage of the last she had been obliged to come to anchor off the little island of Paros and repair. This had been a job of six weeks, and meantime the Nancy had given them the go-by, and reached Constantinople.

Hassan was daily on the look-out for the brig in his trips to town, and on the morning of her arrival, his mind being put at ease for the day by his glance toward the Sea of Marmora, the stumbling so suddenly and so unprepared on the object of his dread, completely bewildered and unnerved him. Through all his confusion, however, and all the awkwardness of his situation, there ran a feeling of self-condemnation, as well as pity for Miss Picklin; and this had driven him to the catastrophe described above. He felt that he owed her some reparation, and as the religion in which he was educated did not forbid a plurality of wives, and there was no knowing but possibly she might be inclined to "do in Turkey as Turkeys do," he felt it incumbent on himself to state the fact of his previous marriage, and then offer her the privilege of becoming Mrs. Keni No. 2, if she chose to accept it. As he had no English at his command, he stated his dilemma and made his offer in the best language he had—Italian—and with the result the reader has been made acquainted.

Of the return passage of Miss Picklin, formerly Mrs. Keni, under the charge of Captain and Mrs. Brown, in the schooner Nancy, I have never learned the particulars. She arrived in Salem in very good health, however, and has since been distinguished principally by her sympathy for widows—based on what, I cannot very positively say. She resides at present in Salem with her father, Captain Picklin, who is still the consignee of the house of Keni, having made one voyage out to see the children of his daughter Phemie and strengthen the mercantile connection. His old age is creeping on him, undistinguished by anything except the little monomania of reading the letters from his son-in-law at least a hundred times, and then wafering them up over the fire-place of his counting-room—in doubt, apparently, whether he rightly understands the contents.

TO MR. AND MRS. K——, OF BALTIMORE,

ON THE DEATH OF THEIR CHILDREN.

BY J. H. HEWITT.

And they have pass'd away—those cherish'd joys,
For love of which a parent's heart ne'er cloys;
The smiling objects of a father's pride,
A mother's hope—than which the world beside
Contains no richer gems—the tender flowers
Whose infant smiles fill life with sunny hours.
I've seen an infant die. Methought its eye
Saw lights in heaven which man could ne'er descry;
Its steady gaze was on some distant star
Whose blaze of glory shone in space afar;
And that star seem'd its spirit's resting place,
For on the dying cherub's pallid face
A holy smile was beaming, like the glow
A sunbeam *seems* to give to banks of snow.
Its sinless race of life—its few brief hours,
A moment's look upon its budding flowers,
A transient breathing of its balmy air,
A glance of wonder at its golden glare—
When fled its spirit to another clime,
As if the bliss of life were in its prime,
And each new day brought sorrow with its dawn,
While every setting sun left man to mourn.
Yes—bless'd are they who die in youth's bright hour;
They feel no pang at parting; and the flower
Snatch'd from the parent stem before its bloom,
Will thrive in glory's light beyond the tomb.
The blight of sin hath not defiled its leaf,
It hath not felt the scalding tear of grief;
The holy light that usher'd in its day
Will still beam on it as it fades away.
Then weep not for the dear departed ones,
Life's streamlet still through flowery meadows runs;
Tears will not bring the heav'nward wanderers home,
Nor sighs awake the sleepers of the tomb.
May sweet contentment nestle like a dove
Within thy heart, and teach thee how to love,
Until joy's beam through clouds of sorrow peers,
And smiles again are seen instead of tears.

Baltimore.

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THE EJECTMENT.

AN IRISH "SKETCH FROM LIFE."

BY MRS. S C. HALL OF LONDON.

Perhaps it proceeds from our having 'Inhabitiveness' largely developed that we are led so completely to sympathize with those who are compelled under any circumstances to quit their homes. Even if 'a flitting' be premeditated under the most pleasant prospects there is always something to regret—the discomfort, the bustle, the leave-taking, are all sad enough, no matter how brilliant the anticipated future may be—there is something really melancholy in parting either from what has been the abode of joy, or sorrow, for both equally, in our opinion, endear a locality. A change of residence is always an inconvenience to the rich, but to the Irish poor it is frequently only a change from the misery of a wretched hovel to the exposure and starvation of the high roads. We witnessed a harrowing scene of this description which we cannot easily forget, and it is one which my American readers will imagine overdrawn, no matter how we tell the story.

We had sent the carriage on and were proceeding on foot, a practice which enables us to converse with the peasantry, and increases our enjoyment and information. It was a fine clear evening; the sun was sinking behind the richly wooded slopes of this most beautiful country; the air was full and balmy; the rail was croaking along the hedges, and the thrush singing those rich and varied melodies which art can neither imitate nor teach. A lane, or as the Irish so prettily call it, a "bohreen" branched off from the high road, and some noble old trees had interlaced their arms above it, so as to form a succession of living Gothic arches, the most perfect and picturesque we had ever observed. The elevated inclosures of this pretty path were tangled by a profusion of flowers—the purple foxglove with its fairy-like cups, and the sparkling leaves and knotty twistings of sly Robin-run-the-hedge, mingled with the tasseled meadow-sweet and broad-leaved dock—all beautiful according to their kind: then there were occasional breaks amid the branches, through which the sunlight, so bright before its close, darted the most vivid light, showing the sylvan tracery to the best advantage. It was altogether so exquisite a bit of light and shade that it was not until we had looked at it for some time that we perceived three little children huddled up together at the stump of an old thorn-tree, a few yards down the lane: the eldest, a grown up girl, supported a sleeping infant on her knees; the third, whose costume was as slight as it is possible to fancy, was crying bitterly, and in his fruitless attempts to dry his tears, had smeared his face over so as to give it the appearance of a mask. His trouble was of that nature which in England would be *alleviated* by bread and butter, and *cured* by bread and sugar: but the grief that caused emotion in the eldest girl was altogether different; it was such as strong women can hardly bear. Her features were hardened into the expression of despair, and what is more at variance with the first hours of youth, sullen despair. An old blind dog sat at her feet with his head on her knee, his thick sightless eyes upturned to her, while she stroked his head mechanically, and without uttering a word.

"Let me go back, Essey; let me go back, just for a minute, and I won't cry out; do let me, and I'll be as good as *goold*, I will," said the boy.

The girl made no reply, but clutched his shoulder in her hand, and held him fast.

There was a strong resistance on the boy's part, but it did not continue long, for he agreed to keep still if she'd "loose her hold," which she did, though her hand still remained on his shoulder.

We were so interested in the girl's sorrow that we endeavoured to alleviate it by kind words, and inquired if "any of her people were ill." Then she burst into tears, and the hardness which rendered her expression so painful to look at, relaxed.

"Thank you kindly for asking, only the trouble, ma'am, is hard on us this evenin': we're turned out: we, that never let the winter gale run till summer: that for all we took out of the bit of land, put double in it, and did with half feedin' *sooner than wrong the earth* that gave us that same. We're turned out this blessed evenin' to wander the world, or to starve in Navin—to die away from the light of the heavens, and the fresh air, and the fields—oh, there's no use in talking, but my heart will burst, it will burst open in me if I think of the cruelty of the world. How can my father live in a town where there are hundreds of men strong an' able to work as he? What can he get to do there? If they'd let us build a sod house by the side of the road itself, in the place where he's known, he could get work among the neighbours: but that spoils the look of the country, they say! Och hone! sure the starving look of the poor spoils it worse."

"Ye'r crying worse than me, Essey, now," said the urchin, "and you promised mother you'd keep in the tears: let me go see if she's crying still."

"Stay where you are, Jimmy my boy, there's a good child; mother can bear it better when she does not see us. Oh, I could beg the world's bread for her, from door to door, though until this blessed

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hour, let us suffer as we would, we never asked charity from man or mortal; but I could beg, starve (that's easy enough) or die for my own darlin' mother, if God leaves her with us—but he won't; death was printed in her face this morning; she'll die from me: oh, Holy Vargin, hear my prayer this evenin', and if one must go, take me, Holy Queen of Heaven, and leave her with her husband and her helpless children."

The poor girl sank upon her knees, still pressing the infant to her heart, and we walked on, deeply anxious to ascertain the truth of so sad a statement. A turn in the lane brought us opposite what had been a nesting of three or four cottages: the greater number had been dispossessed of their inmates a few months before, as was evident from the length of time the walls had been uncovered. The one farthest off was the present scene of distress. Two men were busied in unroofing the small dwelling, while two others were evidently prepared to meet any outbreak on the part of the late tenant, or his friends. Several of the latter were assembled, but for the most part seemed rather bent on consoling than defending. There was the usual scene of confusion, but it was evident that the ejectment had been served upon a cottage possessed of many comforts. A very pale fragile woman was seated upon a substantial clump bedstead with her hand closely pressed against her side, as if in pain, while tears flowed down her cheeks. Chickens of various sizes were crowded in an ancient coop, and a stout little pig had a sougan fixed to his leg, to prepare him for the road. Stools and iron pots, a dresser, delf and wooden ware, were scattered about; and a serious looking cat was seated on the top of a potato basket, as if uncertain whether the esteem she was held in would compel her friends to forego the superstition and carry her with them—little thinking that they had no alternative but to exchange the free air for a wretched room in wretched Navin, which it was not likely they could long keep.

"It's Larkins' own fault, I must say that; when the lease of his little place dropt he wouldn't take 'No' for an answer, but would keep possession, and I wonder at his doing so, and he so well learned, and bright at everything," said one of the men.

"My own fault!" repeated a strong, haggard looking person advancing, while the group of countrymen to whom he had been speaking made way for him. "Who says it's my own fault—you?—sir, I was born under that thatch, that now you stand on; my father and grandfather held the bit of land, and we paid for it at the highest, and to the last farthing."

"That ye did, poor man—God help you!" said many a voice in tones of the deepest sympathy.

"I, with every hard-working soul on the estate, got notice to quit, because the agent wants it to be *cleared* of men, that it may feed beasts. I had acted all my life like a man, and I had the feelings of one; I loved every stick of them blackened rafters. My father's own hands made the bed that poor broken-hearted woman is sitting on: on it I was born, and on it she brought me five children. The bees that are now singing in the bushes came from the ould stock; and my father's mother, that they are bringing out now, has sat upon that stone bench for sixty-four years."

A very venerable woman had just been carried through the flakes of falling thatch into the open air; she seemed hardly conscious of what was going forward, and yet she gazed around her, and from one to another, with an anxious look.

"Well, we know all that," said the first speaker; "and you ought to know that I'm only doing my duty, and you ought to have sense; the gentleman's land is his own, and if he'd rather feed cattle for the market than have the place broke up in little farms, sure it's his own land, not yours; he lets you take every stick that you like away."

"The law, only a bastard law after all for the poor," said Larkins, "gives me them."

"And he pays you for your crop."

"And that he can't help, either."

"And yet the granny there would not leave it till the roof was off. Sure any how the gentleman had a right to do what he liked with his own."

"He had not!" exclaimed the peasant, firmly planting his foot on the ground, and unconsciously assuming an attitude that would have added dignity to a Roman senator. "In the sight and light of Almighty God, no man having plenty, has a right to say to another, 'Go out and starve'—starve, as I shall, and all belonging to me; starve and beg, and beg and starve, till my bones whiten through my skin, and I die, as others in this county have done before me, on the road—Oh my God! if he had given me a piece of mountain, or a piece of bog, and time to bring it round, I'd have worked, as I have done all my life—and that's saying enough—for it. Does he call to mind, that the tenant's duty is to pay, and the landlord's to protect? Does he say as a Christian, that any man has a right to turn over scores of his fellow creatures to starvation, when they are willing to be his slaves for food and raiment? for what more have any of us? We lay by nothing, and have nothing to lay by; yet we pay our rent. Will any of you say that God intended that?"

"Then why the divil, Johnny Larkins, my jewel!" said a tight concentrated fellow, walking up to the excited speaker; "why don't you let us sarve them all out at onct? Sorra a better sport we'll desire, and it's under yer roof ye'd be now if ye had let us take just one good hearty fling at them."

"I never broke the law in my life, James," replied Larkins.

"Sorra a better ye're off than them that did," answered James, stepping back in a most discontented manner. Two women were comforting the poor man's wife, in the best way they could, and another was busied in adjusting a bed on a small car, upon which they intended to place the old woman, so as to remove her comfortably. The landlord's agents, in this apparently most unfeel-

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ing proceeding, seemed resolved not to desist until the roof was entirely removed.

"I wish, *a lannan*, ye'd be said and led by us," urged one to Mrs. Larkins, who was rocking herself, as the wind rocks a tree that has been more than half uprooted. "What good can staying here do you, dear? Sure ye'll stop with us as long as ye like before ye go into the close town, and yer breathing so bad, and ye so weak."

"If they had only let me die in it," answered the young mother, whose weak, trembling voice recalled her child's opinion so feelingly expressed a few minutes before—"that death was printed in her face"—"It wouldn't have been long. Where's the children?"

"Sure ye sent them away, they were crying so."

"And where's John?"

"Is the sight leaving your eyes that you can't see him *forenint* you, dear?" answered the woman, at the same time looking anxiously in her face.

"John, darling!" she exclaimed fervently. In a moment her husband was by her side.

"There's a change over her!" whispered the woman to the young man who had proffered to take the law in his own hands. "There's a change over her—run for the priest if ye love your own soul."

Even the man who had been so busy with the roof paused, and the silence was only disturbed by the prolonged whistle of a distant blackbird.

"John, my blessing—my pride—the only love I ever had—you'll forgive any hasty word I spoke, won't ye, my jewel?"

"Ye never did, darlin," answered the poor fellow; "but what's over you, dear? what ails you? What ails her neighbours? Great Queen of Heaven, what ails my wife?"

"Whisht, dear!" she said, and raising her hand to his face, she pressed his cheek still closer to her own. "I've been sickly a long time, John, and was going fast; better I should die before we got into the town—I *must* have died then, you know. *Your face is very thin, darlin, already. Oh may the holy saints lave ye as ye are, that I may know ye in heaven!* But, I would any way—spake to me my bird of blessings!—kiss me, dear, and let me lay my head on yer bare breast. Neighbours, ye'll look to him, and the poor motherless children. Oh then has any Christian sent for a priest, that I may not die in my sins!"

"It's only a faintness, my jewel," said the husband; "it's nothing else—fetch her a drop of water."

She drank eagerly, and then nestled her head as a child would in its mother's arms.

"Oh I was sinful," murmured the man, "to rebel while my angel was left me—I'll never say a word again if the Lord spares her—pray for her, good friends."

There was not, to use a homely phrase, "a dry eye" in the circle that formed round them; even the ministers of a law as cruel as its enforcers, sympathized with the poor man's agony. Suddenly the old woman, who had been forgotten in the fresh excitement, pushing the little crowd to the right and left with her long lean arms, stood like a spectre in the midst, her white hair streaming from beneath her black hood, and the wrinkles in her sharp face thickened by a maniac smile—"I ask yer pardon," she said, courtesying as deeply as the infirmities of extreme age would permit—"I ask yer pardon, but I don't rightly understand this—is it a wedding—or a berr'ing?"

"Look! look!" exclaimed Larkins. "Some one look in my Mary's face—I feel as if her breath passed right into my heart."

She was dead upon his bosom.

WHY COMES HE NOT?

A SONG.

Why comes he not? the lone and weary days
Pass gloomily when he is gone,
And still from me he ling'ring stays,
From me his own fond plighted one.
Why comes he not? my heart is all his own!

Why comes he not? here sadly and alone
I list his coming night and day,
And weep in wo, as one by one,
I hear each footfall pass away.
Why comes he not? he never thus did stay.

Why comes he not? as some fair bud half blown,
Too soon in spring, droops in the blast,
I fade, and like that withered one,
Upon the ground must fall at last.
Why comes he not? I chill and perish fast.

The orient tinge shed by the morning sun,
Is not more rich in rosy light,
Than were my cheeks, when first he won
The young fresh heart that made them bright;
Why comes he not to witness their sad blight?

Oh! now alas how changed are they;
Like some bleak spot, some Winter view,
Cold and sad in the pale moon's ray;
They have no warmth, no rosy hue.
Why comes he not, when I have proved so true?

Shepherd's Town, Jefferson, Va.

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THE BENEFACTOR.

(A SKETCH FROM THE FRENCH OF BERTHOUD.)

BY B. S. BARCLAY.

The music allotted to the part of Desdemona in the exquisitely pathetic opera *Otello*, cannot be sung by a person of ordinary sensibility without profound emotion; then, what must be its effect upon a young, enthusiastic and sensitive being, pouring out in tones of thrilling melody, those sublime passages, entrancing a worshiping audience, who mingle with the shouts of their applause, gifts of gems, and showers of roses! Nevertheless, it was not alone the power of the music, or the gratulations of an inspired auditory, that excited in the bosom of the lovely and gifted *cantatrice*, on this evening of which I am about to speak, those convulsive tremblings, and that overwhelming agitation.

When the curtain, in falling, cast its shadow, vast and dark as the wing of Death, over the couch where lay her whose strains still vibrated upon the raptured ears of thousands, she remained as motionless, as pale and cold, as if the poignard of the jealous Moor had in reality penetrated her heart. The *tenore*, (Bordogni,) feeling alarmed, hastened to her assistance, and finding that she had fainted, bore her in his arms to a side scene, where a rush of fresh air might revive animation. But who is he that now approaches with a distracted air, and raising her in his arms, quickly places her upon a lounge in his private box, which opens on the stage, where he is seen to exert in the tenderest manner every effort for her recovery? We shall call him the Count Arnold.

Motionless she remained for some minutes. With dishevelled hair and white drapery, her classic features cold and pale as marble, she resembled the statue of a tomb! At length a sigh agitated her breast; her heavy eyelids were slowly uplifted; and her vacant glance, troubled by the brilliancy of the lights, wandered around, without being able, at first, to recognize any one; then, as it fell upon the count, she moaned forth in scarcely audible words, "Alas! Arnold, and have you not then departed?"

"I had not the courage," he replied, in a voice of deep emotion.

"And I—how shall *I* find courage to support a second parting?" said she, unguardedly giving utterance to an expression that betrayed the sentiments she wished to conceal in the deepest recess of her heart.

The count seized the hand that hung lifeless at her side, and with passionate ardour, exclaimed, "Henriette, you love me then!—*you*, who but yesterday bade me adieu in words so cold, so harsh!"

Henriette covered her face, now bathed in crimson, with both hands, and faltering, said, "Alas! ought we not to separate when the social barrier that divides us can never be removed."

"Nay, Henriette, what matters vain prejudices? what matters the world when our happiness, when my existence is at stake? for now to leave you would be to die!"

"I am very feeble this evening, and agitated by exertion; to prolong this interview would destroy the little resolution that remains; and besides, we are only preparing for ourselves to-day, the bitterest grief for to-morrow. Leave me, Count Arnold; I bid you adieu."

"No! I will never leave you until you have promised to see me again." And he resolutely seated himself near her.

"Here, in this theatre, many eyes are upon us; and if you should call to see me on the morrow, they will not fail to calumniate 'the imprudent Henriette,' should I receive you. Arnold, be generous."

He replied only by seating himself more firmly in his chair.

"To-morrow evening," she added, after a moment's reflection, "I am going to sing at a *fête* to be given by Monsieur * * * * at his country seat. You are invited. There, perhaps, I shall find an opportunity to tell you many things; to make disclosures, which perchance may separate us for ever: but you shall know all."

At these words the count turned pale, and seemed ready to faint.

"I perceive, *Monsieur le Count*," continued Henriette sorrowfully, "that my words have sufficed to fill your heart with doubts, perhaps with contempt. Banish, nevertheless, your prejudicial thoughts; for among the secrets I will confide to you, you shall discover no fault."

Falling on his knees before her, he implored pardon. "To-morrow!" whispered Henriette in a tone of kindness; and then they separated—exchanging those lingering looks so fraught with mingled pain and pleasure.

On the morrow both arrived at the *fête*. Never was there displayed more dazzling pomp. Human ingenuity had apparently exhausted itself in devising fantastical amusements.

In an extensive park three theatres were erected. *Le theatre de varieté* was awarded to the manage-

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ment of Potier; another, the *Vaudeville*, to Joly; the third, to Italian *artistes* and opera singers, who were to take part in the concert. At a little distance were discovered preparations for fire-works on a magnificent scale. Immensely long tables, covered with the most luxuriant viands, extended through avenues, bordered with trees, which were thickly hung with variegated lamps, shedding around their strange and brilliant glare. There was in these preparations an excess of splendour, which inspired in the minds of some a vague distrust.

At a given signal from the host, the concert commenced. Soon it was Henriette's turn to sing; and when she appeared, a murmur of admiration arose from the crowd; for never had the *prima-donna* shone with such transcendent loveliness. A smile of serenity played around her lips; and tears, which had given her eyes such an expression of languor on the previous evening, had disappeared. With enchanting grace she received the plaudits of the assembly; and casting around a placid glance, commenced in soul-subduing tones, that delicious *aria*, "*Si, Padre m'abandonna*," from her favourite opera *Otello*.

A sudden paleness was seen to overspread her countenance; and there passed over her fair shoulders, several of those shudders which the popular language has with much truth denominated, "*la petite mort!*"

With a perceptible agitation she continued, and the audience were just beginning to feel the emotions caused by her thrilling voice, when suddenly the two other theatres opened, and there mingled with her melodious warblings, the noisy jargon of two farces being performed at the same time. A murmur of discontent arose on the air in consequence of this exhibition of *mauvaise gout*, and many persons arose to depart: but suddenly the ground on which the assembly stood, opened, as formerly did the earth on which stood the false prophets. At the same time the fire-works exploded, and the fusils, directed with perfidious art at the lights, destroyed them in a few seconds. Soon there remained no more of this grand *fête* than profound darkness, indescribable disorder, and cries of rage and fright from the crowd, who were struggling in a muddy marsh, into which they had been perfidiously precipitated. Standing upright in the middle of this confusion, a man shouted with laughter, and amused himself like Satan in the midst of Pandemonium! It was the giver of the *fête* who was the author of this ferocious mystery.

At the first cry of alarm, Henriette felt herself clasped within strong arms, which bore her from danger. She was soon far from the park, and seated, with Count Arnold at her side, in her carriage, which took the route for Paris.

Her whole frame trembled with terror, and her lips stammered forth half uttered sentences.

"It is he!" she shrieked, "it is he!"

Arnold sought to compose her by endearing words.

"Oh! if you knew," said she at last, "the painful remembrances which the sight of *that man* has awakened! I feel too intensely that the horror created by the sight of him is not imaginary."

"Of whom do you speak, dear Henriette? Woe to him, whoever it may be, that has caused you this distress!"

"Be silent, Arnold," said she in affright, "be silent; or rather swear to me that you will avoid that man, yea, shun him as you would a pestilence. He carries with him fatality and despair! I have promised, my friend, to confide to you some secrets. Alas! the sight of that man, and the mysterious events of this evening, are an introduction but too natural. Listen to me attentively, Arnold.

"We boast with pride of the military acts and triumphs of the officers of Napoleon. But these men, brave on the field of battle, become but too often brutalized, devoid of pity and respect for others, recklessly violating even the sacred duties of hospitality. It is now more than twenty years since they ravaged Germany; and one of them, wounded nigh unto death, dragged himself to the threshold of a *chateau* nearly in ruins, still smoking, having been pillaged and partly burned not many hours previously by his compatriots, where, begging for shelter, he was most kindly received by its venerable master, who lavished upon him every care and attention.

"The wounded officer soon became convalescent, and basely cancelled his debt of gratitude by winning the affections, and betraying the virtue of the young, lovely, and innocent daughter of his benevolent host. The only, the idolized child of that aged man, what think you were *his* emotions when he discovered this outrage? He sought to avenge it; but between her lover and her sire's uplifted arm, the daughter rushed in frenzy, and prayed that the husband of her soul, for thus the infatuated girl styled her betrayer, might be spared. 'Let him then,' said the father, 'receive before God, and before man, that title which *thou* hast already given him. Unfortunate! *this shall be thy punishment.*'

"The officer consented, and without delay the marriage was legally celebrated.

"The bride possessed a fortune of one hundred thousand *francs*, which she inherited from her mother. They went immediately to Paris; where, alas, the prophetic sentence of the outraged father was too soon fulfilled: for *in her husband was the young wife punished!*

"Accustomed to the prodigality and dissipation of a military life, the officer, whose wound compelled him to relinquish the service, and condemned him to inactivity, commenced to live as if his wife's fortune was inexhaustible. He passed whole days at the *café*, returning home late in the evening, neglecting to entertain *her* who had sacrificed all for him, even to the repose of her conscience, and exhibiting no paternal affection for the daughter she had borne him. Time passed,

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and brought the day when there remained but a small portion of the hundred thousand *francs;* and in order to supply domestic expenditure, and the extravagant desires of a spendthrift, the officer had recourse to gambling. Fortune at first allured him with her smiles, which served to render subsequent ill success more bitter to be borne. Her votary soon found himself cast into an abyss of misery and shame! One morning he was found extended at his own door, a bloody, ghastly, corpse. The wretched man had exerted the basest of all courage; he had committed suicide.

"Without resource; without a protector; a foreigner in this vast city—friendless, forlorn, the widow struggled perseveringly against adversity. Poverty she endured; and to labour she submitted as a just expiation of her errors, and during several years of severe trial, there escaped from her lips neither complaint nor murmur. She educated her daughter piously and tenderly, presenting her the example of an humble and laborious, but virtuous life; her courage never failing her, until the day when she suffered the attacks of a terrible disease which soon terminated her existence. Oh! how the thought of leaving her poor orphan daughter to the pitiless charity of a cold world, without guide or support, overwhelmed with sorrow and anguish her tender heart, embittering her last moments!

"The orphan, clad in mourning, was once returning from her daily prayers over her mother's hallowed grave, when a carriage stopped suddenly before her, the inmate of which, a stern-looking man, made a gesture for her to come to him. The timid girl obeyed somewhat distrustfully, w[illegible] the blush of innocence suffused her cheek.

"'Where do you come from?' inquired he, in a winning tone.

"'From the cemetery, where is buried my mother.'

"'Is thy father dead also?'

"'I am an orphan.'

"'You live then with some of your relatives?'

"'My mother was a German. I have no relations in Paris.'

"A strange smile parted the lips of that man, which created fear in the young girl's mind.

"'How many lovers have you?' he bluntly inquired.

"She cast upon him a look in which shone so much innocence, that he seemed almost ashamed of his brutal question.

"'Step into my carriage, and sit with me.'

"She hesitated, but he lifted her by the arms, and placing her on the seat, at the same time gave orders to the coachman, in a foreign language.

"The carriage, driven with rapid speed, crossed many streets which were unknown to the orphan, and at length stopped before a house of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, a part of the city they were then just commencing to build. That house, or rather *pavillon*, rose in the midst of a large garden, and was a retreat, lovely as a poet's dream. The unknown requested the young girl to alight, and then conducted her into a saloon, decorated with elegant simplicity. He rung the bell, when a *femme de chambre* appeared.

"'There is your new mistress,' said he, and abruptly departed. The orphan followed, and detained him, exclaiming,

"'Let me return home: I prefer poverty, or even death, to dishonour.'

"He commenced laughing, and patting her on the cheek replied, 'Be not afraid—thou shalt have no cause to fear. I am rich, and sometimes do good in a strange manner. Chance has thrown you in my way; you appear innocent, and are superior to that humble attire. I have resolved to bestow upon *you*, that which I have lavished on an ungrateful being who has deceived me. Be satisfied, and enjoy without inquietude the good fortune that falls to your share. If you exact it, I will not return, even to visit you.'

"The orphan remained in the luxurious home thus strangely provided for her. Six months elapsed ere she again saw him whom her heart blessed; for to destitution and misery had succeeded happiness and ease. The female whom he sent to her as a companion was intelligent, and appeared to conceive for the lonely orphan an ardent attachment, bestowing upon her the most useful counsel, and procuring teachers of various branches to attend, in order that her education should be complete.

"When her benefactor paid her a visit, the orphan fancied that she would obtain his approbation, and prove herself worthy of his benevolence, by exhibiting the accomplishments she had acquired; but imagine her chagrin, when that singular man exhibited extreme displeasure, and forbade her, sternly and peremptorily, to prosecute her studies. He then departed.

"The orphan wished at first to obey his injunction; but her companion did not cease to exhort her to place herself in a position which would enable her to struggle against adversity, if adversity should again assail her. New masters were procured, and this girl, so wonderfully rescued from a life of toil and servitude, received an education, ornamental as useful. Music she studied with a passionate ardour, seldom or never equalled; her progress indeed was so rapid, and her voice, naturally melodious, became so refined and exquisite by cultivation, that even then, dreams of a brilliant future were traced upon her imagination.

"Time rolled unheeded by. Every want supplied, she knew not how, the orphan felt no sorrow, excepting that occasioned by the continued absence of her benefactor, for four years elapsed ere he again visited his *protegé*. She addressed to him the most tender reproaches, mingled with caresses and expressions of gratitude. He answered not these manifestations of affection, but contented himself by saying, 'I should like to see you, my child, clad in the very costume you wore the day on which I first met you.' She hastened to obey his caprice, and soon reappeared in those worn and sombre habiliments, which she had preserved as a memento

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of her former life; so that, whenever pride unduly exalted her heart, she might view them and be humbled. They were now much too short, and small; nevertheless, she clad herself with them in hopes of pleasing him to whom she felt so profoundly indebted.

"'Would you not like to visit with me, thus, the spot where fortune placed you in my way?'

"'Yes, indeed!' joyfully replied the orphan, 'for my gratitude, already so lively and tender towards you, would become enhanced at the sight of that place, where you found me, poor, desolate, and wretched.'

"Taking her by the hand, he conducted her to his carriage. They soon reached the spot, where he desired her to alight. Scarcely had her foot touched the pavement, ere the carriage was driven off at full speed, leaving her there affrighted, and alone! Recovering a little from the alarm this unexpected movement had created, she reflected for some moments as to the course she should take. This was probably but a whim of her benefactor; he wished, without doubt, to amuse himself by exciting her fears, and would perhaps return soon to take her home. These were her thoughts, as she stood trembling, and attracting by her singular appearance the notice of those who passed by. At length, she entered a *fiacre*, and returned to her late home: in vain she knocked; in vain she called; in vain was every attempt to enter: the door remained closed! Imagine, if you can, Arnold, *my* despair; for have you not discovered that the poor orphan was no other than your Henriette?—Alone, abandoned in the middle of Paris, without money, without an asylum, without protection! Oh! my God! what did I not suffer!

"The driver of the *fiacre* waited; I had not even a small coin wherewith to pay his demand. He looked at me suspiciously. What could I do? While loosening the strings of my hood, I discovered that in changing my apparel, I had unconsciously retained my ear-rings; also my watch, a costly one—the gift of my benefactor, or rather, I should now style him, my tormentor! Detaching the ear-rings, I ordered the driver to convey me to the nearest jeweller, where I could dispose of them. He did so. I settled his demand, and dismissing him, seated myself upon a stone step, my brain burning, my whole frame trembling from excess of emotion.

"I prayed to God. I recalled the lessons of resignation and piety taught me by my poor mother, and resolved not to yield to despair, but resume courageously the humble employment I had pursued previous to the extraordinary digression that had been, as it were, forced upon me.

"It was now necessary to consider where I should seek a lodging, which was not easy to obtain while my appearance bespoke such utter destitution. As the trifling sum I had received for the ear-rings would provide very scantily for my immediate wants, I resolved to offer also my watch to the same jeweller.

"I entered the shop. The man regarded me with an expression of countenance which betrayed distrust, suspicion. He proposed to give me sixty *francs*. I accepted his offer without hesitation; for I knew not the value of the article. I then observed him make a sign to his wife, while he delayed the payment. A moment after, an agent of the police entered. 'Sir,' said the jeweller to him, 'this young girl offers me a watch, set with precious stones and diamonds of great value, for sixty francs! being one-sixth of its value. I believe she has stolen it: so please conduct her to the *commissaire de police*.'

"They bore me away, my friend; they cast me into prison; for the *commissaire* listened not to my defence, and treated the recital of my adventures as a ridiculous fable.

"In prison, Arnold, what did I not suffer? Surrounded by the vilest of women, my senses were shocked by witnessing their licentious behaviour, and my young ears violated by their horrible curses! Dishonour still greater awaited me. The tribunal before which I was arraigned wished not to believe me innocent. I was acquitted, and set at liberty, since they could not prove the theft, and no one appeared to claim the stolen article, as they said. The president accompanied the verdict of acquittal by reproaches the most cruel, and language the most severe. He was careful to tell me, 'that the absence of legal proof, and *not* a conviction of my innocence, enabled me to escape the punishment I so justly merited.' 'No person knows you,' said he, 'in the house where you pretend to have passed the last four or five years. Those persons whom you asserted could give evidence in your favour, deny having any knowledge of you—declare your allegations false. Go, artful, miserable girl!' he added, 'it will not be long ere we shall again see you arraigned before us.'

"Picture, if possible, my despair. My late kind protector had denied all knowledge of me, could behold the poor orphan he had rescued from poverty, disgraced and contemned! What base motive had stirred his soul to lavish on an unoffending innocent girl such inhuman cruelty? Did I dream? Was my misery real, or the hallucination of a distempered mind? Alas! the reality was too distinct!

"I will not weary you, my friend, with the recital of my trials and sufferings until the period when, after a succession of strange events, I was taken to Italy, and made my *debut* at the *Theatre de la Scala* at Milan, where my efforts as a *cantatrice*, as you already know, were crowned with triumphant and brilliant success: let it suffice to me to add, that the penniless, unprotected orphan has resisted every temptation, has remained pure and virtuous as she was in the day of her early youth, the day on which she was bereaved of her beloved mother; who, unfortunate, but sincerely penitent on earth, in heaven has been the guardian angel of her child!

"What was my horror, my dear friend, this

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night, when suddenly in the giver of the *fête* from which we are flying, I recognized the infernal being who has played in the drama of my life so diabolical a part. Yes! he is the pitiless wretch who drew me from poverty and misery, only to plunge me into the lowest depths of wretchedness and despair! who by one word could have declared my innocence, but who left me alone, without protection, without the means of defence before the tribunal, where they loaded me with opprobrium!

"Arnold, when the remembrance of my shame and sorrow recurs to my mind, it tortures me!—it kills me! Oh, leave me! abandon me! you cannot become the husband of her who, in a public court, has been branded with the epithet of thief!"

"Henriette," replied Arnold, "why should you recollect these injustices? why urge them upon me? I have no sentiment but compassion for your wrongs. My love is, if possible, enhanced by this sad narration. The world knows it not; it only recognizes, and prostrates itself before your transcendent talents, virtue and beauty! What matters it that a crown of thorns has once lacerated that brow which is now encircled with a halo of glory? Of what importance is the past, since you will henceforth live only in the sunshine of my love—in the splendour that can alone be bestowed by wealth and rank? Be mine. I offer you all. The poor orphan that has passed through trials so severe, is ten thousandfold more precious in my sight, than the crowned princess on her throne!"

The beautiful head gently reclined on Arnold's shoulder—the heart was too full for assent in words.

A few days passed, and many with pleased surprise, all with regret, learned that this glorious queen of song would bid farewell to the stage, in order to adorn her lovely brow with the coronet of a countess. Her music was reserved only for the happy Arnold and his friends, and for that king who has conceived for her a paternal affection, and who is always pleased to entitle her "*my daughter*."*

* The eccentric being who figures in the foregoing tale, (which is true in every particular,) is no other than the late celebrated banker, *Seguin*. The heroine is *Henriette Sontag*, the distinguished *prima donna*, now wife of the Count de Rossi, ambassador to Sardinia, here designated by the cognomen of "Arnold."

(Note, by the editor of the *Courier des Etats Unis*.)

THE THRUSH.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"I'LL pay my rent in music," said a thrush
Who took his lodging 'neath my eaves in spring,
Where the thick foliage droop'd. And well he kept
His simple contract. Not for quarter-day
He coldly waited, nor a draft requir'd
To stir his memory, nor my patience tried
With changeful currencies, but every morn
Brought me good notes, at par, and broke my sleep
With his sweet coin.
Sometimes, a burst of song
All wildly trilling through his dulcet pipes,
Falling and caught again, and still prolong'd,
Betray'd in what green nook the warbler sat,
Each feather quivering with excess of joy,
While from his open beak and brightening eye
There seem'd to breathe a cadence—"this is meant
For your especial benefit." The lay
With overruling shrilliness, more than once
Did summon me to lay my book aside
And wait its close; nor was that pause a loss,
But seemed to tune and shape the inward ear
To wisdom's key-tone.
Then I had a share
In softer songs, that cheer'd his brooding mate
Who in the patience of good hope did keep
Her lengthen'd vigil, and the voice of love
That flow'd so fondly from his trusting soul
Made glad my own.
Then too, there was a strain
From blended throats, that to their callow young
Breath'd tenderness untold, and the weak chirp
Of new-born choristers, so deftly train'd
Each in the sweet way that he ought to go,
Mix'd with that breath of household charities
Which makes the spirit strong.
And so I felt
My rent was fully paid, and felt myself
Quite fortunate, in these our days, to find
Such honest tenant.
But when autumn bade
The northern birds to spread their parting wing,
And that small house was vacant, and o'er hedge
And russet grove and forest hoar with years
The hush of silence settled, I grew sad
To miss my kind musicians, and was fain
To patronize with a more fervent zeal
Such fireside music as makes winter short
And storms unheard.
Yet, leave within our hearts,
Dear melodists, the spirit of your praise
Until ye come again; and the brown nest
That now its downy lining to the winds
Turns desolate, shall thrill at your return
With the loud welcome home.
For He who touch'd
Your breasts with minstrelsy and every flower
With beauty, hath a lesson for his sons
In all the varied garniture that decks
Life's banquet-board; and he's the wisest guest
Who taketh gladly what his God doth send,
Keepeth each instrument of joy in tune
That helps to fit him for the choir of heaven.

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MODERN SERVITUDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOSING AND WINNING," "SENSIBILITY," ETC.

"You are late to-night, girls," said Mrs. Berry, as her daughters, Lucretia and Diana, entered the parlour; "I have been expecting you for an hour."

"Not so long as that, mother, though we are rather late;" said Lucretia.

"We came sooner than we wanted to, after all," said Diana; "and every one else seemed as unwilling to come away as we were. We have not had so delightful a party this season, mother."

"Mrs. N— understands just how to do these things up, and has a husband to help her," said Mrs. Berry. "Were there any strangers at Mrs. N—'s to-night?"

"Several," answered Lucretia.

"Ladies or gentlemen?" inquired the mother.

"Both," replied Lucretia, "but most of the latter."

"Mr. N— always keeps on the alert," said Mrs. Berry, "and will secure all the gentlemen there are to be found. Were these strangers you speak of the new settlers in town, or only transient visiters?"

"One at least, Mr. Parks, designs to be a resident," answered Diana.

"*Is he worth cultivating?*" asked Mrs. Berry.

"From his appearance I should think favourably of him," said Lucretia with an air of cool indifference, while Diana gave her a look of much meaning.

"Were the ladies much dressed to-night?" asked Mrs. Berry.

"Very much," answered Diana: "I never saw so many rich dresses, jewels, and beautiful flowers worn at a party in my life: it seemed as if each lady had determined to look her very best."

"I hope they did not look better—were not better dressed than yourselves!" said the mother, looking up with some anxiety.

"Some of them looked like frights, after all their cost and pains," said Diana, "and not one of them looked as well as Lu."

"Nonsense!" interrupted Lucretia.

"And Willie Eaton told me in a whisper," proceeded Diana, "that, next to her sister, Di. Berry looked better than any lady present."

"Oh, you vain little thing!" cried Mrs. Berry with a smile of peculiar satisfaction. "Did Lucretia play and sing?" she inquired.

"Yes, delightfully," said Diana.

"You had better go to bed, mother," said Lucretia; "it is getting late, and you look weary."

After proposing several other questions, quite as important as those that had preceded them, Mrs. Berry took her daughter's advice, and the young ladies were left by themselves. Scarcely was the door closed upon them when Diana exclaimed—

"Was he not one of the most gentlemanly—one of the most polished creatures you ever saw, Lucretia?"

"Who?" asked Lucretia with great gravity.

"Who!—How provoking you are, Lu.!—Just as if you don't know that I mean Mr. Parks. But if you are not frank I shall not tell you what I learned about him to-night!"

"Well, then," said Lucretia, "I do think his manners prepossessing in an unusual degree. Now what did you hear about him!"

"Why, I heard that he is the only son of a very rich father, who did not choose to spoil him, as he calls it, by letting him have a fortune to begin the world with; so after giving him a first-rate education, he left him to depend on his own exertions, just as poorer people have to do."

"Is this all you have learned?" asked Lucretia.

"O no; I learned that he is accounted rather odd, and is very, *very* particular in his notions of right and wrong."

"He may be as particular as he pleases," said Lucretia; "but who told you all this?"

"Willie Eaton," answered Diana.

"I thought so," said Lucretia: "Willie seems to know everything about everybody by instinct; and all he knows he tells you."

"He told me something more," said Diana, "which I have a great mind to keep to myself, you are so very sharp."

"But you will tell," said Lucretia; "you could not keep it to yourself if you would: what is it?"

"Why, he said he would come with him tomorrow and give us a call."

"Then he is acquainted with him?"

"Certainly he is: they were class-mates in college, and graduated together nearly five years ago, though Willie has scarcely seen him since."

"Well, we shall neither look nor feel the better for sitting up all night, I suppose," said Lucretia; "so, if you please, we will go to our chamber."

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The first thing that recurred to the recollection of Lucretia Berry, when she opened her eyes in the morning, was the promise of Mr. Eaton to call upon them with Mr. Parks. She did not mention the subject; nevertheless she prepared herself for the expected visit. In remembrance of the reputed *very particular notions of right and wrong* of her new acquaintance, she brought forth Mrs. H. More's "Practical Piety"—a work given her by a pious aunt, but which, for a long period of time, had not

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seen the light of day—and quietly laid it, not on the centre-table, as for family use, but on her work-table, as a book for her own special reading and improvement. In her work-basket, which was upon the table, was placed a beautiful pocket-bible, partly concealed from view. Her morning dress might have suited the correct taste of a Parisian belle. She wore a delicate buff print, and buff slippers; and to conceal the hair-pins that bespoke the preconcerted plan of tresses elaborately dressed, she had on her head a small and highly becoming buff crape cap, while the hair which was visible was smoothly parted on her forehead. Her arrangements for the morning were completed in perfect silence, and as the hour approached in which visitors might be expected, she busied herself, with apparent carelessness, about some trifle in her chamber.

"Do you remember," asked Diana, who was just finishing her toilette, which was less simple, but which had not cost half the time of her sister's, "Do you remember that Willie and Mr. Parks are to call here this morning, Lucretia?"

"Yes, I *now* recollect that you said some such thing last night; but what if they are?"

"Why, nothing very particular; only I didn't know but you might wish to make some little preparation."

"And is a call from a couple of gentlemen so singular and important an event as to require special preparation?" asked Lucretia.

"That is just as one happens to think," said Diana as she gave the finishing touch to her morning dress by placing a just bursting China rosebud in her hair; then, as she turned from the mirror to leave the chamber, she cast her eyes on her sister and added—"but I perceive by your attire that it was quite unnecessary to refresh your memory."

In due time the expected visitors appeared, and made quite a long call. They found the ladies very agreeable, and made themselves equally so. The stranger was particularly pleased. Mrs. Berry struck him as a kind-hearted, affectionate woman, of good common sense, and easy manners. If there was anything not exactly pleasing, it was her too great anxiety to please, and some appearance of a desire to show off her daughters. This, Mr. Parks very justly thought extremely injudicious in all cases. If daughters are truly excellent and interesting, it will be known in due time, and in a more agreeable manner than by direct display; if they are not, the effort is worse than useless. In the present instance it was quite unnecessary: both of the sisters pleased him—Diana by her playfulness and vivacity, and Miss Berry by the smiling composure with which she bore her sister's sallies, which were often directed against herself. He thought her possessed of dignity and decorum in an unusual degree. Both of the young ladies, too, were very pretty—Miss Berry particularly so. He had noticed her beauty on the previous evening; but he had often thought ladies beautiful, when seen in full dress, at an evening's assembly, in a blaze of artificial light, who, the next morning, *en dishabille*, by the light of the sun, were quite the reverse. Miss Berry, on the contrary, was certainly far more attractive, if not more beautiful, in the retirement of home, and in her simple morning dress, than she had been in the brilliant party. Another thing pleased him. Mrs. Berry occupied a fine house, and the style in which the rooms were furnished suited his taste. There was no rivalry of a toy-shop in the variety of ornaments and pieces of antique China exhibited; nor of a barber's shop by the display of numberless prints and caricatures on the centre-table. This modern *improvement* in furnishing houses, which many persons have adopted, Mr. Parks considered either a tacit confession that they were unequal to entertaining their guests by any intellectual effort, or an implied supposition that their guests were incapable of being so entertained. At Mrs. Berry's everything was elegant, but at the same time useful.

On taking leave Mr. Parks was gratified by receiving an invitation from Mrs. Berry to call on them whenever it would give him pleasure to do so; and it soon became his pleasure to call often. At few houses where he visited could he pass an hour or two so agreeably. True, Mrs. Berry did not please him more by a fuller acquaintance: her excessive maternal love seemed to have degenerated into selfishness; and few things appeared to interest her in which her daughters were not directly concerned. Beside, her too evident anxiety to display their accomplishments annoyed him exceedingly—the more, as the young ladies themselves had too much good sense and good taste to fall in with the system. As a rare case, however, the daughters were more interesting on account of this weakness in their mother, as it gave play to Diana's vivacity, who laughed it off with the best grace imaginable, while Miss Berry only appeared more dignified and retiring, from every maternal effort to bring her virtues and acquirements into notice. But that which pleased him most of all was the fact, that though he had seen the daughters evidently mortified by this indelicate habit into which their mother had fallen, he had never seen either of them give her even a *look* that indicated displeasure or disrespect.

One morning when Mr. Parks called at Mrs. Berry's he found Lucretia reading. He took a seat near her, which was directly beside her work-table; and after a few moments' conversation, took up the volume she had laid down on his entrance. It was "Paradise Lost." With eyes sparkling with pleasure he said—

"It is truly gratifying, Miss Berry, to find a young lady turning from the inundation of modern literature to make acquaintance with a poem like this!"

Lucretia silently bowed to his complimentary remark. Successively Mr. Parks took up each little volume that lay on the table—for to "Practical Piety" Miss Berry had very judiciously added "Cowper's Task" and "Fenelon's Reflections"—and when he had looked at each he remarked—

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"This is, indeed, a choice little selection!" and added, as he lightly touched the Bible which still lay in the work-basket, "that is the crown of glory to all the rest!"

Miss Berry's heart throbbed with exultation at her success. This was the first time, frequent as the visits of Mr. Parks had been, that he had taken a seat by the work-table; consequently her *choice selection* had hitherto remained unnoticed. She had not expected that it would much sooner come under his observation, for his manner was a little reserved, and very respectful. This was a cause of self-gratulation to her, rather than otherwise, as in the intermediate time she had prepared herself to talk understandingly of each work, a thing which on her first acquaintance with Mr. Parks, she could not possibly have done. She felt that the success of her scheme was complete.

Most of the time during his long and, both to himself and Miss Berry, exceedingly interesting call, they were alone; but just before he took leave Diana came in. She was just in season to learn that they were talking of books, and *such* books as she had not been accustomed to hear her sister speak of. The moment the visitor was gone, she went to the work-table and took up first one, and then another of the volumes, and then with a laugh, full of meaning, asked—

"How long since, Lu., took you to reading *homilies?*"

"I have not taken to reading homilies," replied Lucretia.

"I suppose, then, you read these books at the recommendation of Mr. Parks. He selected them for you, hey?"

"He had not that honour," answered Lucretia, "the selection is my own, and I read them at the instigation of no one—Miss More's work excepted, which you well know was given me by Aunt Sumner just before her death."

Diana fixed her eyes on her sister for a minute and then said—

"I look on you with admiration, Lucretia! You do understand yourself to perfection, and certainly are the *wisest and discreetest*, if not the *best* of women!"

"What author are you quoting now?" asked Lucretia.

"Author?—I'm sure I don't know! It is part of something I heard Willie Eaton say one day, about some woman, who was 'the wisest, discreetest, best,' and he is the author for aught I know."

"If you have occasion to quote it again," said Lucretia, "you had best credit it to Milton instead of Mr. Eaton."

"I am happy to perceive that you profit by your new course of reading," said Diana, "and most heartily do I wish you perfect success in *all* your new studies."

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The acquaintance of Mr. Parks with Mrs. Berry and her daughters was almost bordering on intimacy, when he one day asked his landlady at whose shop he should be most likely to find some trifling article of which he was in need. She directed him to the store of a Mr. Berry, where, she said, one could usually find that which could be obtained nowhere else. In the course of the day he went to this shop as directed, and found it a somewhat large and crowded variety store. He saw no clerk, but was waited on by Mr. Berry himself. There was something in this gentleman's appearance that strongly awakened the sympathies of Mr. Parks. His person was good, and his face peculiarly amiable and intellectual; but he looked as if either worn out, or sick, and though his countenance was serene, any one, if at all observant, would quickly have discovered that his "brow was the seat of care." While looking at him, Mr. Parks could not but think that he was originally designed for something better, something more elevated and more elevating than measuring off yards of silk, or selling pocket-handkerchiefs. The sympathy awakened in his heart led him to the shop of Mr. Berry whenever he had purchases to make of such things as were likely to be there found; and at each successive visit to the store, his interest was strengthened. He soon learned that Mr. Berry was a very hard-working man. Morning, noon and evening he was at his post, always busy, always on his feet, and always mild and placid; but he never looked as if his heart were buoyant—no, not for a moment.

At first Mr. Parks thought that his new shop acquaintance had no assistant; but in process of time this mistake was corrected. The second time he had called on him, he noticed a young lady behind the counter, very neatly attired, with a little gipsy hat on her head, from which beamed forth a remarkably sweet countenance. At the time, he supposed her to be a relative or intimate acquaintance of Mr. Berry's, who, in his press of business, was permitted to wait on herself; but repeated calls taught him that she was a regular assistant in the store. He learned too the relationship that existed between the gentleman and herself, for she called Mr. Berry "uncle." For a good while he knew of her only that her name was *Mary*, but he at length heard a customer call her "Miss Sumner."

Mr. Parks had one peculiarity. He never asked a question about any person, or their affairs, which could possibly be avoided. This arose from his having read, when quite a boy, some severe strictures in an English publication, on the excessive inquisitiveness of Yankees. He had suffered very little from this singularity. True, he had not learned every one's domestic history quite so soon as those who ask a thousand questions; but in this loquacious and communicative world he had usually learned all that it was desirable to know quite soon enough.

With regard to the Berrys, appearances spoke so plainly, that he hardly realized that the most he knew concerning them was only conjecture. From the first he had supposed Mrs. Berry to be a rich widow. Her house, her whole establishment, her

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own and her daughters' pursuits, were such as pertain to the wealthy: and she certainly was a widow, for he had often been asked if he were acquainted with Mrs. Berry and her daughters; or, if he often visited at Mrs. Berry's, with questions of the like import, without ever hearing of a Mr. Berry as appertaining to the family; and farther, he had frequently heard Mrs. Berry, when other ladies and their arrangements were spoken of, remark, that they had husbands to help them, or something of similar purport. Of course she must be a widow. Mr. Berry, the shop-keeper, he was equally confident, was the poor brother of her wealthy, but deceased husband. A family resemblance of the Miss Berrys to his shop acquaintance first gave him this idea; and it was confirmed when he learned that Mary's other name was Sumner—as he instantly recollected that on the blank leaf of Miss Berry's "Practical Piety" were written these words —"The gift of my dear aunt, Mary Sumner, who died August 2, 18—." This must have been the mother of the Mary Sumner he knew, and of course the latter was cousin to Lucretia and Diana, and dependent on her uncle, as every appearance indicated.

Repeatedly when Mr. Parks had been in Mr. Berry's shop, and seen Mary actively employed in waiting on customers, hastening to hand one article after another, without a moment's rest, he could not but contrast her situation with that of her cousins, who seemed to have nothing to do but enjoy the profusion that wealth poured upon them; and when he had met Mr. Berry, after toiling for hours behind the counter, bearing parcels to his customers, such as gentlemen are wont to send by their inferior clerks, or by an errand boy, he could not but reflect how widely various are the favours of fortune, even to the different branches of the same family. The strong contrast in the situation and circumstances of these relatives served greatly to increase his sympathy for those who were so far from being the favourites of fortune.

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One morning when Mr. Parks was at Mrs. Berry's, that lady inquired whether he knew of any strangers of distinction being in town, and made known, as the reason for asking the question, her intention to give a *soirée* in the course of a week. After receiving an answer, she went on talking of the contemplated party, until interrupted by a morning call from a young lady, Miss M. Other, and the most commonplace topics were then introduced and talked of till the young lady took leave.

"Do you not mean to send a card to Miss M. for our soirée, mother?" asked Diana as soon as she was gone.

"Certainly not!" said Lucretia, and "No, my dear," said her mother. Both answered at the same moment.

"And why not?" inquired Diana.

"I should think your own sense of propriety would tell you, Diana," said Miss Berry, while Mrs. Berry remarked that she disliked *mixed* companies.

"I am sure, mamma," said Diana, "Lucy is very pretty, very genteel, and well educated, and belongs to a first-rate family."

"But in very reduced circumstances," said Mrs. Berry. "All the world knows that Lucy now earns her livelihood by her needle!"

"She was at Mrs. Vose's brilliant assembly the other evening," said Diana.

At this moment Miss Berry turned to the piano, and striking the keys said to Mr. Parks—

"I came across a piece of music yesterday that pleased me: will you favour me with your opinion of it?"

Miss Berry had heard her mother and sister argue on a similar point before; and when they grew warm she could not always trust their discretion before visitors. She did not engage the attention of Mr. Parks any too soon for her purpose.

"Mr. Vose," replied Mrs. Berry, in answer to what Diana had said, "Mr. Vose is worth two hundred thousand dollars at least, and of course his wife can notice whoever she pleases, and it all goes off well enough."

"They have risen from nothing," said Diana, "and Mrs. Vose, with all their wealth and show, is a vulgar woman: neither her manners nor her blood are a fiftieth part as good as Miss M.'s."

"But neither *manners* nor *blood* will do in these days, Diana; without wealth, or the *appearance* of wealth, people cannot maintain their footing in a certain circle."

"Well, I do protest," said Diana, "I would declare my independence, and invite to my house those persons whom I liked, whether rich or poor; and I do wish you would send for Lucy."

"I *shall* and *do* declare my independence, Diana," said her mother, "and will *not* send for Miss M. If she chooses to drop in occasionally and take a social cup of tea with us, as *your* friend, very well; but beyond this I shall not go." So saying, she left the room.

Miss Berry continued to play for some time after her mother withdrew, lest her motive might be suspected; and soon after she turned from the piano Mr. Parks took leave. As he pursued his way the remarks which he had heard relative to Miss M. recurred to his memory. "I hope," thought he, "that this dislike of mixed companies will not induce Mrs. and Miss Berry to withhold an invitation to their party from their poor, laborious kinsman and his interesting niece. It would be cruel to wound their feelings so deeply, only on the score of comparative poverty on his part, and useful occupation on hers." He sighed as he reflected on the false notions that so extensively pervaded society; yet mentally acknowledged the difficulty there was in drawing the true line. "When," pursued he, "that happy period arrives—and arrive it will—when virtue and rectitude will be universally honoured, and the unprincipled alone slighted, these things will be managed as they should be. *Respect*, wealth alone never did command, except from vulgar minds; but *attention*, and a kind of

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deference it will secure, until the world is governed by just principles."

* * * * *

Notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Parks to the contrary, Mrs. Berry was *not* a widow: there *was* a Mr. Berry appended to the family, who sustained the honourable rank of her husband, and the father of her daughters. One morning, at the breakfast table, Mrs. Berry informed him that she thought of receiving company in the course of a few evenings.

"Very well, my dear," said Mr. Berry.

"But I want something more than *very well*," said Mrs. Berry: "you must supply me with money to meet the expenses; and learn what strangers of note there are in town, that no such one may be overlooked."

"Strangers?" said Mr. Berry—"I hope you are not thinking of a large party!"

"And why do you *hope* so, Mr. Berry?" inquired his helpmeet: "the girls have attended a large number of brilliant parties this season, and it is necessary to our credit and respectability that we should give one in return."

"It is far more necessary to *my* credit," said Mr. Berry with mildness, but with apparent anxiety, "that I should be able to meet the demands of my merchants with punctuality. The first time I ever had the mortification of asking for a *longer day* was after the last large party you gave; and it was by much hard labour, for many months, that I got over the derangement of my business, occasioned by that needless expense. I fear, my dear, you do not realize the importance of an unimpeached credit in the mercantile world."

"I am sure, father," said Diana, "that such an upright, honourable, and pains-taking man as you are, can never want credit: you could get trusted for thousands wherever you are known."

"Who could conceive such an idea as that our father should want credit!" said Lucretia with an expression of scorn on her fair lip.

"I should be sorry to abuse that credit, my daughters, or push it to its utmost limit," said Mr. Berry: "and on one account, credit of this kind is dangerous, as it may lead a man to involve himself in debt, forgetting that pay day must come at last."

"This is all very dull, and very useless, and very annoying," said Mrs. Berry: "the party we must make: I have already made known my intention to a large number of our best acquaintances, and to give it up now is impossible. I am sure I should be as glad as any one to get rid of the fuss and trouble of it altogether, if I could; the worst of it comes upon my own shoulders, after all."

Mr. Berry sighed as he said—"It were better that, first of all, you should consult me when you have any such scheme in agitation."

"I never once thought of your making any objection," said Mrs. Berry: "you have lived long enough to know, that would we live in the world, we must do as the world does."

"How much money do you calculate it will take to meet the necessary expenses?" inquired Mr. Berry.

Mrs. Berry named the sum that she thought indispensable, but added, as she marked the expression of her husband's face, "We will all try, by retrenchment in other things, to save it in a short time."

Mr. Berry sighed again, but remained silent: he had before been led into compliance with his wife's extravagant plans by promises of future economy, but had never been able to perceive the fruits of her thriftiness. Notwithstanding all this, he permitted his lady to take her own way. The greatest defect in his character was a morbid delicacy and tenderness of feeling, which would not permit him to say to his wife and daughters, even when his own reason and judgment demanded it—"*I cannot—I will not;*"—"*You must not—you shall not.*"

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The evening of the soirée at length arrived, and the house of Mrs. Berry was brilliant with lights, decorations, and fashionable people; for in matters of this sort, that lady could not endure to be "an inch behind the foremost man." Mr. Parks was there, of course; and it was with peculiar satisfaction that he discovered among the crowd of guests the cheerful, blooming face of Miss Sumner, and not long after, the mild but care-worn countenance of her uncle. Mr. Parks thought the latter looked less cheerful than usual; and in the early part of the evening he missed him from the rooms. At this he was not surprized; for there was something in Mr. Berry's appearance which testified that the midst of a crowd of gay and fashionable people was not the place where he could enjoy the highest degree of happiness. Nevertheless, his young friend rejoiced to see him there; rejoiced that he and his interesting niece had not been mortified by the neglect of their wealthy relatives. His heart glowed with kindness toward Mrs. Berry and her daughters at this proof of their delicate consideration for the feelings of those who were apparently so far beneath them in point of fortune, if on no other account.

Music made a part of the evening's entertainment. Miss Berry played and sang—and she did both with skill, and was followed by other young ladies, who were willing to contribute their part toward the pleasure of the evening. Last of all, at the request of a friend, Miss Sumner took the seat at the piano to sing "Are there Tidings." She performed it with peculiar sweetness and effect; the music and her voice seemed made for each other. Mr. Parks was both surprized and pleased; and turning to Mr. Eaton, who stood near him, he said,

"Miss Sumner plays and sings admirably; and it takes me by surprize, for though her manners are polished and gentle, I had in some way formed the opinion, that her education was very imperfect."

"It is far otherwise," said Mr. Eaton. "Until the death of her mother, which took place not much more than two years ago, she always attended the

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best schools, and in music, the French language, and studies of that kind, she took lessons of the first masters. But this that you have heard is by no means her best performance. You must hear her play and sing 'The Captive Knight.' She feels that song, both the music and words, more than any other person I have heard perform it."

As he finished speaking, he made his way to the piano, and made the request for his favourite song, which was readily granted.

Mr. Parks did not leave his station, but he listened with fixed attention. The combined effect of the music and the words was thrilling; at times almost painful. He was standing in deep abstraction, when his friend rejoined him, after the song was concluded, and abruptly asked,

"Does she not play and sing it admirably?"

Mr. Parks started, for the last sad notes seemed still lingering on his ear, and he laconically answered, "Inimitably!"

"Just as every one should perform it, who makes the attempt," said Mr. Eaton. "No one ought ever to meddle with that song, who has not a head to comprehend and a heart to feel it."

Mrs. Berry's party passed off much like other parties. There was about the same amount of conversation, compliment, flattery, nonsense, sarcasm, envy, display, eating and drinking, as is usual on such occasions; and at the fashionable hour the company dispersed. On his way home, Mr. Parks very naturally reviewed the evening; and he thought he had *rarely* seen so interesting a young lady as Miss Sumner; *seldom* one who, in vivacity and humour, excelled Diana Berry; and *never* one who, at all times, and in all situations, appeared with such dignity, such elegant propriety as Lucretia.

Not long after the evening of Mrs. Berry's *soirée*, it so chanced that Mr. Parks was in the shop of Mr. Berry two or three times in the course of a week; and at each of those times Mary Sumner was absent. The uncle looked more weary and care-worn even than he ordinarily did; so much so that, at his third call, Mr. Parks made some remark on the subject.

"I have a sick daughter, sir," said Mr. Berry.

"And with a new anxiety, you have an increase of labour. Latterly you seem to be alone," said Mr. Parks.

"My niece," said Mr. Berry, "always seeks the post where she is most needed—can do the most good—administer the most comfort. She is now constantly with my daughter."

The conversation between the two gentlemen proceeded, and at length Mr. Parks made some observation concerning the sacrifice it must be, for a young lady of Miss Sumner's accomplishments, to engage in active business, thereby relinquishing all opportunity for intellectual cultivation.

"Those persons who have a thirst for knowledge, will find time to acquire it, sir," said Mr. Berry; and as he spoke he opened a drawer near which he was standing, which was filled with books. "This," said he, "is my niece's library. We are not at all hours of the day crowded with customers; and in the course of the week, Mary finds more time to read than many young ladies of my acquaintance can redeem from the labours of the toilet, though the embellishment of their persons is their only *business*." He sighed deeply as he finished speaking, and in such a manner as led his auditor to suspect that some personal trial gave rise to his remark.

"Your niece is a treasure to you, sir," said Mr. Parks.

"One of the greatest ever bestowed on me by the Giver of all good," said Mr. Berry, while his countenance betrayed deep feeling; "but I must not talk of her; for though I could hardly do her more than justice, yet should I freely express my thoughts, it would sound to the ear of a listener like extravagant commendation."

Mr. Parks was interested. This was the only time, except for a few minutes at the *rich* Mrs. Berry's party, in which he had seen his commercial friend in any other character than that of a vender of goods. He designed to draw him on to talk more of Mary; but a customer came in, and as his purpose was defeated, he withdrew.

In the course of the same day he called at Mrs. Berry's. It was a parting visit, as he was to leave town the next morning, to be absent two or three weeks. When he was ushered into the parlour by a servant, he found Miss Berry at the piano, practising a song which he himself had recommended to her notice. He felt pleased, flattered, particularly at the deep and conscious blush which suffused her cheek, when she turned her head at the sound of footsteps, and met his eye. He begged her not to be interrupted by his entrance. Music was just what he needed. He was to leave town the next day, and he could never part from friends, in a world so full of vicissitudes, without painful sensations; music would at once soothe and cheer him.

He made a long call, longer than he would have done, had he not found Miss Berry quite alone. Her conversation entertained, her music charmed him; and had he not have been by nature a reserved man, he probably would have uttered some things bordering on the tender. Miss Berry pleased him. Her person was very agreeable to his taste; her manners were elegant; she was accomplished, at least in the ordinary acceptation of the term; and the rectitude of her principles he inferred, not only from her conversation, but from her selection of books. During the whole of his visit, there was a constant struggle betwixt his natural reserve and his inclination to express the admiration with which she inspired him. Particularly warm was the conflict, when at the moment of parting they stood near a beautiful myrtle. He laid his finger on a branch, was on the point of breaking it off, and presenting it with a suitable remark concerning the similitude between its unfading verdure, and unchanging regard; he was on the point of doing this, and of

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begging a branch in return; but, *reserve* gained the victory, and he went away an unpledged man.

Mr. Parks had gone but a few rods from the house, and his thoughts were still full of Miss Berry, when he met Mary Sumner. She was walking as if in great haste. Her cheek was flushed by exercise, but on her brow was an expression of sadness and anxiety. Notwithstanding the occupation of his thoughts, an appearance so unwonted on that bright and cheerful face, brought back to his memory the intelligence he had that morning received from her uncle; he stopped to inquire after the health of her cousin, but she passed him so quickly, that he had time only to say, "Good evening."

This casual meeting with Miss Sumner seemed to break the current of his thoughts, and led him anew to contrast the situation of herself and her uncle with that of their more highly favoured relatives. The one family seemed to know nothing but ease, health, peace and prosperity; while the other was singled out for a variety of discipline. Much as his admiration was awakened, nearly as it approached to love, for the favoured daughter of fortune, all his sympathies were alive for the uncomplaining sufferers. He went on his way, repeating mentally,—"The ways of Providence are dark and intricate; but that which we know not now, we shall know hereafter."

Mr. Parks was absent from town three weeks. The day after his return, as he was passing Mr. Berry's shop, the thought of his daughter's illness recurred to his mind, and he went in to inquire after her health. Miss Sumner, alone, was behind the counter; and her pale and melancholy countenance, and mourning garb, answered the question he was about to propose. He had met this young lady but once in company; but he had so often seen her in the shop, that he felt her to be an acquaintance. After making the compliments of the morning, he remarked,

"Your dress, Miss Sumner, unfolds a tale of sorrow. Your labour of love was unavailing."

Mary bowed assent.

"The loss of friends," continued Mr. Parks, "is the most hopeless, the most heart-rending of all afflictions. Whatever favourable changes may take place in our condition, nothing can restore to us the departed ones."

"*Hopeless*, indeed, is our personal loss, our personal sorrow," said Miss Sumner; "but amid it all, there is an unspeakable joy in the transition of a dear friend from earth to Heaven!"

"Unquestionably; and from your remark I must suppose that your cousin left this world in the bright anticipation of a better."

"Emphatically so. For ourselves, we *must* mourn the loss of one so dear and so good; but when I think only of her; that her many trials and sorrows are over; that all her tears are for ever wiped away, I feel a degree of gratitude that I cannot express."

"Does your uncle participate in these feelings?"

"Not so much as I could wish. He was not as familiar with his daughter's causes of sorrow as I was, and therefore cannot as heartily rejoice at her release from them. He is well-nigh overwhelmed by his loss."

"Does the depth of his affliction constrain him to leave you to perform the labours of the shop alone?"

"O no; he never indulges himself at the expense of others; but he is so lost in grief, that I persuade him, when possible, to leave me by myself."

"And do you not find it irksome to return to these duties, after such scenes as you have recently passed through?"

"Not more so than all other *trivial things*. Indeed, Mr. Parks, I feel it to be almost fearful to live in a world like this, made up of such incongruities! Mortal, and immortal, our time, our attention, even our affections, are divided between things of eternal moment, and those that pass away like a shadow."

"It is a happiness, however," said Mr. Parks, "that even the most apparently trivial things of earth may be made subservient to our eternal interests."

"It is a happiness indeed; yet all these things appear *so* trivial after attending at the bedside of a dying believer, that it is difficult to realize their actual importance. Yet my dear cousin, in her last days, often spoke of our worldly employments somewhat as you have just done; or, at least, she said that they need not, necessarily, lead us to forget and neglect things of higher importance. She once instanced the prophet Daniel, who, though prime minister of a vast empire, found ample time to worship his Creator; and I shall never forget how she looked when she added—'Daniel opened his window toward Jerusalem to pray: happy are we that we can open no window from whence we may not look toward Heaven!'"

Before Mr. Parks had time to reply several young ladies came in, and soon after he retired.

His first leisure hour he devoted to Mrs. Berry and her daughters. Unfortunately, as he deemed it, he found them in the midst of a group of visitors. Whenever we have a new interest awakened in the heart, in a person, or family, we become tenacious of their exclusive society; and to find their attention divided betwixt ourselves and others tends to make us formal and reserved. Mr. Parks was little more than a looker-on for the short time that he remained in Mrs. Berry's parlour; but he was pleased to notice that that lady and her daughters paid the customary tribute of respect to their deceased relative, by assuming the habiliments of mourning. There was, too, a change in their manner. True, there was no appearance of sorrow—of grief—except, perhaps, on the countenance of Diana; but there was a seriousness, a gravity that was quite new; something which showed that the feelings were chastened. All this pleased him; and still more was he pleased by the answer of Lucretia, when he asked her, apart, if he should meet her at Mrs. ——'s party in the evening.

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"O no," was her reply, "you know we have very recently lost a friend!"

This decorum—this regard to the proprieties of life—this delicacy for the feelings of the afflicted, comported exactly with the views of Mr. Parks—with his sense of what was right. He went away reflecting on what he had heard and seen. He was gratified to see the Miss Berrys in a new position; gratified, that in every position, their deportment was such as he approved. Hitherto, all that he had learned of them served to increase his *general* approbation, his *particular* regard.

* * * * *

One day, as Mr. Parks and Mr. Eaton were walking together, the latter made some remark concerning Diana Berry.

"I have long looked on that young lady as your future wife," said Mr. Parks.

"What could put such a thought in your head?" asked his friend; "but rest assured you are mistaken: it will never be."

"Why not? do you not like her?"

"Yes," was the frank reply, "I like her better than any young lady in the world. I think her peculiarly amiable and interesting—to me, fascinating; nevertheless, I should not dare to marry her. To speak honestly, like her as well as I may, I have no taste for becoming a slave!"

"Not dare to marry her? How do you mean?" asked Mr. Parks, who seemed not to have heard what his friend last said.

"I mean," was the answer, "that with her habits, her notions, and brought up as she has been, my income must be altogether inadequate to the demands that would be made on it."

"But with her fortune added to yours," said Mr. Parks, "I should think that every reasonable wish could be gratified."

"Her fortune!" exclaimed his friend with evident surprise.

"Has she not a fortune?" asked Mr. Parks, "or is the property all the mother's? But even if this last is the case, should Mrs. Berry have a daughter married, she would unquestionably endow her well."

"Mrs. Berry! The property all the mother's!" repeated the astonished Eaton. "In the name of wonder, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say," replied Mr. Parks. "I have always supposed—for perhaps I never heard anything said about it—that Mrs. Berry was *rich;* for I cannot conceive how an establishment like hers could be supported by a *poor* widow."

"By a poor *widow*—no, nor any one else!" said Mr. Eaton, laughing. "But who told you that Mrs. Berry *was* a widow?"

"From your question, I suppose *no one*," said Mr. Parks looking up with more visible astonishment than he often betrayed; "yet as I have never heard either Mrs. Berry, or any one else, speak of her husband; nor the daughters, nor any other person, speak of their father, I knew not that my conclusion was so *very* extraordinary!"

"This comes," said Mr. Eaton laughing heartily at his friend's amazement, which was not unmingled with chagrin—"this comes of your wise habit of never asking questions about people. A pretty *scrape* you might have been drawn into! And so you did not know that the Mr. Berry who keeps the variety store in ——— street, where you have so often been, was the husband of *our* Mrs. Berry, and the father of Lucretia and Diana?"

"Most assuredly I did not! and how could I?—I have never seen the slightest intercourse between them—never met him at the house, except on the evening when the whole town was there. And you, Mr. Eaton, must be mistaken, for the Mr. Berry of ——— street has just lost a daughter!"

"Most certainly he has; but why does that render it improbable that he is Mrs. Berry's husband?"

"You do not mean to intimate," said Mr. Parks, "that Mrs. Berry has lost a daughter, and the young ladies a sister?"

"I mean to *assert*," was his friend's answer, "that Mrs. Berry has lost a *step-daughter*, and the young ladies a *half-sister*."

The amazement of Mr. Parks continued every moment to increase. "Then you *do* assert," said he, "that *that* Mr. Berry is the husband of her, whom I supposed a widow; and that *his* indefatigable toil, *his* unceasing labour, supports the style I have witnessed at her house?"

"I *do* assert it," answered Mr. Eaton; "and I also assert that the deceased daughter was doomed to labour as severe as her father's. Perhaps you can now understand why I *dare* not marry Diana—why I said I had no taste for becoming a slave?"

"And the poor dependent niece," said Mr. Parks pursuing his own train of thought without answering his friend; "it seems that she, too, is doomed to a life of toil, that the others may repose in elegant idleness!"

"The dependent niece! Do you mean Mary Sumner?" asked Mr. Eaton.

"Who else could I mean?" said Mr. Parks. "But pray," continued he, in a tone that betrayed some little impatience—"pray repeat no more of my words, but tell me at once something about this strange family."

"I will," said Mr. Eaton, "because for so *intimate* an acquaintance, your ignorance is truly wonderful. The family, however, is no more strange than hundreds of other families in our country, where the husband and father drudges on in perpetual servitude, that his family may live in *elegant idleness*, as you call it. But to my story: Mr. Berry married his present wife, when Elizabeth, then his only child, was nine or ten years old. Mrs. Berry *was* and *is* just like a whole host of other women; good-tempered enough, if nothing crosses her will; and kind-hearted enough, if nothing comes in contact with her selfishness. I have heard my mother say that until she had daughters of her own, she treated Elizabeth passably well; but from that period, till the children no longer needed care of that kind, she was an overwrought nursery-maid."

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"Where was her father?" demanded Mr. Parks indignantly.

"Attending to his business," answered his friend; "and Elizabeth was a sweet-tempered, uncomplaining child. But don't interrupt me. When the little misses were old enough to go to school, Elizabeth was permitted to go also; for from the period of Lucretia's birth, there had been almost an entire suspension of her school education. This, however, did not last long; for her mother found her so *very* useful at home, that she could not spare her. From that time to the period of her last sickness, she was as faithful a domestic drudge, as any family was ever blest with, filling all offices by turns—seamstress, laundress, chamber-maid, cook and nurse."

"I can respect Mr. Berry no longer!" exclaimed Mr. Parks.

"You must and will," said Mr. Eaton, "for he is every way worthy of respect. The fact was, his daughter never complained, and he suffered himself to be hoodwinked. Hearing of no unkind or unreasonable usage, he suspected none."

"He could not be ignorant," said Mr. Parks, "that she filled only the place of an upper servant from her being excluded from society!"

"She was not excluded from society," said Mr. Eaton. "For the gay and fashionable circle in which her mother and sisters moved, she had little relish; but her associates were among the first, both in respectability and rank."

"But she had no education," remarked Mr. Parks.

"Her mind was much more highly cultivated than either Lucretia's or Diana's," said Mr. Eaton. "All the leisure time she had was devoted to this object, instead of being spent in the acquisition of showy accomplishments, adorning her person, or in gay society. Mrs. Berry designed that *her* daughters should have finished educations; but she fell into the mistake which is so common to vulgar minds, that usefulness and gentility are incompatible; consequently, the education of the young ladies is far more brilliant than solid."

"With Mrs. Berry I have never been particularly pleased," said Mr. Parks; "but with such a mother as you describe her to be, I cannot understand how the daughters ever became what they are—so amiable, and so well principled."

"The *instincts* of Diana," Mr. Eaton replied, "were all of an amiable character; and she yielded herself in some degree to the influence of her sister Elizabeth. Yet after all, she is the child of *impulse* rather than principle; and notwithstanding all her attractions, she is the most useless creature alive."

"But from whence came the superiority of Lucretia?" inquired Mr. Parks.

"Superiority in what?" demanded his friend.

"In principle, and in both elegant and useful mental acquirements," replied Mr. Parks.

Mr. Eaton hesitated awhile, and then looking his friend full in the face, said—"Do you wish me to speak the whole truth? or are you too much in love to bear it?"

"Were I ever so much in love," answered Mr. Parks, "the *truth* is just what I should wish to learn."

"Well then, I will speak freely. And I think that away from her mother and sister, and under a good influence, Diana Berry might yet make a very valuable, as well as lovely woman; but Lucretia, never! She is past all hope; a perfect compound of artifice, deceit, arrogance and selfishness!"

Mr. Parks started as if stung by a viper. "Do you mean what you say?" he inquired.

"I not only *mean* what I say, but *know* that I say truth. Her only principle of action, is to secure her own ease, her own advantage, and to attain her own ends, let who will suffer. Pride and selfishness are her dominant passions; and to gratify these, all her artifice and deceit are called into exercise. You know nothing of what she *is* by what she *appears*, beyond the mere externals."

For some time the friends walked on in silence; but Mr. Parks at length said—

"All this time you have told me nothing of Mary Sumner."

"All about her is soon told. Her mother, who was Mr. Berry's sister, died two or three years since, and left her, an only child, under the care of her uncle, with a property valued at two or three thousand dollars. She went to reside in her uncle's family; and as Mrs. Berry understands making every one's daughters useful except her own, she found it very convenient to send Mary, who is some two years younger than Diana, of all sorts of errands, especially to the store. By this means, Mary attained the knowledge of Mr. Berry's incessant labour; and frequently when she was in the shop, would assist him in folding goods, and services of that kind. Occasionally, as she became a little acquainted with the business, she would wait on a customer; until at length she became her uncle's regular assistant. Mr. Berry never felt able to keep a clerk, and Mary's heart ached when she witnessed his unremitting toil. Beside this, she loved him very tenderly; and to be always near him was a reward for her labour. I have been told by those who knew the fact, that at first she tried hard to share with Elizabeth in her labours; but her cousin peremptorily said—'No. If she once took on herself any household employment she would escape from it, only by marriage or death!'"

"Poor Elizabeth!" said Mr. Parks. "I am heartily glad she has received her own discharge!"

Again the friends walked on in silence, and again the silence was broken by Mr. Parks, who said—

"Your opinion of Lucretia Berry, my friend, must be the result of prejudice. Her choice of books proves her taste and her principles. In this rule I have never been mistaken."

"And what kind of reading does she prefer?" asked Mr. Eaton.

Mr. Parks mentioned the works in which he had

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seen her engaged, and which were always lying near her, ready for use.

"Snares, gins, and traps, my dear fellow; rely on it!" said Mr. Eaton. "I question," he added, "whether she has read a hundred pages, except light poetry, and lighter novels, until within a few months past, since she emerged from the school-room. And so well do I know her, that I would not fear to bet my right hand, that these very books were displayed to entrap a friend of mine, whose name I will not mention!"

"But," pursued Mr. Parks, "her manner is perfectly consistent with the principles I have heard her express. How will you account for this?"

"Did I not tell you, in the outset, of the depth of her artifice?" said Mr. Eaton. "She is thorough. There is a precision, a circumspection about her, very unusual. I *must* grant, that Lucretia Berry sins with greater *decorum* than any young lady I ever knew! She never forgets *Lucretia Berry* for a single instant. Gay or sad, pleased or displeased, frowning or smiling, sociable or reserved, all—all is done for effect. But, my friend," he added seriously, "you need not take *my* word concerning her *real* character. Study her for yourself; yet be not in haste to betray an attachment toward her, even if you feel it. In a matter of so much consequence, you should take ample time to be satisfied, whether her principles are, or are not, such as you have supposed them to be." With this the friends parted.

When Mr. Parks had time for calm reflection, he found that the principles of Miss Berry, even if such as he had heard her declare, must be *theoretical* rather than *practical*. The very mistakes into which he had fallen, spoke volumes against her. The longer he thought, the more he compared and investigated, the more fully was he convinced that his friend had spoken only the truth. The recollection of one circumstance struck him forcibly. Elizabeth Berry was ill, when he made his parting call at Mr. Berry's, previous to his journey; but there was Lucretia, bright, cheerful, happy as usual, pursuing her own pleasures, while her sister was lying sick—sick unto death! The mask was torn away, and Mr. Parks was a free man.

It might be some four or five weeks after the preceding conversation between the two friends, that the following short dialogue took place betwixt Lucretia Berry and her sister. The former was sitting by her work-table, and the latter standing near, took up a book that was lying upon it. It was a volume of Moore's poetry.

"So you have done studying Milton, and returned to Moore!" said Diana. Successively she looked at the three or four books that lay on the table. "Practical Piety, too," she added, "has retreated to its former hiding place; and Fenelon has gone to bear it company! By the way, Lu., what has become of Mr. Parks. He has not been here for an age!"

"You had better ask him why he has left calling on us," said Lucretia, with a peculiar smile, and a look of much meaning.

Diana looked steadily at her sister for a minute, and then said—"Now Lucretia, you need not try to make me believe that you have *frowned* Mr. Parks away, for I know better. You strove to engage him with all your power, and I am sorry you did not succeed, for I like him exceedingly well. But for some cause or other, he has taken himself off."

"I repeat it," said Lucretia, with precisely the same look as before, "you had better ask Mr. Parks himself the reason of his neglect."

"Lu., you are *too* bad!" exclaimed Diana. "You deceive half the world, but you never yet deceived me. But I will know for certainty the *true* cause why Parks stays away; for I have promised to walk with Willie Eaton this afternoon, and I will ask him."

Lucretia's countenance instantly grew black as midnight. Shutting her teeth firmly together, while her eyes flashed lightning, she said—"Diana Berry, if you breathe a syllable to Mr. Eaton, that bears the shadow of resemblance to the conversation we have just had, I will be revenged on you, if I die the next hour!"

"Don't be angry, Lu.," said Diana, "nor think to gain anything by threatening. I have too much regard for my family, to say or do anything that will disgrace it; but it *does* vex me, to have you suppose you can *look* me into the belief of an untruth. As I said before, you strove to engage Mr. Parks with all your power; and for *your* sake, for *my* sake, for our *father's* sake, I am truly sorry your arts did not succeed; but for some reason, the gentleman is off. Perhaps," she added laughing, as she turned to leave the room, "he may have learned in some way or other that *Practical Piety* and the *Bible* have not been your *favourite* studies from childhood!"

* * * * *

Elizabeth Berry was taken from her friends in the spring; and it was not until September that Mrs. Berry made any formal complaint, relative to a deficiency of servants. Then, one day at the dinner-table, she commenced the attack on her husband.

"Mr. Berry, I have toiled and contrived every way, through this long summer, to save you from any additional expense; but I can get along no longer in this manner; another servant we *must* have."

"Another servant!" said Mr. Berry. "Why is another servant necessary? The family is surely no larger than it has been; then why cannot the same number of hands perform the labour as formerly? Have you, my dear, been called on to do more than usual?"

"Indeed I have," answered Mrs. Berry. "Few ladies would submit to go through with what I have had to bear, through this whole season!"

"Then you must divide your care and labour

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with your daughters," said the husband; "it will do them good, and fit them to be better wives."

"My daughters!" exclaimed Mrs. Berry. "Never, with my consent! I am astonished, Mr. Berry, you can mention anything so derogatory to yourself, and to them! Observe their hands! Do they look as if made for labour?"

"Would useful employment be more derogatory to them than to their father! or than it was to their elder sister?" asked Mr. Berry, in a voice that betrayed painful emotion. "Are *their* hands better than those that are now mouldering in the grave? You did not think them too good, or too fair, to labour!"

"Elizabeth was *used* to it!" said Mrs. Berry; "and beside she never played the piano. Really Mr. Berry, I am amazed that you can talk in this way! You seem to think my feelings are incapable of being hurt!"

"I did not mean to offend you, my dear," said Mr. Berry; "but it is impossible for me to permit my family expenses to increase."

"Then you must give Mary up to me," said Mrs. Berry. "You have now had her assistance for more than a year; and can find no fault if I claim my turn."

Mr. Berry's face expressed the deepest mortification at this manifestation of his wife's egregious, though evidently unconscious, selfishness, as he said—"Mary, you know, plays the piano; and so far as I can perceive, her hands look quite as unfit for labour as either Lucretia's or Diana's. However," he added, while a faint smile played about his mouth, "if you can get her consent, I will not object. What say you, Mary? Will your engagements admit of your complying with your aunt's proposition?"

Mary blushed, looked down, but remained silent.

"Get her consent!" repeated Mrs. Berry. "Why should you doubt that she will be as willing to assist me as yourself?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Berry, "it will not be convenient for her to help either of us much longer."

"How teasing you are, Mr. Berry! What do you mean by such hints?"

"What *do* you mean, father?" said Diana.

"Simply this; that I believe Mary thinks of being married before a great while. Yesterday a letter was left on my counter by a gentleman, asking my consent to such a measure."

"Going to be married!" cried Mrs. Berry; "and to whom, father?" asked Diana, at the same moment; while Lucretia bridled, and maintained a haughty silence.

"To your highly esteemed acquaintance, Mr. Parks," said Mr. Berry, in answer to Diana's question.

The cheeks, the neck, the brow of Lucretia were crimson at the announcement; while Diana exclaimed—

"Mr. Parks! Oh, how glad I am! Then we shall have him in the family, after all! Cousin Mary, I congratulate you with all my heart!"

"You have done well, Mary!" said Mrs. Berry, but in a manner that did not express unqualified satisfaction. "And so," she added, after a momentary pause, "instead of having help, we are to have the expense and *fuss* of a wedding, I suppose?"

"Surely, my dear," said Mr. Berry, "we shall not esteem it a *trouble;* and as to the *expense*, it must be great indeed, if it does not still leave us greatly indebted to Mary!"

"Should such an event occur, aunt," said Mary, "all the arrangements shall be made, with the view of putting you to the least possible inconvenience; the expense will, of course, be all my own."

"Yes," said Lucretia, with an indescribable curl of the lip—"Mary has property of her own; and a thousand or two of dollars is of some consequence to a young man, who happens to be the son of a miser!"

"My daughter!" said Mr. Berry, in as stern a manner as it was in his nature to assume; while Diana whispered to her cousin—"How very sharp *sour grapes* make poor Lucretia's teeth!"

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On a bright day in November, the union of Mr. Parks and Miss Sumner was consummated. The marriage ceremony was performed in the morning, as the happy bridegroom wished to start as early as possible on a journey to visit his parents, and present to them his bride. Mary liked the arrangement, as it saved her aunt all trouble; and the bridal favours she presented, made the wedding anything rather than a *losing* concern to Mrs. Berry.

The carriage, which was to convey away the youthful pair, was at the door; and Diana hung about her cousin, assisting her in preparing to step into it. There was "a smile on her lip, but a tear in her eye," as she repeated her good wishes, and expressed her tender regrets at losing one, who had been so kind, so good, so generous to them all. Diana really looked and appeared very interestingly.

"Did I not tell you," said Eaton, who was present, the only guest invited by Mr. Parks—"did I not tell you," said he, in a low tone, as he touched his friend's elbow, "that she is made of the right material? that she is still capable of becoming a truly lovely and *valuable woman!*"

* * * * * *

About two years after the marriage of Mary Sumner, Mrs. Berry became not indeed a *rich*, but a *poor widow*. It was altogether an unlooked-for calamity. She had never remembered that her husband was mortal; never imagined a period when he would be unable to toil, to gratify her wishes, and supply her wants. She was left nearly destitute. Not a farthing that Mr. Berry owed any one, was left unpaid; but after the debts were discharged, little remained for the wife and two daughters.

Did the double calamity that had fallen on the widow open her eyes to her former improvident and injudicious management, or to her real unkind-

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ness to her husband? Not in the least. She murmured, she fretted, against every one but herself, and her daughters. To the pious heart it was shocking to hear her speak of the Providence that had bereft her; to the friends of her deceased husband, it was nearly intolerable to hear her *virtually* reproach his memory, for not leaving her amply endowed.

"I cannot sympathize with your aunt, my dear Mary," said Mr. Parks; "I cannot even pity her. So far as it was in her power to do it, she degraded your excellent uncle to the condition of a bondman! Much as I mourn his death, on your account and on my own, I rejoice that he is removed to a world where the pride, the folly, the selfishness of a wife can no longer cause care to sit on his brow, nor anxiety to corrode his heart. So far as she is concerned, I feel that she is meeting her just reward."

"What will become of her?" said the weeping Mary.

"I know not," replied her husband. "For the wealth of the world, I would not have her an inmate in my family. Our dear domestic happiness must be the sacrifice."

"Nor my cousins neither?" asked the tender-hearted, sympathizing, self-sacrificing wife.

"Not Lucretia, for the wealth of *two* worlds," said Mr. Parks with energy. "But if you wish it, my dear wife; if in any way it will be a comfort, a consolation to you, we will invite Diana to make her home with us."

"Oh, how much I thank you," said Mary. "I love Diana for her own sake; but independently of that, for the sake of my dear uncle, I would do anything in my power to make those happy who laid so heavily on his heart."

Agreeably to this plan, Diana Berry was invited to make the house of Mr. Parks her home; an invitation which was gladly, and gratefully accepted. Mrs. Berry quartered herself on a brother, who could ill afford such an addition to his family; but who, if he could not so far overcome her habits as to make her useful, determined that she should give him no expense that was avoidable. Lucretia, like the Levite of Bethlehem-Judah, went "where she could find a place," provided always, that it was among the wealthy, or at least, the fashionable. But everywhere she was considered a trial, a tax, a burden; and *each* friend was happy to relinquish her society to *any other* friend who might request it.

One day Mr. Parks chanced to meet his friend Eaton, and after the usual commonplaces, the latter said—"Diana Berry has now been an inmate in your family for some time. What do you think of her?"

"I think her," answered Mr. Parks, "a very lovely and interesting woman."

"Truly?"

"Truly. Both Mary and myself love her as we should love a sister. And she is not only lovely and interesting; she is a *valuable* and *useful* member of our family."

"Then," said Mr. Eaton with animation, "I will rob you of her as soon as I can!"

"You will rob us of a highly valued treasure," said Mr. Parks—"nevertheless, I heartily wish you success."

"I *shall* succeed," said Mr. Eaton. "I have loved Diana for years; loved her exclusively; and I think my affection is returned. I feared to marry her, as you know; but now that she has had opportunity to see the management of a family of the right stamp; one in which the wife feels honoured by the respect with which she regards her husband, and seeks her own happiness in promoting his—now that she has learned that true elegance, refinement, and gentility, are perfectly consistent with useful employment; I will follow the dictates of my heart, and offer her all I have to bestow. Soon, *very* soon, my friend," he added, "I will quit this solitary life of a bachelor, and try to have a fireside of my own, quiet as yours, and cheered by the smiles of an amiable, sympathizing, and useful wife!"

"May all your cheerful anticipations be fully realized," said Mr. Parks, "for they are *reasonable*. *Youth*, in the first flush of passion, with an imagination all sunshine, may think it the height of felicity to have a lovely, helpless creature, clinging to him, and looking up to him alone for protection and happiness; but in attempting to realize his beautiful vision, he too often finds that his peace, his comfort, and his usefulness are destroyed. Instead of a sunbeam at his side, to gild his path through the journey of life, he finds he has a clog, constantly to fetter and annoy him. Life is made up of stern realities; and man in this 'working day world,' needs a companion, a friend, oftentimes a counsellor. His wife should be one, who would be willing to share his cares, as well as his joys; to participate in his labours, as well as in his recreations. Such an one is my own Mary; such an one, I doubt not, the object of your attachment will prove to be; I doubt not she will well deserve that *comprehensive* and honourable appellation, *a good wife*."

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A DAY IN A RAILROAD CAR.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

A LONG period must elapse before the accumulation of human existences and the progress of society shall carry the New England people forward to that philosophic indifference to individual character and history which characterizes an older civilization. They are as yet but an extended family circle. Even our huge railroad cars, which very nearly reduce humanity to floating particles, have not yet divested our travellers of their customary social charities and interests. I was struck with some illustrations of this truth during a day's travel over the railroad that traverses Massachusetts. This road passes through the most populous part of our state after its magnificent passage over the hills of Berkshire, where a work of immense labour and beautiful art is brought into striking contrast with savage nature, and set off with the accessories of fir-covered hills, wild glens, and headlong mountain streams. Along this road some of the peculiarities of our stirring population are manifested. At each village there is a swarm of fresh passengers, and at each station a dispersion, and however brief their transit may be, there is some trifling intercommunication that discloses the condition and objects of the parties. In a similar situation in Europe the individuals, each comprising in his own existence a world of interests, purposes and hopes, would make their entrances and exits without exciting more sensation or inquiry than the luggage thrown into the baggage car.

I like this social life; it is the beating of a healthy human heart that sends pulsations throughout the frame of society. It may occasionally license idle and inconvenient curiosity, but this is a trifling evil, and so considerably mitigated by the progress of civilization that since the death of the Dutchman who, according to that veracious chronicler of such matters, Diedrich Knickerbocker, was put to the question by a Yankee, we have never heard of its involving fatal consequences.

On the occasion to which I have alluded a young friend and myself started from Pittsfield for Boston. In a few minutes we had glided from a neighbourhood where each house and tree has the familiar look of an old acquaintance. The passengers were all strangers to us, and we probably betrayed the stiffness and reserve incident to a new position, for one of those active minded people who assume to themselves the breaking down of all conventional fences took pity on us, and looking over my companion's shoulder at a volume of Childe Harold, which she was reading, asked her "if she were fond of poetry?" The sort of smile that accompanied her inaudible answer did not encourage him to proceed, and he broke ground with me by asking me "if I knew a young person in black who was sitting alone at the end of the car?" "I had never seen her before." "So I expected, ma'am," said he; "I don't think there is any one in the car does know her, for I have asked several. The conductor says she came aboard at Albany. I asked her if she lived there! 'No,' she said. I asked her where she did live? She seemed to sigh as it were, and said she had lived far west. She is alone, and so bashful that I did not love to ask her many questions—maybe you will be able to find her out, ma'am." As I looked again at the timid girl and caught the expression of a face of most striking sweetness and modesty I secretly wished I might.

But my friend's lively interests did not all settle down on this pretty young creature. "You know that old gentleman, of course, ma'am?" he said, pointing to an elderly gentleman a little in advance and on one side of us, with a velvet cap on his head and an eye remarkable for its acuteness riveted to the newspaper he was reading. I confessed I did not. "Why is it possible! He is the ex-President, Mr. Adams!" I naturally manifested so much pleasure at this information, and gazed at the venerated statesman with such excited attention that my new friend offered to introduce me to him! I rather impertinently asked if he were acquainted with him. "Not much," he said; "I got into the car at Pittsfield only; but I have had some talk with him upon the petition question, and find him quite sociable." I was saved the pain of refusing the proffered hospitality by a call for the Westfield passengers; and my new friend left us, regretting so much the sudden disruption of our acquaintance that if we should ever meet again it will probably be on the most intimate footing.

Mr. Adams was not left long in the quiet enjoyment of his newspaper; the rumour of the great presence had spread through all the passenger cars, and a lady, attended by some dozen men and women, came from a forward car into ours, and while her companions stood in the vacant space about the stove made her way between furred cloaks and MacIntoshes to Mr. Adams. "She could not lose so good an opportunity," she said, "to express her admiration of his course in congress; all her friends admired it; she read every one of his speeches; and she made her children read them; and her son John knew a great many passages by heart; her son's name was John Quincy Adams!" All this was urbanely received, and as the lady turned to go to her place her eyes fell on the little girl in black, who had moved her seat to a chair near us.

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"Oh, how do you do, my dear?" said she; "I did not know you had come on to-day: so, you did not find your friends in Albany?" "No ma'am." "Dear me! 'twas a trial to you, was not it?" The girl made no answer except by a slight quivering of her lips, and the good-natured woman proceeded to propose she should migrate into the next car with her. "The places are all full there, to be sure," she said, "but I'll ask Mr. Smith to take your place here; and it will be so much more sociable for you to be with those you are acquainted with." It was quite evident the young person was not inclined to this mode of sociability. She made a pretext of some luggage she had by her for not wishing to quit her seat, and declined moving. I made a bold push and arresting the stranger-lady for a moment said in a whisper, "You are acquainted with that young person?" "Oh yes—that is, she rode in the car with us from Utica to Albany. I live in Utica; my father is one of the oldest inhabitants." She was proceeding to give me the statistics of Utica when I again recurred to the pretty stranger. "You have only, then, a three hours' acquaintance with her?" "Not much more; she went into the hotel with me at Albany, and left me to look up some relations, on the father's side I think she said;—I guess she is an orphan.—Somehow I did not like to ask her direct, but orphans, you know, always have a peculiar look. Amanda-Anne asked her her name—Amanda-Anne is my daughter—she took such an interest in her, and so did Miss Gilchrist—Miss Gilchrist of Bond street—" "What is her name?" I asked. "Oh yes—I was speaking of that—her name is Lizzy Dale—it is not a distinguished sounding name, do you think it is, ma'am?—however, my interest in her was the same—it must be a trial to travel alone so far." "Far! do you know where she comes from?" "Not exactly; she told us she came down Lake Erie, so it must be to the west of that. Excuse me, ma'am, I seem to be in the conductor's way here." It was no seeming: our whispered confab was broken off, and the good lady returned to her car, much to the conductor's relief.

We stopped an age, by railroad time, at Springfield—that is, some half hour. Some of the passengers went, post-haste, to steam down a dinner at the hotel; others flocked to a feeding-house, close at hand; and Lizzy Dale, my friend, and myself were left alone in the car. We begged her to partake our substantial sandwiches. She took the offer in kindness not as an intrusion, thanked us very sweetly, but declined, saying she had no appetite, and taking a biscuit from the little basket she carried in her lap she said she "ate only to get rid of a sensation of faintness." We fell into conversation on the convenient neutral ground of strangers, the weather, the beauty of the country, &c. She expressed herself with a propriety and delicacy that indicated education, and increased my interest in her. My companion and myself referred to old friends in Springfield, and pointed out places familiar to us. Lizzy Dale sighed and said, half to herself, "I wish I could see any place I have ever seen before." I involuntarily looked at her. She turned away, went to a window on the opposite side, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. Just then there came rattling up to the car an open barouche bringing a gentleman to be forwarded to Boston, as it appeared, a grandfather, whose wife and a daughter-in-law, with three or four lovely children, had come to see him off. It was evident they were not familiar with railroads, and this was a marked moment in the family history. "Is this a car, grandpapa?" exclaimed one of the little girls scrambling over the sofas and chairs—"it seems more like a house." "Julia, my dear," called out the mother, "keep close by the door; they won't give us a minute's time to get off." "Oh let the children enjoy themselves," said the good grandpapa, "you'll have ample warning." "My dear," said his careful wife, "are you sure this is the safest car?" "I take it for granted it is," he replied half bowing to us, "for I see the ladies are here; I always trust to their looking out for the safe places." "My dear, you should select one of the last passenger cars, for I read all the railroad accidents, and they always escape; and you must sit about in the middle of the car, to avoid some danger, I forget what it is—" "And near a window to avoid some other," replied the husband laughing, "I forget what that is—suffocation, probably: but I'll keep a good look-out, rely on't."

"Oh don't look out! that is most dangerous of all. You remember that dreadful accident?"

"Yes, I remember them all."

"Ah! you may laugh now; but promise me one thing; you'll be prepared for a collision—now pray don't laugh again—I mean be on your guard, keep it in mind."

"I have pleasanter things, my dear, to keep in mind. Hal, take good care of the chickens while I am gone."

"Yes sir, I will; and I don't mean to ask you to bring me anything, grandpapa; but if you should see a drum—I don't *ask* you to buy it, sir—but if you should happen to try it, and it makes a good thumping sound"—

"Then you would like it, Hal?"

"Yes, sir, I should."

"Ah Annie, come here," said the grandfather to a little girl apparently not more than three years old, who, with the instinctive sympathy of childhood, had crept on to the seat beside Lizzy Dale, and putting her arm over her shoulder, was saying "What are you so sorry for?" "Excuse the child, my dear," he added, with a glance at Lizzy Dale's blushing face that involuntarily expressed the same inquiry.

There began to be some movement preparatory to the resumption of our journey, and after many kissings and huggings the family parted, and the wagon drove off, and as long as we could see them the little people were waving handkerchiefs and kissing hands to grandpapa; and I did not wonder he was so cherished when I looked in his fresh,

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kindly face, which indicated that the goodly fruits the heart bears were all ripened, none decayed. He, too, like the rest of us, was attracted by the little magnet, Lizzy Dale, and opening a basket, which he informed us his grandchildren had prepared for his refreshment, he discovered among fine pears and apples a single bunch of grapes. "Now that's pretty," said he; "the boy you saw here, my Hal, has picked the only bunch of grapes on his vine—the dog shall have his drum—take them, my dear," to Lizzy, "you refuse the pears and apples; you can't refuse these; they were put here on purpose for you." Lizzy Dale took them; and I believe if she had followed the bidding of her heart she would have laid her head on his kind bosom and "cried it out," so much was the solitary girl evidently touched by his fatherly tone and manner. But this was neither a time nor place for such demonstrations. The cars filled up, and a young woman with a profusion of pink ribbons on a blue silk bonnet, and flowers of all colours resting on plump cheeks that out-bloomed them all, dashing ear-rings, and a painted brooch, an American imitation of Roman mosaic, dropped into a seat beside Lizzy Dale; first, however, carefully stowing away a bandbox and parasol, and arranging on her lap a basket, a reticule, and a pocket-handkerchief trimmed with broad Swiss lace. She was alone too, but so self-sufficient and self-protecting a person as to save us from painful sympathy. One could hardly look at her and Lizzy Dale, brought into this accidental juxtaposition, without thinking of the china and earthen jars of the fable. The earthen jar soon began sundry knocks in the guise of questions, such as, "Do you know that young gentleman in a frock coat with whiskers? Do you admire whiskers? Is not that tuft of hair what they call an imperial, or is it a mouse-tache? Do you know who that young lady is in a leg'orn? Do you think leg-'orns or Tuscans, or Rutland braid will be fashionable next summer? Did you ever work in a factory? Do you like tending the looms, or spinning best? Oh, I didn't understand you—you ain't acquainted with either? Perhaps you prefer the paper business?" Getting very brief and negative answers to this torrent of questions, she changed to the narrative style, and proceeded to detail her own experience. She stated the relative advantages of a residence at North Adams, Chicapee, and Lowell; enumerated their several educational advantages and "society privileges," and concluded with a digression on the profits of female factory labour, rather implying that hers was performed *en amateur*.

To this part of her discourse Lizzy Dale lent an attentive ear, and in return asked several questions. —"Were there private boarding-houses where a young person might be retired when not at work? Could she name any widow, or elderly persons keeping such a boarding-house? Could a person quite unacquainted with that sort of labour soon learn it?" These questions, though uttered in a low and tremulous voice, were distinctly heard by our good grandpapa. Hearing in some cases is wonderfully preserved by keeping the heart free from incrustation. He sat directly before Lizzy Dale, and after fidgeting on his seat he turned to her and said, "My dear, my dear, factory business is a very good business; there's no one respects our factory girls more than I do; they are an honour to the country. It is a very suitable business for those —for those it's suitable to. But I would not advise you, my dear, to be thinking of it: excuse me, my dear, I speak to you as if you were my child; old folks, you know, take liberties."

"Oh, sir, I am sure it's no liberty, and you are very, very kind." And from that moment the poor child looked less timid, less desolate; at least till we were entering the Boston depot, when the factory girl said to her, "My cousin Ferdinand Pease will be at the depot; I suppose there'll be some one expecting you?"

"No one expects me," she replied.

"Well, good night," said the factory lady, marching off with her bandbox to put herself in cousin Ferdinand's field of vision. "The conductor will take care of you; he takes care of every body that's got nobody to take care of them."

"That's not your case, my dear," said Lizzy's friend. "We old people are not good for much, but we are the safest protectors for pretty young girls. I am going to get a carriage to take me to my lodgings, and you must let me set you down at your stopping place."

Lizzy Dale replied with many thanks, that she was afraid it was too far; that she was going to a boarding-house in Charlestown, kept by a lady her father had once known. "So much the better, my dear; I want a little ride after being shut up here, and we shall get better acquainted;" and off he ran, active as a boy, for the carriage. I imitated the good man so far as to give Lizzy Dale my card, and beg her to come and see me, and we went away to our different destinations.

I seized upon the next morning as unappropriated time to make a visit to a very old friend of my family, Miss Stuart, familiarly known to three generations as Miss Priscy, a name that always strikes on a chord of cheerful and most pleasant vibrations. I had not seen her for many years, and in the mean while time and chance had done some of their unkindest work upon her, stripping her of her nearest kindred, diminishing her little fortune to a mere pittance, and maiming her by the incurable fracture of one of her limbs; besides heaping on her the common infirmities of age. I confess I wished the meeting over; I dreaded seeing her with her hopeful temper vanquished, and her pleasant stream of cheerfulness all dried away. She lived alone, in a boarding-house, the most desolate of all lives. The servant who opened the door said, if I were not a stranger Miss Priscy would thank me to walk up stairs, as it was troublesome for her to get up and down. "Here I am, a wreck," she said, after the first salutations were over; "but I keep my flag flying, as my uncle, the old com-

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modore, used to say he would, as long as there was a timber of his ship floating." Miss Priscy has had her day of harmless vanities and innocent triumphs, and there are tokens that they still dwell pleasantly in her memory in the rose-coloured ribbons on her cap, and the ear-rings she still wears when even our young beauties have discarded these barbaric ornaments. She spoke of her losses since we had last met, but without complaint or repining. "I find it difficult getting about," she said, "but I have few friends left to go and see, and so that does not much matter. My little income has dwindled; but you know the poet says, 'Man wants but little here below,' and I am sure woman wants less, especially a lone woman like me, who has no one to share it with. And then there is such a pleasure in making a little last; in having all your calculations come out right; in paying your debts as they come due—a luxury now-a-days that seems left to poor people; and in having a little something over, for those that want it more than you do. I sometimes feel like a monument written all over with the names of the departed; but they are the names of the good and the loved; and one at three score and ten must expect to be journeying on alone, and thankful if they can look up to the celestial city and see their people gathered there. But make the best of it, my dear; this loneliness is cold and sad." A tear stole down the furrows of her cheek. I asked her if she had not a niece that could live with her? "You forget," she said, "how time flies: the girls are all married long ago. No, I must rough it out alone, as well as I can; but," she added, as if to check my too sad sympathy, "I have not got into the 'Dismal Swamp' yet; I live among the living; come down stairs with me, and see my little parlour. This is not a boarding-house; I have my own rooms and a maid, and a privilege in the kitchen; so that I can keep my tea-table, and have something like a home, and house-keeping, and hospitality. Boarding-house life is too much on the community plan. I believe the association people reckon some sixteen hundred individuals to a perfect being; and to tell you the truth, I think a woman who passes her life in a boarding-house is about the sixteen-hundredth part of the mistress of a well-ordered household."

"You seem not to approve, my dear Miss Priscy, of this mode of living in community which is just going into operation in your neighbourhood, under such high auspices."

"I don't; my dear, I don't. There's no use in trying to be wiser than Providence. 'God set the solitary in families,' and I think it is the prettiest contrivance for happiness and virtue that ever was hit upon." She hobbled down stairs slowly, her tongue going much faster than her feet, and opening the door into her little parlour—"Here," she said, "is many a memorial of family life and love, which keep alive and fresh in my heart the sense of home—a solitary old woman as I am, I dwell in its atmosphere. There is the picture of my grandfather; how well I remember him in his judicial robes: there are no such men now-a-days. This is the picture of my mother; she was the beauty of her time. As I remember her, she was not so young, nor quite so beautiful, but I think no one ever had so sweet a look." Thanks to Him who "set the solitary in families," thought I, that unequalled sweet look belongs to most mothers.—"This," she said, pointing to one of Copley's most brilliant portraits, "was my eldest sister Esther; she was painted in her bridal dress. That white brocade with that single maidenblush rose in her bosom—it would not seem quite the thing now-a-days to wear a dress made like that, but then it was the custom, and custom is everything. There never was a lovelier woman to look at, or a modester: I believe she would have blushed at an immodest thought passing through another person's mind."

This rather ultra proof of modesty caused me to look more attentively at the beautiful face of the young bride, separate from her dress; which being painted in Copley's most elaborate style, rather impaired the effect of a face of such exquisite delicacy that it might have been taken for that of an ideal vestal. I was struck with its resemblance to some face I had recently seen, but before I had time to arrest the floating image and verify the fancied resemblance, Miss Priscy passed on to another picture and another, and another, illustrating each with some family trait or anecdote. "I am never alone in this room," said she; "they are not *pictures* to me. I talk to them, and if they don't answer me, I am sure they hear me." She drew me to a corner of the room where stood a little round mahogany table covered with family relics. "Here," said she, opening a rich old ebony knife-case, inlaid with ivory, "here are the first silver forks that ever came into the Province of Massachusetts. Ah, there has been many a pleasant gathering round this table. I remember when first Esther made tea at it. My father called her the little Queen; there's nothing to compare with her now-a-days. Here is one more thing you must examine." She drew to the window a high-backed chair, covered with a patch she had recently made of relics of the family brocades, and in the centre of the upright back, the family heraldry, emblazoned in silver embroidery. There is nothing that brings back the past to a woman's memory more vividly than bits of gowns worn on family festivals, or great social epochs; but just at the moment Miss Priscy was dilating on them my attention was caught (we were standing at the window) by two figures crossing the street; the one was an elderly gentleman holding by one hand, with a sort of Roger de Coverley courtesy, a young girl, and in the other a large paper parcel from which two drumsticks peeped! My friend's eyes followed the direction of mine. "Do you know those people?" she asked. "Yes; that is, I came to town in the car with them." "Ah!" said she, and reverted to the chair, and my car acquaintances disappeared turning round the house which made the corner of the street. Presently there was a ringing of the door-

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bell, and a moment after Miss Priscy's maid brought in Lizzy Dale. Her face lighted up on seeing me, but after we had shaken hands, and exchanged greetings, she looked more sad and embarrassed than I had seen her at any moment on the previous day. "I am sorry, my dear," said Miss Priscy, "that I don't recollect you, but you must not mind that; tell me your grandmother's name, and I dare say I shall; I tell all the girls, I knew your grandmothers, girls; a generation (turning to me), like Jonah's gourd, grows up in one day and perishes the next, but I should know you my child; your face comes over me somehow like an old song."

"My name is Dale, ma'am—Lizzy Dale."

"Dale!—Dale!—I have heard the name, but when or where I can't remember. Dale!"

"You will remember my mother's name, ma'am, better. Esther Vassal, the second daughter of Miss Stuart's sister, Esther Stuart."

My old friend sunk down into the patch-chair, took both Lizzy's hands and "fell to perusing of her face," with deep and silent emotion. After a brief space, "kiss me, my dear little girl," she said, "I see through it all. Is she not the image of that picture?" Copley's lovely bride.

"I thought so," I said, "when first I saw it."

"Did you now? well how providential! You are not so handsome though, my dear; grandchildren never are so handsome as their grandparents. Take off your bonnet and shawl, my dear. You are mine for to-day, at any rate."

I rose to go.

"Don't you wish to stay and hear her story?" asked my friend.

"She will tell it better to you alone," I replied.

"So she will, that's natural; but come soon again and I will tell you all about her."

I whispered a congratulation to Lizzy upon having found so kind a relative, and came away, leaving Miss Priscy in the antique patch-chair, and Lizzy on a low ottoman at her feet, a picture ready for a painter's hand.

In the evening I received the following note from Miss Stuart.

"My dear friend:—I feel how happy the woman in Scripture was, when she found her lost piece of silver. I cannot sleep till I tell you about my found treasure. The story of my little angel, (I must call her so to you,) if it were written by Charles Dickens would, bating that Lizzy is living, be as heart-breaking as Nelly's. You must come and hear it. All that I can say at present is, that we lost sight of my sister Esther's children—she dying in England and leaving them young among her husband's relations. One of her daughters married her music-master, one Dale, a worthless man; this, poor Lizzy did not tell me though, and they came when Lizzy was twelve years old, to New Orleans; her mother died there, and from that time her father has been going with her from pillar to post, and finally he died in St. Louis and left her with nothing under heaven but a harp and a piano.

"Some good people there turned them into money, and advising her to come to Boston, and look up her mother's relations, they forwarded her on, and hither she came, by stage-coaches, steamers, and rail-cars, without meeting with accident, insult, or impertinence; this beautiful, young, unprotected girl. It brought to my mind certain lines. You know I was fond of committing poetry in my youth.

'So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lackey her.'

"Well, thanks to a kind Providence, she is here, and here she shall stay—my sofa-bed fits her as if it were made for her. It was of no use to me before, and I hate useless things. In fact she seems to fit in everywhere. She will be eyes, *feet*, memory to me; how have I lived without her! She is so bright and happy to-night that I can hardly keep my eyes off from her. She is—*almost*—as handsome as her grandmother. Come and drink tea with us before you leave town and see how happy we are—how grateful I am.

"Ever yours affectionately,

PRISCY S——.

"P. S. I forgot to tell you that Lizzy's father, who never gave her anything else, did give her a firstrate musical education; and that my kind friend Mrs. Lee, who has just been in here, has promised her the instruction of her little girls; so that *if* I grow old and crusty she will never have the pain of dependence on me."

My friend is certainly a living proof that the Italian proverb is not always true.

"Il piu sapienti è il piu beato."

"The wisest is the most blessed."

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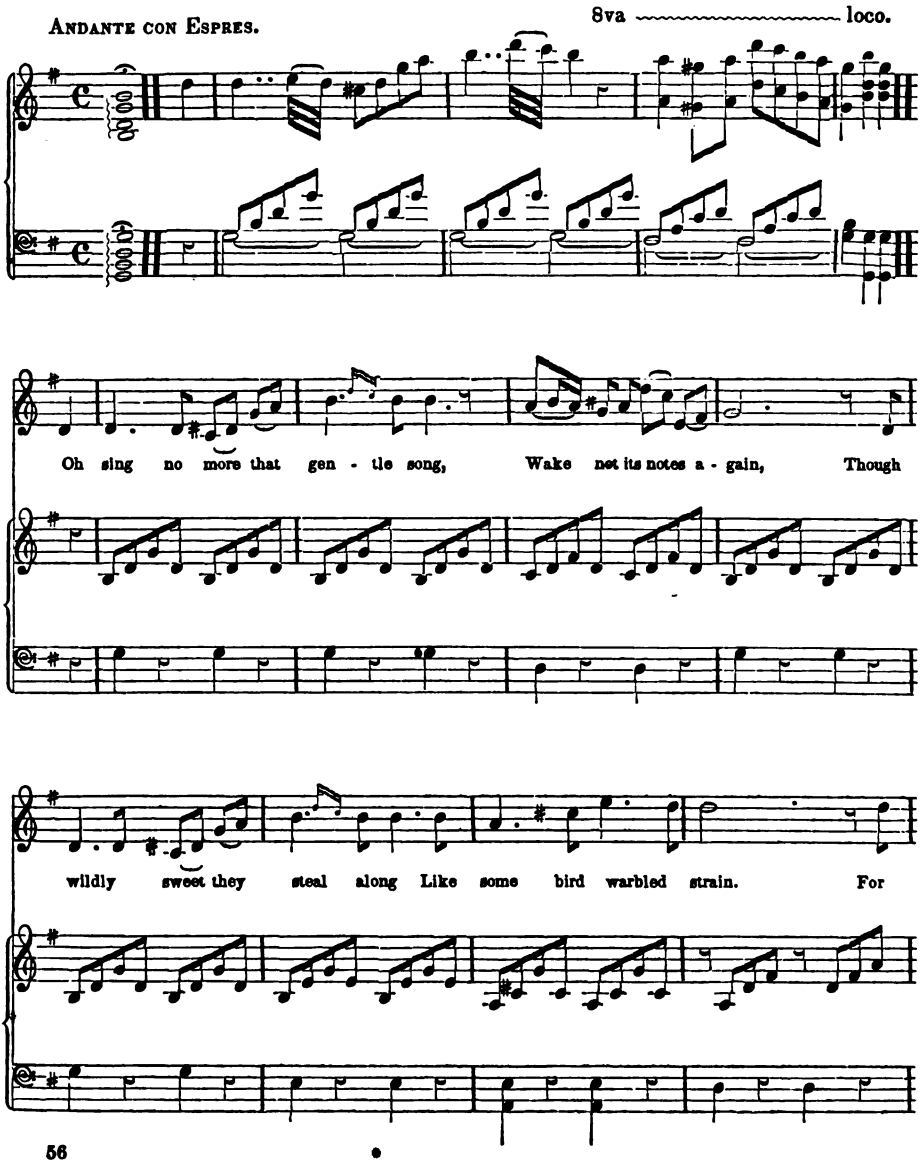
OH! SING NO MORE THAT GENTLE SONG.

WORDS

FROM THE DEC. No. OF THE LADY'S BOOK.

MUSIC ARRANGED

BY GEO. BUCHANAN COALE.



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then I hear as once I heard, A voice whose every

tone Was music and my heart is stirred, So feel I am a-

lone.

II.

Alone! alone! the thought will bring
Back youth's gay sunny sky,
And hopes, ere yet with noiseless wing
Old Time with Death swept by.
The flowers are crushed, the hopes are gone
As leaves in autumn blast;
But oh! they come to thy sweet song
Like shadows from the past.

III.

As stars look on the rolling deep,
As moonbeams on the spray,
As night-birds chant while waters sleep
Thy wild notes o'er me play.
Then breathe no more that simple air,
Wake not its melody—
For now, alas! the sang is sair
That once was sweet to me.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

CONVERSATIONS AT THE EDITORS' TABLE.

BY MRS. HALE.

"I WAS thinking, on my way hither," said the schoolmaster as he seated himself in his accustomed place, "of the truth of poetry. It must be true, or it will not be felt, understood, appreciated. When it has this spirit of truth, this accordance with nature, how powerfully it awakens our sympathies, and moves, exalts and purifies our hearts! We seem to see all the poet describes; we would do all he commends. I felt, as I came along through the dusty streets, how truly the sentiment, embodied in one of the exquisite poems of Mrs. Hemans, was echoed now in every human heart. She has represented Summer as calling the sons of men to "founts and bowers." I recollect one verse runs thus—

'All the air is fill'd with sound,
Soft, and sultry, and profound;
Murmurs through the shadowy grass
Lightly stray,
Faint winds whisper as they pass,
Come away!'

It seemed to me I could distinctly hear this murmur, this call."

"I hear the same call every time I go where there are trees and flowers," said Ellen Marvin, "and if I could find 'Muse,' as Gunderode wished for Bettine, I should be versifying rural scenery and describing the blessedness of a country life during this hot, dusty season, for that is the true feeling of every heart. But do you not also think it is true, that those who go into the country to pass the summer must endure many discomforts?"

"Such as small, ill-furnished rooms, uncomfortable beds, and food badly cooked"—said Mrs. Marvin.

"Yes, all those, and a host of minor evils besides," said the schoolmaster. "But all, including mosquitoes, which so grievously tormented Mr. Combe during his summer retreat in Maine, almost putting to flight that philosophical spirit which had sustained him through the labours and trials a practical phrenologist must endure while promulgating his theory to an unbelieving world—all these things should be endured, rather than allow the soul to grow indifferent to the beauties of nature. It is a self-banishment from Eden when we deliberately prefer, during this season, the city to the country."

"But many must remain in the city during the whole year," said Mrs. Marvin; "men cannot leave their employments; their families must remain with them; they have not time or means to spare for such excursions."

"True, too true," replied the schoolmaster; "but all should go who can, especially if they have little children in their families; and those who cannot leave the city should take every opportunity in their power of walking abroad in the cool mornings and during the pleasant afternoons and evenings. For these persons the public squares and the shade of the trees that adorn the streets are an inestimable blessing."

"I do not know a sight so full of joy to my heart as that of the public squares filled, as they are on holidays, with happy looking children," said Mrs. Marvin; "I always feel like joining in their plays myself, as though I were again a child."

"But why do they taboo the green grass here, in this city of brotherly kindness?" said Ellen—"why are the children restrained from playing on the cool, soft carpet of grass in the public squares, and compelled to walk, like culprits doing penance, only on the hot gravel walks? I long to see them running over the plots of grass in the squares, as they do in Boston over the fine broad common. They have no warnings set up there against 'trespassing on the grass.' It seems to me as cruel thus to restrain the innocent desires of children for the only fresh object of nature within their reach, as it would be to bind the wings of a bird when set loose from his cage. It is cruel."

"It is indeed cruel," said the schoolmaster, "for it prevents, in a great measure, the beneficial effects to the health of the children of our city, which these beautiful playgrounds would otherwise afford. Those who framed these regulations doubtless thought they were acting wisely in thus guarding the beauty of these promenades. They did not take into account, as you do, the human flowers which might pine and droop on the hot gravel walks; and that these human flowers are much more precious than the grass."

"But women feel this at once without any such long process of reasoning on the fitness," said Ellen.

"That is, as William von Humboldt would say, your instinctive feelings guide you right at once, while men, by their laboured process of ratiocination, often bewilder their minds, so as to make the less seem the greater good," said the schoolmaster. "But your sex are not always perfect in practice if they are infallible in judgment, otherwise we should not see such preposterous dresses inflicted on children. Look at little girls, especially, bedizened out in laces, flowers, feathers, and all the extravagant finery of belles; and then their dresses often made so tight fitting as to preclude all benefit from the exercises or plays which are permitted them. When mothers instruct themselves in the great principles of those physical laws which govern alike every human being, and when they also understand and appreciate their own true interests and glory, then we may hope that better modes of living and educating children will be adopted."

"But when will this be?" inquired Mrs. Marvin; "our country is filled with books on education, new systems, 'improved and perfected' modes, and all kinds of excellence are promised. But the benefit does not appear, or certainly not in the cities. When will women learn to appreciate their advantages?"

"When they have suffered sufficiently from their abuse of these advantages," returned the schoolmaster: "all true wisdom is gained through suffering; and, as the good Spurzheim observed, 'all hope of the improvement of our race is in the mortality of man' As generation after generation is removed, their successors will be able to estimate, better and better, the right from the wrong, in the opinions and

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practices of those who have lived. Truth gains ground slowly, but it does gain ground; and when it is fully revealed to the mother's heart her progress will be sure and rapid."

"Then you think the present systems of female education require much improvement?" observed Ellen.

"I do," returned the schoolmaster, "but it is on a more judicious *physical* and *moral* training that we must chiefly rely: we have given quite too great preponderance to mental instruction. We have sought to make our young girls linguists, mathematicians, philosophers, when the great aim should be to give them a true understanding of their social and moral position in society, and by their education qualify them to perform all the duties of this position. I do not object to learning; a woman requires, or may use advantageously much and varied learning; but she must use it in subservience to good morals and good works. The wisdom of learning never yet truly exalted a woman; never made her respected or beloved. It is the manner in which she exerts her talents. And herein lies the essential difference between the mental manifestations of the sexes. A man may devote his talents to literary or scientific researches and pursuits, and gain, indeed deserve honour for his discoveries and improvements, considered merely in reference to the knowledge he has manifested and diffused. If these discoveries tend to the physical improvement of the condition of men, like that of the cotton gin, or the application of the power of steam to machinery, then the discoverer is at once distinguished as a benefactor to the world. But woman's mission is moral: she can only raise herself by superior goodness: she must purify the taste, refine the manners, elevate the affections, use her talents, learning and influence *for the good of others*. This renunciation of self requires the support of the Holy Spirit, and hence women are, naturally, more devotional than men. Happy is it for them that the Christian religion has given them a field of moral enterprise wide enough for all their aspirations. Let them follow the Saviour in doing good, and bear in mind also that the most sure seal of their goodness is humility."

"Then I am sure my humble suggestion about the children deserves to be chronicled; it was entirely for the good of others," said Ellen.

"And has done your own spirit good then, because it has awakened kind and tender feelings in your heart," said the schoolmaster. "I hope it will do more good, awaken the attention of those who can so easily remedy the evil. It seems to me that the health of the children of this city might be much benefited, even the preservation of many lives among them gained by allowing them the full freedom of the public squares. The city is large; access to the open fields in the country around is not easy: doubtless numbers born here pass their age of infancy rarely having pressed their little feet on the green grass, or played at freedom in the open air. How can such children, if they live, make strong, healthy men or women?"

"I have little doubt that this confinement is one cause of the great mortality among children born in cities," said Mrs. Marvin. "But are they not as healthy here as in our other cities?"

"No; Boston* has fewer deaths, in proportion to the population, than Philadelphia," said the schoolmaster. "Why should this be? We are not troubled here with what even the patient Job thought a sharp infliction—the *east wind*—the supply of pure water is abundant and unequalled; so also is the supply of provisions; the streets are wide, and the houses generally more comfortable than in any other city. Boston has the advantage only of its summer sea breezes; and then the children of that city (and the chief disparity in the mortality of the two cities is among the children) are allowed the unlimited freedom of the public grounds, and also have easy access to the green fields in the country round."

"I recollect the last time I walked on Boston common," said Mrs. Marvin; "the children were at play among the freshly cut grass, which had just been mown: how they did frolic among the sweet hay, and throw it about and over each other! Mothers and nurses were there, with whole families of little children. I recollect one sweet group; it was a lovely mother with five children; the eldest did not appear to be more than eight or nine years old. The nurse, a kind looking smiling Irish girl, as I judged, was seated on the grass, under one of the large trees, with the baby of a few months in her lap; the mother was near, busy in building up a pyramid of the fresh hay brought by the three eldest, who were flying about merry as birds, while the fourth was lying close beside its mother, its round red cheek pressed on the soft green, and looking as intent as though, like Finear, it was hearing the grass grow. It was a lovely sight."

"And sound and healthy is the sleep of children and grown people too, after such out-door exercises," said the schoolmaster. "There was much truth in the fable of Antæus; we gain strength by touching the earth. Rural sports are indispensable for the young. How I pity the poor little creatures who are confined in close dwellings during the pleasant weather. No matter if their parents are rich, I call such children poor; for they will never have the best feelings of the heart and mind cultivated and strengthened, those which lead us to love and study nature, and look to heaven for the great first Cause of all the life, beauty, and happiness which are around us."

"You hold, I presume, with that lover of rural scenery, Richard Howitt, that the study of the book of nature is, next to the good Book, necessary to the development and perfection of the soul," said Ellen. "He thinks, too, that poets must find their inspiration in the country; and certainly most of our American writers reside in rural situations. But the summer is not, I believe, a favourable season for literary labours. We have fewer communications from our correspondents at this season than during the winter."

"Of course," said the schoolmaster. "Reading is sufficient intellectual labour for the summer months; those writers who are compelled to furnish our periodicals, and labour in season and out of season, are much to be pitied. How often do such exclaim, 'Oh for a lodge in some green wilderness.' But what have we to accept for this month?"

"Only three articles," said Ellen—"'*The Unknown Flower*,' '*I Love Thee Still*,' and a little poem '*To Miss E. A.*' But here is a trifle we may insert in this number:"

NIGHT.

The sun has gone from Heaven,
  And Nature sinks to rest;
And the glow upon the cheek of even
  Has faded in the West:
Now lovers muse on sacred things,
  Bright eyes and moonlit bowers;
And fairies on their purple wings
  Disport among the flowers:
Night's spangled tent is drawn around,
And earth becomes enchanted ground.

We repeat that we will not undertake to return poetry; those who send to us must keep a copy.

We erred in attributing the lines on "The 13th of October," which appeared in the Lady's Book for May, to the Translator of William Tell. They were anonymous.

* In Boston the annual mortality is 1 in 45; in Philadelphia, 1 in 42.3; in New York, 1 in 37.83.—*See Dr. Bell's work on Longevity, &c.*

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EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Ornithology—The Natural History of Birds. Prepared for the use of Schools by W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M. D. Turner and Fisher, Philadelphia, 1842.

The series of books of which this forms a part has been highly and justly commended by the ablest judges, as furnishing rare facilities in the acquisition of branches of knowledge but too much neglected in our schools. We have examined the volumes with much care, and we find them to be well deserving all the praise bestowed on them.

Walker on Pathology. J. & H. Langly, N. Y., 1842.

A very sensible treatise on a subject too little understood by the majority of readers. The writer, though not a professional man, has profoundly investigated the topic of which he treats, and he discusses it with both candour and skill.

Masterman Ready, or the Wreck of the Pacific. By Captain Marryatt. Vol. 2. D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1842.

The continuation of this admirable story more than realizes the expectations which the first part excited. To the young people it must be very attractive.

Memoir of India and Afghanistan. By J. Harlan. Philadelphia, J. Dobson, 1842.

Recent events in India have drawn particular attention to the internal condition of that empire, and this publication is most opportune. General Harlan, from his long residence in the country, and the various important and confidential relations he held to the native chiefs, had sources of information accessible to but few, and his work is full of interest.

Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay, author of "Evelina," "Cecilia," &c. Edited by her Niece. In 2 vols. Vol. 1. Carey & Hart, 1842.

This is a charming book. Lively, piquant and agreeable; full of vivid sketches of character; abounding in varied and amusing dialogue; revealing opinions of distinguished persons, and written in a style of the most captivating carelessness; no one, we venture to say, can take it up without desiring to have more and more of it as it progresses. Miss Burney was really an extraordinary woman, and she lived in an age of extraordinary women, with all of whom she was intimate, and whose pictures she has here given us with wonderful accuracy. Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Cholmondely, Mrs. Delany and a host of others talk, chatter and gossip in her pages in a way that lets us at once into all their characters. Nor are great men wanting. Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, Sheridan, Dr. Parr, and many more almost equally distinguished appear before us with all the freshness of real life.

History of the Expedition under the command of Lewis and Clarke to the Sources of the Missouri, &c. Prepared for the press by Paul Allen, Esq. Revised, &c. by Archibald M'Vickar. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, 1842.

Notwithstanding the numerous volumes which more recent expeditions have given rise to, the account of this first voyage will always retain a high degree of interest. It is the only one ever made, by Indian or white man, in boats or canoes stemming the current and rapids of the Missouri from the point where its waters discharge themselves into the Mississippi to its sources in the Rocky Mountains. In the present edition all the useless descriptions are pruned out, and there is prefixed a valuable introduction, containing a brief but succinct history of the progress of discovery in the region treated of up to this time.

Italy and the Italian Islands, from the earliest ages to the present time. By William Spalding, Esq. 3 vols. Harper & Brothers, 1842.

This is the most complete work of its kind we have met. All the important facts are embodied; sufficient regard is paid to geography and topography, and the reflections on politics, morals and literature are clear and sagacious.

Notes of a Tour through Turkey, Greece, Egypt, Arabia Petræa to the Holy Land: including a visit to Athens, Sparta, Delphi, Cairo, Thebes, Mount Sinai, Petra, &c. By E. Joy Morris. 2 vols. Carey & Hart, 1842.

These volumes, which Mr. Morris very modestly calls "Notes," contain clear, precise and interesting accounts of the different places visited by him, and will afford both instruction and entertainment to the reader. His descriptions are graphic, and his style easy and fluent.

Uncle Sam on Phrenology. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1842.

The experiments which have recently been made in Phreno-mesmerism, as it is termed, have given new interest to the science of Phrenology, which is very pleasantly illustrated and enforced in the little volume before us.

Means and Ends. By the author of "Redwood," &c. Harper & Brothers, 1842.

This admirable little treatise on self training should be in the hands of every young person. The lessons it inculcates are excellent, and they are presented with the ease and force for which Miss Sedgwick is remarkable.

Sermons and Sketches of Sermons. By the Rev. John Summerfield, A M. With an Introduction by the Rev. Thomas E. Bond, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1842.

To those who recollect the simple but surpassing eloquence which attracted admiring crowds to hear and gather wisdom from the discourses of the young but highly gifted Summerfield, and especially to those—and they are many—whose hearts were first touched under his ministrations in God's sanctuary, this volume will be the means of renewing and strengthening impressions which, however they may have been weakened by the lapse of time, could never be wholly obliterated. None of those who listened understandingly to that extraordinary man can fail to remember the strange power which he possessed over his hearers—a power not springing from vehemence or impetuousness, for it was not less felt in the most subdued passages than in the highest reachings of his oratory; and all who remember will rejoice in the opportunity now afforded them to realize again, in however lessened a degree, the delight afforded them by his genius and his piety.

The Life of Wilbur Fisk, D D. By the Rev. Joseph Holdrich. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Dr. Fisk was an eminent example of the influence which cultivated talents united to lofty morals, and urged by the desire to do good unto others must necessarily exercise; and in the biography here presented by his friend and former associate may be found both the incentives to exertion and the reward of success.

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

AUGUST, 1842.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

(*See Plate.*)

"Aunt Mary," said Alice Somers, suddenly laying down the scissors, which she had been for some minutes twirling in her fingers, and taking up her sewing as though in a great hurry—"Aunt Mary!"

"Well."

"Did you ever have your fortune told?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Somers, smiling quietly, "a dozen times or more."

"A dozen times!" repeated Alice, in a discontented tone. "Why did you have it told so often, aunt?"

"It was no great matter," replied her aunt; "as I never placed any reliance on the predictions. It served to amuse us girls, when we went to take tea with Mrs. Briggs, or rather it pleased her to tell our fortunes, and so we used to 'turn up our cups,' as she called it."

"But did she always tell you the same fortune?" inquired Alice.

"No, indeed, that was not necessary, as fortune in a teacup can only be predicted for three weeks; so we had new pleasures promised us every time we visited the Briggses. As we did not much like Polly Briggs, who was very sharp and sarcastic in her temper, we used to think her mother took this method of pleasing us, in order to make us visit at the house. At any rate, the old lady told us good fortunes."

"Did they ever come true?" asked Alice, with a countenance so earnest, that her aunt saw she was struggling with some deeper thoughts than the conversation would naturally awaken; so she replied carelessly,

"Perhaps so; it would have been strange had she never guessed right. She always promised us beaux, and invitations to parties and rides; and there were plenty of young men in the neighbourhood, who were constantly getting up pic-nics in summer, and sleigh rides in winter, as Mrs. Briggs very well knew. I dare say her predictions often came right, though I cannot now recollect any particular event. We soon forget, unless our passions are awakened, what has not reason or common sense for its basis. The predictions of fortune-tellers pass like our dreams."

"But did you never have your fortune told in some other way?" inquired Alice; "I have heard of other ways."

"Yes—once I had it told me by cards," said Mrs. Somers.

"And what came of it, dear aunt?"

"Sorrow and trouble came of it," replied the other gravely; "and if I had not humbled myself by a true and full confession of my folly, my whole life, and that of others also, would have been most wretched."

Alice drew a long breath, and sat silent for some minutes, then looking up she said earnestly, "Do, aunt, tell me the story—tell me all. Indeed I need to hear it."

Mrs. Somers saw that the mind of her niece was ill at ease, but as she did not know what troubled her, nor like to solicit her confidence, she was glad

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of the opportunity to tell the story, which, she rightly judged, from the questions Alice asked, would have a beneficial effect. So she began as follows.

"You have heard me speak of my earliest friend, Anna Ingals; but you never heard me describe how dearly I loved her. From childhood we were inseparable companions. Her mother was a widow, with this only child; my father, who had been the friend of hers, was her guardian; we lived near neighbours, and were nearly of the same age; so that we seemed born to be friends. Our natural temperaments were not, to be sure, much alike; but philosophers say this is not necessary, the strongest attachments being often formed between persons of dissimilar dispositions. Our case was one fact in support of this theory. I was sanguine, gay, hopeful, and always in spirits. Anna was nervous, diffident, and inclined to a pensive seriousness, which suited well the delicate beauty of her sweet face. She liked reading, and I talking. She was thoughtful, while I always wanted something to do. But in one thing we perfectly agreed,—in loving and trusting each other. Our hearts were alike, though our minds differed.

"Well, we had been friends together till I was about nineteen, and never had a cloud of real distrust or anger risen between us. Your uncle, Charles Somers, then a law student, had been, for a year or more, devoted to me; and he only waited to be admitted to the bar, which was to take place in a few weeks, when he was to ask my parents' consent in form. We were sure of their approbation, however, and all with me was bright as a summer morning.

"But my dear Anna's mind was not quite at rest. She had had, or rather might have had, many admirers; but she was very delicate minded, and shrunk from the admiration which her beauty or fortune (she had about twenty thousand dollars, which in our village was then thought a large fortune,) might have commanded. Then she was difficult to please, looked for all manner of perfections, such as are only to be found in the hero of a novel, in the man she should love, and was so humble in her own heart, that she fancied she never should be loved by one who was thus worthy. And this idea seemed to oppress her more and more, I perceived, after she became acquainted with George Harris, a young physician who came that spring to settle in our village. Dr. Harris was one of the most agreeable companions I ever met, talented, intelligent, with great vivacity of manner, and yet with that respectful deference and attention to our sex, which are so sure to please. He united qualities which are rarely found in the same individual; was full of mirth, and wit, and warm-hearted enthusiasm, which charmed all the young, while at the same time he showed that prudence and calm judgment which won the confidence of the aged. Among his cherished sentiments, which many considered rather romantic, he held that it was always unfortunate for a man to marry a rich wife. He argued that the whole business of acquiring property was man's work; that he who had wealth with his wife must give up his independence and usually his happiness, because he lost his appropriate privilege of conferring happiness. He maintained his theory manfully, and in a way which was very gratifying to the ladies, insisting that all the advantages of fortune and station, which a man could bestow on the woman of his choice, were more than balanced by the devotion of her love and life to him. He was no Fourierist.

"In pursuance of these principles, for he was sincere, he paid less attention to Anna Ingals, the only great heiress of our village, than to any other young lady. He was always polite to her, but distant, as though he feared to be numbered even among her friends. Anna never complained of this coldness, but, as I observed, I fancied she felt it, and that she liked him; though such was the true delicacy and dignity of her character, that, intimate as we were, I never ventured to allude to the subject.

"I was very much surprised, therefore, when she proposed to me that we should go to Mother Chickery, as she was called, and have our fortunes told."

"Was not Chickery her real name, then?" inquired Alice, who listened most attentively to the story. I wish it could excite the same interest in my readers.

"No," replied Mrs. Somers. "Her real name was M'Gregor; and she belonged, as she said, to the clan of Rob Roy. Why she had strayed so far from the heathery hills of her beloved Scotland, I never heard, but she did not seem to have gained much wealth by the change. She lived in an old hut or shanty, which had been the residence of some of the turnpike labourers, on the route between Haverhill and Andover. Here she took up her abode, and as it was a waste, unenclosed ground, nobody disturbed her. She had lived here several years, kept a large number of hens, and carried on such a traffic in eggs and chickens that the boys gave her the soubriquet of Mother Chickery. She told fortunes too, though till Anna named it, and related some wonderful things she had heard of her skill, I had never thought on the matter. I agreed to go; for though I felt sure of my lover, I was willing to give Anna an opportunity of consulting the pythoness. We kept our purpose a profound secret, as we thought, and went across fields and through the woods, so that we might not be seen on the road. It was a beautiful morning in September, the walk was about three miles, and we had been very gay till just as we came in sight of the house. Anna then began to tremble, and asked me, with great agitation, if I thought we were doing wrong, 'tempting Providence,' as she termed it, in thus seeking to look into futurity.

"Now I had no faith in Mother Chickery; I considered the whole matter as a frolic; we had had a fine healthy walk, and so, with my usual high spirits, I laughed away Anna's fears and scruples, and we went on. The dwelling stood on high ground,

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but we comforted ourselves that Mother Chickery could not spy our approach, as there was no window; just, however, as we were about turning the corner to reach the door I happened to look up, and there, peering from a hole near the roof, I thought I saw a pair of keen black eyes, and the glimpse of a large nose that was familiar to me.

"'There is Polly Briggs!' said I to Anna. We instantly stopped and gazed, but nothing more of eyes or nose could we see. There was a strip of what seemed an old black silk handkerchief dangling before the opening, and Anna said I had mistaken this for Polly Briggs, who was very dark and very thin, with such prominent features that some one had described her by saying she had eyes, nose and mouth, all she wanted was a face. We should have been very much disturbed, indeed, to have found Polly Briggs there. She was the walking newspaper of the village, and delighted in scandal and mischief-making; and we knew she would make a most ridiculous story about us. What cowards conscience makes of us! had we been there for any worthy purpose we should not thus have feared the lash of any evil tongue.

"As we stood considering whether it were possible for Polly to be there at such an early hour, (it was only ten o'clock,) the door opened, and Mother Chickery came smiling forward and invited us in. 'I knew you were coming,' said she. 'When I dream of white mice I always know that beautiful young ladies are coming to consult me; and last night I dreamed of two white mice. So come in pray, and I will tell you all you have in your hearts.'

"'But you have company now in your house?" said I, putting the question affirmatively, and looking as though I knew it was so.

"She replied without the least embarrassment. 'No, indeed; not a foot has crossed my threshold this morning, but my own. I am alone, entirely alone, so come in,' and in we went."

"And she told you your fortunes!" said Alice.

"Yes; we could not well draw back," said Mrs. Somers. "She made us sit down, and brought out her cards immediately, and the beginning excited my curiosity."

"What did she do?" inquired Alice.

"Oh, she came to me with the cards and told me I must begin, as I was the oldest. 'You must guess again,' said I. 'No,' she answered. 'You have seen the roses bloom once more than she has,' pointing to Anna. This was true. I was born in April and she in September. It was nothing strange Mother Chickery should think me the eldest, as I took the lead, but that she should know the season of my birth, and so truly describe the difference in our ages, startled me. I cut the cards as she directed, and after she had shuffled, she drew and examined them with great parade and solemnity. At last she began to tell me the past; and so perfectly described my family and the chief events of my life, that I was fain to believe in her skill. When she saw she had won my confidence, she began on the theme which she supposed was of the greatest interest, my love affairs. Now came the trial. She told me that I had been for some time receiving the addresses of a young gentleman, indeed she said we were nearly if not quite engaged, and yet, she continued, 'you will never marry him. He does not love you; he did like you for a time, but lately his heart has turned towards another, and he only keeps up appearances, till he can find a decent pretence for leaving you.'

"'He shall have it soon,' said I, laughing as carelessly as I could; 'but pray describe him.' She replied that she could not describe him to me, as his fate was not connected with mine, but that she could tell me what kind of man I would marry; and she began and described George Harris as accurately as she could have done had he stood before us. She even told his profession, and said she, 'this doctor loves you now; he is only waiting till you are off with the old love, as the song goes.'

"I stole a glance at Anna Ingals; never shall I forget the expression, the utter wo depicted on her sweet face. She was white as marble, her bloodless lips half parted, and her large dark eyes dilated and fixed on me with such a gaze of deep sorrow that I could not resist the mute appeal, but forgetting where I was, I ran to her, threw my arms round her neck, kissed her, and whispered that she need not fear, I never would rob her of the lover she was so worthy of. This roused her delicacy; I do not think there was any pride in her feelings, but she could not bear to have even me suspect she loved Doctor Harris, when he had never shown her any partiality; so she rallied, laughed at the whole affair as a joke, and sat down to cut the cards for her fortune. And now Mother Chickery again showed her wonderful skill; she told Anna so many little incidents of the past, as well as the principal circumstances of her life, described her mother so truly, that I felt almost compelled to put faith in her. At last she came to the love and marriage part; how shall I describe my astonishment, my indignation, when I heard her describe your uncle, Charles Somers, as the man who loved and would be the husband of Anna Ingals! I did not turn pale, to be sure, for I felt as though every drop of my blood was in my face and neck; such a scorching, suffocating sensation seized me, that I ran out of the house to catch my breath. I think I must have come very near bursting a blood-vessel.

"Anna soon joined me, and without raising her eyes to look at me, said in a trembling voice, as though she deprecated my anger, 'O, Mary, let us go home; indeed I wish we had never, never come here!'

"My heart joined in the wish, but I did not speak. My soul was in a storm of feelings the most wild and dreadful. Confidence in my friend, in my lover, was shaken, and jealousy, of which I never believed myself capable, seemed to take possession of my whole mind. I thought over everything I had heard Charles Somers say in praise of Anna—of her gentleness, refinement, genius and beauty—forgetting that I had always led the way

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in these praises: and I began to envy, to hate her. How mean jealousy is! how unreasonable! Poor Anna! I do not know what she thought or felt. I never looked at her. Once she came up and tried to put her hand in my arm, but I started away from her, and kept a little in advance. And thus in silence and anger and grief we returned; our attempts at gaining that knowledge of the future heaven in its wisdom has hidden from mortals having ended in deep disappointment and confusion; and it seemed likely the mischief would not be easily overcome.

"That very evening I treated Charles so coldly, even insultingly, that he left me in anger, and the next day he called on Anna Ingals to see if she would tell him what had offended me. But of course she dared not tell him; and as I continued to treat him haughtily, and also broke off all intercourse with Anna, he accused me of caprice, and visited wholly at Mrs. Ingals'. The gentle and true-hearted Anna still loved me, and as she always spoke kindly of me, and endeavoured to excuse my conduct to Charles, he seemed to enjoy her society; and this, of which I heard, half distracted me. To plague them both, I began a flirtation with Doctor Harris, and though my heart was near breaking I never was, in manner, more gay. I fear I did half captivate the Doctor, and Mother Chickery's prediction seemed in a fair way to come true, being itself the cause of its own fulfilment. Providence, in mercy to me if not to the others, interposed to save me from that most guilty act, the marrying a man I did not love, to spite the man I did love.

"At this juncture my brother Frederick returned from a long voyage. He always had great influence with me. I respected his judgment and revered his firm Christian principles. He soon saw that I was not happy, that I was acting a part which would make me wretched. He had known and loved Charles Somers, and he insisted that I should tell him what had caused the separation between us. 'Tell me *the truth, the whole truth*, my dear sister,' said he; 'nothing else will serve the turn: you are unhappy, and I fear you have been in the wrong: but tell me, I entreat you, the *truth*.'

"Thus conjured I told him all, as I thought, but I forgot to name that I had fancied Polly Briggs was with the fortune-teller. When I had concluded Frederick sat silent some time, and at last he inquired if I had never mistrusted that some one had given Mother Chickery notice of our visit. 'O yes,' said I, 'I thought I saw Polly Briggs;' and I told him about the eyes peeping out of the hole in the wall. 'Yes, yes,' said he, 'now it is all plain, that is what she meant;' and then he told me that he had met Polly in a store soon after he came home; that she rallied him about the change he had found in his sister, and how she was to marry a doctor instead of a lawyer; and when Frederick declared he did not believe such a match would ever take place, she said, very significantly, 'It will take place, and don't you try to hinder it; it is the decree of fate, as your sister well knows:' and then she laughed, Frederick said, like a fiend. He always disliked her, she was so sarcastic and bold. 'She has done all this mischief,' said Frederick, 'as I will prove to you before three days are over.' And so he did. He went to Mother Chickery and made her acknowledge the whole; how Polly Briggs came an hour before we did, and told her that two young ladies were coming to consult her, and what she must tell us to please us. We never knew how Polly found out we were going to the fortune-teller. They watched our coming, and Polly made her know which was the eldest, and all about us. Oh, it was a most ridiculous affair when we came to understand how we had been hoaxed."

"And then you were all reconciled, and you married uncle Somers, and Anna Ingals married the doctor!" said Alice. "How nicely it all ended, as though it had been a real novel."

"Yes, it came out well at last," said Mrs. Somers, "and perhaps, had it not been for this affair, George Harris would never have addressed Anna. But he could not help learning that she loved him, and we, that is my brother and Charles and I, prevailed on him to give up his theory about a rich wife, when the wealth belonged to one so lovely and amiable as Anna. And so far good came out of the evil. But we suffered much, and our folly has been, on my part, the subject of lasting regret, for perfect confidence between Anna and me never was restored. The chain of friendship once broken may be united, but never can be again thought indestructible: we remember it has once failed; and I remember it was chiefly by my fault. But, as my brother said, I learned one invaluable lesson, which I trust I shall never forget."

"What was the lesson?" inquired Alice timidly.

"That truth is our strength and security, and that falsehood and deception, in the end, always lead to disgrace, if not destruction."

"What became of Polly Briggs?" said Alice, abruptly starting from a reverie of no pleasant nature.

"She married an adventurer, who gave himself out as agent of the London Anti-slavery Society, and by his eloquent appeals in the cause of negro emancipation raised a wonderful excitement in our usually quiet village. Among the first converts was Polly Briggs; she became a furious abolitionist, and her zeal in the cause was so great that she fell in love with the agent, and actually offered herself to him. She had about two thousand dollars in cash—her father had just died—she wished to devote this and her own services to the good work. The agent, after what he called a serious consideration of his own motives, came to the conclusion that much good needed to be done—of which there was no doubt—and that Polly and her money might do good; and so he married her: but he proved a base impostor."

"Who was he?" inquired Alice.

"A gambler, and, as we afterwards heard, he committed forgery. I do not know what has be-

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come of either of them. The last time I heard of Polly she was in Quebec, keeping a boarding-house. This was ten or twelve years ago. I have not seen her these twenty years. I recollect the last time she called; it was to see the diamond ring your dear father left in my care for you."

Alice started at the mention of the ring, coloured, turned pale, and at last said, hesitatingly, "I believe, dear aunt, I must follow your example, and make a true confession of my folly, as you did to your brother: I have been to a fortune-teller."

"So I feared," said Mrs. Somers, "or that you were intending to go. But come, tell me all frankly, and do not fear I shall laugh at your folly; it cannot be more ridiculous than that I committed. Who is the fortune-teller?"

"A gipsy, aunt, an English gipsy."

"An English gipsy! Alice," exclaimed Mrs. Somers—"you must be deceived: there never has been a gipsy in America: though," she added laughingly, "as we welcome every kind of foreign quackery, and all sorts of mountebanks, I do not see why gipsies should not try their luck here. But where is she, Alice? and when did she come?"

"The week after you and uncle started on your journey she came, and she may be seen every day in the maple grove, beyond that bank on the river Colonel Seymour thinks so beautiful."

"How do you know she is a gipsy?"

"Oh, the Seymours have seen her many times in England, with the gipsies; she was called 'Old Bess,' and considered their best fortune-teller," said Alice.

"Has any person consulted her here?" inquired Mrs. Somers.

"O yes, aunt, many, and more wish to, but she will only see four in a day, two in the morning and two in the afternoon; and each one must go alone."

"Who have consulted her?"

"'Squire Rogers, and she told him his horse was stolen by a tall man and taken to Canada, and that he would never see it again. And she told Mrs. Crane that her teaspoons were stolen by a woman and had been melted down. But the best thing of all was about the clothes: you know Mrs. Larkin had her whole wash stolen from the clothes-yard!"

"No, I never heard of it," said Mrs. Somers.

"O no, now I recollect it happened after you went away. Well, Mrs. Larkin went to the gipsy and paid her two dollars, and she told her the clothes were hidden in the woods, near the old bridge; and there, to be sure, they were found in the very spot. Since then many have consulted her," said Alice.

"You consulted her to know if Edward was well and true-hearted, I suppose," said Mrs. Somers smiling; "I trust you paid her liberally, and so had a pleasant report."

"She has told me nothing about him yet," answered Alice colouring and sighing, "though she says there is much to be told: but she wants me to carry my diamond ring."

"How, pray, did she know you had a diamond ring?"

"That is the mystery; she must have known it by her art," said Alice. "I did not think of consulting her till Mrs. Seymour talked so much about her skill, and she and Colonel Seymour and Mr. Percy went with me as far as the old elm on the bank: there they were to wait for me, and Colonel Seymour said he would keep a good look out that old Bess did not carry me off. When I reached the place where she meets her visitors she was not there; but presently she came, and bidding me take off my bonnet she looked a long time in my face, and then examined my hand; and, aunt Mary, she told me so many things, true incidents, such as you have often told me about my father and mother, and of their deaths, and how I had been brought up by kind relatives, and described you and uncle, oh, I am sure she must be a fortune-teller."

"How does she look?" asked Mrs. Somers.

"She is a large, stout woman, very dark and bronzed in her complexion; she has deep-set piercing eyes, a kind of reddish black, like the tiger's, which seemed to look through me, a large Roman nose and wide mouth with a very disagreeable expression about it when she spoke."

"She did not charm you by her looks, it seems," said Mrs. Somers laughing: "but now about the ring."

"After she had told me the past, and awakened my curiosity by hints of some strange things to come, she began to rub my hand and say the lines were too faint for her to read. Then suddenly she dropped it, and looking keenly in my eyes said, 'You wish to hear of your lover, who is in India; you have a diamond ring which came from India; bring that to me here and let me rub it across your hand three times and I can tell you just where your lover is, and all that you wish to know."

"What did you say to her?"

"I told her the ring was not mine yet; it was left to my aunt's care till I was twenty-four years of age, and that you were gone on a journey and I did not dare take the ring; indeed, I could not get it without your consent."

"Did she urge you to get it?" said Mrs. Somers.

"No, she declared she could not tell me a word more without it; that I might do as I pleased; that I was nearly twenty-four, but that it was nothing to her, and so on: but she excited my curiosity so strongly about Edward that I told her I would visit her again this afternoon, and, if it were possible, I would carry the ring."

This ring had been presented to Captain Somers during a tour he made in the interior of India by a native chief, in return for some important services: it was of great value, and Captain Somers, on his death-bed, sent it to the care of his brother and sister for his daughter Alice, whom they had adopted. It had been very carefully kept and rarely mentioned, nor had Alice ever seen it but once, namely, when she was eighteen. Her father had ordered that it should not be given her till she was twenty-four, "as at that age," he remarked, "she would be better able to judge of the right value of wealth

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than in the first enthusiasm of youth." The manœuvre of the fortune-teller to obtain this ring appeared so suspicious to Mrs. Somers that she instantly sent for her husband, whom, like all loving wives, she considered a very wise man, and able to detect the imposture if any person could.

When Mr. Somers had heard the story he proved himself worthy of the high regard in which his wife held his penetration and judgment. He suspected at once, putting all circumstances together, that the English gentry, as they called themselves, Colonel Seymour and his wife and Mr. Percy were sharpers, if not worse, and that Old Bess was an accomplice.

"But," said Mrs. Somers, "they have always behaved with great propriety, attend church every Sabbath"——

"Yes, yes, I know they keep up all these appearances of propriety," said Mr. Somers, "but they have been in Jones's house now these four months, and have not paid a cent of rent."

"Mrs. Seymour dresses beautifully, and gives such pleasant parties," said Alice.

"All true, but it has all been done on the credit system. I will go out and make some inquiries, however; and, Alice, prepare yourself at the time you set, five o'clock, to visit the fortune-teller."

Before that time, however, such developments of the financial operations of the English family had been made that warrants were granted to arrest them as swindlers, and also to take the gipsy as a vagrant and accomplice. She was arrested, and the officers entered the dwelling of the brave Colonel Seymour, who had boasted often of his exploits at Waterloo: but though he had stood his ground before enemies, he was now found prepared to flee from his friends. All their valuables were packed, and it was evident that they were prepared for a flitting; nor would they, probably, have stopped to make parting compliments had the gipsy once got the ring into her hands. That was evidently the prize at which they had aimed. But no real fact of such conspiracy could be proven, and as they offered to pay all their debts if they were allowed to depart, the good people of Haverhill thought it the most prudent course to take their money and let them go. So, much lightened in purse, and better instructed in the difficulties of overreaching our real Yankee people, these English gentry departed, and it is to be hoped that they profited by the lesson, and became convinced that honesty is, in the end, a better trade than speculation.

The gipsy—who was she? Alas, for the end of all romance! What a pity it is that fairy diamonds *will* turn to chucky stones! What a consternation there was among the ladies and gentlemen, old and young, of Haverhill, to whom she had told such beautiful fortunes, (for two dollars each,) making all the time such allusions to their families and their early lives, that she had impressed them with the most profound awe of her wisdom and skill; what was their mortification when they found that this "distinguished English" gipsy, was their own townswoman, the veritable Polly Briggs!

Through what metamorphoses she had passed, from the time she had resigned that euphonious name, was never known; but none had injured her physical health. She had grown fat, and now had a *face*, though not a fair one. She seemed also, perfectly at ease, or hardened in her mind. Some one observed to her, how greatly her mother would have been distressed, could she have known what her daughter would become. She tartly answered: "My mother told fortunes before me; she was no better, only sillier, than I am. She did not make money by her art, and I can earn as much as you give your members of congress. There will always be fortune-tellers while there are fools to believe and pay them." Which was a very profound observation.

COME TO OUR VILLAGE.

(See Plate.)

Young April revived the green earth with its showers,
And sweet May and June have decked it with flowers;
The warm breath of July, mid sunshine and dews,
Has tinged the wild rose with its exquisite hues,
And sleepy-eyed August, with eloquence mute,
Now proffers her burden of rich, golden fruit.
Nature's work is perfected, nor from her vast store
Can she add to this beauty a single charm more.

Thus young and gay-hearted, we tempt you to come
From your city's dull haunts to our sweet village home,
For blithe is the footstep and buoyant the tread
Where the violet wakes in its cool mossy bed;
The voice sounds more gaily as, rippling along,
The silvery waters re-echo its song,
While each sigh of the wind brings perfume from the glade
Where the wild-roses bloom in the forest-trees' shade.

And kindly we greet thee, O stricken at heart,
In whose sorrowful dreams young joy hath no part—
The silence of nature, her hush of repose,
Like sympathy's voice, shall soften thy woes;
The incense of morning, the evening's calm smile,
The music of waters thy cares shall beguile;
In pure converse like this will the memory fade
Of the smiles that deceived and the friends that betrayed.

Pale student, to woo thee we open a page
Dear alike to the poet, the painter, the sage;
'Tis the page that is read where the pure breezes blow,
That dim not the eye nor furrow the brow—
Where the tiniest herb, where the stars' mystic light,
The cloud and the sunshine new wonder invite;
Where each flowret that springs, with its delicate hues,
Is fraught with pure wisdom—say, can you refuse? F.

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A VILLAGE IN ENGLAND

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LET HER POUT IT OUT!

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I HOPE there is no coolness between you and Maria," Mrs. Appleton said to her young friend, Louisa Graham, one evening at a social party. "I have not seen you together once to-night; and just now she passed without speaking, or even looking at you."

"Oh, as to that," replied Louisa, tossing her head with an air of contempt and affected indifference, "she's got into a pet about something, dear knows what, for I don't."

"I am really sorry to hear you say so," remarked Mrs. Appleton. "Maria is a warm-hearted girl, and a sincere friend. Why do you not go to her, and inquire the cause of this change in her manner?"

"Me! No indeed! I never humour any one who gets into a pet and goes pouting about in that manner."

"But is it right for you to act so? A word of inquiry, or explanation, might restore all in a moment."

"Right or wrong, I never did and never will humour the whims of such kind of people. No, no. Let her pout it out! That's the way to cure such people."

"I don't think so, Louisa. She is unhappy from some real or imaginary cause. That cause it is no doubt in your power to remove."

"But she has no right to imagine causes of offence; and I don't choose to have people act as she is now acting towards me from mere imaginary causes. No; let her pout it out, I say. It will teach her a good lesson."

Louisa spoke with indignant warmth.

"Were you never mistaken?" asked Mrs. Appleton, in a grave tone.

"Of course I've been mistaken, many a time."

"Very well. Have you never been mistaken in reference to another's action towards you?"

"I presume so."

"And have not such mistakes sometimes given you pain?"

"I cannot recall any instances just at this moment, but I have no doubt they have."

"Very well. Just imagine yourself in Maria's position; would you not think it kind in any one to step forward and disabuse you of an error that was stealing away your peace of mind?"

"Yes, but Mrs. Appleton, I don't know anything about the cause of Maria's strange conduct. She may see that in my character or disposition to which she is altogether uncongenial, and may have made up her mind not to keep my company any longer. Or she may feel herself, all at once, above me. And I'm not the one, I can tell you, to cringe to any living mortal. I am as good as she is, or any one else!"

"Gently, gently, Louisa! Don't fall into the very fault you condemn in Maria; that of imagining a sentiment to be entertained by another which she does not hold, and then growing indignant over the idea, and at the person supposed to hold it."

"I can't see clearly the force of what you say, Mrs. Appleton; and therefore, I must come back to what I remarked a little while ago:—She must pout it out."

"You are wrong, Louisa," her friend replied, "and I cannot let you rest in that wrong, if it is in my power to correct it. Perhaps, by relating a circumstance that occurred with myself a few years ago, I may be able to make an impression on your mind. I had, and still have, an esteemed friend, amiable and sincere, but extremely sensitive. She is too apt to make mistakes about other people's estimation of her, which, I have often told her, is a decided fault of character. That she has only to be self-conscious of integrity, and then she will be truly estimated. Well, this friend would sometimes imagine that *I* treated her coolly, or indifferently, or thrust at her feelings, when I felt towards her all the while a very warm affection. The consequence would be, that she would assume a cold or offended exterior. But I never said to myself, 'let her pout it out!' I knew that she was mistaken, and that she was really suffering under her mistake; and I would always go to her, and kindly inquire the cause of her changed manner. The result was of course an immediate restoration of good feeling, often accompanied by a confession of regret at having injured me by imagining that I entertained unkind sentiments when I did not. On one occasion, I noticed a kind of reserve in her manner; but thinking there might be some circumstances known only to herself, that gave her trouble, I did not seem to observe it. On the next morning I was exceedingly pained and surprised to receive a note from her, in something like the following language—

"'The fact is, Mrs. Appleton, I cannot and will not bear any longer your manner towards me. You seem to think that I have no feeling. And besides, you assume an air of superiority and patronage that is exceedingly annoying. Last night your manner was insufferable. As I have just said, I cannot and will not bear such an assumption on your part. And now let me say, that I wish, hereafter, to be considered by you as a stranger. As such I shall treat you. Do not attempt to answer this, do not attempt to see me, for I wish for no humiliating explanations.'

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"Now what would you have done in such a case, Louisa?"

"I should have taken her at her word, of course," was the prompt reply; "did not you?"

"Oh no, that would not have been right."

"I must confess, Mrs. Appleton, that your ideas of right, and mine, are very different. This lady told you expressly, that she did not wish to hold any further intercourse with you."

"Exactly. But then, she would not have said so, had she not been deceived by an erroneous idea. Knowing this, it became my duty to endeavour to remove the false impression."

"I must confess, Mrs. Appleton, that I cannot see it in the same light. I don't believe that we are called upon to humour the whims of every one. It does such people, as you speak of, good to be let alone, and have their pout out. If you notice them, it makes them ten times as bad."

"A broad assertion like that you have just made needs proof, Louisa. I, for one, do not believe that it is true. If an individual under a false impression be let alone to 'pout it out,' the mere pouting, as you call it, does not bring a conviction that the cause of unpleasant feeling is altogether imaginary. The ebullition will subside in time, and the subject of it may seem to forget the cause; but to do so, is next to impossible where the false impression is not removed. Now let me tell you how *I* did in reference to the friend I have just mentioned."

"Well. How did you do?"

"After the acute pain of mind which was caused by her note had subsided, I began to examine, as far as I could recollect them, all my words and actions towards her on the previous evening. In one or two things, I thought I could perceive that which to one of her sensitive disposition might appear in a wrong light. I remembered too, that in her domestic relations there were some circumstances of a painful character, and I knew that these weighed heavily upon her mind, often depressing her spirits very much. One of these circumstances, though perfectly beyond her control, was extremely humiliating to a high-minded, and somewhat proud-spirited woman. All these things I turned over in my mind, and instead of suffering myself to feel incensed against her for the unkind note she had written to me, I endeavoured to find excuses for her, and to palliate her fault all that I could. What troubled me most, was the almost insurmountable barrier that she had thrown between us. 'Do not attempt to answer this; do not attempt to see me,' were strong positions; and my pride rose up, and forbade me to break through them. But pride could not stand before the awakening of better feelings. 'I must see her. I *will* see her!' I said.

"This resolution taken, I determined that I would not call upon her until towards evening, thus giving her time for reflection. The hour at length came in which I had made up my mind to perform a most painful duty, and I dressed myself for the trying visit. When I pulled the bell, on pausing at her door, I was externally calm, but internally agitated.

"'Tell Mrs. —— that a friend wishes to speak to her,' I said to the servant who showed me into the parlour. I did not feel at liberty to ask her not to mention my name; but I emphasised the word 'friend,' in hopes that she would understand my meaning. But she either did not or would not, for in a few minutes she returned and said, in a confused and hesitating voice,

"'Mrs. —— says that she does not wish to see you.'"

"And you left the house on the instant?" Louisa said, in an indignant tone.

"No, I did not," was Mrs. Appleton's calm reply.

"Not after such an insult! Pardon me—but I should call it a breach of politeness for any one to remain in the house of another under such circumstances."

"But, Louisa, you must remember that there are exceptions to every general rule; and also, that the same act may be good or bad, according to the end which the actor has in view. If I had proposed to myself any mere sinister and selfish end in remaining in the house of my friend after such an unkind, and to me, at the time, cruel repulse, I should have acted wrong; but my end was to benefit my friend—to disabuse her of a most painful mistake, which I could only do by meeting her, and letting her ear take in the tones of my voice, that she might thus judge of my sincerity."

Louisa did not reply, and Mrs. Appleton continued.

"'Tell Mrs. ——,' I said to the servant, 'that I am very anxious to see her, and that she must not refuse me an interview.' In a few minutes she returned with the positive refusal of Mrs. —— to see me. There was one thing that I did not want to do—one thing that I hesitated to do, and that was to force myself upon my estranged friend by intruding upon her, even in her own chamber, where she had retired to be secure from my importunity. But I looked to the end I had in view. 'Is not the end a good one?' I said, as I mused over the unpleasant position in which I found myself. 'Will not even Mrs. —— thank me for the act, after she shall have perceived her error?' Thus I argued with myself, and finally made up my mind that I would compel an interview by entering my friend's chamber, even though she had twice refused to see me.

"As I resolved to do, so I acted. Once fully convinced that the act was right, I compelled myself to do it, without once hesitating or looking back. My low knock at her chamber door was unanswered. I paused but a few moments before opening it. There stood my friend, with a pale yet firm countenance, and as I advanced she looked me steadily in the face with a cold, repulsive expression.

"'Mrs. ——,' I said, extending my hand and forcing a smile, while the tears came to my eyes, and my voice trembled—'If I had been guilty of

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the feelings with which you have charged me, I would not have thus sought you, in spite of all your repulses. Let me now declare to you, in the earnestness of a sincere heart, that I am innocent of all you allege against me. I have always regarded you as one of my choicest friends. I have always endeavoured to prefer you before myself, instead of setting myself above you. You have, therefore, accused me wrongfully, but I do most heartily forgive you. Will you not then forgive me, for an imaginary fault?"

"For a few moments after I commenced speaking, she continued to look at me with the same cold, repulsive stare, not deigning to touch the hand that I still extended. But she saw that I was sincere; she felt that I was sincere, and this melted her down. As I ceased speaking, she started forward with a quick, convulsed movement, and throwing her arms around me, hid her face in my bosom and wept aloud. It was some time before the tumult of her feelings subsided.

"'Can you indeed forgive me?' she at length said, 'my strange, blind, wayward folly?'

"'Let us be friends as we were, Mrs. ——,' I replied, 'and let this hour be forgotten, or only remembered as a seal to our friendship.'

"From that day, Louisa, there has been no jarring string in our friendly intercourse. Mrs. —— really felt aggrieved: she thought that she perceived in my conduct all that she had alleged, and it wounded her to the quick. But the earnest sincerity with which I sought her out and persisted in seeing her, convinced her that she had altogether misunderstood the import of my manner, which, under the peculiar state of her feelings, put on a false appearance."

"Well, Mrs. Appleton," Louisa said with a deep inspiration as that lady ceased speaking, "I cannot say that I think you did wrong: indeed, I feel that you were right: but I cannot act from such unselfish motives; it is not in me."

"But you can compel yourself to do right, Louisa, even where there is no genuine good impulse prompting to correct actions. It is by our thus compelling ourselves, and struggling against the activity of a wrong motive, that a right one is formed. If I had consulted only my feelings, and had suffered only offended self-love to speak, I should never have persevered in seeing my friend: to this day there would have been a gulf between us."

"Still, it seems to me that we ought not, as a general thing, to humour persons in these idle whims; it only confirms them in habits of mind that make them sources of perpetual annoyance to their friends. Indeed, as far as I am concerned, I desire to be freed from acquaintances of this description; I do not wish my peace ever and anon interfered with in such an unpleasant way."

"We should not," Mrs. Appleton replied, "consider only ourselves in these, or indeed in any matters pertaining to social intercourse, but should endeavour sometimes to look away from what is most pleasant and gratifying to ourselves, and study to make others happy. You know that the appearance which true politeness puts on is that of preferring others to ourselves. We offer them the best seats, or the most eligible positions; or present them with the choicest viands at the table. We introduce subjects of conversation that we think will interest others more than ourselves, and deny ourselves in various ways, that others may be obliged and gratified. Now, the question is, are these mere idle and unmeaning forms? Or is it right that we should feel as we act? If they *are* unmeaning forms, then are the courtesies of social intercourse a series of acts most grossly hypocritical. If not so, then it is right that we should prefer others to ourselves: and it is right for us, when we find that a friend is under a painful mistake—even if to approach her may cause some sacrifice of our feelings—for us to go to that friend and disabuse her mind of error. Do you not think so, Louisa?"

"I certainly cannot gainsay your position, Mrs. Appleton; but still I feel altogether disinclined to make any overtures to Maria."

"Why so, Louisa?"

"Because I can imagine no cause for her present strange conduct; and therefore see no way of approaching——"

The individual about whom they had been conversing passed near them at this moment, and caused Mrs. Appleton and Louisa to remember that they were prolonging their conversation to too great an extent for a social party.

"We will talk about this again," Mrs. Appleton said, rising and passing to the side of Maria.

"You do not seem cheerful to-night, Maria, or am I mistaken in my observation of your face?" Mrs. Appleton said in a pleasant tone.

"I was not aware that there was anything in my manner that indicated the condition of mind to which you allude," the young lady replied with a smile.

"There seemed to me such an indication, but perhaps it was only an appearance."

"Perhaps so," Maria said with something of abstraction in her manner. A silence, embarrassing in some degree to both parties, followed, which was broken by an allusion of Mrs. Appleton's to Louisa Graham.

To this Maria made no answer.

"Louisa is a girl of kind feelings," remarked Mrs. Appleton.

"She is so esteemed," Maria replied somewhat coldly.

"Do you not think so, Maria?"

"Why should I think otherwise?"

"I am sure I cannot tell, but I thought that there was something in your manner that seemed to indicate a different sentiment."

To this the young lady made no reply, and Mrs. Appleton did not feel at liberty to press the subject, more particularly as she wished to induce Louisa, if she could possibly do so, to sacrifice her feelings

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and go to Maria with an inquiry as to the cause of her changed manner. She now observed closely the manner of Maria, and saw that she studiously avoided coming into contact with Louisa. Thus the evening passed away, and the two young ladies retired without having once spoken to each other.

Unlike too many of us under similar circumstances, Mrs. Appleton did not say within herself—"This is none of my business. If they have fallen out let them make it up again." Or, "if she chooses to get the 'pouts' for nothing, let her pout it out." But she thought seriously about devising some plan to bring about explanations and a good understanding again between two who had no just cause for not regarding each other as friends. It would have been an easy matter to have gone to Maria and to have asked the cause of her changed manner towards Louisa, and thus have brought about a reconciliation. But she was desirous to correct a fault in both, and therefore resolved, if possible, to induce the latter to go to the former. With this object in view, she called upon Louisa early on the next morning.

"I was sorry to see," she said after a brief conversation on general topics, "that there was no movement on the part of either yourself or Maria to bring about a mutual good understanding."

"I am sure, Mrs. Appleton, that I haven't anything to do in the matter," was Louisa's answer. "I have done nothing, wilfully, to wound or offend Maria, and therefore have no apologies to make. If she sees in my character anything so exceedingly offensive as to cause her thus to recede from me, I am sure that I do not wish her to have any kind of intercourse with me."

"That is altogether out of the question, Louisa. Maria has seen nothing real in you at which to be offended; it is an imaginary something that has blinded her mind."

"In that case, Mrs. Appleton, I must say, as I said at first—Let her pout it out: I have no patience with any one who acts so foolishly."

"You must pardon my importunity, Louisa," her persevering friend replied; "I am conscious that the position you have taken is a wrong one, and I cannot but hope that I shall be able to make you see it."

"I don't know, Mrs. Appleton, none are so blind, it is said, as they who will not see," Louisa replied with a meaning smile.

"So you are conscious of an unwillingness to see the truth if opposed to your present feelings," Mrs. Appleton said, smiling in return; "I have some hope of you now."

"You think so?"

"O yes: the better principles of your mind are becoming more active, and I now feel certain that you will think of Maria as unhappy from some erroneous idea which it is in your power to remove."

"But her unkind and ungenerous conduct towards me"——

"Don't think of that, Louisa; think only if it be not in your power again to restore peace to her mind; again to cause her eye to brighten and her cheek to smile when you meet her. It is in your power; I know that it is. Do not, then, let me beg of you, abuse that power, and suffer one heart to be oppressed when a word from you can remove the burden that weighs it down."

To this appeal Louisa remained silent for a few moments, and then looking up said—

"What would you have me do, Mrs. Appleton?"

"Nothing but what you see to be clearly right. Do not act simply from my persuasion. I urge you as I do that you may perceive it to be a duty to go to Maria and try and disabuse her of an error that is producing unhappiness."

"Then how do you think I ought to act?"

"It seems to me that you should go to Maria and ask her, with that sincerity and frankness that she could not mistake, the cause of her changed manner; and that you should, at the same time, say that you were altogether unconscious of having said or done anything to wound or offend her."

"I will do it, Mrs. Appleton," Louisa said after musing for a few moments.

"But does it seem to you right that you should do so?"

"It does when I lose sight of myself, and think of Maria as standing to another in the same light that she really stands to me."

"I am glad that you have thus separated your own feelings from the matter; that is the true way to view every subject that has regard to our actions towards others. Go, then, to your estranged friend on this mission of peace, and I know that the result will be pleasant to both of you."

"I am fully convinced that it is right for me to do so; and more, I am fully resolved to do what I see to be right."

About an hour after the closing of this interview Louisa called at the house of her friend. It was some minutes after she had sent up her name before Maria descended to the parlour to meet her. As she came in she smiled a faint welcome, extending at the same time her hand in a cold, formal manner. Louisa was chilled at this, for her feelings were quick. But she suppressed every weakness with an effort, and said, as she still held the offered hand within her own—

"There must be something wrong, Maria, or *you* would never treat me so coldly: as I am altogether unconscious of having said or done anything to wound your feelings, or injure you in any way, I have felt constrained to come and see you, and ask if in anything I have unconsciously done you an injury?"

There was a pause of some moments, during which Maria was evidently endeavouring to quiet her thoughts and feelings, so as to give a coherent and rational response to what had been said. But this she was unable to do.

"I am a weak and foolish girl, Louisa," she at length said, as the moisture suffused her eyes; "and now I am conscious that I have wronged

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you. Let us forget the past, and again be friends as we were."

"I am still your friend, Maria, and still wish to remain your friend; but in order that, hereafter, there may be no further breach of this friendship, would it not be well for you to tell me, frankly, in what manner I have wounded your feelings?"

"Perhaps so; but still I would rather not tell the cause; it involves a subject upon which I do not wish to speak. Be satisfied, then, Louisa, that I am fully convinced that you did not mean to wound me. Let this (kissing her tenderly) assure you that my old feelings have all returned. But do not press me upon a point that I shrink from even thinking about."

There was something so serious, almost solemn in the manner of the young lady, that Louisa felt that it would be wrong to urge her upon the subject. But their reconciliation was complete.

So much interest did Mrs. Appleton feel in the matter, that she called in, during the afternoon of the same day, to see Louisa.

"Well, it's all made up," was almost the first word uttered as Mrs. Appleton came in.

"I am truly glad to hear it," replied that lady.

"And I am glad to be able to say so; but there is one thing that I do not like: I could not prevail upon her to tell me the cause of her coldness towards me."

"I am sorry for that, because, not knowing what has given offence, you are all the time liable again to trespass on feelings that you desire not to wound."

"So I feel about it; but the subject seemed so painful to her that I did not press it."

"When did you first notice a change in her manner?"

"About a week ago, when we were spending an evening at Mrs. Trueman's."

"Cannot you remember something which you then said, that might have wounded her?"

"No, I believe not. I have tried several times to recall what I then said, but I can think of nothing but a light jest which I passed upon her about her certainly coming of a crazy family."

"Surely you did not say that, Louisa!"

"Yes I did. And I am sure that I thought no harm of it. We were conversing gaily, and she was uttering some of her peculiar, and often strange sentiments, when I made the thoughtless and innocent remark I have alluded to. No one replied, and there was a momentary silence that seemed to me strange. From that time her manner changed. But I have never believed that my playful remark was the cause. I think her a girl of too much good sense for that."

"Have you never heard that her father was for many years in the hospital, and at last died there a raving maniac?" asked Mrs. Appleton with a serious countenance.

"Never," was the positive answer.

"It is true that such was his miserable end, Louisa."

"Then it is all explained. Oh, how deeply I must have wounded her!"

"Deeply, no doubt. But it cannot be helped. The wound, I trust, is now nearly healed." Then after a pause, Mrs. Appleton resumed:

"Let this lesson never be forgotten, my young friend. Suppose you had followed your own impulses, and let Maria 'pout it out,' as you said; how much would both she and yourself have suffered;—she, under the feeling that you had wantonly insulted and wounded her; and you, in estranged friendship, and under the imputation, unknown to yourself, of having most grossly violated the very first principles of humanity. Let the lesson, then, sink deep in your heart. Never again permit any one to grow cold towards you suddenly, without inquiring the cause. It is due to yourself and your friends."

"I will never forget the lesson, Mrs. Appleton," was Louisa's emphatic response.

SOLITUDE.

I LOVE thee, Solitude! within the vales,
Or on the hill tops, where no noisy feet
Of men intrude, and where the very gales
Play soberly amid the leaves they greet!
No sounds abroad but those
Which Nature gives the ear—
The rivulet that flows
Noiseless almost, and clear—
The hum of bees the woodland flowers among,
And mated birds that chirp their loving song.

Away from all the busy haunts of life,
The unrelenting selfishness of trade—
Away from proud Ambition's reckless strife,
And sensual pleasures which the soul degrade.
And there bid Mem'ry bring
The treasures of the past;
Or, pois'd on Hope's bold wing,
Prophetic glances cast;
Or musing o'er the scenes around me thrown,
Enjoy that luxury—*to be alone!*

Yet not alone! an unseen Spirit moves
Through all thine atmosphere, sweet Solitude!
Building His temples in thy quiet groves,
Where human architecture never stood.
And there, upon those verdant floors,
Beneath those canopies of shade,
My soul more fervently adores,
More humbly pleads His promis'd aid,
More deeply feels His presence too, than where
Are human ears that listen to my prayer!

W.

Harrisburg, Pa.

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GOSSIP WITH A BOUQUET OF SPRING FLOWERS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

SPEAK,—speak, sweet guests. Open your lips in words.
'Tis my delight to talk with you, and fain
I'd have an answer. I've been long convinc'd
You understand me,—though you do not choose
To wear your bright thoughts on your finger-tips
For all to sport with.
Lily of the Vale,
And you, meek Violet, with your eyes of blue,
I call on you the first,—for well I know
How prone our village maidens are, to hide
Their clear good sense among the city folks,
Unless well-urg'd and fortified to speak.—

—O purple Pansy, friend of earliest years,
You're always welcome. Have you never heard
From some old grandmother, in cushion'd chair
Sitting at Autumn, of your ancestors,
Who on the shelter'd margin of the Thames
Flourish'd, more vigorous and more fair than you?
'Twas not the fond garrulity of age
That made her laud the past,—without respect
To verity,—for I remember well
How beautiful they were,—and with what pride
I us'd to pluck them, when my school was o'er,
And love to place them, rich with breathing sweets
Between my Bible leaves, and find them there,
Month after month, laying their foreheads close
To some undying hope.
Bright Hyacinth,
I'm glad you've brought your little ones. How snug
You wrap them in their hoods. But still I see
Their merry eyes and their plump cheeks peep out.
Ah! here's the baby, in it's blanket too:
You're a good mother sure. Don't be in haste
To take their mantles off. The morn is chill,
I'd rather see them one by one come forth,
Just when they please. A charming family!
And very happy you must doubtless be,
In their sweet promise, and your matron care.

Gay, graceful Tulip, did you learn in France
Your taste for dress? and how to hold your head
So elegantly? In the gale yestreen,
That o'er the parterre swept with sudden force,
I thought I saw you waltzing, and am sure
Those steps were taught in Paris. Have a care,
And do not be too exquisite with those
You call the dowdy flowers, because, my dear,
We live in a republic, where the strength
Comes from beneath, and many a change occurs
To lop the haughty, and to lift the low.

Good neighbour Cowslip,—I have seen the bee
Whispering to you, and have been told he stays
Quite long and late, amid your golden cells.
It must be business that he comes upon,
Matter of-fact, he never wastes an hour.
Know you that he's a subtle financier?
And rifles where he can? and has the name
Of taking usury? So, have a care,
And don't invest without good hope of gain.
I would not be a slanderer,—but just give
A little kind advice.
Narcissus pale,—
Had you a mother, child, who kept you close
Over your needle, or your music books?
And never let you sweep a room, or make
A pudding in the kitchen? I'm afraid
She shut you from the air and tanning sun,
To keep you delicate,—or let you draw
Your corset-lace too tight. I would you were
As buxom as your cousin Daffodil,
Who to the sharp wind turns her tawney cheek,
Unshrinking, like a damsel taught to spin,
And milk the cows, and knead the bread, and lead
An useful life, her nerves by labour strung,
To bear its duties and its burdens too.

Lilac of Persia, tell us some fine tale
Of Eastern lands. We're fond of travellers.
Have you no legend of some sultan proud?
Or old fire-worshipper? Not even a note
Taken on your voyage? Well, 'tis monstrous odd,
That you should let so rare a chance slip by,
While those who never journey'd half as far
Make sundry volumes, and expect the world
To reverently peruse, and magnify
What it well knew before.
Most glorious Rose,
You are the queenly belle. On you, all eyes
Admiring turn. Doubtless, you might indite
Romances from your own remembrances.
They're all the fashion now, and fill the page
Of many a periodical. Wilt tell
None of your heart-adventures? Mighty cross
To hoard them all so secretly. Well! well!
I can detect the zephyr's stolen kiss,
In your red blush;—and what's the use to seal
Your lips so cunningly,—when all the world
Call you the flower of love.
And now, good-bye:
A pleasant gossip have I had with you,
Obliging visitants,—but must away
To graver things. Still keep your incense fresh
And free to speak of Him, who tints your brows,
Bidding the brown mould and unsightly stem
Put forth such blaze of beauty, as translates
To dullest hearts, His dialect of love.

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CHARITY OF MEN OF THE WORLD.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

A BRILLIANT society was assembled in the drawing-room of the famous banker Fitz Harding, one of the fortunate *millionaires* of Belgrave Square. Seven had struck, and a servant in gorgeous livery had uttered those words so sweet to the ear of the impatient gastronome, "dinner is on the table."

I shall not describe the dining-room of a *millionaire*—the sanctuary within which are laboured out so many conceptions and projects, so many revolutions, financial and political. Neither will I describe the royal magnificence of a feast which might have shamed those of Lucullus. Let it suffice to state, that Fitz Harding, on that day, did the honours of his table to a foreign diplomatist, whose protection he sought for the conclusion of a loan to the secretary-general of a ministerial department, whose position enabled him to facilitate the adjudication of a great enterprise; and to three provincial members of parliament, whose vote might have the effect of enriching his native county with a canal, which should pour abundance and fertility into the coffers of the insatiable contractor. And this short enumeration of the principal guests is equivalent to the bill of fare.

Lady Emily Fitz Harding, blazing with diamonds, and brilliant in youth and beauty, presided with grace and liveliness. Amiable and smiling, she replied with equal address to the flatteries of the secretary-general, and the madrigals of the foreign diplomatist. Every one was in the happiest vein. Sallies of fancy flew about with champagne corks; the provincial members were as noisy as during one of O'Connell's speeches; and the banker himself was almost a wit.

All things had been discussed, and all subjects exhausted, from Bulwer's last novel to Mrs. Trollope's amusing impertinences, (in addition to those of the loan, the contract and the canal,) when the conversation fell on the subject of benevolence, connected with a charitable ball; a fancy-ball which was to collect together the flower of London society. Lady Fitz Harding was one of the lady patronesses of this great ball, which was to take place within a fortnight. Many sayings were uttered, wise and foolish, on the subject of charity, of the poor, of dancing philanthropy, and benevolence in *entrechats*—that great invention of modern times. The tear stood in Fitz Harding's eye as he spoke of the families of the destitute, who had no prop and no provision but the sensibility of the rich. As for Lady Emily, she was sublime. "Of what value was opulence but to soothe distress!" Between the second course and the dessert, she had got rid of forty tickets. "She only wished she could dispose of two hundred: not from vanity, thank heaven! that was a feeling she had never known; but from pity to the unfortunate orphans, who she loved to call her children,—her family."

"Dear Emily!" said the banker, "it is so rich a pleasure to her to succour the wretched. It is her only joy!"

"Ah! you flatter me," quoth Lady Emily, "I do it for your pleasure; for you are happy only when you are doing good!"

At this moment, a servant entered, and announced to Fitz Harding that some one wished to speak to him.

"At this hour!" said the banker angrily. "You know well, John, that I see no one while I am engaged at table."

The servant drew nearer to his master, and whispered, "It is Mr. Hopkins."

At that name Fitz Harding rose, begged his guests to excuse him, and passed into his study.

A little man dressed in black, there awaited the banker. Beneath his arm he carried a huge bundle of papers.

"Excuse me if I disturb you," said Mr. Hopkins, "but I can only come at this hour, or early in the morning, which would disturb you still more; and as you will not admit of any intermediary in the little matter which you have intrusted to me"—

"To the point, to the point, Mr. Hopkins!"

"Would you believe, Mr. Fitz Harding, that I left my office this morning at seven o'clock, and that I have not yet dined? I have made fifteen seizures to-day."

"To the point, I beg of you. I am engaged. Have you at length brought me some money? Shall I obtain my rights from these insolvent debtors?"

"I fear not sir, at least unless you proceed to extremities—the sale of their goods, or capture of their bodies. But your sensibility,"—

"You know very well, sir, that there is no such thing in matters of business. Besides, I have not had recourse to your agency but because I had to deal with dishonest persons, who are able to pay."

"They say not."

"So you have got nothing? Nothing from Mrs. Higgins the milliner? She has owed me eighteen pounds for this year past."

"Nothing."

"What is the state of the affair?"

"We have got judgment and execution; the sale is for Wednesday, but I wished to see you before issuing bills."

"The sale must proceed."

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"She asks three months' forbearance. She is wholly without resources, and will be compelled to abandon her business. Her husband, who held a small situation in the bank, is dead of cholera; and she is left destitute, with three young children."

"Oh! she says her husband is dead of cholera? I can ascertain that, through my wife, who is a member of the committee of orphans. In the mean time, issue the bills at any rate."

"Very well, sir."

"And that young man, M'Farlane—he who reads memoirs to the Mechanics' Institute—has he yet untied his purse strings?"

"Alas! sir, the purse must be but poorly furnished, if I may judge by his goods."

"Nevertheless, he must pay the forty pounds."

"Forty pounds! My good sir, the debt is now sixty-five pounds thirteen shillings, including interest and costs. The poor young man will never be able to pay."

"He must, however. I don't understand being trifled with thus. Besides, Mr. M'Farlane has a place."

"He had one; a situation of eighty pounds a year in the custom-house."

"What! he has it no longer?"

"You ordered me to attach his salary, and he has consequently been deprived of his office."

"So I have no longer any security!" cried the banker. "Mr. Hopkins, you will proceed in this matter with the utmost rigour. I know that M'Farlane has resources—he has talents."

"Unproductive talents."

"I cannot help that. They who have unproductive talents should not incur debts. Mr. Hopkins, you will proceed."

"Everything has been done; there remains nothing but the seizure."

"That you will make then."

"To frighten him?"

"No!—To sell."

"His furniture is not worth more than ten pounds."

"Mr. Hopkins, I have duties to fulfil. In this matter I act not for myself alone. M'Farlane is indebted to the heirs of my father-in-law. If it affected no other than my wife I would wait—you know me sufficiently to be convinced of that. But this debt interests equally my brother-in-law, the Earl of Richdale, and my sister-in-law, the wife of General Huntingdon. You will proceed."

"As you desire, sir."

"You know well, Mr. Hopkins," added the banker, as he let out the officer, "that I am not a merciless man. I have waited long for these debts; but there is an end to all things. Besides, I tell you in confidence, that I have promised the little sums whose collection I have entrusted to you, to my wife, who wishes to contribute them to the benevolent institution of our county, for she is a lady of charity. Good-day, Mr. Hopkins."

At this instant the noise of the dance reached them, and the melodious orchestra of Willis flung its joyous harmonies into the banker's study. Fitz Harding hastily regained his rich saloons.

It was a delicious fête—an intoxicating rout—a true millionaire's ball. The leaders of finance, the lords of diplomacy, all the world of fashion, were met together in this brilliant assemblage. A thousand lustres shed their dazzling light on women sparkling with the ornaments of dress and loveliness. The crowded masses of the happy and the powerful moved, to the sound of harmonious music, through chambers embellished with all the appliances of luxury and all the wonders of art. At two o'clock a magnificent repast varied the pleasure of the night, and astonished, by its tasteful magnificence, guests accustomed to the prodigal splendour of ministerial tables. The day had dimmed the brilliancy of the lamps, while yet the dance continued,—while a magic and seducing galopade swept in its whirling course that gilded and smiling crowd, and offered to the charmed eyes a moving circle of women, of diamonds, and of flowers. I forgot to mention that at the close of the supper Lady Emily Fitz Harding had already disposed of her two hundred tickets for the charity ball.

Let us leave this scene of happiness and of pleasure, and transport ourselves to the fourth story of a dismal abode in one of the obscure streets adjoining Belgrave Square. After a night of watching and labour, a young man, seated before a small deal table, covered with papers, books, and mathematical instruments, near a fireplace, in which a few miserable embers yet glowed, had yielded to fatigue, and fallen asleep with his head drooped upon his breast. An almost expiring lamp cast a dim light upon the pallid and melancholy face of the student. An open door presented to view within another chamber, a wretched bed, on which lay an elderly lady, whose thin and wrung features spoke of sickness and pain. The poverty of the humble dwelling was slightly disguised by its exceeding cleanliness. A few old articles of furniture, the broken relics of former independence, saddened the eye by their ruined elegance. A dog, extended at its master's feet, had just awakened at the first ray of the sun, and looked up at the sleeping youth with an earnest and protecting look. Suddenly the door-bell rang; the dog sprang hastily up and uttered a low bark, which he at once stifled as he looked towards the bed of the old woman. "Silence, Blucher," said the young man, waking up and rubbing his eyes. "Surely there was a ring at my door;—who comes so early?" and he proceeded to open it.

It was Mr. Hopkins—the man in black, with the bundle of papers, and the gentle manner and mien. But Mr. Hopkins, this time, was not alone. He was accompanied by two other men, in one of whom M'Farlane recognized the porter of a neighbouring house.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Hopkins, bowing.—"You do not recognize me, though I have already had the honour of speaking with you several times. I come for payment of the forty pounds (exclu-

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sive of costs) which you owe to the Richdale estate."

M'Farlane started.

"And unless I am paid this morning, I shall be under the painful necessity, according to my orders from Mr. Fitz Harding, to proceed to execution."

M'Farlane felt his heart cease to beat. He thought of his old mother, who lay sick before him, and now slept quietly on the bed which they were about to sell. His step staggered, and the cold sweat stood on his brow.

Before proceeding, and during the time that Hopkins makes the inventory, let me explain the origin of this debt, and inform the reader how the poor youth became indebted to the heirs of the Earl of Richdale, for forty pounds.

In the Earl of Richdale, the father of Lady Emily, scientific acquirements of the first order, enhanced the lustre of titles and wealth. In few words, he was one of the distinguished men of his day, the most, and the most deservedly, honoured.

An important work published by M'Farlane, and some remarkable memoirs read by him to the Mechanics' Institute, had attracted towards this youth the attention of the distinguished old man, and an acquaintance, sought by the earl, had arisen between them.

In a short time, an actual benefit conferred, brought, if possible, increased claims upon the gratitude of M'Farlane. An office became vacant in the custom-house, and the Earl of Richdale procured it for his *protegé*. The income was small, but the appointment honourable; and it yielded enough, with the produce of some literary compositions, to put M'Farlane in a position to provide for his aged mother a quiet subsistence, and to continue in peace the profound labours to which he had dedicated his future life.

Arrived at the accomplishment of his wishes, M'Farlane had now scarcely anything to desire, when an unfortunate circumstance arose to trouble the calm of his life, and surrender him a prey to the deepest anxiety. Security, imprudently given, for an unworthy friend, who deceived him, placed him in the most harassing position, and threatened even his personal liberty.

At this painful moment a letter was brought to him. He recognized the hand-writing of the Earl of Richdale as he broke the seal; but who shall express the feelings with which he found, within the envelope, a check for forty pounds, accompanied by the following lines:—

"A common friend has informed me of the difficulty in which your too confiding generosity has involved you. Your repose must not be broken, nor the labours, which are of equal importance to your own renown, and to the interests of science, interrupted, for a miserable sum like this. Accept the enclosed. It is the amount which you require. I am too happy to have the opportunity of serving you. Consider it but as a loan; you shall repay it when you are able. Take it if you wish that I should pardon your not having confided your difficulty to me."

Who shall tell that which passed in the soul of M'Farlane, as he read this note? Filled with the warmest gratitude, but resolved upon refusing the obligation, he hastened to the mansion of the earl. He thanked him with tears, while he urged him to receive back the generous subsidy, but the earl pressed him with such earnest friendship, and contrived so well to overcome the delicate scruples of the young man, that M'Farlane yielded at length to his entreaties, stipulating only that he should sign a receipt for the sum, and an engagement to repay it in a year.

"With all my heart," said the noble old man with a smile.

The year passed. M'Farlane had reckoned for the discharge of his obligation, upon the sale of a treatise on geometry; but circumstances appeared unfavourable to the publisher who was to purchase it. On the day when his engagement fell due, M'Farlane presented himself timidly, with his apologies, before the Earl of Richdale.

"What!" said the old man, "thinking still of that trifle? Mr. M'Farlane, if you speak of it again to me, it must be a quarrel between us."

Three more years passed, during which M'Farlane, more favoured of fame than of fortune, gained daily more and more the esteem of the learned, and above all, of the Earl of Richdale, who ceased not to honour him with his confidence and friendship. But the poor young man could not pay the money, and dared not again speak of the debt to his benefactor.

At the end of these three years, the earl died suddenly, leaving an immense fortune to his son and his two daughters, the eldest of whom had recently married the banker, Fitz Harding, and the youngest, the General Huntingdon. Unhappily, amongst the thousands that he left to his heirs was found the obligation for *forty pounds sterling*, signed by the poor mathematician.

We left Mr. Hopkins making his inventory in the little chamber of M'Farlane. The unfortunate student, standing in the recess of his window, looked on with folded arms; an unnatural calm, a sort of convulsive resignation had stolen over him; and on his impassive face, no sign betrayed the tempest of his thoughts, yet bitter were his reflections. "Ah!" exclaimed he mentally, "you who feel tempted to accept of succour from a generous hand, beware, lest your benefactor have sons, or daughters, or sons-in-law, to inherit his fortune, and come after his death to draw you into a reckoning for the benefit. If you have a name that you thought to honour amongst men, by the labours of usefulness, they will record that name in a process! They will have it called over by a sheriff's officer! They will make it the property of a scribe, who shall speculate upon the number of its letters! They will put up your poverty in the market-place! They will print in the journals, and on

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your gate, the description of your miserable movables! they will sell them in the public square; and in the evening go to a ball, where they will institute a raffle for the benefit of the poor!"

Still there was a consolation that mingled with the bitter thoughts of M'Farlane, a something whispered to him, that if there were a name tarnished in the affair, it was, haply, not his, but that of the millionaire banker, those of the vain and titled men, the idle and gilded women, who had taken from him his poor table, his chair and his bed; from him, the child of indigence and toil, although he had been the friend of their father, and because a few piles more of crowns were wanting to swell a heritage of millions.

Hopkins and his clerk had now completed their inventory of the young student's room, and a small kitchen adjoining, and the officer was about to enter into the old lady's chamber, when M'Farlane sprang forward and seized his arm.

"Sir," said he calmly, "I entreat you not to go in there; my mother is ill, and just now she sleeps."

The officer paused upon the threshold of the chamber, round which he cast his searching looks, and in a low voice dictated his inventory, while Blucher looked at him with a flashing eye, ready to dart upon him, if he should invade the apartment of the invalid.

The old lady had, however, awaked, and from the foot of her bed, which was surrounded by old chintz curtains, she heard the whispering. "My poor Frederick," muttered she to herself, "already at his work, and reading over his labours!" But too soon she recognized that it was not the voice of her son, and caught the words, "an old mahogany chest of drawers, with marble head; a pendule, in sculptured brass; two old arm chairs covered with silk"—

A cry burst from the lips of the invalid—for she guessed the truth. M'Farlane sprang towards her, and strove to soothe her, while Hopkins finished his inventory.

Two days after, M'Farlane, accompanied by his dog, followed a hearse, which took the road to the public burying grounds.

It was a great night for the poor, the night of the first of March, 1833! The spacious apartments of that splendid building, which is at once the pride and an ornament to the city of London, known as Guild Hall, had been decorated with magnificence for the great philanthropic ball of which I have already spoken, and which had Lady Emily Fitz Harding for one of its lady patronesses. A long string of carriages brought to this enchanted spot, all that London contained of brilliant women and men *comme il faut*. The aristocracy of birth, joined hands with the aristocracy of wealth, in this truly fraternal assemblage, where the sentiments of benevolence and philanthropy expanded all hearts. The richness and variety of the costumes, the profusion of flowers, of lamps, and of gold gave to the fête the aspect of a fairy scene. All nations and all epochs were there mingled and confounded. Marchionesses of the eighteenth century, duchesses of the fifteenth, abbés, pilgrims, pachas, chevaliers, Swiss peasants, French guardsmen, boatmen, and chieftains, were crowded together, and wavered to and fro, amid torrents of light and music. It was a sight to make one adore philanthropy and charity, and give thanks to Heaven that there were such people as the poor.

Lady Emily Fitz Harding, by her beauty, her diamonds, and the splendour of her oriental costume, would have attracted all eyes, even if the rose-coloured knot, the distinctive sign of her functions as lady patroness, had not fixed attention upon her. She was the queen of this fête, where also shone her husband, in the guise of a troubadour; her brother, the young Earl of Richdale, in the rich costume of a courtier of Henry the Second's time; and her sister Lady Cecilia Huntingdon, habited as a Chinese, and leaning on the arm of a mandarin, General Huntingdon. These two dresses, which had been expressly procured from China, and were of incredible magnificence, had cost over a thousand pounds sterling. But can one make too great sacrifices, when a fête for the benefit of the poor is in question?

All at once, a movement was observed at one of the doors of the hall, and a mask entered, round whom the crowd gathered, attracted by the singularity of his costume. It was a man clothed in the garb of a *beggar*, carrying a wallet, and on whose garments were pasted innumerable papers of legal process. His breast, his back, his arms, his legs, were covered with them; Mr. and Lady Emily Fitz Harding were amongst the first to approach this mysterious personage, and read on a large sheet of stamped paper, which covered his breast, exact copies of the different instruments of legal process on the part of the heirs of the Earl of Richdale, all whose names and descriptions were set out at full length, against the poor student, including the inventory, and ending with the advertisement of sale, which, as I have said before, covered the different parts of the body of the mask. On his hat, which was surrounded with a black crape, was a written paper, with these words, in large characters—

"THE CHARITY OF THE MEN OF THE WORLD."

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THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

BY MISS EMILY FRANCIS.

CHAPTER I.

Our village differs but little from other country villages, except it be in this one particular; it contains a greater number of busy bodies. Do not form from this an idea of a beehive, where each one is intent upon works of industry, but picture to yourself, gentle reader, a community whose ruling passion is to gain as much information of the affairs of others, as is consistent with unoccupied minds and unemployed hands.

But it is *our* village, of which I am speaking notwithstanding; and who has not felt the magic of that little word—who can look back upon the days of childhood, and think of our school, our home, our sports, without a thrill of pleasure? it has a charm in itself, which invests everything to which we attach it with interest. But candour compels me to describe things as they are; and our village, dear as it may be to ourselves, is, as I have just now said, a place of busy idleness. It is situated on a river, and offers to the lovers of natural scenery every inducement to visit it. On the opposite shore, mountains rise in towering grandeur, till their summits are lost in the clouds. No stranger could pass our village without being tempted, by its situation and appearance, to pause on his journey, and for a few days at least, to sojourn among us. There is the neat little church, so humble and unobtrusive, and yet so silently by its "Heaven directing spire," pointing upwards to the skies, that while the eye rests upon the graves, which speak of separation, mourning and tears, in the churchyard below, it once more looks upward and remembers that "there, shall be no more death; and sorrow and sighing shall be done away." It seems to me the grass grows greener, and the trees look more venerable in that country churchyard than anywhere in the world. Our villagers, at least the industrious part of the population, are fond of flowers, and what is more lovely than the white-washed cottage, overgrown with sweetbriar, clematis, and honeysuckle, which, mingling their sweets, form a fragrance more rich and delightful than any artificial perfume. But the hungry traveller sometimes inhales with more delight, the fumes of the savoury dish, which towards evening, denotes many a fair Eve to be "on hospitable thoughts intent." But we have lingered long on the road, and will hasten more rapidly through our village, and I assure you many a watchful eye, peeping from half-closed shutters, marks our progress. We will stop at the tavern, but it shall be the upper one; no idlers lounge about here, but everything bespeaks honest industry; it looks so neat and clean, and the landlady herself so tidy, that we overlook the vinegar which shines in her face, particularly as it only exercises itself upon the idlers and loungers, who are forced to seek a retreat at the lower tavern—where an idle landlord and careless landlady, have suffered everything, as the saying is, to go at sixes and sevens. Our landlady, Mrs. Mumford, is one of your active, stirring little bodies, who know nothing of idleness practically, and have no sympathy with those who do. But we will look in at the post-office, which though last is far from least in our opinion, at Norton. The postmaster has held his office for some thirty years, ever since the place became of sufficient importance to have a mail; he is growing old in the service, and can well remember when the mail carrier arrived on horseback, once a week, and so on through the several gradations, till now two mails a day, tell of the increasing population of our neighbourhood. Mr. Tryon is an original, and we behold with sorrow the gray hairs which thicken on his brow, for we fear we "ne'er shall look upon his like again." He is a walking gazette, and precludes the necessity for any other; he knows all the news for twenty miles round, and prides himself so much upon this knowledge, that he was once actually indisposed in consequence of some one announcing in his store, before all the politicians of the place, a piece of political news, which he had just avowed himself ignorant of. This announcement was made at a venture by a wag, for the purpose of teasing him, though it turned out to be the case; our friend George never was himself again, till he was assured it was not a known fact when spoken of. But we have for the present done with the affairs of our village, and proceed to the narration of the story, which has called forth the preceding sketch.

One evening in the month of June, owing to the exceeding sultriness of the day, a larger number than ordinary had assembled in Tryon's store, to await the arrival of the mail. Nothing had occurred for months at all out of the common way, to afford the talkers a theme upon which to exert their energies; the last birth in the village had been duly descanted upon; Thomas Green wondered the mail had not arrived, John Comly thought it was quite time, and though only half an hour later than usual, they had worked themselves up to the belief that some evil accident had happened, and at length settled down in silence to prepare for the news. The postmaster stationed himself at the door, to watch; when, to the great disappointment of the idle group, the stage arrived

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crowded to excess, but all in a state of preservation. The driver could not be persuaded, though all insisted that he must have broken down at least, but the opening of the mail diverted all thoughts for the present. Mr. Tryon sorted his letters, making as usual, remarks upon each name. "George D. Patton, Esq., very clever man that, rolling in wealth, but I could never find out his middle name. Asked him once, but he swore and would not tell me." "Mr. Patton swore!" said his servant, who waited for the letter, "why sir, he never did such a thing in his life." "Oh yes! I assure you; says I, sir, what is your middle name? says he, devil! and I was so surprised, I could not ask him again." "Well, Mr. Tryon," said the man, "that is Mr. Patton's middle name, but he spells it thus, '*Deville.*'" "To think," said our postmaster with a sigh, "I might have known it six months ago." The next letter which came to hand afforded full scope for the exercise of George's curiosity. It bore the post mark of London, and was indeed a new thing in the simple annals of our village. George examined it with a penetrating eye, but not one word could he discover to gratify his thirst for knowledge; its seal was a lion, and its motto enveloped in the mystery of an unknown language. He had heard of the lion-hearted king, and with an imagination peculiar to himself, had conjured up some of his descendants looking from the other side of the water, on our little village as a desirable place to rule and reign, who were thus commencing in a wily manner to carry their plans into execution; but the letter was addressed to a lady; originally directed to one of the large cities, but its destination changed, till the whole cover was a mass of obliterated directions; the final one accompanied with the order, to be left at the office till called for; his imagination ran through a number of improbable conjectures, while he held the document in his hand; after duly considering it, he proceeded to read its direction aloud. "Mrs. Far-rel-le—singular name, who can she be—no one of that name about here, wonder what her maiden name was—any stranger arrived, Ned," said he addressing the driver, "that I have not seen?" "No! indeed Mr. Tryon, you have seen every one I have brought up these thirty years." This letter was sufficient to afford conversation for the rest of the evening, and Mrs. Farrelle's name, or as our postmaster called it, Far-rel-le, was in the mouth of every one. The loungers returned to their families, and between the conjectures and exaggerations accompanying the narration, the owner of the letter was regarded as something different from the rest of mankind, and her arrival considered as an event, which was to affect the interest of every one in the village: whether these anticipations were realized, the next chapter shall disclose.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Farrelle was an English lady by birth, and descended from one of the most ancient families in England; she was an heiress, and in her younger days so beautiful, and withal so agreeable, that her hand was sought in marriage, by more than one peer of the realm. But desirable as a union of this kind appeared to her parents, she declared she would never give her hand without her heart, and the beautiful Anne S. continued single till she had attained her twenty-second year; she was possessed of an uncommon energy of spirit, which manifested itself even from her childhood, in a disposition to overcome difficulties, which imparted a loftiness of bearing, and an air of superiority to her carriage, that seldom failed to call forth a corresponding acknowledgement from every one with whom she associated. Possessing in herself materials for happiness, she was independent of those around her; though endowed with the keenest sensibilities and the warmest affections. It might truly be said of her, "none knew her but to love." It was in the very height of her loveliness, that Mr. Farrelle "came, saw, and conquered;" his mother was an Englishwoman of high birth, and had met his father, when travelling on the continent. Her husband, although a Frenchman, adopted his wife's country as his own, and their only son inherited their united estates, which produced a princely income.

In this instance, the course of true love did run smooth; no obstacle delayed their union, and they were married, amid great rejoicings. The happy pair proceeded to their magnificent abode, where they might have remained till the present time, had not the restless spirit of change taken possession of their bosoms. They were blessed with two lovely daughters, on whose education no expense or trouble had been spared, and they grew up and proved that it was not thrown away. Few sorrows had darkened the domestic happiness of this little family. They had seen their parents gathered to their fathers in a good old age, and thus the strongest ties severed, which bound them to their home, and a dissatisfaction towards the existing government determined them to seek a home in the Western World. The difficulty of arranging his property to the best advantage detained Mr. Farrelle much longer than he anticipated. As his presence was requisite, his wife determined to embark with her two daughters, under the escort of a friend, invested with full power by her husband, to locate herself where she found it most agreeable; though both agreed to find a habitation somewhere amid the wild and romantic scenery which abounds in our land. She had money at command, and a spirit like hers rejoiced in the prospect of spending its energies on some wild untutored spot, which she might mould to her mind. She arrived a stranger in a strange land; but her commanding aspect, her dignified though courteous carriage, procured for her wherever she went, consideration and attention, and though among free born Americans she did not meet with the servility of dependents, to which she had been accustomed, she valued more highly the self-procured respect, which was

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evidently the result of superiority of character. I have said her daughters were lovely; Bertha the eldest strikingly resembled her mother, but a subdued, and pensive cast of countenance, told of some sorrow, which already had wrung her gentle bosom. It was not a countenance altogether sad, for a sweet smile of peace illumined it, and the meek eye of the fair Bertha was lighted up with an expression of quiet joy. She was in every respect a model for a painter, and altogether in mind and person, a perfect representation of woman in her most beautiful characteristics. The scale of creation gradually rises, from the green herb, shedding its luxuriance at our feet, through the various orders of living things, till it reaches the highest of created intelligences; each connected with the next in rank by a link, harmonizing the whole: woman has been said to be the connecting link between men and angels; and though now tainted by the fall, and "far gone from original righteousness," even in ruins, we gaze with admiration on her loveliness. Such untiring fortitude and patience, such disinterested devotion, such warm and glowing affections, such tenderness and sensibility, combined with such sweet retiring modesty, that we are often constrained to say of woman, if she be dust, it is the very quintessence of dust. Isabella, the second daughter, though scarcely less lovely than her sister, was entirely opposite in her beauty. They had both imbibed the energy of their mother's spirit, and though still young, (Isabella being in her seventeenth year,) combined great native self-possession, with dignity of carriage; it was the result of well regulated minds, taught by the acquirements already attained, how much was still to be learned. But the mantling cheek of the gay Isabella, told she was behind her sister in this attainment. Her dark eye, when lighted up with the interest she felt in every changing prospect, imparted a portion of its own sprightliness to all around; the friends who loved her, declared it impossible to be sad beneath the influence of her sunny smile. A warm heart, and generous feelings, spoke in the varying colour and expressive countenance, which invited alike the confidence of the sorrowing and the joyful; sure of finding sympathy from a heart which spoke so eloquently in those speaking features. Such were the individuals who had excited such commotion in our village. Day after day passed away, and still the letter was not called for; every stage was closely examined, and Mrs. Farrelle's name was echoed throughout the village. A group of men collected, whenever a carriage was seen at the store; and the eager inquiry awaited them, on their return to their wives, has Mrs. Farrelly come? Even the children partook in the general excitement; the letter, the unconscious cause of all this, was inspected with curious eyes, and the poor postmaster could neither eat nor sleep, nor talk of anything else but the expected arrival.

Meanwhile, our travellers quietly pursued their journey, little imagining their movements were of the slightest importance to any one but themselves; but everything must have an end, sooner or later; and though long delayed, they at length arrived. Mrs. Farrelle had brought her coachman and footman over with her, and therefore had only to purchase carriages and horses, when she arrived. This was soon accomplished, and after exploring many parts of the country, she proceeded with her daughters, to her destination. Why she was led to locate herself among us, is one of those unaccountable things which can only be explained by attributing it to fancy. But she came, and our village has reason to rejoice, that any cause brought her hither. The carriage was seen at a distance, and the crowd collected—men, women, and children, issued forth, to see the wonderful stranger; windows were filled with staring faces, as the carriage passed along. "Dear mamma," said Isabella, "one would think these people were expecting a show of some kind; only look how from every house we are gazed upon; see, how the children run after the carriage; surely something must be wrong; see there, a crowd are assembled at the post-office; there is the sign; shall we stop for letters?"

"We will inquire my dear, but I have so often made the inquiry in vain, that I fear your father's letter has miscarried."

Ere William could draw up his horses, the eager postmaster, with the letter in his hand, approached the carriage. "Here's your letter, Mrs. Farrelle, we have been expecting you nearly a week—meet with any accident to detain you?" The lady, all astonishment, received her letter, simply replied in the negative, and desired William to drive to the tavern. Isabella, ever alive to the ludicrous, could scarcely restrain her laughter, as she gazed on the faces of stupid wonder and curiosity, which surrounded her. One of the boys, more daring than the rest, had climbed up behind the carriage, and swinging himself round, contrived to peep in at the window; where, encouraged by the smiling face of the gay Isabella, he took a deliberate survey of the interior, before William's eye discovered him, and his surly voice quickly dismounted the intruder. Mrs. Mumford's establishment offered every inducement for their accomodation; and the bustling landlady ushered them into her best parlour, with as much deference as could have been shown to the royal family. The good lady dusted each chair, ere she handed it to her visitors, though we who know her, are well assured, in her house no dust accumulates, for it is scattered, before it has time to settle.

"What will you have for supper, ladies?"

"Anything," replied Mrs. Farrelle, "which you can conveniently give us; can you accomodate us for some weeks?"

"Yes, ma'am, if you can put up with our fare. I shall think myself honoured if you will stay with us."

"Have you a husband?"

"Yes, ma'am, but Ned Mumford, ma'am, is no good to nobody!"

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"Does he drink!"

"No ma'am, he is a sober man—will you please walk up and see your rooms, ladies?"

"You Ned Mumford you, why don't you come, and carry up the ladies' trunks?"

"I will not trouble your husband," replied the lady, "my servants shall attend to them."

"Oh ma'am, it is no trouble to him, he is no good to nobody."

Mrs. Mumford, though a sharp spoken woman, was far from being so in her disposition, and excepting that she was the better man of the two, she made her husband a most excellent wife. The ladies were well satisfied with their accommodations, and Mrs. Farrelle determined to remain there till she could build a house for herself; at least, till she could finish a part of it sufficiently to make it habitable. We have spoken of the village church, but as yet have been silent with regard to the pastor. He had been there but a short time, but was sedulously engaged in the duties of his parish. He was a young man, of devoted piety, and earnestly desiring the spiritual welfare of his flock. Mrs. Mumford spoke loudly in his praises, as she responded to Bertha's question, who was their minister. She told of his kindness to the sick, to the afflicted and the poor, and how beautiful he talked to everybody; her praises, though unqualified, were not misplaced, the object of them was fully worthy. George Monteith was a humble follower of his master, and though highly educated and gifted, chose to devote his talents in some obscure vineyard where he might be useful, and where he might be secure from the temptations which attend popularity. The beauty of this location, and the spiritual destitution of the people, had induced him to fix his abode in our village; and his coming among us has been a source of thankfulness and rejoicing to many. He was absent for several weeks, after the arrival of Mrs. Farrelle and her daughters; and his pulpit was occupied by a clergyman from the city. The praises of this young man so continually sounding in their ears, awakened a desire in the minds of our friends to see him, who was henceforth to minister to them in holy things; but the young people anticipated his return with different feelings; the laughing Isabella declared she longed to behold this paragon, that she might enjoy the sight of a civilized human being; for she was weary of the stupidity and absence of refinement in those around her; but the gentle Bertha hoped to reap from one so beloved by those who listened to instruction from his lips, the benefit of those lessons of heavenly wisdom, from which she so much desired to profit.

CHAPTER III.

Bertha had scarce grown up to womanhood ere her warm affections had been enlisted, and her heart won, by one in everything worthy of her love, save that a cloud rested upon his birth. He had been adopted at a tender age by one of the first families in England, and was educated with their own children. His lofty bearing, his talents, gentle manly deportment, and conversational powers, made him eagerly sought after in the circles of fashion; he was one of nature's noblemen, and in every respect calculated to win the affections of a girl like Bertha. They met at the house of a friend, where they, with other company, were passing the holidays. At the end of the week they were so deeply attached to each other, that they parted not till a tale of love was told. The blushing girl referred her lover to her parents, and hardly lingered to return his adieu. With the ardour of a first love he hastened to press his suit, but the pride of family prevailed, and the parents, though unwilling to grieve their daughter, refused their consent. They alleged the youth of both parties, and fully believed a few months would convince their daughter they had acted wisely. The young people were not allowed an interview, and both were too high-minded to seek one clandestinely. The light-hearted Bertha drooped daily, and the rose faded from her cheek: she never mentioned his name, but strove to submit her will to her parents. Her lover fled from the scene where all his hopes and affections were centred, and the warm blush of shame mantled on his cheek—false shame, indeed—that he had no name among the great ones of the earth. He determined to win one for himself, and then come and cast his laurels at the feet of his Bertha.

Blighted in her young affections, Bertha was led to feel the vanity of all earthly things, and to seek a more enduring love from Him who has promised to give "His people the blessing of peace;" and ere one year had passed, while she bent beneath the chastening rod, she had learned to say, "it is good for me that I have been afflicted." Once more a smile played over her features; it was a smile of peace; "such peace as the world can neither give nor take away;" and joy beamed from her eye—the joy of a soul walking in the ways of salvation. She had fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before her in the gospel, and she was happy, though her affections had been too closely entwined around the object of her early love to rest for a moment on any other. Many suitors had retired from the field, finding it hopeless to make an impression upon her heart; but she made friends of all by her winning and courteous deportment. Such was Bertha's history, and her whole manner was so plaintive that your interest was at once elicited. Isabella's joyous laugh told its own tale of joy and happiness, unchecked in its current by sorrow and disappointment. This family was soon regarded, by the whole village, with respect, and looked up to with admiration; particularly as Mrs. Farrelle was giving them materials for conversation in the unheard of building she was erecting. She had much trouble in getting workmen, and more in making them follow her directions: some said the kitchen was too large; others, that

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was not the way they built houses in Norton. Then, when she came to lay out the grounds in English style, planting hedges for fences, a park for deer, a walk cut in the mountain, and other unheard of enormities, she would have been in despair had her spirit been less energetic, less determined: but the more difficulties that rose in her way the more did she appear resolute to overcome them. Innumerable were the mistakes made in carrying out her plans, but she at length saw them all under way, though still requiring her personal superintendence. The girls were not idle. Isabella, accompanied by the servant, scoured the country on horseback, and met with so many amusing adventures, in her intercourse with the villagers, that her mother would sometimes laughingly put her hands to her ears and beg her to spare her nerves, for her tongue ran so incessantly that with all her difficulties and conversations with the workmen she was worn out. Isabella would beg to be commissioned to superintend them, assuring her mamma she would wish no better employment.

"But what have you done with your sister all this time, Isabella; does she never accompany you on these excursions?"

"Oh no, mamma; Bertha is so busy with the poor; I do believe she knows every old goody for miles around. I tell her the clergyman will regard her as a rival, and consequently bestow all his admiration on me: but here she comes with a beautiful bouquet in her hand, no doubt the gift of old Dame somebody."

Beautiful as were the flowers in her hand, Bertha's loveliness far surpassed them; and the mother gazed with gratified admiration upon the living graces which exhibited themselves in her figure. Her light chip hat was carelessly thrown aside, and a shower of golden ringlets escaping from their confinement, fell in rich profusion over her neck and shoulders; her fine face, glowing with exercise and beaming forth that blessed spirit of the gospel, "Peace on earth and good will towards men," told of some sweet errand of mercy.

"Oh mamma, dear mamma, you must accompany me to Dame Green's. I have had such a happy afternoon with this poor old woman; she is nearly blind, and lives alone, and yet so neat is everything about her house, that it shames many who have their sight: she is such a good woman, so happy amid all her poverty and infirmities, that it is a privilege to witness it."

The visit was at once decided on, and we will leave the mother and daughters for their walk.

CHAPTER IV.

Bright and beautiful arose the sun of the Sabbath day. The busy hum of the workmen's tools was hushed, and a sweet stillness proclaimed the day of rest had come. The noisy sports of the children were not heard, for these little lambs of the flock had been gathered by their kind pastor into the Sunday School. The whole village wore an air of repose. Many hailed the sacred day, the best of all the seven, and rejoiced that, having fulfilled the command, "six days thou shalt labour," it was their privilege to "remember the Sabbath and keep it holy." Among those who thus regarded it was Bertha.

Sweetly sounded the chime of the village bells, inviting all to leave their worldly cares behind and go up to the sanctuary, to hear of that "rest which remaineth for the people of God," of which the Sabbath is a type. The villagers, in their neat Sunday dress, as they sallied forth from their dwellings, presented an appearance harmonizing with the scene; and the joy which beamed in the countenances of some, proclaimed that they were glad when it was said, "Let us go up to the house of the Lord." Among the worshippers were seen the strangers: they had obtained one of the most commodious pews in the church, and, according to the good old English custom, also provided for the accommodation of their servants.

All eyes were directed towards the desk, and the pastor entered. In utter amazement, Mrs. Farrelle beheld her daughter's lover. Bertha, absorbed in her devotions, raised not her head till the voice which was heard from the desk uttered the sublime sentences in the opening of the service. That voice sent the blood to her cheek, and with a throbbing heart she scarcely dared raise her eyes, lest the illusion should vanish. But it was he who had sole possession of her affections. Great was the struggle to regain composure: she had learned to "cast down imaginations, and every high thing which exalteth itself," and ere the minister's invitation was heard, that all should "accompany him with a pure heart and humble voice unto the throne of grace," Bertha was enabled to join, with a single heart, in the confession. The man of God was so impressed with the solemnity of the worship that earth, with all its cares, "kept silence in his bosom; for the Lord was in His holy temple." He saw not the strangers, and this strong proof of his devotion inspired them with respect, such as true piety cannot fail to excite. Poor Bertha was sorely tried that morning, to keep her thoughts from wandering. Her mother and sister vainly strove to catch a glance of her countenance; she sedulously avoided looking towards them. The service ended, and the pastor, after giving out the hymn, left the chancel. No lofty organ swelled in solemn notes through the vaulted aisle; but the sweet though untaught voices of our choir echoed the melody of the heart, and filled the simple building with a strain awakening devotion, and tuning the soul to praise. The last note died away, and the pastor, as was his custom, arose from his knees, and standing before the congregation till the rustling accompanying the seating and arranging of themselves should be over, his eye surveyed the assembly. It rested on the pew where the strangers sat. The flush that mounted to his forehead

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was succeeded by a deadly paleness, and he paused an unusual length of time. Recovering himself at length he proceeded with his sermon. The glowing eloquence of his discourse was heightened by the effort, prayerfully made, to bring each thought into captivity, and to preach the Gospel in all its simplicity.

It was not till in the solitude of his own chamber the bursting heart of the young pastor found relief. The sight of his beloved Bertha had awakened all the feelings and hopes of former years. When he entered the ministry he gave up all ambitious desires, and with them the being who had inspired them. If the gay and courted Monteith was not thought by her parents worthy of their daughter's hand, he could not hope that the humble village pastor should become of sufficient importance among the sons of earth to cast a look of love to one so far above him. Thus in entering upon the duties of his calling he had relinquished literally everything for the service in which he enlisted. Of the birth and parentage of George Monteith nothing was known. He was found by an old woman in the north of Scotland when about two years old. Attracted by the cry of an infant she approached the spot, and found a lovely babe, though clad in rags. It was a lone and desolate place, not a house for miles round. The benevolent old woman, though exceedingly poor, could not forbear to carry the infant to her cottage, saying to herself "we shall not miss the bit the bairn will eat, puir chiel; I am sure our Johnnie will share with the wee thing." There was nothing about the child to lead to a conjecture as to whom it belonged, save a small leather bag, which he appeared to value highly, always saying in its simple language, pretty, pretty. The bag contained a locket, set round with pearls, with the initials A. M. S. Our Johnnie shared cheerfully with the wee bairn, and they did not miss the bit he ate. Their affairs seemed to prosper, and the old woman said the back was fitted to the burden. She had no means of making inquiries about the child. She taught him as well as she was able. She could read her Bible, and though not fluently, many a lesson of wisdom he learned from her lips. The bairn grew, and became a comfort to this poor family. When he was about ten years of age, a lady, travelling through the north of Scotland, having met with some accident to detain her a few hours, stopped at Mrs. Monteith's hut. The good dame did all in her power to entertain the lady, for her children were employed out of doors. George, who was gathering sticks for his mammy, entered the apartment. There was a nobleness in his bearing so unusual among that class of children, that the lady's attention was attracted. She looked with admiration on the open brow, and sunny features, and the dark ringlets which clustered round his forehead. The tears came into her eyes as she gazed, for she saw a striking resemblance to a darling son, whose death she mourned with all a mother's tenderness. When George departed to his work the old woman, glad of an opportunity to relate his history, and observing the interest with which her visitor regarded him, showed the locket and entered into the particulars. The guest departed, and the munificent gift she bestowed rejoiced the widow's heart. After an absence of a few weeks Lady Mortimer returned and offered to take the adopted bairn to London, and if she should not succeed in restoring him to his parents, to educate him as her own son. Bitter was the parting between the child and his kind friends; but the widow was not selfish, and the interest of her darling bairn was near her heart.

"Gude-bye, my sweet bairn; shall I never again hear thy busy wee feet? the widow's heart will be sair without thee: a blessing from above rest upon thee."

Her eyes were dim with tears, and our Johnnie wept outright.

"Here, Geordie, tak this knife; 'tis all I hae to gie ye; and oh, when ye be sae grand, dinna forget, Geordie, the happy days o' lang syne."

Poor George clung to these dear friends, beseeching not to be sent away, and only desiring to live with mammy and dear Johnnie. The widow dried her tears, and told him, when he was a man he could take them to his home. Comforted by the thought, he consented to go with the lady. It was long before he could be satisfied in his new home. All inquiries proved fruitless, and he was, as we have said, brought up as the adopted son of Lord Mortimer. Almost broken-hearted by the refusal of Bertha's parents, he left them, determined to enrol his name among the distinguished of his country. His patron wishing some business attended to in America, George embarked, hoping to find in change of scene some relief to the bitterness of his sorrow. He met with an American clergyman who, discovering the state of his mind, ministered so judiciously and perseveringly to him of the word of life, that he was brought to that knowledge which is above all price; and feeling himself called to preach the gospel, with the consent of his patron he entered upon the necessary preparation. His college education greatly shortened the time of study, and he was regarded as one of the most promising young men in the ministry. He chose an humble station, for he feared he might have been tempted to seek popularity and fame for Bertha's sake. He had arrived home on Saturday, and was detained by visiting a sick parishioner till late in the evening: in consequence, the arrival of the strangers had not reached his ear. He called on the family early Monday morning, and great was his joy to find that Bertha "had obtained like precious faith with himself," though he remembered the insurmountable obstacle which opposed their union. Bertha avoided every meeting with the young pastor, except in the presence of her mother, though they both cherished a hope that happier and brighter days were in store for them.

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CHAPTER V.

"Only think, ma'am," said Mrs. Mumford, "our pastor is going to London!"

This remark was addressed to Bertha, and the tell-tale blush betrayed she was not unconcerned.

"Does he intend returning?" inquired Mrs. Farrelle.

"Indeed, ma'am, Mr. Tryon did not know; he said there was a letter with a great seal upon it, and Mr. Monteith had written to take passage in the ship. He thinks the letter has something to do with his going."

Mr. Monteith called himself to say he was unexpectedly obliged to go to England, and would be the bearer of any despatches for the ladies: he anticipated returning in a few months. He said no more, and no conjecture of Isabella's was satisfactory to Bertha as to the cause of his departure. Isabella declared she would ask him herself, and was sure his benevolence would not suffer him to refuse to gratify her curiosity. Mr. Tryon asked him many questions, but he was impenetrable. He sailed as soon as he could make arrangements for his absence. Rumours were afloat in the village that he would bring a bride with him; and Bertha, unable to account for the joy with which he bade them adieu, concluded it must be so. Nor could she blame him, for he was so domestic in his habits and feelings, she could not expect him to remain single on a hope so indefinite of one day possessing her hand. Again had Bertha to struggle with her heart, for the holy teachings of the pastor had raised a new tie to bind her to him, and she felt she would be willing to share any condition in life with him.

Little did Bertha know the cause of the joy which George felt when he said adieu. His hopes appeared about to be realized, and he looked forward to returning in a few months to claim the hand so highly prized. He knew not that Bertha loved him still, but he hoped—for he had heard how many suitors had been dismissed, and she remained single. The letter he received was the cause of his absence. Lord Mortimer had been visited by a Scotch gentleman, after George sailed for America. He was struck by the likeness of a portrait of George to an old friend, the Earl of G——, and after hearing the story, became so much interested in the subject of it that he promised to spare no pains, on his return, to discover if Lord G—— had ever had a son. His acquaintance with him was formed within the last ten years, and of the previous history of the family he knew nothing. The hope was so faint that the circumstances were never mentioned. The gentleman, after remaining a year in England, returned home. He sought an interview with the earl, and showed him the locket, which he had brought with him. The old man covered his face with his hands, and in the pathetic language of the patriarch Jacob exclaimed, "My son is alive; it is enough; I will yet see him before I die." George, or rather Arthur Morton Somers, was the only son of the Earl of G——, who possessed vast estates in the south of Scotland, and whose name was not unknown in England. He had distinguished himself in many ways, and was dear to the hearts of his countrymen. His only child had been stolen away by a gipsy, in revenge for the measures he had taken, to rid his grounds of them. Whether she became tired of her burden, or feared detection, is not known; but she left him where the kind old widow found him. Lord Mortimer's letter did not inform Arthur of all these events; but merely that there was reason to believe him to be heir to a title and estates in Scotland.

The return of Somers was a cause of great rejoicing to this noble family, who were tenderly attached to him. Soon as he heard his father was yet alive, he hastened on his journey, accompanied by Lord and Lady Mortimer. The joy of that meeting beggars description. The father received his son, so long supposed to be dead, and rejoicings meet for the occasion welcomed him home. But the piety of the young minister raised the voice of prayer and thanksgiving to hallow the joy. Every day his respect and filial affection increased; it was his privilege to find his father in all respects a Christian. The thought of parting with his newly found son, was a great grief to the earl; but that son was set apart to the holy office, and he felt that "necessity was laid upon him to preach the gospel." Owing to a law then existing in the English church, he could not exercise his office without a regular theological education in England; therefore he felt called upon to return to the flock he had left. Besides, his heart yearned for Bertha, that she might become the sharer of his prosperity. His father listened to his reasons, and commended them; saying, as he could not remain with him, he would accompany him to his parish to witness their union. Somers had not forgotten the kind friends of his babyhood. The widow preferred remaining where her happiest days had been spent; but a small annuity, and some repairs and conveniences about the cottage, made her comfortable for life. Her pious heart was gladdened, for she felt that she was realizing the promise, "Cast thy bread upon the water, and thou shalt find it after many days." Earl G—— and his son embarked in the vessel with Mr. Farrelle, who no longer refused his consent, but heartily wished the young man success in his wooing. No tidings reached our village of these events, and Somers was glad that he might thus test his Bertha's affection, so certain was he of its disinterested character. Meanwhile Mrs. Farrelle's establishment was complete, and she was prepared to receive her husband in their own house. It was truly a magnificent establishment, and altogether superior to any ever seen by our villagers: indeed there were few in the country equal to it. Mr. Farrelle promised to keep Arthur's secret from Bertha, and he visited her as the humble pastor of a village church. Surprised at the favour shown towards him by her father, she attributed it to their voyage in company. Her pa-

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rents gave him the opportunity he sought, and Bertha, assured of their consent, hesitated not to make a frank avowal of her feelings.

"Remember, dear Bertha," said her lover, "as the wife of a country clergyman you will have to make many sacrifices: I would not take advantage of your disinterestedness, but wish you would weigh well the cost. You will have to visit among persons void of refinement, will be exposed to the vulgar curiosity of many, but above all remember the comparative poverty which awaits you. The country pastor's salary is a mere pittance to one accustomed to all the luxuries of wealth."

"None of these things move me, George," replied Bertha, "and I believe we shall enjoy as great happiness as falls to the lot of mortals."

We will pass over the scenes which, however interesting to lovers, are exceedingly ridiculous in the eyes of sober persons unconcerned in the transaction. Bertha learned with astonishment of her lover's brilliant prospects, but it did not awaken in her bosom the pleasure her mother anticipated in the recital.

"Why daughter! do you regret the accession of wealth and a title?" asked Mrs. Farrelle.

"Yes—no mamma, not exactly; but I know not how it is, I cannot contemplate George Monteith as the future Earl of G—— without losing his identity, and am almost tempted to wish he had continued only the humble pastor of Norton."

"That you might have proved the disinterestedness of your love by sharing his poverty! foolish, romantic girl; you are quite incorrigible," rejoined her mother.

The Earl of G—— hastened to welcome his future daughter, and Mr. Farrelle insisted the parsonage was not a place for him. He was prevailed upon to take up his abode with them, and was much amused by Isabella's lively sallies, and found great delight in the company of Bertha. Arrangements for the wedding were speedily making; Mr. Farrelle insisted upon building a house for the young people; but Somers resolutely declined, and Bertha declared, with a few repairs, the parsonage would be all they could desire. Thus time wore away, and the eventful day drew near. Nothing was talked of at the store but the approaching wedding. As the ceremony was to be performed in the church, the whole parish anticipated witnessing it. A merry peal of bells ushered in the wedding day, and Bertha was awakened from her slumbers by the sweet voices of the village choir singing under her window an epithalamium, composed for the occasion by the schoolmaster. A group of young girls, dressed in white, awaited the appearance of the bride, and strewed her path with flowers. White favours were seen on William's hat, and he had decked his horse's head correspondingly. The young men of the village, dressed in their best, each one with a posy in his buttonhole and a white favour in his hat, assembled at the door of the parsonage, to welcome their pastor. When the bride and groom arrived at the church the choir sang a hymn. The venerable bishop officiated, and the ceremony was replete with interest. There was scarcely a dry eye in the church, though all declared they wept for joy. Long will the day be remembered in our village, for there was not one who needed forgotten on this joyful occasion; and a feast was prepared, to which all the villagers were invited. There was bridecake in plenty, and the very children who were left at home as too youthful to conduct themselves with propriety were supplied with a piece. Mr. Tryon was in his element, and said he was sure that letter denoted some great revolution in the village. Mr. Somers addressed a few words to the assembled company before they separated; and the bishop, after prayer, dismissed them with his blessing.

Thus ended this happy day. Many years have passed since then, and our good pastor, with his lovely wife, have accomplished much good among us. The earl returned, after the wedding, to his home. The next year Mr. and Mrs. Somers went over to Scotland to visit him. He was attacked by violent sickness while they were with him, and they did not leave him till the last sad scene was over. Mr. Somers, with the consent of his wife, relinquished the title in favour of the next heir, retaining of the vast estate an income which would make them comfortable, devoting much of it to the cause of missions and other benevolent objects. He suffered the remainder to go with the title. Having made these arrangements, they returned to their humble home. There was a time when Bertha's parents would have regarded as the height of folly this voluntary surrender of the riches and honours of this world; but their son had convinced them that the possession of these things was inconsistent with his duties as a village pastor; and such was his attachment to his flock, and so great was the success attending his labours, that he wished to spend his life among them. Bertha's tasteful arrangements had thrown a beauty over everything at the parsonage. During their absence a few alterations had been made, and it is now second only to the Manor House, as we call Mr. Farrelle's. Isabella accompanied her sister to Scotland, and the last news in our village was of another wedding. The arrival of the young Earl of G. seems to countenance it. While we regret the loss of the sprightly girl, we rejoice in her happy prospects. Mr. Tryon says it is just the thing, for it would be a pity the estate should go out of the family, and the thought of being lady G— has great weight; for he says he would rather see a titled lady than any show to be seen in the city. Our village has become an important place, and the exertions of our good pastor have done much towards the promotion of industry among us. The return of the wedding day is always hailed by a merry peal from the church bells.

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WATERING PLACES.

There is something in the prospect of visiting a watering place, which produces a wonderful elasticity of spirit; renewed health, invigorated strength, and increased zest for life, are associated with the idea, and also escape for a time from the dull cares of life. Full of these pleasant thoughts, we drove from our door on a pleasant morning, in the leave-taking of July, glad to exchange the heated atmosphere of the city for mountain breezes, refreshing shades, and cooling fountains. Our destination was Berkely Springs, Bath, and our road through Maryland a fine stone turnpike to Frederic, and from there, till we crossed the Potomac at Hancock, the National road.

Our first stop was at Ellicott's Mills. Here the Patapsco appears to have separated the mountain and formed a passage for its turbid waters. The bed of the river is rocky, the shore steep and wild, though not very high; some of the houses are perched on the sides of the hilly shore, in nooks formed by the sport of nature, or carved out by art. Angelina's cottage is the only one I approached; but Angelina was not in a mood for guests, so I only saw the pretty exterior, which was inviting indeed. There are some fine situations and well built dwellings, with ornamented courts and gardens. The Patapsco Bank is located here. On an eminence, overlooking the village, is situated a flourishing female seminary. The water power here is fine, and moves the machinery of various manufacturing establishments. These buildings are of granite, furnished from quarries on the spot; and from their apparent strength and durability, cheat one into a momentary forgetfulness of time's destroying touch. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad passes here. From many points of view, the appearance of this little village is quite picturesque. It is a pleasant drive of ten miles from Baltimore, and many of the cits often find their way out to refresh, during the hot season.

From Ellicott's Mills to Frederic there are no places of interest, except the new theological seminary on Carroll's manor. Frederic is a rich, populous city, second in the state. Architecture is not cultivated much at the south; each individual here is his own architect, which gives variety without uniformity—here a regularly constructed edifice, there a total departure from every order. The *tout ensemble* of a street strikes the mind as grotesque. The narrow muddy streets are stocked with swinish inhabitants grown familiar, and with easy impudence moving in every path at pleasure. The coloured children, to a northern eye, are objects of curiosity and interest. Of all ages and of every hue and shade from the jet black and distinctive cast of features belonging to the African, to the slightest tinge of the negro, and the fine countenance of the European race, they present themselves to view, playing, working, gazing, ragged and dirty, often, but well fed, quiet, submissive, cheerful, kind, happy even; the street seems their home, and affords them a successive show. Through Maryland I observed a good many white labourers, and much apparent thrift, particularly in the beautiful and fertile valleys between Frederic and Hagerstown. A planter near Hagerstown informed me that many agricultural papers are circulated among the farmers, and a spirit of enterprise and progress is evident.

Hagerstown is a fine place, in the heart of this wealthy region, with a population of 4000. They have good schools in their large towns, and the means of education are becoming more generally diffused.

On crossing the Potomac, came our first taste of the comforts of a Virginia road; gutters, rocks, stumps, &c. rose in quick succession to view; but our carriage was strong, our driver skilful, and ourselves fortunate enough to arrive at Bath without an upset. Bath is the chief town of Morgan county (formerly Berkely), and here are the famous Berkely Springs. The waters are tepid, and combine gases, but I could not ascertain that they had ever been analysed. They are used in connection with bathing for rheumatic affections, bilious complaints, and every species of debility. The fountains are abundant, and furnish the most delightful baths imaginable, from four to five feet high, and from seven to twelve square; you walk down steps into the water, and wonder almost in the delicious temperature, the grateful glow and the alabaster feel of the skin, that the finny tribe should be favoured by dwelling in an element so susceptible of affording delight to man. Bath is situated in a narrow vale between low ridges of a range, secondary to the Blue Ridge and Alleghany. There is little here to interest the traveller or visitor but the baths and the company which they draw together. The lion of the place is Capan Rock, which you reach by a mountain ride of a few miles on horseback. From this rock you have a view of the Potomac, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and the National Road, side by side; in the distance lie the Alleghanies, and intervening the Capan river and other tributaries, with their meadows, winding about and gently mingling their waters with the Potomac.

It is a sight pleasant to the eye, but not striking, to one accustomed to the scenery of the Green Mountains of Vermont, or the White Hills of New Hampshire. In good olden times the Virginia gentry built cabins at Bath, to which they resorted

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during the sickly season, until the early frosts. The foundation of Washington's is still pointed out; its very stones are precious, awakening grateful thoughts of the revered patriot hero and sage. Now most of these cabins have fallen to decay. Hotels supply the visitors with accommodations.

We found a traveller's home at Mr. Strothers', a genteel, orderly, comfortable house, where good sense and refined taste preside over every arrangement. Bath was once much resorted to, but other springs of superior medicinal virtues have been discovered in the region, where elegant and spacious accommodations have been provided, and the multitude are diverted from Bath; still you are always sure of finding some of the Virginia gentry there. We had the pleasure of meeting with a highly agreeable representation from the literary, military, and agricultural classes, and this was particularly gratifying to me, as I wish to study society at the south, and judge from personal observation of its peculiar characteristics and its distinctive features, compared with those of the north. I cling to New England as the tendril to its prop; my fatherland and its precious institutions, make the pleasing theme of daily thought and nightly dreams; but as an American I disclaim sectional feeling—my heart warms to the good and the true in the length and breadth of the land, and deplores every spot that mars national honour.

I went to Virginia with an American heart, and I do assure you there is something very interesting about these Virginians; there is an elevation of sentiment and feeling, a freedom from affectation, a frankness, a cordiality, an ease, an elegance, a refinement and a spontaneous hospitality, which win you at once. I am not conscious of any spell, but I must confess they please me more than any people I have ever seen. With them we see no struggle for equality; no feeling of superiority from external distinctions; no show of wealth, or pride in it; no valuation of character from length of purse; no attempt at passing for what they are not; in fine, none of the thousand disagreeables which society presents in the north. The planter is the gentleman, and his position is considered more elevated than that of the professional and mercantile classes. A Virginia planter exercises in all the arrangements of his household the same regard to the comfort, happiness and real wants of the servant as the good sovereign for his people, or the humane officer for his soldiers. This order of things is not dependent alone upon the humanity of the master; it is secured by his refinement of character and elevation of sentiment; by his interest; by the organization of society, and perhaps still more by a certain *esprit du corps*. The love of repose which is found here, (whether it be a legitimate offspring of the climate or not, I cannot say,) favours the continuance of ancient usages; like the Roman patron and client, the master and slave are bound together so strongly, and the cords are involved so often, that duty can scarcely rouse the one or freedom the other, to unbind them. Such masters are beloved and served with all fidelity. The negro takes the rank of his master, and gains his consequence from his relation to him. Some facts to the point I learned from an interesting young relative of John Randolph, (a member of Virginia University.) John Randolph's house servants still live at Roanoke; the memory of their master is their strong tie to life. Each day they open the house, air it, put it in order, as in the lifetime of their master; even his pens and paper on his desk, lie in his library as he left them. His personal attendant complained of solitude since his master's death. "I cannot associate with these people," said he, "they are no society for one who has lived with gentlemen."

From Bath we proceeded to White Sulphur Springs, about six miles from Winchester, Virginia. These waters are of a fine quality, equal to the White Sulphur, Green Briar county. They are strongly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen and iodine, and combine other gases. The proprietor owns the springs and grounds around, which will prevent competition in boarding. The present accommodations make one quite comfortable.—Here our table numbered about one hundred, gathered from Maryland, Virginia, and the District. The visitors are very accessible at watering places. Each seems to have in view the general enjoyment and comfort, and all become acquainted. There are not many invalids among them. It is a pleasant resort during the hot season, and a refreshment to the spirits, and the waters are considered a salutary alterative.

On our return we passed through Harper's Ferry. Jefferson's Notes have given notoriety to this spot. How often, when in a distant part of the country, has the picture framed by his description entertained me, and awakened a strong desire to visit the place; and my gratification equalled the strength of my desire. I have mounted Jefferson's Rock, my eye has taken in the enchanting scene. The rivers dashing and foaming over their rocky beds, embracing and forcing a passage through the Blue Ridge; then rolling on in mingled might till their deep shadowed bed and vale are terminated in the distance by the lofty Cotactan. The parted mountain rests by the side of its conqueror like a bulwark, in all the pride of strength, the grandeur of power, and the wildness of nature; bearing on its rocky sides materials for fancy to image forth into all shapes. Here is found the busts of heroes, the statues of patriots; but over them all, transcendent in silent beauty, presides the lady of the mountain. In 1793, government purchased a mile in extent on each river, Harper reserving the ferry and six acres on the point, at the junction of the rivers. Across this ferry is a fine bridge in process of erection. The bridge was built a number of years since, but not well; it has been almost entirely taken down, and is now being put up in a substantial way. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses it. The government lands are occupied by an extensive armoury, beside which there is but one other

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in the United States, at Springfield, Massachusetts. It employs three hundred men, at an expense of $180,000 annually, in the manufacture of guns. I was told that every piece of machinery used in these works is the invention of Yankees.

I witnessed nearly the whole operation of manufacturing this engine of death, and am told these gun-makers are peaceable citizens; they certainly are courteous men, for they left their breakfast in some instances, and their work in others, to gratify my curiosity; they are paid by the piece. These works appear to be admirably conducted, with just economy and great care to secure good workmanship. The population of the village is 2300. The height of the ridge, at the passage of the rivers through it, is about 1000 feet; the width of the Potomac 700 feet, and of the Shenandoah 400. Jefferson's Rock is about 275 feet above the level of the Shenandoah, and a short distance west of it. It is a cubic mass of rock ten or twelve feet in dimension, poised upon a ledge hanging over the road, and you ascend it by inequalities on the side; on it lies a flat rock, a little smaller, with a fellow fallen at the side. I inquired the history of the fallen rock, and was told that a regiment of the standing army created by the elder Adams was stationed at the Ferry, and when Jefferson disbanded it, they expressed their dissatisfaction by an assault on the rock, where his Notes were penned; after dislodging one rock, the citizens compelled them to desist. If you ever go to Harper's Ferry, call on Mr. Foley, at the bridge; he will bestow on you every attention and all the comforts which the place affords, and you can never tire of the beauties in view from his house. It must be remembered that civilization has quite changed the character of this place from the air it wore when Mr. Jefferson described it; yet no lover of nature can witness it now, without deep emotion, and a renewed feeling of the grandeur of creation.

TO ONE VERY DEAR,

WITH THE GIFT OF A BIBLE.

BY L. J. CIST.

No gem of the dark and dirty mine,
  No pearl of the deep blue sea,
No jewell'd offering on vanity's shrine
  Is the gift that I send to thee:
I send as a token, lady fair,
  An off'ring of richer worth
Than pearls of the sea, or the gifts of air,
  Or the precious stones of earth.

I send thee a Book!—yet no trifle light
  Of ballad and roundelay;
No legend of brave and gallant knight,
  And ladye-love, fair and gay;
No idle and fanciful wild romaunt,
  With which poets delight to lure;
Nor chanson, roundelay, lay, or chaunt
  Of the brave old Troubadour.

But the Book of the High and Holy One—
  The record of life and truth;
To the aged pilgrim his noonday sun,
  And a lamp to the feet of youth:
I send it—no token of lightsome love,
  But of feelings as pure and true
As the angels know in their homes above—
  As dwell in this heart for you!

I know thou art loved by another now,
  I know thou wilt ne'er be mine;
But take from me still my heart's pure vow,
  I ask thee not now for thine!
Yet though others be with thee in gaudy light,
  And thy thoughts and thy love be theirs,
Oh! think of me, *here* when thou readest at night,
  And remember me then in thy prayers!

LINES WRITTEN UPON A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE ORPHAN GIRL.

Like some fair flower of early spring,
  Too soon that opes, too soon that blows,
To-day that's warm'd by summer's suns,
  To-morrow killed by winter's snows—
Alas! like it, thou lovely girl,
  The genial sun that on thee shone,
Was care and love a mother felt
  Who's now, alas! for ever gone.

Sweet girl, thy pure and virtuous mind
  From tempting crime, from storms of vice,
Oh, who shall guard, oh, who protect,
  Oh, who shall give thee kind advice?

If from thy pure and guiltless heart
  Thou shouldst another's vows believe,
Oh, who shall stay thy erring steps
  If these are made but to deceive?

But oft has morning cloudy seemed,
  And dark and dull has day begun,
Yet oft have murky clouds dissolved,
  And shown a glorious, cheering sun;
But oh, the sun nor dark yet rose,
  Nor e'en so bright became to me,
As, after clouds thy morning's known,
  If it should cheering rise on thee.

Hamilton (U. C.), March 22, 1839.

J. S. H.

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ALINA DERLAY; OR THE TWO CAPS.

A TALE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE FIRST.

ALINA Derlay was not two years old when she lost her mother, who died suddenly at the early age of nineteen. The family, being about to embark for England, were then on a farewell visit to Dr. and Mrs. Wendover, who resided at a small town in the interior of Pennsylvania. Mrs. Wendover was the maternal aunt of Winslow Derlay, and before her marriage she had lived many years at his father's house. Of her kindness to him in his boyhood he had always cherished the most grateful remembrance. And the intelligent and amiable Mrs. Derlay, in whose affection for the man of her heart there was not one atom of selfishness, loved him too well not to love also those that were dear to him. Instead of regarding with a jaundiced eye her husband's relatives, as is too often the case with young wives, the medium through which she saw them was always *couleur de rose*.

The unexpected death of his beloved Laura overwhelmed Winslow Derlay with the most poignant anguish: and the shock was so great that he never recovered from it. His spirits sunk to revive no more, and his health began slowly but surely to decline. He felt that his days were numbered. Nevertheless as soon as he was able to think of anything like worldly business, he prepared again for his voyage to Europe; from which he had a prospect of realizing something that, in case of his death, would insure an independence for his motherless little girl. Mr. Derlay was easily persuaded to yield to the entreaties of his uncle and aunt Wendover, and leave in their care his almost infant child: at least till she should be old enough to have secured a good constitution by passing her earliest years in country air and country happiness. The little town of Brookfield was in a remarkably salubrious situation: and Dr. Wendover, who was an excellent physician, found leisure (notwithstanding he had all the practice of the place) to superintend the cultivation of a small but valuable farm that had been left to him by his father; the dwelling-house being the very last on the main street of the village. His two sons, the children of a former marriage, had long since removed with their families to a wider field of enterprise: one to the banks of the Ohio: the other to the Genesee country. Mrs. Wendover, who had married late in life, and was the very best of stepmothers and step-grandmothers, grieved much at their departure: and both she and her husband felt the want of some youthful being to enliven their house, and excite in them a new and daily interest, now that their own children and grandchildren were far away. People of kind hearts and generous feelings have such a *besoin d'aimer* that they are rarely happy unless they enjoy the gratification of cherishing some object to whose comforts and pleasures they can contribute, and on whose affection they can depend.

Winslow Derlay took an agonised leave of his little daughter, and returned mournfully to Philadelphia, at which place he resided; and where he had become the junior partner of a house engaged in a flourishing business. He embarked at New York for England: where he exerted himself beyond his strength in attending to the affairs that brought him thither. Early in the ensuing winter a violent cold, acting on an enfeebled constitution, brought him in a few weeks to the grave.

He died at the house of his cousin, Seaford Rochdale, who with his family had been for some years a resident of London. To Mr. Rochdale the unfortunate Derlay left the guardianship of his little Alina, and the care of some property which was worth at that time about fifty thousand dollars, and which was to be her's at the age of twenty-one. He desired in his will that she should not be removed from Brookfield till she had completed her ninth year: and that after she had ceased to be a settled inmate of their house, her affection for her aunt and uncle Wendover should be cultivated by frequent visits, and by frequent letters when separated.

Alina Derlay was just nine years old when the Rochdale family returned to Philadelphia. In about two months after their arrival, Mr. Rochdale went to Brookfield, (having previously written to Dr. Wendover) and found the little girl well and happy; the darling of her old uncle and aunt, and deriving her chief enjoyments from reading all the books she could obtain, and from petting all sorts of living things. It was with extreme grief that the good Wendovers gave up their youthful charge to Mr. Rochdale: and it was long before the old lady could be persuaded that Alina would in any possible way be benefited by the change. But the doctor seeing farther and clearer, succeeded at last in convincing his wife that it would be better for the heiress of fifty thousand dollars to have the advantages of a polished education, and an introduction into such society as can rarely be found except in a large city.

"You know, my dear Elsey," said he, "you and I are very old-fashioned people, and so are all our

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associates: for Brookfield is a very ancient town (having been settled before the revolution), and being quite inland, and having no water-power, it is still jogging on in an easy primitive way, without troubling itself much with improvements. Now, though at your age and mine, there is no harm in being old-fashioned, still I doubt if it would be well for Alina to grow up an old-fashioned girl. And then, you know, as we live but a day's journey from Philadelphia, she can easily come and see us: and perhaps, now that we have so powerful a motive for leaving home, we may go sometimes and see her."

The little girl was almost broken-hearted at the idea of leaving her kind uncle and aunt, notwithstanding that they magnanimously represented to her the delights of Philadelphia, and the enjoyments of Philadelphia children. But she could not conceive any greater happiness than that of staying always with them in her own home, (as she called it,) with her own little flower-garden, and her numerous pets, of whom she would gladly have taken a cart-load away with her. She went out into the barn-yard to select a chicken to carry to the city; but not being able to decide between gray-speckled Kitty and yellow-speckled Fanny, she concluded on taking both. The three white kittens (whose aunt she called herself) were also to accompany her; for as one kitten by itself is never so frolicksome as when there are several, and as they mew when separated, Alina resolved on conveying them all to Philadelphia. Her little monthly rose-bush, and her little orange and lemon-trees that had grown from seeds planted by herself, were also to go with her, pots and all. She besought Mr. Rochdale to stay till the two squab-pigeons were fledged, that she might see if they had fan tails; and till the four little puppies had their eyes open, that she might look at them playing about, if it was only for one day.

Mr. Rochdale kindly assured Alina that if she still desired all these things after she went to Philadelphia, they should be replaced by others as like them as possible. But the tears rolled down her cheeks as she said "that these would not be the *same* things that she was accustomed to loving." He tried to convince her that in a short time she would find herself loving her new pets quite as much as the old ones. This the affectionate little girl very much doubted, and throwing her arms round Mrs. Wendover's neck she exclaimed, "I am very sure if I had twenty new aunts in Philadelphia, I should not love the whole of them together half as much as I do my dear old one." Upon this Mrs. Wendover sobbed aloud, and the good doctor drew his hand across his eyes.

The next day but one (Thursday) was that fixed on for the departure of Mr. Rochdale with his little charge, in case the weather would permit. On Wednesday afternoon Alina began to watch the clouds, hoping that it would rain on Thursday and enable her to remain another day at Brookfield. But in vain; the sky continued obstinately serene. At evening she rejoiced in seeing a few light clouds in the west; but the sun set bright and clear beneath them, giving "token of a goodly day tomorrow." Finding that her pets could not conveniently be transported to Philadelphia, poor Alina went round to all and took a melancholy leave of them; and when it was over she went round again and took leave a second time. Before she retired for the night she slipped out into the porch to look at the sky, but found a brilliant star-light: still her aunt gave her some consolation by privately assuring her that the western part of the heavens seemed rather dark, and that not a star was twinkling between the Pankatanky hills. After Alina went to bed she literally cried herself to sleep. About midnight she was awakened by the sound of rain pattering against the window; and rejoicing much in the hope of at least one day's respite, and recollecting that sometimes the weather continued bad for three or four days, she soon forgot her sorrows in slumber. With the earliest light of dawn Mr. Rochdale (whose room was next to hers) heard Alina run to the window to look out, and exclaim, "Oh! I am so sorry! it is a clear bright morning!"

An early breakfast was provided for the travellers; but though it consisted of just such articles as she particularly liked, poor Alina was scarcely able to taste a mouthful. However, her aunt had amply stored her travelling basket with abundance of good things to eat on the road; and had also filled Mr. Rochdale's pockets with whatever of her nice eatables was pocketable. A last adieu was again bidden to all the pets, and they were again fervently recommended to the care of her aunt and uncle, and of the three domestics. Finally the stage came to the door, and the parting was heart-rending all round; so much so that Mr. Rochdale grieved at the necessity of the separation.

Alina knelt on the back seat of the vehicle, and gazed with overflowing eyes from the little window behind, till her uncle's house was no longer in sight, and till not a glimpse of the village remained in view. It was long before the new objects on the road and the novelty of travelling could withdraw the attention of the little girl from her own sorrows. But at length Mr. Rochdale found means to amuse and interest her, concerning the things that they saw in passing: her face gradually brightened, and she only dropped a tear now and then, when she remarked in the roadside fields a colt, or a calf, or a lamb that looked just like one of those she had left at her Brookfield home.

In the evening they arrived at their journey's end, and were set down at Mr. Rochdale's handsome house; and little Alina was received most kindly by Mrs. Rochdale, and most lovingly by all the children, comprising two boys of the ages of twelve and ten, and two girls aged six and three. Before her bonnet was taken off she had distributed among them the contents of her travelling basket, (having eaten but two of the cakes on her journey,) giving to every one an exactly equal share, and breaking into four equal parts an odd rusk that

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was left at the last. "I think," said she, "you all seem as if you would be very good to me; and while you are eating I should like to go about the two parlours and look at all the pretty things, for I did not suppose there was such beautiful furniture in the whole world."

The two boys gallanted our young heroine round the rooms, and explained to her all the useful and ornamental articles such as she had not seen before, including the wonders of the centre-tables. An explanation of the pictures that decorated the walls they deferred till next day, when she could see them by daylight. She seemed very happy till bed-time, when on taking leave of the family for the night and kissing them all round, her lip trembled and tears filled her eyes at the thought that her good uncle and aunt Wendover were so far away.

A very pleasant chamber had been allotted to Alina, and she was delighted to find in it a handsome little book-case, the shelves of which were filled with amusing and instructive books; and there were also an extremely pretty work-table and work-box.

Next day measures were commenced for the equipment of Alina with such articles of dress as were then in fashion for city children of her age; her present costume being some years behind the mode. Yet she had so much beauty and so much natural grace that it did not seem to disfigure her; at least in the eyes of the two boys.

When Alina had unpacked her baggage, she brought down a small wooden box, shaped like a trunk with a round lid, and gaily painted with large red and yellow tulips on a blue ground. This, she said, contained her treasures; and she produced from it numerous little nick-nacks made for her by her aunt Elsey Wendover, who had been educated at Bethlehem. Of course when Mrs. Wendover was a girl a Bethlehem education was far more old-fashioned than it is now, and what was then considered ornamental needle-work was sedulously cultivated. Among these evidences of aunt Elsey's taste and skill (all of which were folded in silk paper) there was an enormous white satin pincushion embroidered with a bunch of nondescript flowers on one side, and a cottage and willow on the other, and a rosette of pink satin ribbon at each corner. There was a white satin watch-paper with a forget-me-not flower in the centre, to be ready for the time when Alina should be old enough to wear a watch. There was an embroidered pink satin pocket-book, to be ready for the time when Alina should have notes to put into it; and a blue satin thread-case, stitched into long compartments, with six skeins of sewing-silk of different colours run into these divisions; the back of the thread-case worked in a white jessamine pattern running up its whole length. And there was a curious knit purse with the name of Alina Derlay introduced among its stitches. There were also two ingenious specimens of mosaic made of the most minute pieces of printed calico arranged in very difficult arabesque forms; the whole being lined and fringed with white, and having at each corner a loop of holland tape. These, Alina informed her cousins, were an iron-holder and a kettle-holder. She showed them also (with great pride in the accomplishments of her aunt) what she called a beautiful pocket, with strings of orange ribbon. It was made of fine linen, close-stitched with coloured silks, the principal part of the pattern being intended to represent a basket of flowers, a tall sprig ascending on each side of the aperture, which was overcast along its edge in scollops of bright blue. Leonard Rochdale asked Alina if this pocket was to be worn outside; but his brother Edwin shook his head at him, and said "Shame!"

The Rochdales gathered from Alina that her aunt Elsey, when her household cares were over, devoted all her leisure to fancy needle-work, during which occupation she was always very happy to listen to a book, though she thought she never had time to do her own reading. "I was very glad," said Alina, "when I was old enough to read, for then I could amuse dear aunt Elsey of afternoons; and uncle generally read to her of evenings. And I was always allowed to sit up till nine o'clock to listen, if it was a book that I could understand. I read to aunt Elsey the whole of the Children's Friend, and the Misses Magazine, and Evenings at Home, and Mother Bunch's Fairy Tales—which last I liked best of all. Uncle read to her chiefly out of the Spectator, and the Rambler, and the Adventurer, and the Citizen of the World—for she liked books that she was used to. And sometimes he read a book in a great many volumes that always made me sleepy, notwithstanding that it was about a very good man named Sir Charles Grandison, whom aunt Elsey told me was the proper pattern for all gentlemen. There was a picture in each volume, and he wore a laced coat and waistcoat, with a sword by his side; and his hair was dressed high, and curled and powdered, and his skirts looked so very stiff. I never saw any one at Brookfield that seemed like Sir Charles Grandison; but now I have come to Philadelphia, I dare say I shall meet with a great many."

Leonard Rochdale bit his lips, and even Edwin could scarcely suppress a smile.

To be brief, Alina was in a short time equipped with handsome and becoming habiliments, and the boys pronounced her "perfect." She had at once won the hearts of all the Rochdale family; and her chief pet was little Cora, whom she declared to be better than chickens or kittens, and much superior to flowers. She was sent to an excellent school, and instructed in French, music, dancing, drawing, and the usual female accomplishments; making an extraordinary progress in each. Her vivacity and intelligence, united with kind feelings and an excellent temper, at once gained the hearts of the whole house of Rochdale, and it was impossible that she should be otherwise than happy with them: though neither time nor absence in the least diminished her affectionate regard for the good Wendovers.

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Alina always kept on hand a very large sheet of paper, on which she every day noted down something that she thought her aunt Elsey would like to hear, (including the feats of little Cora,) and when the sheet became completely filled it was folded, sealed, and despatched by mail to Brookfield as a letter. From her aunt she received similar missives in return, giving a full account of the animals and flowers, and all other things that were likely to interest her; the doctor always adding a postscript. Next summer Alina was made very happy by being allowed to spend the month of August at Brookfield. She carried her aunt Elsey a large supply of working cottons, crewels, and silks; and also some new books, which Mrs. Wendover (on hearing her intention) had requested should be *old* ones. Therefore, by Mrs. Rochdale's recommendation, she took Evelina, Cecilia, and Camilla; works that are too excellent ever to be out of date.

Time passed on; and our young and lovely heroine advanced towards womanhood. Yet still, though Alina went every summer to gladden their hearts at Brookfield, the good and simple-minded Wendovers never accomplished their often-promised visit to Philadelphia. They had remained so long stationary that a journey of even one day had become a very formidable thing to them; and the doctor thought he knew enough of what was going on in the world by receiving regularly all the new medical publications. The wife would not leave the husband even for a few days, lest he should be taken ill in her absence; and *vice versa*. Again, the good doctor knew not how to spare the time for going on a pleasurable excursion, as he was always wanted at Brookfield. He could not leave Sammy Jones in the midst of his sore throat; and then by the time Sammy Jones was out of danger, Mary Wilson had scalded her foot; or Nancy Brown had sprained her wrist. He was anxious to see if the remedies he had directed for little Sally Thomson's fits would do her any good: and he could not leave Dennis O'Murphy till his rheumatism was better, lest the whiskey prescribed for rubbing his shoulder should be taken by Dennis internally.

Alina Derlay was about sixteen when, soon after her return from a visit to Brookfield, she caught a violent cold, which was accompanied by a raging fever, and proved almost too much even for her excellent constitution. Her illness was severe and dangerous; but just about the time of its commencement Dr. Wendover was seized with an apoplectic attack which rendered it impossible for him and his wife to come to Philadelphia to see her, as they would otherwise have done; leaving the health of Brookfield to take care of itself. By the time Dr. Wendover recovered, Alina was out of danger, and the first use she made of her convalescent strength was to write a letter to her uncle and aunt. She received in return one in the doctor's own hand, and it proved that this his first apoplectic fit, had in no respect impaired his mind.

After Alina's recovery she found that large portions of her hair came out whenever she combed it—one of the frequent consequences of a severe illness. She tried in vain all the most popular unguents recommended by the perfumers, but found them in her case of no avail—notwithstanding that they were specified to cover with beautiful tresses heads that were absolutely bald. Our heroine's hair still came out in handfuls, and she was persuaded to resort to the last desperate remedy of having it all shaved off. This was accordingly done, to the great regret of the younger Rochdales, who all witnessed the operation; Cora, who was now about nine years old, absolutely crying when she saw the locks of "dear Lina" falling on the carpet.

Alina had previously provided herself with some very pretty caps: and she looked so sweetly in them that Leonard Rochdale wished her hair might never grow again, so that she might wear them always. Her hair, however, did grow very fast; and in a short time there was enough on each temple to form two or three pretty little curls that were extremely becoming to her. Her seventeenth birthday was approaching, and Alina Derlay was now considered of a proper age to come out, (as it is called,) and to issue cards in her own name for a little ball. For the last twelve months she had always been included in the invitations sent to the Rochdale family: every member of which took great delight in the admiration constantly excited by her beauty, accomplishments, and amiability.

Preparations for the ball were made according to the then prevailing fashion in Philadelphia; the Rochdales (who lived in the enjoyment of wealth that was well secured) always conforming to *l'usage du monde* when they could do so without folly or impropriety. Alina was to wear, over white lawn, a dress of exquisite India muslin trimmed with the finest lace; and she had bespoken, from a pattern of her own selection at the establishment of a distinguished *modiste*, a beautiful little juvenile cap, surpassingly graceful and elegantly simple. The dress and the cap were both sent home the evening before the party, at a time when the young people were all in the front parlour, each engaged in doing something towards the decorations of the approaching fête: Mrs. Rochdale being occupied in her china closet, and Mr. Rochdale having retired to his library. Alina had taken the dress up stairs, tried it on, and found it to fit exactly; and had just resumed her former habiliments, when she was summoned down on the arrival of the cap from Madame Rubaniere. It was immediately transferred from the bandbox to Alina's head, and "universally admired" as the sweetest and most becoming little thing that ever was made or worn; and Leonard again repeated his wish that her hair would never grow any more.

Presently there was another ring at the door; and one of the servants brought in a very large bandbox, which he said had just been left by a countryman, who merely inquired if this was not

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Mr. Rochdale's house, and then set down the box in the vestibule, said he was in a great hurry, and departed. The box was directed to Miss Alina Derlay. It was secured by numerous bands of broad white tape crossing each other backwards and forwards, and sealed in divers places with red wax. On opening it there was found another cap, a complete contrast to the one Alina had just been trying on. It was of very fine muslin entirely covered with close heavy needle-work in a great variety of stitches and patterns, each pattern contrived exactly to suit the numerous strangely-shaped compartments of which the cap was composed. There was a head-piece carved all round its upper extremity with large deep points, each worked in a point-pattern, and each point having a scolloped edge. These points were met by others belonging to the lower edge of a circular crown, that stood up tall and high. The diamond-shaped openings formed by the meeting of the points that united the head-piece and the crown, were filled up by gathered puffings. The union of the points was marked by cockades of high-coloured stiff lilac ribbon. There were no less than three full borders or rather ruffles, all of different breadths; every frill being wrought with a most elaborate pattern, having an open-work edge of various lace-stitches. The three borders were all made to stand up and to stand out, and were kept in that posture by numerous loops of the aforesaid lilac ribbon, which also decorated the back of the neck in the form of a hard double-quilling. Directly in front was a large bow constructed with mathematical regularity; and then there were two twin bows somewhat smaller, one at each cheek: the ends of all the bows being accurately cut into sharp points that were surmounted by a row of orifices snipped into the diamond form.

The appearance of this extraordinary cap first elicited exclamations of surprise, which were succeeded by symptoms of risibility as its beauties were farther examined into. A letter was found at the bottom of the bandbox. "It is from dear aunt Wendover," said Alina; "she has undoubtedly sent this cap as a present to some old friend in Philadelphia, and has transmitted it first to me that I may attend to its being safely conveyed to the person for whom it is designed."

Alina glanced over the contents of the letter, and as she did so her countenance changed.

"Any bad news?" inquired Edwin Rochdale.

"None, except that the cap is for me."

"For *you!* for *you!*" was the general exclamation—and Leonard Rochdale laughed outright.

"Listen," said Alina, "and I will read you the letter."

"My Dear Child—As soon as I received the news of your head being shaved to make your hair grow out thick, and that you were wearing caps, (a sad thing for so young a girl,) I determined to set myself to working one on purpose for you. I told you nothing about it, that I might give you an agreeable surprise. This cap, I am sure, will be doubly valuable to my dear Alina, because it is the last her old grandaunt will ever work. Not that I expect to die—but my eyes are at last giving out, (as far, at least, as fine needle-work is concerned,) and I expect to be consigned to knitting and patchwork for the rest of my life. However, I ought not to repine, for as I have been favoured with a great many years of the ornamental, I have concluded now to submit with a good grace to the useful. When I was working the last flower in this cap (it is at the right hand end of the third border) I felt that even with the aid of glasses I ought never to do fine work again; and my eyes ached all that night, so that I was unable to sleep; and indeed they have been very painful for the last six weeks. So, next morning, I gratified husband by telling him I had come to a resolution of giving up fine needle-work for ever, and knitting all his stockings myself. And yet I almost cried at the idea of relinquishing so great and pleasing an accomplishment. It is hard to resign what has afforded satisfaction to ourselves and others for a great many years: particularly what we excel in.

"My dear Alina, I am not vain; but I think you will acknowledge this a wonderful cap, to be worked and made up by a woman in her seventy-third year. If you inspect all the leaves and flowers carefully, one by one, you will find them as neat and regular as if done by eyes as young as your own; and you will see that not a thread of the open-work is amiss. Hearing that you are to have a ball on your birth-night, I have laboured very hard to get this cap finished in time for you to wear it on that great occasion; but it has been a labour of love. Husband considers it my masterpiece; and I am glad that my last act of muslin-work is one that will be so gratifying to my beloved girl. How I wish that I could be present when the bandbox is opened, and the cap displayed! When your ball comes, I shall imagine that I see you in this very cap, 'the admired of all beholders,' as husband says out of some book. Just ask the company to examine the open-work, particularly the leaves that are done in crown-stitch and basket-stitch; and those also in wheel-stitch.

"Everything about this cap is regular and substantial. There are (if you count them) twelve cockades all exactly alike, three before and three behind, and three at each side. Every cockade marks the place where two points meet, one point belonging to the crown and one to the head-piece; so that there are twenty-four points in all, and every point is edged with nine scollops. Each cockade has a firm foundation (about the size of a ten cent piece) made of buckram covered with silk. Of this you had better inform the company, otherwise they will not know. Indeed all the trimming is as strong as possible; and so is the whole cap. I know you will like it, because it will remind you of Brookfield, and your loving aunt, and your kind uncle who read to me of evenings during the three months I have been at work on it. Now that I can

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no longer employ myself with ornamental sewing, I may probably take to books myself. Reading is not so bad for the eyes as open-work.

"Dear Alina, write me a most particular account of the ball—I am not vain; but I should like very much to hear the effect produced by my cap. The lilac ribbon I think remarkably genteel: it is such a full deep colour, a little upon the reddish. It was the stoutest Mr. Figgins had in his store, and I took all there was of it.

"Do not be afraid of flattering me too much by repeating to me any handsome things that people may say about the cap. I can bear to have my work praised. You will not forget to point out its chief excellences to the company; in an unostentatious manner, of course. You are so entirely free from pride and vanity that I can trust you to wear such a thing, without being puffed up by it.

"Beloved Alina, I wish you a great deal of pleasure at the ball, and hope that nothing that evening will cause you the slightest annoyance. I know you will look surprisingly in the cap, and quite out of the common way. The young gentlemen will have to take care of their hearts. As you are now educated, and have no particular holidays, we shall expect, you know, to see you at Brookfield long before August. The sooner the better, is the sincere wish of your affectionate granduncle and

Your ever-loving grandaunt,

"ALISON WENDOVER."

"N. B. Another advantage in the cap is its durability. If carefully washed and ironed, it will last ten years and more. How different from the flimsy things that will not bear a single doing up. So that even after your hair has grown, you will be able to wear it any time when you may have occasion for a strong cap. You see how perfectly clean I have kept it, by covering the work, as I went along, with white paper basted closely on. When you put it away, stuff out the bows with rolls of wadding to keep them in shape. No doubt you will have many applications for the pattern, which it would be unkind to refuse.

"To tell you a secret, I sat up all last night to finish this cap, that it might certainly reach you in time for your ball. But it is such a pleasure to work for my dear Alina's benefit."

Our heroine could not always suppress a smile while reading this characteristic epistle of the kind and simple-minded old lady. But when she found that her young hearers were all laughing, except Edwin whose eyes were filled with tears, she endeavoured to look serious.

"Poor aunt Wendover;" said Edwin. "How mortified she will be, dear Alina, when she finds that you could not wear her cap."

Alina put on the cap, and looked in the pier-glass. All her cousins laughed out, except Edwin; and even he could not help smiling.

"I acknowledge that it is not becoming to me;" said she; taking it off and resuming her own cap, that she had worn all day.

"Becoming to you, dear Alina;" exclaimed Leonard Rochdale. "It is frightful—it is disfiguring. In fact, the ugliest thing I ever beheld in my life."

"How unfortunate," observed Edwin—"that the kind old lady should have laboured at it three months, and injured her eyes so that (as she says) she can never do any such work again."

"So much the better," said Leonard.

"Pho, Leonard,"—said Imogene Rochdale, a sprightly girl of fifteen, who saw that Alina looked sorrowfully at his remark—"what do *you* know about needle-work? No doubt this is excellent in its way. But then, see how the world has improved in cap-making. Look at this love of a thing that has come from Madam Rubaniere's. See these exquisite lilies of the valley, tastefully interspersed amid a border so transparent that at a distance you can scarcely see it. And then the soft rich ribbon of the purest white, terminating at the back of the head in one graceful bow, with a cluster of snow-drops slipped through the knot in the centre—such a bow, in short, as none but a Frenchwoman could arrange. And now (taking one in each hand) behold the contrast of the two caps."

(To be continued.)

THE FATHER'S FAREWELL.

TAKE her, she hath learned to love thee—
Take a father's dearest pride;
Fond and faithful may she prove thee—
She is now thy chosen bride.

Take my casket's brightest treasure,
Take the sunshine of my days;
Now thy will must be her pleasure,
Guardian of her future ways.

Thou hast culled the first sweet blossom
Sent to deck my marriage bower—
Place her in thy sheltering bosom,
Cherish well my fav'rite flower.

Weep not, love, I do not chide thee,
Though I shed the parting tear;
Now may heaven's good angels guide thee—
Go, your husband's heart to cheer.

But receive a father's blessing
Ere in distant home you dwell—
Mutual love and peace possessing,
Go, my children, fare you well!

J.

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LEAVES BY THE WAYSIDE.—No. I.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

How much, how very much of human life, its many disquietudes, its heartfelt sufferings and wearying cares may be learned from the faces and casual remarks of the wayfarers in a great city. Often a sigh is breathed into our very ear by some burdened heart, unconscious that it hath thus betrayed its sorrows; and we are startled at hearing some low word of regret or tone of entreaty from the lips of those whose garments might otherwise have brushed by us with no word of comment: but no sooner is the slightest key presented revealing another heart, than our sympathies start at the touch; we look back, perhaps turn, that we may get a sight of the face whose heart has thus been, as it were, made known unto us. I speak here only of the profounder feelings of the human bosom, lying too deep for tears, and far, far too deep for smiles; there where deep calleth unto deep in the recesses of that book of mysteries, the human soul.

If we are in a cheerful mood the sight of another face beaming with smiles, or simply tranquil—that holiest of all states of the mind—is welcomed by us with a kindred feeling of pleasure. Even when sad of heart ourselves, if affliction have not made a Marah of bitterness within us, we witness the sight of cheerfulness in others with a gentle benevolence, giving thanks that the light of the great and beautiful earth is not darkened to every eye: but a sad face, one that beareth the superscription of sorrow—the still, soul-speaking traces of endurance—awakens our holiest interest, our heart goeth out in compassion, and we would fain whisper the language of condolence. Most sweet and blessed is this ordination of the Divine will, that in a world like this, where joy is but the oasis in the great desert of suffering, heart should thus beat responsive to heart in its utterance of distress; that its going forth should be more prompt at the great call of weariness and grief than mirth or gladness. Yet let no one believe his heart to be right who curls the lip in scorn or discontent when a glad face appealeth to his own. No, no, whatever be our own lot, let us rejoice with those that do rejoice, and the more that such are in the world, keeping our souls fresh with the dew of youth.

Often when some peculiar expression of face or some touching accent of pathos has attracted my attention in a passer by, I have found myself unconsciously weaving a sketch of what might possibly be the history of the individual. In this way I have created a little drama, in which my characters were all made to act in concert, and all approached a certain crisis. Nor is this an idle amusement, for alas! to one that hath known sorrow a wild and mysterious leaf is revealed, by which an insight is obtained to (it is sad to think) how many others. I recollect at one time passing a couple, the one a pale, gentle looking girl, leaning on the arm of a dashing youth, who at the very moment they passed me was arranging a faultless whisker, even while the poor girl was looking into his face and earnestly and with deprecating tenderness saying, "But when you are gone away you will forget me." They passed on, but my heart ached for that forlorn girl, just learning her woman's destiny of love and tears, hoping and sorrowing and enduring even to the grave. Alas! alas! that such is womanhood: but let her not faint, for many are the sources that pour blessedness into her cup of life. The cup may be deeply drugged, indeed, but it holdeth the pearl in solution. Not to the flinty rock descendeth the refreshing dew, but to the plant scorched by the noontide heat, and drooping for lack of rain.

To one whose sympathies are alive whenever the voice of humanity is heard, the merest trifle will be full of truth; it will utter a still small voice, but eloquent with teaching; and then he will cover his face with his mantle and go forth, for surely the deep wisdom of humanity will be unfolded before him. He passes a scrap of paper upon the pavé: it hath letters inscribed thereon. He may pass it idly by, and yet who can divine the nature of emotions that swayed the head that dictated those lines. It may be the work of the gay and thoughtless, but ten chances to one that poverty, sickness or sorrow were lurking beneath. Here is one that a gust of wind deposited at my feet, and a strange instinct induced me to pick up and read. How earnest, how simple and touching is its record. We feel it is the utterance of a woman, a wronged, betrayed, yet patient, loving, and suffering woman. Ecce signum.

My Dear Philip:—I waited here till six last evening in hopes you would have come as you said you would when we parted. Indeed I know not what to do. I am fearful our dear child will not hold out long if I cannot procure nourishment for her. If you could by any way muster me one dollar I will ever be grateful to you, for I ought not ask you, knowing how you are situated yourself. *But what am I to do?* or to whom can I go for *relief?* I will be back by half past eleven or twelve o'clock. In the mean time I will go and see if I can get a chance in some shipping office for a vessel. Yours most truly,

* * *

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P. S.—Pray let me see you by twelve if possible.

I have suppressed the name, for who would bruise the broken reed; and even she, heart-broken in her sorrow, may light upon these pages. "One dollar" only she craves in her urgent necessity, and that not for herself, but her starving child. How unselfish is her love! and yet were it otherwise she would be less than woman. "I ought not to ask you, knowing how you are situated yourself. But what can I do? to whom can I apply for *relief?*" O woman, woman, how affecting is thy appeal, wrung out in the very agony of hopeless, helpless misery. If a shadow of reproach lurks beneath thou art unconscious of the infliction, for thy gentleness dwelt upon thy child and thy unworthy companion only. And he was in perplexity, in trouble too, but in far, far less than thou wert: for thy own tenderness hath and ever will be thy foe: thy kingdom is within, and disorder there must fill thee with dismay.

Alas! weary and perturbed bosom, thou hast the prayers of at least one heart, and if a tear of hers could wash a stain from thy soul thou hast one sin the less registered against thee. Gentle and sorrowing Magdalene, to whom much is forgiven the same loveth much.

Human life is not all sorrow; there are pictures of humble quietude refreshing to behold; glimpses of common everyday content that make us almost envy those of less refined sensibilities: where the heart hath a perpetual sabbath, and the little toils, the little details that make up the sum of a woman's life are enough, and more than enough to satisfy its capacity for enjoyment: where an extra lace, or a new ribbon giveth a thrill of delight, and no greater trial is imagined than a soil upon a fine dress, a mistake in the compound of a favourite cake, or the failure of a "batch" of bread, or, greatest of all, a "rainy washing day." Contented souls, rest in your felicity: why should the seventh seal in the book of life be revealed to ye, causing silence and dread and mystery: ye may not comprehend them.

A little urchin of some dozen years had become master of a ball of yarn, a treasure picked up in the street. He seated himself upon the carpet and was busily employed in making a ball, the foundation of which was to be gum elastic. In the centre of the old ball was a fold of paper, which he opened and threw aside. Now letters, however uncouth, have a charm for me, and there was a quaintness about the almost printed characters appealing to my eye that attracted the attention. Upon one side were figures, running all diagonally: they might have been the milk score of the good wife. Just below were certain hieroglyphics in the shape of the first rudiments of writing by a child; and the pupil must have been an apt scholar, for the specimen nearly rivalled the copy. But the pith of the MS. was on the reverse. I shall give it literally, otherwise we shall lose all clue to the history and family of the worthy writer.

"Mrs Chase will you be so good as to lay out the 25 cents in soft bakers bread for Zilpha a loaf or roll or soft biscuit for we have not very good flower of late you may wrap it in the cloth you carried home your cheese in and send it by your father, Mrs Giles sends you a couple of goose wings."

Alack, for there is no name affixed. But excellent and praiseworthy woman, I can gather thy whole history from this little sybilline leaf thrown to the winds of heaven. Thy penmanship too, is decorous and matronly, and although a professor of the art might refuse to recognise some of thy strokes, yet are they characteristic of thyself. Would thou hadst given thy name, but alas! in thy simplicity it did not occur to thee, that it was in the least necessary; for Mrs. Chase was well aware who must be the mother of Zilpha, and the neighbour to good Mrs. Giles, the donor of the "goose wings." We have here not only the writer, but we learn much of Mrs. Chase and Mrs. Giles likewise. A kindly neighbourhood was theirs, abounding in friendly offices, and the business and habits of each open to the other. Do we not see that Mrs. Chase had lately made a call in which the good woman had carried home some extra cheese nicely folded in a napkin, and now she desires the bread may fill the same station, and be sent by the matron's father. Good old man, he has survived the active period of life, and now finds amusement in watching the gambols of the children, as he sits upon a bench beneath the old elm tree that shelters the dwelling of his daughter, Mrs. Chase. Then too little Zilpha is a pet, and her mother hath a bland and becoming smile, and a kindly voice to welcome the gentle old man.

Mrs. Giles must have been a thrifty housewife, who kept a stock of geese, and knowing the exceeding nicety of Mrs. Chase, the care with which dust and annoyances of every kind are removed, she hath deputed the writer to transmit a couple of wings as a suitable offering to so exact a housewife. Beautiful picture of primitive simplicity, of rural content and decent household cares. A blessing be upon ye all. I know not where may be your abiding places, whether Mrs. Chase is still busy with her "goose wings," whether Mrs. Giles is still living to impart her neighbourly good offices, whether little Zilpha be still munching her "roll" or "soft biscuit" as set forth in the note, whether the "poor flower" be all exhausted, or whether all these things have passed away as a dream that is told. Enough, that the spirit of their own contentment went forth to gladden one heart, and to assure her that somewhere is, or hath been, a spot of sunshine, where the shadow so lightly passed, that we scarcely could say, "behold it is here."

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FLOWERS AND FAIRIES.

It was a midsummer's day in merrie England, the last tones of the village bell striking the hour of noon had ceased to echo in the dim green recesses of the forest, and all was still save *nature's music*, the low rippling of the streamlet as it glided on, here laying bare the root of some huge old tree, and anon sweeping by in its whirling eddies some broken flower, bearing it far away till its course was lost in the sunny meadows. The very birds had ceased to sing, save some solitary warbler, and sat in languid silence among the many branches: but a step came bounding upon the green turf, and the birds opened their bright eyes, and peered down from their leafy canopy upon a fair-haired maiden who stood beneath the shadow of a spreading oak. A low warbling rang through the woods. They were discoursing in their own language.

Sweet Alice Grey! fifteen summers had passed over her head, and yet the flowers and birds were dearer to her than all beside, and with some old volume of

> "Tales that have the rime of age
> And chronicles of Eld"

she was wont to while time away in the green solitudes. The leafy branches swayed lovingly over her as, reclining upon a mossy seat, she perused some marvellous tale of fairy lore, and then she wondered if such another race inhabited the fair earth, and gazing into the shadowy woods endeavoured to discover their haunts—the magic ring—never dreaming, O most innocent Alice! that while she looked for other beings a youthful artist staid his ramble to sketch from the opposite bank the lovely picture before him. As thus she mused the soft air came to her laden with fragrance, gradually a strain of far-away melody stole upon her ear, the brook went murmuring low and sweet at her feet, and Alice was asleep * * * * * but she had changed her position and gone to the other side of the "huge oak tree," for there the blossoms grew more luxuriantly. Sweet violets, the pale anemone, wild rose, and graceful eglantine were blooming around, enclosed within a ring of the misty brake, seeming with its long arms to encircle these gems of the forest; and as she looked upon their beauty again the music came ringing wild and clear till the bright flowers themselves seemed to take up the chorus, and in small sweet voices sing praises to the gentle sun and mild dews. Alice looked up. The setting sun was casting a parting glory upon the tree tops, and when she looked again upon the greensward a tiny and beautiful form stood beside each blossom, while with one foot poised upon a rose stood a being more beautiful than aught human, and the fairies bowed their heads when in silvery accents she spoke:—

"Fair mortal, we have watched you through the long summer's day, when you have visited our presence, and we know your love for the young flowers. Have you never dreamed that the fairies and flowers were one? and when they fade from the earth for a season we, unseen spirits, hover around the pillow of the young and innocent, sending them sweet dreams of the future. We have each our mission, and to those we love best we grant our peculiar gift; but to you, O tender daughter of a human race, we give the choice." She paused, and a hundred sweet voices repeated the chorus.

"I am the queen of beauty—my gift is the mantling blush upon the maiden's cheek; I can endow you with loveliness beyond all other mortals: shall I dwell with you?"

"Ah, mine is the power of genius," spoke a fairy from beside the iris, "who can withstand it? Beauty will fade, the cheek may pale, the bright eye grow dim; but I endure for ever, and monarchs bow before my spells."

"I can give you an ear attuned to all harmony," murmured a voice from the lily bell; "where other mortals listen for no sound, to you there will be sweetest music; the low breeze that sweeps around you at eventide will whisper mournful melodies, and every breath of air be laden with unwritten music, wrapping the senses in Elysium." * * *

One by one the fairies spoke, and then each upon her flowery throne sat in silence; one alone had been mute.

"And has the violet no gift?" sighed Alice.

"The gift of the violet is purity, modesty, and a gentle heart," whispered a voice like the dying strain of an Æolian. Alice looked upon the flowers and hesitated: the gifts were written upon her heart, and each appealed, aided by the charm of imagination. Again she looked upon the violet, and to her eyes it seemed fairer and brighter than its companions. She gathered and pressed it to her lip. "This is my choice," she said as the air seemed more fragrant: the music rose with a richer swell, and the passing breeze, as it floated by, wafted the petals of the rose toward her.

* * * * *

Alice awoke—it was evening—the night wind was sighing through the branches above her, and the flowers looked up pale and quiet in the clear starlight; but the fairies had passed away. Silently she gathered her mantle around her and stole away through the dim shadows.

And in the greenwood bower there wanders a gentle maiden with a chaplet of violets wreathed in her sunny hair, a symbol of the purity within.

Kate ——.

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A VISION.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

I WALKED out on a bright morning early in May, when nature was unsealing her fountains of life and beauty. The rivers, brooks, all the water-courses down to the tiniest rill were filled to the brim by the flowing Spring rains. Their voices, from the gushing torrent to the little silver thread of a stream that softly stole through the meadow, sung their release from their winter prison. The violet was opening its blue eye, the anemone starring the fresh herbage, and all the early flowers, like chary maidens, were timidly unfolding their beauties. The willows along the river side were already in full leaf and tasseled, and the shrubs were fragrant with out-budding life. On the hill side the young leaves of the beech and maple, mingling with the dark foliage of the firs which had braved and outlasted winter, looked like youth gracefully sporting about maturity. And in beautiful harmony with this was the bright green of the winter grain contrasted with the sombre brown of the newly ploughed earth dotted with the potato crops, and just perforated by the sun-loving Indian corn. Cattle were keenly feeding on the fresh grass of the lowlands, and sheep nibbling on the hill side. The birds had come to their summer home, and pleasant tasks. The males were singing, wooing, and roving at their own wild will, while the females, good wives and household dames, were providing for the future lords of their aerial creation. The air was filled with the sound of young life: with the dissonant cries of the domestic birds, and the flutter and hum of millions of insects. The sky was bright and clear save where a breezy cloud sailed over it, so light that it dissolved while my eye followed it.

I sat down on a fallen trunk of a tree under a curtain of budding grape-leaves. I felt satisfied with the mere pleasure of existence. I wondered at those who staid at home, and drudged over household tasks when nature was proclaiming a holiday that might waken to joyous life and call forth the dullest human snail housed in its winter's shell.

By degrees the monotonous music of the brook lulled me into forgetfulness. I fell into a drowsy reverie and from reverie to sleep; but not sleep of an ordinary kind. My senses preserved their power unshackled by gross mortal elements and unlimited in their action by time or space. I seemed suddenly endowed with the *clairvoyance* of the Mesmerites, but with this remarkable advantage over them, that I am permitted to show to those who will but open their eyes what was revealed to my closed senses; and that while they ask faith in startling novelties I only impart self-evident truths. I was not conscious of any change in the vividness of my sensations. The scene was as distinctly before me as while I was awake; the only difference was an indefinite extension of power. As I gazed two lovely forms appeared before me, as if the air had become incorporate; and so fresh with youth and beauty that they seemed like an impersonation of the spring time. The one was a Hebe in form and expression; her garments were light and flowing, in no sort constraining, impeding, or encumbering her. She gathered the sweet violets at her feet, and the anemones from the moist margin of the brook, and wove them together in a circlet for her brow which no care had ever touched. Her companion wore an amaranth wreath as a symbol of immortality. She had not quite the plumpness and freshness of her sister; for sisters they were; but there was a spirituality in her expression that indicated a celestial destiny. Her's was the beauty of reflection; something that welled up from a living fountain in the soul, the result of a felicitous animal condition. I asked their names. "Our names," replied the elder, "are implied in our offices. Observe the one, and you will know the other."

I did observe them, and as I said before, without limit of time or space; and I soon learned that their mission was to bless the human race, but that powerful as they were, nothing could be effected without the co-operation of those to whom they were sent.

Strange to say, they were most praised when absent. Every one theoretically acknowledged their worth, and agreed in admiring their beauty, but few cherished them; some seemed stupidly unconscious of their presence, and many grossly abused them to their faces, but the moment their backs were turned they were regretted and praised. Nothing was enjoyed without them; they were sought by sacrifice and pilgrimage, and if their favour was irrecoverable, life was one long complaint, made up of suffering days and sleepless nights.

She of the amaranth wreath did sometimes linger with those her sister had abandoned. She could not remove but she sanctified their sufferings and shed an attractive light over them, that drew their friends around them even more than while they were the favourites of her beautiful sister. This I marked, *she only staid at the bidding of Religion.* No inferior power could detain her after her sister was gone.

There was no habitable place on the globe which the sisters did not visit, but as I naturally felt most interested in their movements in my own country, I here most narrowly observed them. One sad con-

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fession truth compels me to make. I saw fewer signs of their friendship among my own country-people than elsewhere. Their intimates could never be mistaken; there was a certain clearness in their eyes, brightness on their cheeks, elasticity in their movements and animation in their voices that infallibly betokened the proximity and favour of the sisters.

"Why," I asked with some impatience, "why this partiality? why do you so soon forsake my people, when I see you abroad with English men and women in parks, gardens, and pleasure grounds, maintaining with them a hearty friendship through the seven stages of life; you follow too, the poor Swiss mountaineers and dwell with them under the shadow of their icy mountains, faring hard and working hard for a hundred years: and you sit down on the sunny side of a street with the lean and hungry Italian beggar, who shouts and laughs cheerily at your side, till the old pilgrim drops from your bosom into the grave."

"We are not capricious," they replied, with dignity; "we are the ordained companions of your race, and by a law superior to us we cling to them till driven away by ignorance, neglect, or misuse. Listen, and learn some of the reasons that weaken our friendship with your people, and so often expel us from their society; for it is they, and not we, that break the compact nature has made between us.

"We love their children and bid them forth into the open air where the sun can send its vital heat through their expanding frames, and where the fresh breath of Heaven may light their eyes, and colour their cheeks. You will hear our voices merrily ringing wherever they are found coursing down the icy hills in winter, and loudest and blithest are we among the skaters on the moonlit lake. When the ball-playing time comes we are on the village green with the first, and we linger with the last. They must follow us to the woodlands, brush off the dew with their early footsteps, welcome abroad the bright frosty morning, and bravely face the winter's wind. Nor do we desert the city if rightly welcomed there, if treated to early hours and temperate meals. But the children must trundle their hoops through the parks with us. We are stifled in close nurseries. We cannot sit by them while their heads are drooping over lessons in unventilated school-rooms for six consecutive hours. We cannot breathe in dormitories with forty pairs of lungs inhaling over and over again an exhausted atmosphere. Our hearts would die within us if condemned to walk in the funereal processions of boarding-school girls. Our lives are in the open air. Those who would have our constant presence, our heartiest love, must follow us a-field. One of your poets has said,

'God made the country, and man made the town;'

and we say, God ordained the out-door life, and man the in-door.

"We pity those who are condemned by conventional life, or the artificial condition of society, to violate some of our laws; but while they respect and cherish us we do not utterly desert them. We have been driven away from the hard-tasked and ill-fed operatives in the old world, but we are on very good terms with the buxom, light-hearted (because lightly-tasked) girls in your manufactories. Tell them a secret for us; if they will come oftener abroad to meet us, we will send them back to their labour with fresher spirits and prettier looks. Beauty cannot endure without us, after youth. Your very young women are beautiful, but with their youth and freshness their beauty vanishes. Virtuous, through all the stages of life, we acknowledge them to be, but without us their very goodness is often a toil and weariness. Were they but true to us their smiles would be spontaneous, and their well-doings an enjoyment.

You see we never desert those who live in the open air, whether they browse on coarse edibles, or fare sumptuously every day; whether they be clothed in fine linen or in rags; and yet you expect us to house ourselves with you in rooms heated to a degree that sears your skins, inflames your eyes, and dries away the very fountains of life. Pardon our frankness," they continued, pointing to some shallow vessels for personal purification; "look at the broad reservoirs of water, and deep fonts in our temples; we cannot abide these things. You reproach us, but our alienation from your people is not our fault. All classes and conditions among you reject us. We offer to give gladness to the days of your students, and refreshment to their nights, but they refuse the conditions of our friendship, and languish and stupify over their books. Your sedentary men are deaf to our warnings and invitations, and before half the term of life is spent they are weary and wasted, and disappear, leaving half their tasks undone. Your merchants, knowing we hate the whole brood of care, heap anxiety on anxiety, and toil on toil, till, bending under an accumulation of riches or poverty, it matters little which, they turn to seek our favour, and find an impassable gulf between us. We never return to those who gray their hair and furrow their cheeks with sordid care.

"We seek rural life, and trudge a-field with your farmer; but alas! we have complaints to make of him. We have again and again declared our antipathy to fresh bread and hot cakes, and yet he asks us to breakfast on them. We repair to his meridian meal, and he offers us hard salted meat and fried messes; and when we join the pleasant gathering round the tea-table we are compelled to fly for our lives from poisonous sweetcakes and sweetmeats."

"But surely," said I, "you have devoted friends among our people. There are colleges endowed to train your ministers, and every paper we read is filled with promises to restore to your society and friendship all who, by any accident, misfortune, or fault, have lost them. Every town has innumerable arsenals. Every village has its store-

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house, filled with philtres and charms which these, your ministers, profess so to compound and administer as to restore your gladdening presence to every mortal that seeks you."

A sad smile passed over the sisters' faces, and the elder, drawing near to me, said in a subdued voice, "Save us from our friends; wisdom, skill, and virtue some of them possess; but they work in the dark, and though they now and then make some fortunate guesses, they have made few discoveries. They have been well compared to a watchmaker who should attempt to repair a watch of which he could not see the machinery. Besides, among these our professed friends are a mass of ignorant pretenders, and in their hands these charms and philtres are deadly poisons, and those to whom they are given stumble and blunder on after us with stiffened joints, weak and withering limbs, sunken cheeks, loosened teeth, aching jaws, and all the pains and aches which flesh is heir to.

"But," she concluded, the light shadow that had fallen on her joyous face passing from it, "the condition of your race here and elsewhere is improving, and these evils will vanish before the progress of experience, knowledge, and virtue. The time is coming when we shall have a league of friendship with you from the breezy hills of the north, to the orange groves of the south; then will we give life to life, and make it the happy and profitable service God intended it to be."

Who were these sisters? All ye of the blooming cheek and strong heart answer from your own happy consciousness, "Health and Cheerfulness."

JOYS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY J. STRONG RICE.

"The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."—COLERIDGE'S WALLENSTEIN.

LIKE the forgotten tissue of a dream,
Whose broken images still faintly gleam
Upon the spirit's eye, as they depart,
Leaving bewilderment about the heart—
So, on the light of memory, the past
And half remembered joys of childhood cast
Thin gauzelike shadows. The chaste forms they wear
Are wing'd and robed in mockery of care.
LOVE is among them, and the guileless boy
Is crown'd and honoured as the monarch joy.
His reign is gentle, and the morning dew,
Lighting with gems the varied tint and hue
Of Nature's pencil, hath for leaf and tree
Less of life's freshness than his smile for me.
He holds his court at evening, when the sky
Is cloudless, and the stars look out; when eye
Meets eye, filling with happy tears; when all
Is gentle 'neath the influence and call
Of Nature; when the heart looks up from earth
To Him who formed it—gave its beauties birth,
And from the fulness of its feeling wells
Pure thoughts, and kindness for each thing that dwells
Upon its surface.

'Tis at such an hour
He issues, by an invisible power
Pervading thought, air, all sounds that fill
The ear with harmony—all scenes which thrill
Our being with their sheen. At such an hour,
When all is beautiful, and passion's power
Is nerveless, with a voiceless tongue he steals
On my retirement, and his thought reveals
In flowers, giving to each a meaning
And a sign to move the spirit, weaning
It from self and grossness to communion
With divine attributes.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 7, 1840.

A MADRIGAL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS.

BY W. J. WALTER.

[The noble author of the following beautiful song was born in 1391. He married the widow of Richard II of England, was taken prisoner at the celebrated battle of Agincourt, and was carried to London, where he remained for several years in confinement. It was to beguile the tedium of his prison hours that he wooed, and not unsuccessfully, the favour of the Muses. He was father of Louis XII, and uncle of Francis I. He died in 1466.]

OLD Time has cast his cloak away,
And with it all the winter's cold;
He comes forth clad in green and gold,
And warms him at Sol's genial ray.

There's not a feathered warbler gay,
But in its gladsome song hath told
That gone is dreary winter's cold,
That Time hath cast his cloak away.

The kids are at their frolic play,
The stream, with voice locked up so long,
Dances again to his own song;
Each thing is decked in trim array,
For Time hath cast his cloak away.

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THE VICTIMS OF POLITICS.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY L. A. WILMER.

In one of our large cities, there lately lived an old gentleman, Mr. Christopher Edwards by name, who was more distinguished for his intemperate zeal in party politics than for anything else. In justice to him, it must be supposed that he was disinterested in the exhibition of his political ardour; for notwithstanding that he had adhered to the same principles for fifteen years, neglected his own business and spent a good part of his fortune in advancing the interests of the faction to which he belonged, that faction did not think proper to make him the least return: he was not offered the most insignificant office of honour or profit, and scarcely indeed, was the value of his services acknowledged. True, it was often suggested among his acquaintance that it would be proper to nominate him for this or that office; but the leaders of the party, having their own purposes to accomplish, still contrived to keep him in the back ground, supposing that his views and expectations were at variance with their own. For your master spirits, who conduct the political game, are quite willing that all their partizans should come in for a share of the labours and inconveniences of the contest; but, when the honours and emoluments are to be distributed, they are not quite so liberal.

Now this Mr. Edwards had a very handsome and amiable daughter called Adeline, whose misfortune it was to place her affections on a Mr. Gardener, a young gentleman of rare talents and irreproachable character, who, but for one exception, would have met with the warmest approbation of her father. But in that one exception a lover less ardent than Gardener, and therefore less inclined to "hope all things," would have beheld an insuperable barrier to the accomplishment of his wishes. He belonged to the party opposed to that of Mr. Edwards; and at that time the dispute was carried to the highest pitch of hostility. Meanwhile, the faction to which Gardener was attached became ascendant; and he, in regard to his good services in the election, had been favoured with a situation that afforded him a very handsome salary. After many fruitless attempts to propitiate Adeline's father, (who, though not an amalgamationist, declared solemnly that he would prefer Tom, his coloured coachman, as a son-in-law, before Mr. Gardener,) our young gentleman, seeing the posture of affairs, proposed an elopement to his sweetheart. She, being truly an affectionate daughter, resisted his importunities for some time; but, judging that her father was unreasonable in his repugnance to her admirer, she finally consented to be married without the sanction of parental authority; and, Gardener having prepared a neat dwelling, they soon commenced housekeeping with great comfort and satisfaction. Adeline wrote to acquaint Mr. Edwards with the engagement into which she had entered, and receiving for answer an assurance, strengthened with a variety of imprecations, that he would never speak to her again, the affliction caused by this harsh treatment greatly marred the enjoyment of her new situation.

About three years after this wedding, there happened to be a revolution in political affairs; Gardener's party was defeated; and he (chiefly by the instrumentality of his father-in-law, Mr. Edwards) was ejected from his office. His successor was a dissolute young man, without a family, who spent the income of his new office in every kind of extravagance and dissipation, and in less than a twelvemonth made an end of himself by these courses; exemplifying to those who had procured him that public employment, how little they had done for his real benefit. In the mean while, the Gardeners, having saved some money, contrived to live, in a very poor way, for five years; managing, at the same time, to produce a fine family of children. They removed to indifferent lodgings in the suburbs and kept themselves as private as possible, having the weakness to be ashamed of the change in their circumstances. The funds of the family now began to run very low, and as Gardener found it impossible to procure any employment which might provide for the subsistence of his wife and children, there was every prospect of coming to absolute want. In these circumstances the unhappy mother (without consulting her husband, whose stern independence of character she well knew) sent her eldest daughter—a charming little girl of seven years—with a letter to Mr. Edwards, stating their destitute condition and imploring some relief against the approaching winter, which threatened to be a season of uncommon severity. The old gentleman, merely glancing at the signature of the letter, dismissed the child without an answer, and the grim smile with which he received the message showed how little time had done towards diminishing the strength of his resentment. Winter came, and, amidst the horrors of destitution, Mrs. Gardener brought forth her fifth and last child, which event she scarcely survived three days. The infant itself did not live much longer, for, owing perhaps to the want of female care, which the wretched father was unable to procure, the

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poor little creature followed its mother before the expiration of a week. Almost every article of furniture which had been left in the house (after the claims of creditors had been satisfied and the expenses of the family disbursed) was required to be immediately sold to defray the funeral charges of the mother and child.

And now nothing could be more forlorn and comfortless than the dwelling of poor Gardener. If he had thought himself completely miserable before his wife's decease, he was now convinced that his former condition was one of comparative felicity. For, besides wanting that consolation and encouragement which he had been accustomed to receive from her, his mind was now constantly agitated by solicitude for the welfare of his motherless children, for whom he had an uncommon affection. But new troubles were in store for him. In less than a month after the bereavements we have just spoken of, the two youngest of the surviving children were seized with an epidemic complaint of a very fatal character; and now the heart of the father was doomed to be riven with an anguish not to be estimated by one who has never stood in the relation of parent. He beheld his children suffering, not merely with the pangs incident to the disease, but for want of every comfort which can alleviate sickness. A physician had been called in, but as the poverty figured forth in the habitation made his recompense doubtful, the man of science gave but little attention to the young Gardeners; and, notwithstanding their father parted with every dispensable article of his own clothing to procure them sustenance and medicine, they died; probably for want of one or the other. To obtain the means of burial for these two little corpses, Gardener (now overwhelmed with his calamities) was obliged once more to visit those rapacious creatures who deal in second-hand furniture; and, in a frame of mind most unfit for such negotiations, he succeeded in effecting a sale of his last bedstead, bed, and bedding, all of which, sold in such circumstances, would scarcely defray the costs of decent interment for the two children.

Returning from the funeral, on the evening of a bitter cold day, Gardener found his two remaining children, Adeline, now eight years of age, and Charles, scarcely two years younger, shivering over the remains of a fire on the hearth, which he had kindled just before he left them, the only fuel being an old chest broken up for that purpose. The children, who had not tasted any kind of food for many hours, were rejoiced to see their father, imagining, in the simplicity of childhood, that the very presence of a parent could alleviate their sufferings. The boy soon became importunate for bread, for which he was gently reproached by his sister, who said, "Do you not think father would give you bread if he had it?" These words seemed to arouse Gardener, who had been stupified with grief. Starting up, he bade the children wait for a few minutes and he would bring them food. Proceeding then to a pawnbroker's through a drizzling rain that froze as it fell, he took off his coat, (his only one, and much the worse for wear,) and left it with the Jew in pledge for a sum barely sufficient to supply the immediate wants of his helpless dependents. Returning, without a coat, he purchased a loaf at the baker's, and hastened to the children, who manifested extreme joy at the timely supply.

Gardener now looked gloomily around the apartment, which was stripped of every item of furniture except the broken chair on which he himself sat, the children being crouched one in each corner of the fireplace, which now contained only a few embers. Observing the desolation of the place, and the misery which, even in that dim light, was too plainly visible in the countenances of his boy and girl, he began to blame himself for omitting to do many things, which had really never occurred to him until that moment. He cursed his own pride, which had prevented him from begging in the street, or applying to the distributors of public charity, thinking it would have been much better to have sacrificed every feeling of manly independence, (which now appeared to him as a mere selfish consideration,) than to witness the utter distress of those whom he so dearly loved, and for whom he was bound, both by duty and affection, to provide the necessaries of life. While he was engaged in this train of thought the fire was exhausted, nothing remained but a few sparks, and even the hearth gradually cooled. Adeline and her brother drew closer to their father, and, as they pressed themselves into his arms, he perceived that they were agonized with cold: the anguish of his mind had prevented him from attending to his own sufferings from the same cause. Breaking up the old chair on which he had been seated, and rekindling a fire by the help of a match, he left the house once more, secretly resolving that nothing should withhold him from procuring the means of life for his offspring, though he should be obliged to resort to the utmost humiliation, to beggary, to crime itself.

By this time the night was far advanced; the town-clock struck twelve as he closed the door of his apartment, and when he came to the street he began to feel pretty severely the want of the coat he had been compelled to pawn. The cold was almost insupportable. He passed through several obscure streets, and emerging, at last, into one of the most public thoroughfares, he discovered a pile of building materials in the vicinity of a house which had just been completed. He looked around carefully, and perceiving no person, he cautiously extracted a piece of board from the pile, and placing it on his shoulder proceeded homeward, flattering himself that the wood would prevent his children from suffering for that night and the following day, at least. He walked under his burden for some distance, and had now entered the street in which he lived, when he discovered a man standing under a feeble lamp which afforded the only light perceptible in the narrow avenue.

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Gardener, who, for the first time in his life, had just committed an offence against the laws of his country, and being more fearful of present interruption than any other consequence of his theft, shrunk into an alley in the hope that the other person had not seen him. But in this he was much deceived; the man, who was one of the city watchmen, approached the spot where he had hoped to conceal himself, and grasping him rudely by the shoulder, commanded him to show the place whence the board had been taken, and threatening him with the penalties of the law for the larceny he had committed. Gardener begged the fellow to let him pass, and, expecting to move his compassion, related in what circumstances he had just left the children. This account, far from mollifying the officer, seemed to enrage him still more. "And so," said he, "you expect to pick up your firewood in the street, eh! People's fences must be burned to make you and your children comfortable! Tell that tale to the mayor to-morrow morning!"

Gardener still remonstrated and entreated, but the other would not forego the grasp on his collar, and urged him towards the watchhouse, when the prisoner, finding that entreaties were not likely to avail, pushed his capturer away with such violence that the latter fell into the street and was not a little bruised in his fall. The watchman, however, was not disposed to relinquish his prey, but rising and sounding his rattle to procure the assistance of his comrades, he rushed towards Gardener, who, being prepared for his approach, and, in the excitement of the moment, seeming to be gifted with more than human strength, swung the heavy piece of timber around as though it had been a mere wand, and striking his assailant with the whole impetus of the ponderous weapon, the watchman was again prostrated, and this time lay still, in a state of utter insensibility.

Gardener hastily shouldered the plank, and proceeded towards his place of residence, from which he was distant but a few yards, when he encountered two other nocturnal guardians, who had been attracted to the spot by the sound of the rattle. Seeing him thus loaded, at a very unusual hour, they ordered him to stop, to which mandate he paid no attention. The men, incensed at his obstinacy, drew nearer to intercept him, when Gardener, almost phrensied by anxiety for his children, employed the same weapon which before had proved so effective, and furiously attacked the officers; one of them was quickly overturned, though the board glanced, by which accident the force of the blow was much diminished, otherwise the consequences might have been fatal. The weight of the board, and the violence of the stroke, which had partly missed its object, made Gardener stagger, and before he could recover himself the other watchman seized him, and hung on him until his companion came to his assistance, when, by their united efforts, they succeeded in securing his hands with pocket-handkerchiefs.

By this time Gardener's former antagonist had so far recovered as to cry for assistance; when his comrades, proceeding with the prisoner to the spot, ascertained that the first watchman was considerably injured, and all three began to execrate the captive with great bitterness. Gardener now recollected himself, and deeply regretted the folly of his conduct in using force against the ministers of the law. He endeavoured to mollify their resentment, humbly apologized for the outrages he had committed, and implored them to let him go and attend to his children, who by this time must be in danger of their lives from the extreme cold and the want of a fire.

They either did not believe his story or affected not to credit it; and being highly exasperated by the resistance he had offered, and the bruises which two of them had received, they flatly refused to allow him one moment's delay, but hurried him off towards the watch-house. Gardener, all the time, raved, threatened, entreated, and behaved so much like an inebriate or an insane person that the men probably believed him to be one or the other. Moreover, they found all their strength necessary to urge him forward; for, although his hands were tied, the violence of the passions under which he laboured enabled him to exert a force which was really formidable. Howling, cursing, and acting in all respects like a maniac, this most unfortunate of men was cast into the dungeon of the watchhouse, which, during the whole night, rang with his alternate lamentations, furious threats, execrations, and prayers for mercy. At the customary hour next morning, Gardener, who for some time had been silent, was carried among other prisoners before the mayor, when, appearing to be partially deranged, and unable to give any account of himself, he was dismissed as not a proper object for legal retribution.

A few days before these events, Mr. Edwards, the father-in-law of Gardener, had been deeply chagrined at not receiving a certain appointment which he expected as a reward for services rendered to his party. The effect of this disappointment was, as it often happens, to change his views completely; and (as men commonly do in such cases) he sought the opposite ranks, with a burning desire to avenge the injuries he had received, or fancied he had received, from his former associates. Now that the scales of his late prejudices had fallen from his eyes, he began for the first time to conceive that he had acted an unreasonable and unnatural part towards his daughter, her husband and their children. Resolving to attach himself to the party to which Gardener belonged, he expected to find in the latter a powerful ally for the execution of his plans of vengeance. In compliance with the dying request of Mrs. Gardener, the account of her decease had never been communicated to Mr. Edwards; the tenderness of this poor lady's disposition was such that she anxiously wished to save her father from that remorse which she supposed would be awakened in his mind by the intelligence that

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she had expired in such miserable circumstances. Mr. Edwards was therefore ignorant of her death, and since the change in his political sentiments, the influence of passion had ceased to operate against his natural affection, so that his better feelings returning, he designed to recompense his children amply for all his former neglect and repulsiveness. Anticipating the pleasure which his arrival and the announcement of his intentions were to produce in the Gardener family, he found the obscure dwelling with some difficulty, and being directed to the apartment by the woman who hired out the lodgings, he entered with little ceremony, about an hour after Gardener had been dismissed by the police. The first objects he beheld, on his entrance, were his son-in-law and his two grandchildren lying on a heap of straw in one corner of the room, which was, in every other respect, empty. Gardener took no notice of his entrance, but lay, without motion, between the little girl and boy; when Mr. Edwards approached and touching him with his hand, said:—

"Where is Adeline?—where is my daughter?"

Glancing at him with some wildness, Gardener replied sullenly, "Where? where you will never be;—in heaven."

Mr. Edwards staggered to the window, and leaning against the frame, gave himself up, for some minutes, to a burst of affliction. Coming to his recollection, he drew near to the group once more and said:—

"Rise, Mr. Gardener, and let us remove the children from this dreadful place; the cold will be the death of them."

Gardener gave him another glance, accompanied by something which was too ghastly and horrible to be called a smile. Struck by the expression of his countenance, Mr. Edwards hastily knelt on the straw and examining the children, discovered that each was a livid and stiffened corse! He hurried from the spot, and by the exhibition of money, induced the people of the house to accompany him with materials for a fire, cordials and other refreshments, to Gardener's room. On their arrival at the door, they discovered Gardener lying with the body of a dead child on either arm. He, on observing their approach, started up with the most furious gestures, and wrenching a shovel from the hands of the landlady, drove the whole party down the steps, exclaiming:—

"Do you think I will consent to eat and be warm, when my poor babes have been starved and frozen to death? Begone and let me die in the same way. It is all I ask of you; my first request and my last."

Old Edwards, attempting to reason and expostulate with the frantic man, received a blow with the shovel that deprived him of his senses for the time, so that he was carried home in a coach (by direction of the landlady, who knew his place of residence), and he did not recover sufficiently to leave his room until the next morning. As soon as he found himself able to walk, he hastened once more to the dwelling of Gardener, and procuring a party of men to assist him, broke open the door of the apartment, which was found locked. The bodies of the two children were discovered, still lying on the straw. Between them was another corpse, that of Gardener himself; and the three bodies, attended by Mr. Edwards as chief mourner, were all deposited in one grave.

TO ADELIA.

Oh why, though obscure, may we not spend our days
  In the best and the brightest, the purest of bliss?
For the flowers that the world of Elysium displays,
  By the humblest of hands may be gathered in this.
Lo! the diamond that's buried hath stolen from the light
  Of the stars, tho' in heaven's distant azure they roll!
Nor shall we, Love, be lost on the ocean of night,
  While our guiding star shines from the source of the soul.

Let the thoughtless and gay flutter lightly along,
  In the sunbeams of fashion, the glitter of show;
Wasting beauty and youth on the dance and the song,
  While the heart inly bleeds with the languor of woe:
They may look on us both in the pride of their gold,
  With the cold smile of scorn, which from mammon they stole;
But that look, Love, will quail, although haughty and bold,
  When 'tis met by the riches and pride of the soul.

They may scatter around them the gems of the East,
  And the hues of the rainbow their garments may die;
And their wine, like a fountain, may flow at the feast,
  Shedding warmth o'er the heart, forcing fire from the eye;
But that warmth, and that fire, in retirement shall fade,
  And the heart will be wither'd and parch'd like a scroll;
While you, Love, and I, scarcely seen in the shade,
  Still shall tinge all we touch with the hues of the soul.

Then give them, oh give them their splendid array!
  'Tis the mask of disgust, disappointment and fear;
'Tis the shroud that enwraps pure affection's decay,—
  All within cries aloud, "Desolation is here!"
There's a beauty they know not, they never can see,
  Which dissolves in the spirit its fires to control,
And it beckons and smiles upon you, Love, and me,
  If our deeds, words and looks speak the truth of the soul.

Then why, though obscure, may we not spend our days
  In the best and the brightest, the purest of bliss?
For the flowers that the world of Elysium displays,
  By the humblest of hands may be gathered in this.
Lo! the diamond that's buried hath stolen from the light
  Of the stars, tho' in heaven's distant azure they roll!
Nor shall we, Love, be lost on the ocean of night,
  While our guiding star shines from the source of the soul.

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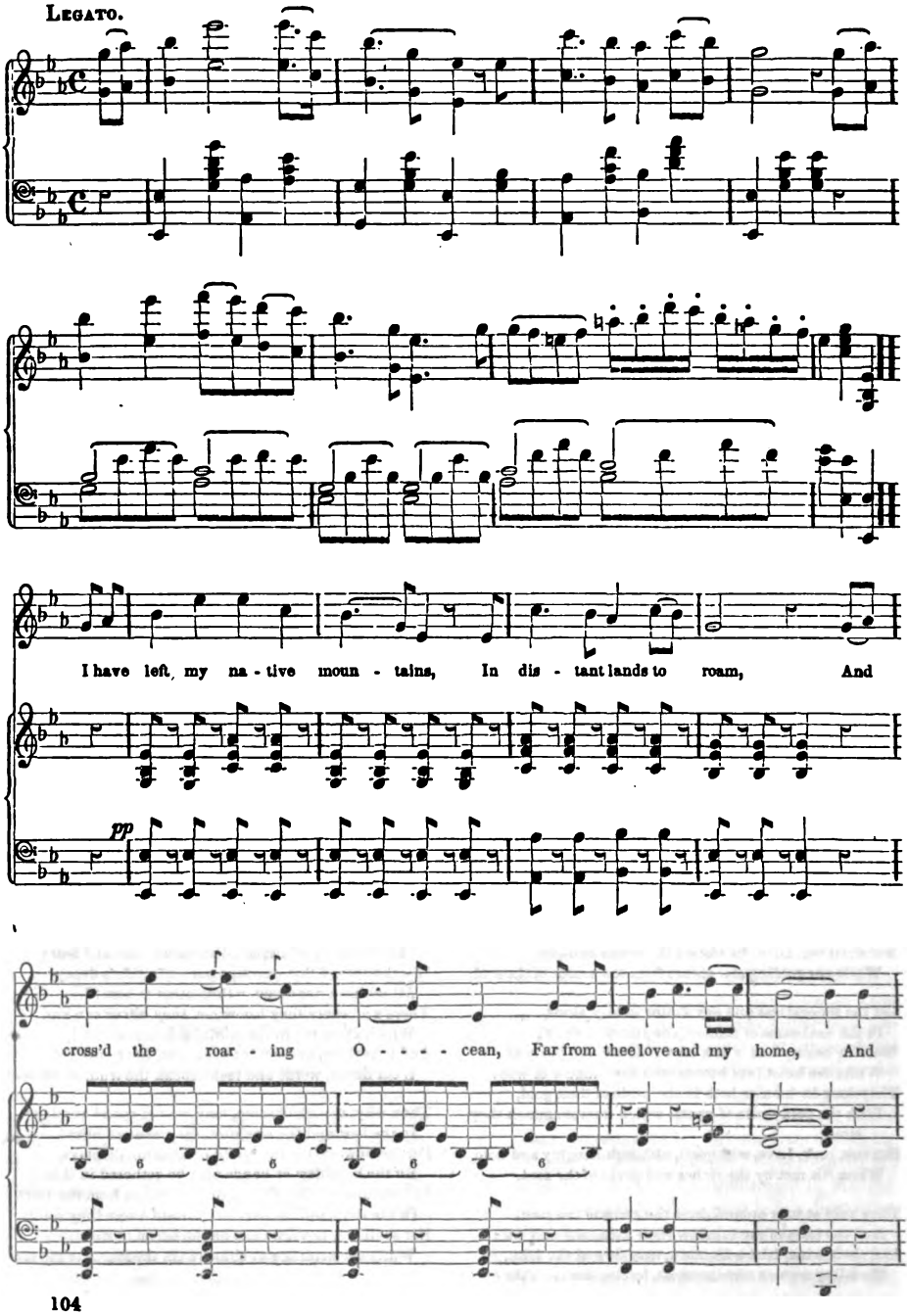
I HAVE LEFT MY NATIVE MOUNTAINS.

BALLAD COMPOSED BY WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER, ESQ.

SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

ARRANGED BY T. H. VANDENBERG.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1841, by J. G. Osbourn, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.



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while each foreign scene I trace - - , In each fair ob - - ject see, Sparkling

eyes they on - ly waken love, The me - mo - ry of thee, Sparkling

eyes they on - ly wa - ken, love The me - mo - ry of thee.

Should fortune still pursue me,
And doom me far to range,
Tho' you cease to think of me love,
Yet I can never change:

For, many young and fair I see,
That tempt my heart to roam,
Yet oh! can I forget thee, love,
When far away from home?

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LEGATO.

I have left my na - tive moun - tains, In dis - tant lands to roam, And

pp

cross'd the roar - ing O - - - - cean, Far from thee love and my home, And

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while each foreign scene I trace - - , In each fair ob - - ject see, Sparkling

eyes they on - ly waken love, The me - mo - ry of thee, Sparkling

ff

eyes they on - ly wa - ken, love The me - mo - ry of thee.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

CONVERSATIONS AT THE EDITORS' TABLE.

BY MRS. HALE.

"PRAY, have you brought the letter?" inquired Mrs. Marvin of the schoolmaster. "I am sure we shall never be able to hold any conversation worth printing this warm weather; my ideas are all in a state of fusion."

"And mine have, I fear, quite evaporated in this perspiration," returned the schoolmaster, wiping his brow, and taking the fan Ellen Marvin held ready for him. "But our task will not be difficult; no one expects to hear or read sensible things in this hot season. We can talk nonsense now with impunity."

"But some wise man, Bishop Heber I think it was, remarks that none but clever people can talk nonsense well," said Ellen.

"I hope you do not intend to insinuate that we are not clever, in the English sense of the word," said the schoolmaster. "But I think the good Bishop observed also, that 'nonsense was the true and appropriate language of happiness;' so at any rate we will claim that merit for ourselves."

"And if our remarks can add to the happiness of others they will not lack the true spirit of wisdom," said Mrs. Marvin; "but I remember you promised us some information respecting Zoar."

"Ah, yes; I said if I were to make a tour West this summer I would not fail to visit Zoar, as, from all I can learn, its inhabitants furnish one of the most curious specimens of social life ever known," said the schoolmaster.

"Are they not something like the Shakers?" inquired Mrs. Marvin.

"No, but something like the Quakers," said the schoolmaster; "though the association was not formed for any religious purpose, or such was not the governing motive. Neither was it for any moral or political improvement. It presents a combination of men and women for the simple purpose of bettering their physical condition. The association was formed to earn property, and the manner in which it has prospered proves, as the Fourrierists will be rejoiced to know, that such a plan may succeed far better than individual effort."

"Where is Zoar? I do not recollect ever hearing of the place," said Mrs. Marvin.

"I dare say not," replied the schoolmaster. "The 'Great West' baffles recollection. It is of little consequence that we know its condition at one period; its changes are too rapid to allow of any fixed description, except that, like Jack's bean, its growth keeps us in a constant state of wonderment. In this 'hitchimy, hatchima' way the good people of Zoar have gained their present height; their *bean* has grown to some purpose."

"And you will tell us their history?" said Ellen.

"All that I have been able to learn," he replied; "but it is only the outward life. It seems that in 1818 a number of Bavarians formed themselves into an association, choosing one Byrmly as their *Hetman*, and emigrated to this country. They were in number about two hundred, and all poor; their whole amount of money when they set foot in America being only about one thousand dollars. But they resolved to become landholders; and found, in about the centre of the state of Ohio, a tract of land that suited their views. It was a wilderness, but the banks of the Tuscarawas were, even in that rude state, a lovely spot; and the event has proved that the selection was judicious. They purchased at first thirteen hundred acres of government land, at two dollars per acre, paying, as was the rule, one fourth of the money down, which was all they had. They depended on their own prudence and industry for their success. The way they adopted to secure the greatest amount of profit from the labours of the company proves that in the things of this world they were wise."

"Oh, I recollect, they dissolved all the marriages, and separated the men and women, like the Shakers," said Mrs. Marvin; "was that done from prudential motives?"

"Entirely so," replied the schoolmaster; "and they agreed, moreover, that no marriages should take place amongst their young people till their land was paid for. They also agreed to live on vegetable diet, as the cheapest; and women as well as men laboured in the field, or at whatever they could do to best advantage."

"How long did this utilitarian system of things continue?" asked Ellen.

"About fourteen years," replied the schoolmaster; "the time that Jacob served for his wives. Byrmly's plan was different; he would have his people earn their money first. But when they had land enough, and houses, and flocks, and herds, the wedding day came. Husbands and wives again lived together, and about thirty marriages among the single were celebrated, Byrmly being among the first to enter the temple of Hymen, as the poets would say, though I presume the whole affair was with him a matter of prudential calculation. They had gained riches—they wanted people to enjoy them. But one circumstance must have annoyed him. He took upon himself the priest's office, and performed the marriage ceremony; a very simple one it was, at these weddings. As he was not licensed, according to the laws of Ohio, he was prosecuted on as many indictments as there were marriages, and fined."

"Then they have no officiating clergyman?" said Mrs. Marvin.

"Neither clergyman, physician, nor schoolmaster," returned the other, "do they employ. The good things of this world they have hitherto sought with a single aim, and have gained their ends. It is reported that the property now held by this association is worth nearly half a million of dollars. Considerable of this value has been imparted by the canals, and other public improvements of the state: still, the portion won by their own untiring industry is truly wonderful when we take into consideration that their settlement has not been augmented by any new recruits. The number of people is but little larger now than it was twenty-four years ago, when they first went to work in the wilderness."

"But why has this happened so different from the usual increase of population in our Western country?" said Mrs. Marvin.

"The fact that the property was held in common, and that they would admit no one unless conforming to their rules, prevented new emigrants from joining," replied the

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schoolmaster; "and then it has only been for the last nine or ten years, that marriages have been allowed among themselves. Another cause of decrease, my friend, to whom I am indebted for these facts, (I have mislaid his letter, and therefore give you the substance as I recollect it,) writes is, 'that the settlement suffered severely from cholera in 1834. Nowhere in the west did it rage with such fatal results as among this temperate, industrious, and comfortable people; and he attributes it to their vegetable diet system, which they have since abandoned.'"

"You said they have no physician, so they did not die of the doctor," observed Ellen. "Pray do they continue to slight all science and learning?"

"So I am told," returned the schoolmaster. "I should like to examine the system, and intended to have visited the settlement last year when I passed through Ohio. The great canal runs, side by side, with the Tuscarawas, and I saw as I passed a glimpse of Zoar, its red tiled roofs embosomed among forest and fruit trees, and looking the very paradise of this working-day world. The boat was like *time*, and would not stop for our accommodation, however, so the glimpse was all that I obtained. But it comes over my fancy in this hot, dusty city, like a vision of cool fountains in the desert. They have a beautiful garden, it is said, covering two acres of ground, with turfed walks, grapevine arbours, and rustic seats, and then a greenhouse, the like of which is not to be found in all that country. Persons come hundreds of miles to purchase flowers and seeds from the garden, I was told."

"And I am sure those who cultivate them must have some refinement," said Ellen. "I do believe these Zoarites will, in time, found a 'Young Ladies' School' in their village."

"Not while the present governor lives," returned the schoolmaster. "He represents the first stage in the progress of our race, that of physical improvement. All his energies have been directed to that purpose; he seems to have little of the philanthropist and less of the philosopher in his character. He is a thorough, practical man, and will cling to his gods of gold."

"There will be little social or moral improvement till woman is relieved from out-door labour, and encouraged to embellish and preside over her own home," said Mrs Marvin. "I should like to try the experiment there of founding a school for girls, as Ellen says, and see what effect that would have. Hitherto the order of civilization has always been to educate the men first It has proved a very slow process, for when ignorant mothers instil their errors and prejudices, as they surely will, during the infancy of their children, into the young mind, it takes the man half his life to overcome these defects in his early training."

"But the women of Zoar speak nothing but German," said the schoolmaster.

"It is a pity for them and their children," said Mrs. Marvin. "They can never enjoy the benefits of our institutions till they use the English language."

"I thought you would add, 'and read the Lady's Book,'" said the schoolmaster.

"Which they will not do, I hope, till the currency questions are settled. Our western friends find it almost impossible to *pay* their subscriptions now, on account, as they say, of the disordered state of the exchanges. So we shall make little effort to enlarge our list till better times," said Mrs. Marvin.

"In the mean time we shall be steadily improving the work," said the schoolmaster; "our list of correspondents now includes nearly all the eminent female writers of our own land, and I see you are promised some of the best and most distinguished among the lady writers of Great Britain. That is the true way to make the 'Book' popular, and worthy of its fame by employing *woman* as the Mentor of *woman*. Let the publisher keep the work true to his original plan—a 'Lady's Book'—and he need fear no competition."

"Here are a few articles I have selected from the editorial drawer," said Ellen: "'*To a Child*,' '*Stanzas to Bryant*,' '*The Old Church Bell*,' are all I had time to look over."

"When the thermometer ranges at 99° in the shade, who can attempt to decipher the hieroglyphics of a MS. poem," said the schoolmaster. "Our friends must have patience till 'Autumn cool' restores our tone of thought. At present my visions are of Zoar, and such shady places. We want real, not poetic groves and fountains now. But here is a *Sonnet* which seems worth preserving."

TO CONSTANCE.

O! sphere born spirit, with the rainbow mind,—
The true reflection of thy soul's pure light,—
Thy voice comes to me on the viewless wind,
Like echoed music in the mystic night.
I think of thee when in the solemn woods,
And midst the leaves thy shadowy form I see,
And by the side of our majestic floods,
Thy spirit blesses my lone revery.
Art thou some pure creation of the brain?
Or the remembrance of some former state,
Which, like the memory of some simple strain,
Heard in our youth, returns in later date?
Or art thou she, unseen, but destined long,
For my fond partner, and my theme for song?

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

The Burney Papers. Carey & Hart, Philad. 1842.

The second and third parts of this delightful series are now completed. They comprise the whole of the first volume, and bring down the narrative to the close of Miss Burney's first year of service with the Queen. We had supposed that after she quitted the gay world in which she moved, and was secluded by her position from the brilliant coterie of philosophers and wits to whom we were introduced in the earlier pages of her diary, Miss Burney's book would have abated something of its interest. But so far from this being the case we find the farther we proceed the more attractive it becomes, and that the details of her life in the royal palaces are in nowise less piquant and agreeable than they were when she was companioning with Johnson, and Burke, and Sir Joshua, and the ladies of the Blue Stocking Club. Indeed, to us republicans, the etiquettes and ceremonials of royal life are so novel, that, presented as these are, in the inimitable manner of Miss Burney, we read of them with infinite relish.

Six Nights with the Washingtonians. Godey & M'Michael, Philad.

These admirable stories, we learn from the publishers, have met with the most distinguished success. In all parts of the country they are extensively circulated, and the press everywhere has bestowed upon them the most unqua-

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lified commendation. In addition to this, numerous letters have been received from eminent advocates of the Temperance cause, attesting the beneficial influence they have already exerted, and urging the author to persevere in the good work he has so ably commenced.

We have upon a former occasion expressed the high opinion we entertained of this series of stories, and the perusal of *The Tavern Keeper*, the one last published, has not only confirmed but strengthened this opinion. It is truly a most eloquent exposition of the evils which flow from the sale of ardent spirits, and it will sink deep into the hearts and minds of many who have heretofore been hardened or indifferent on the subject. The episode of *The Minister's Son* is one of the most touching narratives we have ever read. The self abandonment of the misguided youth—the grief of the aged parents—the crushed affections, which bring their gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, are beautifully delineated; and the retribution which overtakes the tempter of their darling child is described in the most thrilling terms, and cannot fail to startle and alarm those who sin in like manner.

Every Temperance Society in the Union should possess themselves of these stories. They are not mere fictions, but vivid pictures of realities which too many have witnessed, and they are drawn with so much of the simplicity of truth that all can feel and understand them.

The Great Commission; or the Christian Church constituted and charged to convey the Gospel to the World. By the Rev. John Harris, D. D., author of "Mammon."

Some three or four years ago a few friends of missions offered a prize of two hundred guineas for the best "Essay on the duty, privilege, and encouragement of Christians to send the Gospel of Salvation to the unenlightened nations of the earth," and this work obtained the prize. Well, indeed, does it merit to be prized by every friend of human improvement. It shows the great benefits which have already resulted to mankind from the missionary spirit, in a manner so clear, candid, and convincing, that we are sure the merely worldly-minded man must acknowledge it to be good, and to every Christian it will be invaluable as a manual of reference for the past, of encouragement for the future. The future! what hopes are kindled at the thought! It is hardly forty years since the Protestant missionary enterprise commenced; and there are, in Britain and America, fourteen societies with an annual income of about $2,500,000. There are now in the field of labour about fifteen hundred missionaries, and five thousand assistant teachers (many of these natives); with fifty printing establishments. At all the missions combined, there are about 180,000 Christian communicants, and over 200,000 children under instruction. Have not great things been accomplished? And the hopes for the future. Only read this work, "The Great Commission;" and your heart will warm with the glorious vision. Published by *Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston;* who have also reprinted several excellent little books for the young Christian: viz. "*The Golden Censer;*" "*Growth in Grace;*" "*Apollos;*" and "*The Bible and the Closet,*" which we commend to our readers.

On Regimen and Longevity. By John Bell, M.D. Philadelphia: Haswell & Johnson, pp. 420.

The brief space into which we are obliged to compress our literary notices will forbid anything like a review of this useful work. We can only say, that those who make health their study, and wish to follow the course most conducive to long life, will find this treatise of great value.

Memoir of Mrs. Sarah Lanman Smith. By Rev. Edward W. Hooker. Boston: Perkins & Marvin. Philadelphia: H. Perkins.

Mrs. Smith furnishes one more instance to those of a Newell, and a Judson, and other honoured names among the pious and self-sacrificing women of America, of devotion to the missionary cause. This history of her works of love, and her tranquil, blessed death, is replete with the most touching events, which cannot fail to interest every true woman's heart. In the pathetic language of the "Monody" to her memory,

"We bless God for her."

Her example will ever be a bright star to guide the devoted female missionary in her duty; though few, we think, will ever be found to excel the pattern she has left us.

The American Botanical and Horticultural Magazine is the title of a new monthly periodical. It is tastefully ornamented with four coloured drawings of rare and beautiful flowers; the literary and scientific merits are of a high order; and altogether we think it merits, what we hope it will receive, a liberal encouragement It is unfortunate for works of this character, that those persons who have the taste and intelligence to appreciate them, are too often without the means of doing it. But the editor, *Dr. John H. Griscom*, and his host of talented and learned contributors will, we trust, be sustained. The ladies, to whose province flowers especially belong, will find this work a treasure. Published by George L. Curry & Co., New York.

Lady's Musical Library. Edited by Charles Jarvis, Professor of Music.

This popular work continues to furnish the fashionable music of the day; the June and July numbers are very excellent. Among the original pieces we must select "Song of the Teetotaller," written by the Rev. G. W. Bethune, music composed by Prof. Jarvis, as a gem of the purest beauty. We commend this work to every young lady who wishes a choice collection for the piano; she will find it the cheapest, (some recommendation in these days,) as well as the best, to be obtained. Published by Godey & M'Michael, Philadelphia.

Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the Controllers of the Public Schools of the City and County of Philadelphia.

Among the "wreck of *business* and the crush of *banks*," which the last year or two has inflicted on this fair city, it is a blessed relief to turn to the schools. Here we find that, in the improvements of education, the people are progressing with a zeal and rapidity which will make them rich in the cultivated talents and moral elevation of their children. The whole organization, as well as management, of these public schools appears to be excellent. We see only *one* deficiency; that of a High School for girls, where females may be qualified for the station which Providence seems particularly to have appointed to woman; that of instructress of children. Many females are now employed as teachers; but they might be rendered far more efficient if they had better means of preparation.

"*The Blind Boy*" is the title of an exquisite song, by Miss H. F. Gould; set to music by Mr. W. G. Dempster. It is a sweet air, worthy of the poetry.

The Impropriety of Capital Punishment: or the Report of a Committee on Dr. Cuyler's Sermon, entitled "The Law of God with respect to Murder."

An excellent report is this, written in that tone of kindness which the advocates of the most merciful administration of public justice with social security should always display. We do not propose entering into an examination of this controversy; but to all who wish for a candid and clear exposition of the principles which guide the opponents of capital punishment, we commend this "Report." Published by John Pennington, Philadelphia.

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

SEPTEMBER, 1842.

THE PREBLE MEDAL.

(See Plate.)

Among the many honorary medals conferred by order of the American Congress in commemoration of illustrious actions, none was more richly deserved than that presented to Commodore Edward Preble as an acknowledgment of his eminent services in the Tripolitan war of 1804. Preble was one of the most courageous and able commanders that ever served under the American flag. He was a native of Kittery in Maine, born in August, 1761. He entered as midshipman in the Massachusetts state ship Protector, of twenty-six guns, in the year 1779, and bore his part in a severe engagement with the letter of marque Admiral Duff, of thirty-six guns, which terminated in the blowing up of the British ship. In a second cruise, the Protector falling in with a British sloop of war and frigate, was captured, and the principal officers were taken to England; but Preble, by the interest of a friend of his father, Colonel William Tyng, obtained his release at New York and returned to his friends. He then entered as first lieutenant on board the sloop of war Winthrop, Captain George Little, who had been Captain Williams's second in command of the Protector, had scaled the walls of his prison at Plymouth, and with one other person escaping in a wherry to France, took passage thence to Boston. In reading the adventures of our American naval heroes, one is often constrained to exclaim with Lord Byron, "Truth is strange, stranger than fiction."

"One of Preble's exploits, while in this station," says his biographer, "has been often mentioned as an instance of daring courage and cool intrepidity not less than of good fortune. He boarded and cut out an English armed brig of superior force to the Winthrop, lying in Penobscot harbour, under circumstances which justly gave the action great eclat. Little had taken the brig's tender, from whom he gained such information of the situation of the brig, as made him resolve to attempt seizing on her by surprise. He run her alongside in the night, having prepared forty men to jump into her dressed in white frocks, to enable them to distinguish friend from foe. Coming close upon her, he was hailed by the enemy, who, as was said, supposed the Winthrop must be her tender, and who cried out, 'You will run aboard.' He answered, 'I am coming aboard, and immediately Preble, with fourteen men, sprung into the brig. The motion of the vessel was so rapid that the rest of the forty destined for boarding missed their opportunity. Little called to his lieutenant, 'will you not have more men?' 'No!' he answered, with great presence of mind, and a loud voice, 'we have more than we want; we stand in each other's way.' Those of the enemy's crew who were on deck chiefly leaped over the side, and others below from the cabin window, and swam to the shore, which was within pistol shot. Preble, instantly entering the cabin, found the officers in bed or just rising; he assured them they were his prisoners, and that resistance was vain, and if attempted, would only be fatal to them. Believing they were surprised and mastered by superior numbers they forbore any attempt to

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rescue the vessel and submitted. The troops of the enemy marched down to the shore, and commenced a brisk firing with muskets, and the battery opened a cannonade, which, however, was too high to take effect. In the mean time the captors beat their prize out of the harbour, exposed for a considerable space to volleys of musketry, and took her in triumph to Boston."

Lieutenant Preble continued in the Winthrop till the peace of 1783. This vessel is acknowledged to have rendered eminent service by protecting our trade near our shores, and picking up a great number of the small privateers which issued from the British ports to the eastward.

For several years after the conclusion of peace Preble was employed in the merchant service. On the reorganization of the navy in 1798, he was one of the first lieutenants commissioned to serve in the Constitution (forty-four guns). In the same year he was ordered to take command of the Pickering (fourteen guns), in which he performed two cruises. The next year, 1799, he received a captain's commission and the command of the Essex frigate, of thirty-two guns. In this ship he performed a cruise as far as the East Indies. On his return his health had suffered so much that he was unable to take command of the Adams, to which he was appointed, and he consequently resigned her to Captain Campbell.

In 1803 he was sufficiently recovered to enter again upon duty; and it was at this time that he commenced that brilliant career which has rendered his name so distinguished in our naval annals. In May of that year he was appointed to the command of the frigate Constitution then lying in Boston, which he was instructed to get ready for sea. In June he received orders to take charge of the squadron destined to act in the Mediterranean, as soon as it should be prepared, consisting of seven sail, viz., the Constitution, forty-four guns; Philadelphia, forty-four, already on the station; Argus, eighteen; Siren, sixteen; Nautilus, sixteen; Vixen, sixteen; Enterprise, fourteen. This force was committed to his direction for the purpose of protecting effectually the commerce and seamen of the United States against the Tripolitan cruisers on the Atlantic ocean, the Mediterranean, and adjoining seas.

It is foreign to our purpose to give a detailed account of the celebrated Tripolitan war, although it is certainly one of the most romantic as well as heroic chapters in the history of our country; the blowing up of the Philadelphia by Decatur; the gallant self-devotion of Sommers and his noble band in the Intrepid; and the capture of an African city by General Eaton; would each afford ample materials for a volume of description and narrative. Our subject is the Preble medal; and we hasten to notice the gallant exploits which it commemorates. On inspecting the engraved fac simile of the medal itself the reader will perceive that it purports to have been presented by the "*American Congress to the able commander Edward Preble, the defender of American commerce before Tripoli, 1804.*" It is generally the case that the day of the month on which a battle was fought is inscribed on the medal which commemorates it. Here we have only the year. The reason of this is, that the Preble medal commemorates not one, but five bombardments of the city of Tripoli, which took place on different days in the months of August and September 1804. These actions are detailed at length in the Naval History of Mr. Cooper; and the narrative of them has all the interest of romance, including as it does many traits of individual bravery, which would do honour to the best days of chivalry. All the officers and men under Commodore Preble's command received the thanks of Congress, and the commander himself was presented with the gold medal of which our engraving presents a copy, executed in the medallion style by Mr. Saxton.

Our limits will permit us to give but one scene in the Tripolitan war. It is a fair specimen of the whole. We copy it from Dr. Harris's Life of Commodore Bainbridge. This gallant officer was a prisoner in Tripoli at the time when Commodore Preble bombarded the city. He had been captured in the unfortunate frigate Philadelphia, and witnessed the several actions from the window of his prison. The following is the account of the first attack.

"An event soon happened which taught the Bashaw that he was neither so secure nor so powerful as he had fancied himself. On the twelfth of July, 1804, Commodore Preble appeared off Tripoli with a small squadron. On the third of August at three P. M. commenced a tremendous fire between our men-of-war, and the Tripolitan castle, batteries, and gunboats. Shot and shells were thrown into every quarter of the city, causing the greatest consternation among the inhabitants. The firing attracted the attention of the officers to the high grated window of the prison, from which they observed with unspeakable pride, three of the American gunboats bear down in gallant style on the enemy's eastern division, consisting of nine vessels of the same class. As our vessels advanced, a few well directed rounds of grape and musketry were fired, and as soon as the vessels came in contact, our gallant countrymen boarded sword in hand, and after a fierce contest of a few minutes, they captured three of the Tripolitan gunboats; the other six precipitately fled. At the moment of victory Captain Decatur was informed that his brother, Lieutenant James Decatur, had been treacherously shot by a Tripolitan commander after he had boarded and captured him. The fearless Decatur immediately pursued the murderer, and succeeding in getting along side just as he was retreating within the enemy's lines, he boarded with only eleven followers. Decatur immediately attacked the Tripolitan commander, who was armed with spear and cutlass. In the contest, which for a time appeared doubtful, Decatur broke his sword near the hilt. He seized his enemy's spear, and after a violent struggle succeeded in throwing him on the deck.

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RED HERRING PAWNS.

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The Turk now drew from his belt a dirk, and when in the act of striking, Decatur caught his arm, drew from his pocket a pistol, and shot him through the head. During the continuance of this terrible struggle, the crews of each vessel impetuously rushed to the assistance of their respective commanders. Such was the carnage in this furious and desperate battle, that it was with difficulty Decatur could extricate himself from the killed and wounded by which he was surrounded."

Such are the deeds commemorated by the Preble medal. We cannot believe that they will be deficient in interest for the readers of the Lady's Book. The ladies of our country have ever cherished the fame of its defenders. Our military and naval heroes have ever borne in mind that

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

CHILDREN'S PLAYS.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

(See Plate.)

Some people there are in this world of ours
Who seem for complainings born;
No matter, if placed in Arcadian bowers,
They take little heed of the fairest flowers,
But are sure to find the thorn.

The sun is out in his glory on high,
Earth smiles as if wooing his love—
"Ah, see his black spots!" cries the fault-seeking eye,
While the good in a desert some green thing would spy,
As the olive was found by the dove.

But his soul must be dark with a load of care,
Which none save the guilty should own,
Who can look on a scene of such joyance fair,
Where the young are at play, and not wish to share
In their laugh with its childlike tone.

Oh, there's never on earth a sound so sweet
As the laugh of a happy child;
'Tis a burst of fresh life with spring joy replete,
And the heart of age hath a warmer beat
When it ringeth free and wild.

Then take this hope, when "the times" seem worst,
If glad young faces appear,
With their innocent looks of truth and trust,
Like flowers by heaven's dew and sunshine nurs'd,
Be sure that the angels are near.

Will they not watch our land to bless?
Have faith and like children love—
Though the cares of life on thy spirit press,
Yet rejoice with the young in their happiness,
And thy heart will be drawn above.

LUTZOW'S WILD CHASE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF "WM. TELL," "MARY STUART," "JOAN OF ARC," ETC.

What flashed from yon wood in the sun's trembling ray?
And hark to that fast-coming tread!
And now down it moves, all in darkling array,
While the shrill-sounding bugle rings out, on the way,
With blasts that might startle the dead.
If ye ask who they are, the black bands that you see,—
They are Lützow's wild Jägers, the bold and the free.

What moves there so quick in the deep forest shade,
And from hill to far hill roves around?
Now it halts, now it crouches in night-ambuscade,
Now the hurrah resounds, rifles crack o'er the glade,
And Frenchmen are biting the ground.
Do ye ask who they are, the black rangers you see?—
They are Lützow's wild Jägers, the bold and the free.

Where glow the glad vine hills, where roars the deep Rhine,
There the tyrant had hoped for repose;
But they're nigh, they rush on, like the swift lightning-shine,
With stout arms stem the flood, spurn his threatening line,
And spring light on the shore of their foes:
And ask who they are, the black swimmers you see,—
They are Lützow's wild Jägers, the bold and the free.

What bursts there, so loud, from the valley below?
Swords clash, helmets ring, lances rattle!
'Tis our wild-hearted horsemen pour down on the foe,
And the fire-spark of Freedom awakes at each blow,
And flames forth in the red blaze of battle!
And ask who they are, the black horsemen you see,—
They are Lützow's wild Jägers, the bold and the free.

Who sinks, gasping there, in the proud field of fame,
Embedded with heaps of the slain?
Death's convulsions are fierce on his quivering frame,
But no fears rend his bosom, his heart glows the same,
For his Country is free from her chain!
And ask who they were, the black fallen you see,—
They were Lützow's wild Jägers, the bold and the free.

O the wild chase, the wild German chase,
The chase after tyrants and slaves!
Let no kindred tears then our marble deface,
For the bright morn of Freedom has dawned on our race,
And we conquer, though low in our graves!
And, from age to far ages, their proud boast shall be
Of Lützow's wild Jägers, the bold and the free!

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CIVILITY IS NEVER LOST.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

ROME, *May* 30, 1832.

DINED with F—, the artist, at a *trattoria*. F— is a man of genius, very adventurous and imaginative in his art, but never caring to show the least touch of these qualities in his conversation. His pictures have given him great vogue and consideration at Rome, so that his daily experience furnishes staple enough for his evening's chit-chat, and he seems, of course, to be always talking of himself. He is very generally set down as an egotist. His impulse to talk, however, springs from no wish for self-glorification, but rather from an indolent aptness to lay hands on the readiest and most familiar topic, and that is a kind of egotism to which I have very little objection—particularly with the mind fatigued, as it commonly is in Rome, by a long day's study of works of art.

I had passed the morning at the Barberini Palace with a party of picture hunters, and I made some remark as to the variety of impressions made upon the minds of different people by the same picture. *Apropos* of this remark, F— told me a little anecdote, which I must try to put down by way of a new shoal in the chart of human nature.

"It is very much the same with everything else," said F—; "no two people see with the same eyes, physically or morally: and faith, we might save ourselves a great deal of care and bother if we did but keep it in mind."

"As how?" I asked, for I saw that this vague remark was premonitory of an illustration.

"I think I introduced young Skyring to you at a party somewhere?"

"A youth with a gay waistcoat and nothing to say?—Yes."

"Well—your observation just now reminded me of the different estimate put by that gentleman and myself upon the same thing, and if I could give you any idea of my month's work in his behalf, you would agree with me that I might have spared myself some trouble—keeping in mind, as I said before, the difference in optics.

"I was copying a bit of foreshortening from a picture in the Vatican, one day, when this youth passed without observing me. I did not immediately recollect him. He was dressed like a figure in a tailor's window, and with Mrs. Stark in his hand was hunting up the pictures marked with four notes of admiration, and I, with a smile at the waxy dandyism of the man, turned to my work and forgot him. Presently his face recurred to me, or rather his sister's face, which some family likeness had insensibly recalled, and getting another look, I recognised in him an old, though not very intimate playmate of my boyish days. It immediately occurred to me that I could serve him a very good turn by giving him the *entrée* to society here, and quite as immediately it occurred to me to doubt whether it was worth my while."

"And what changed your mind," I asked, "for of course you came to the conclusion that it was not!"

"Oh, for his sake alone I should have left him as he was, a hermit in his varnished boots—for he had not an acquaintance in the city—but Kate Skyring had given me roses when roses were, to me, each a world; and for her sake, though I was a rejected lover, I thought better of my demurrer. Then I had a little pique to gratify—for the Skyrings had rather given me the *de haut en bas* in declining the honour of my alliance, (lucky for me, since it brought me here and made me what I am,) and I was not indisposed to show that the power to serve, to say the least, was now on my side."

"Two sufficient, as well as dramatic reasons for being civil to a man."

"Only arrived at, however, by a night's deliberation, for it cost me some trouble of thought and memory to get back into my chrysalis and imagine myself at all subject to people so much below my present vogue—whatever that is worth! Of course I don't think of Kate in this comparison, for a woman one has once loved is below nothing. We'll drink her health, God bless her!"

(A bottle of Lagrima.)

"I left my card on Mr. Skyring the next morning, with a note enclosing three or four invitations which I had been at some trouble to procure, and a hope from myself of the honour of his company to a quiet dinner. He took it as a statue would take a shower-bath, wrote me a note in the third person in reply to mine in the first, and came in ball dress and sulphur gloves at precisely the canonical fifteen minutes past the hour. Good old Thorwalsden dined with me and an English viscount for whom I was painting a picture, and between my talking Italian to the venerable sculptor and Skyring's be-lording and be-lordshiping the good-natured nobleman, the dinner went trippingly off—the Little Pedlington of our mutual nativity furnishing less than its share to the conversation.

"We drove, all together, to the Palazzo Rossi, for it was the night of the Marchesa's *soirée*. As sponsor, I looked with some satisfaction at Skyring in the ante-room, his toggery being quite unexceptionable and his *maintien* very up-ish and assured. I presented him to our fair hostess, who surveyed

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him as he approached with a satisfactory look of approval, and, no one else chancing to be near, I left him to improve what was rather a rare opportunity—a tête-a-tête with the prettiest woman in Rome. Five minutes after I returned to reconnoitre, and there he stood, stroking down his velvet waistcoat and looking from the carpet to the ceiling, while the marchioness was quite red with embarrassment and vexation. He had not opened his lips! She had tried him in French and Italian, (the dunce had told me that he spoke French too,) and finally she had ventured upon English, which she knew very little of, and still he neither spoke nor ran away!

"'Perhaps Monsieur would like to dance,' said the marchioness, gliding away from him with a look of inexpressible relief, and trusting to me to find him a partner.

"I had no difficulty in finding him a partner, for (that far) his waistcoat 'put him on velvet'—but I could not trust him alone again; so, having presented him to a very pretty woman and got them *vis-a-vis* in the quadrille, I stood by to supply the shortcomings. And little of a sinecure it was! The man had nothing to say: nor, confound him, had he any embarrassment on the subject. He looked at his varnished pumps and coaxed his coat to his waist and set back his neck like a goose bolting a grasshopper, and took as much interest in the conversation as a footman behind your chair—deaf and dumb apparently, but perfectly at his ease. He evidently had no idea that there was any distinction between men except in dress, and was persuaded that he was entirely successful as far as he had gone: and as to my efforts in his behalf, he clearly took them as gratuitous on my part—probably thinking, from the difference in our exteriors, that I paid myself in the glory of introducing him.

"Well—I had begun so liberally that I could scarce refuse to find my friend another partner, and after that another and another—I, to avoid the odium of inflicting a bore on my fair acquaintances, feeling compelled to continue my service as chorus in the pantomime—and, you will scarce believe me when I tell you that I submitted to this bore nightly for a month! I could not get rid of him. He would not be let go. Without offending him mortally, and so undoing all my sentimental outlay for Kate Skyring and her short-sighted papa, I had nothing for it but to go on till he should go off—ridden to death with him in every conceivable variety of bore."

"And is he gone?"

"Gone. And now what thanks do you suppose I got for all this?"

"A present of a pencil-case?"

"No indeed! but a lesson in human nature that will stick by me much longer. He called at my studio yesterday morning to say good-bye. Through all my sense of his boredom and relief at the prospect of being rid of him, I felt embarrassed when he came in, thinking how difficult it would be for him to express properly his sense of the obligation he was under to me. After a half hour's monologue (by myself) on pictures, &c., he started up and said he must go. "And, by the bye," said he, colouring a little, "there is one thing I want to say to you, Mr. F—! Hang it, it has stuck in my throat ever since I met you! You've been very polite and I'm obliged to you, of course—*but I don't like your devilish patronising manner!* Good-bye, Mr. F—!"

* * * * *

The foregoing is a leaf from a private diary which I kept at Rome. In making a daily entry of such passing stuff as interests us, we sometimes, amid much that should be ticketed for oblivion, record that which has a bearing, important or amusing, on the future; and a late renewal of my acquaintance with Mr. F—, followed by a knowledge of some fortunate changes in his worldly condition, has given that interest to this otherwise unimportant scrap of diary which will be made apparent presently to the reader. A vague recollection that I had something in an old book which referred to him, induced me to look it up, and I was surprised to find that I had noted down, in this trifling anecdote, what turned out to be the mainspring of his destiny.

F— returned to his native country after five years study of the great masters in Italy. His first pictures painted at Rome procured for him, as is stated in the diary I have quoted, a high reputation. He carried with him a style of his own which was merely stimulated and heightened by his first year's walk through the galleries of Florence, and the originality and boldness of his manner of colouring seemed to promise a sustained novelty in the art. Gradually, however, the awe of the great masters seemed to overshadow his confidence in himself, and as he travelled and deepened his knowledge of painting, he threw aside feature after feature of his own peculiar style, till at last he fell into the track of the great army of imitators, who follow the immortals of the Vatican as doomed ships follow the Flying Dutchman.

Arrived at home, and depending solely on his art for a subsistence, F— commenced the profession to which he had served so long an apprenticeship. But his pictures sadly disappointed his friends. After the first specimens of his acquired style in the annual exhibitions, the calls at his rooms became fewer and farther between, and his best works were returned from the galleries unsold. Too proud to humour the popular taste by returning to what he considered an inferior stage of his art, he stood still with his reputation ebbing from him, and as his means, of course, depended on the tide of public favour, he was soon involved in troubles before which his once brilliant hopes rapidly faded.

At this juncture he received the following letter:

"You will be surprised on glancing at the signature to this letter. You will be still more surprised when you are reminded that it is a reply to an unanswered one of your own—written years

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ago. That letter lies by me, expressed with all the diffidence of boyish feeling. And it seems as if its diffidence would encourage me in what I wish to say. Yet I write far more tremblingly than you could have done.

"Let me try to prepare the way by some explanation of the past.

"You were my first lover. I was not forbidden, at fourteen, to express the pleasure I felt at your admiration, and you cannot have forgotten the ardour and simplicity with which I returned it. I remember giving you roses better than I remember anything so long ago. Now—writing to you with the same feeling warm at my heart—it seems to me as if it needed but a rose, could I give it you in the same garden, to make us lovers again. Yet I know you must be changed. I scarce know whether I should go on with this letter.

"But I owe you reparation. I owe you an answer to this which lies before me: and if I err in answering it as my heart burns to do, you will at least be made happier by knowing that when treated with neglect and repulsion, you were still beloved.

"I think it was not long before the receipt of this letter that my father first spoke to me of our attachment. Till then I had only thought of loving you. That you were graceful and manly, that your voice was sweet, and that your smile made me happy, was all I could have told of you without reflection. I had never reasoned upon your qualities of mind, though I had taken an unconscious pride in your superiority to your companions, and least of all had I asked myself whether those abilities for making your way in the world which my father denied you, were among your boyish energies. With a silent conviction that you had no equal among your companions, in anything, I listened to my father's disparagement of you, bewildered and overawed, the very novelty and unexpectedness of the light in which he spoke of you, sealing my lips completely. Perhaps resistance to his will would have been of no avail, but had I been better prepared to reason upon what he urged, I might have expressed to you the unwillingness of my acquiescence. I was prevented from seeing you till your letter came, and then all intercourse with you was formally forbidden. My father said he would himself reply to your proposal. But it was addressed to me, and I have only recovered possession of it by his death.

"Though it may seem like reproaching you for yielding me without an effort, I must say, to complete the history of my own feelings, that I nursed a vague hope of hearing from you until your departure for Italy, and that this hope was extinguished not without bitter tears. The partial resentment that mingled with this unhappiness aided me doubtless in making up my mind to forget you, and for a while, for years I may say, I was possessed by other excitements and feelings. It is strange, however, that, though scarce remembering you when waking, I still saw you perpetually in my dreams.

"And, so far, this is a cold and easy recital. How shall I describe to you the next change, the reawakening of this smothered and slumbering affection! How shall I evade your contempt when I tell you that it awoke with your renown! But my first feeling was not one of love. When your name began to come to us in the letters of travellers and in the rumour of literary circles, I felt as if something that belonged to me was praised and honoured; a pride, an exulting and gratified pride, that feeling seemed to be, as if the heart of my childhood had been staked on your aspirations, and was borne up with you, a part and a partaker of your fame. With all my soul I drank in the news of your successes in the art; I wrote to those who came home from Italy; I questioned those likely to have heard of you, as critics and connoisseurs; I devoted all my reading to the literature of the arts, and the history of painters, for my life was poured into yours irresistibly, by a power I could not, and cannot now, control. My own imagination turned painter, indeed, for I lived on reverie, calling up, with endless variations, pictures of yourself amid the works of your pencil, visited and honoured as I knew you were, yet unchanged in the graceful and boyish beauty I remembered. I was proud of having loved you, of having been the object of the earliest and purest preference of a creature of genius; and through this pride, supplanting and overflowing it, crept and strengthened a warmer feeling, the love I have the hardihood to avow. Oh! what will you think of this boldness! Yet to conceal my love were now a severer task than to wait the hazard of your contempt.

"One explanation—a palliative, perhaps you will allow it to be, if you are generous—remains to be given. The immediate impulse of this letter was information from my brother, long withheld, of your kindness to him in Rome. From some perverseness which I hardly understand, he has never before hinted in my presence that he had seen you in Italy, and it was only by needing it as an illustration of some feeling which seemed to have piqued him, and which he was expressing to a friend, that he gave the particulars of your month of devotion to him. Knowing the difference between your characters, and the entire want of sympathy between your pursuits and my brother's, to what motive could I attribute your unusual and self-sacrificing kindness. Did I err—was I presumptuous, in believing that it was from a forgiving and tender memory of myself?

"You are prepared now, if you can be, for what I would say. We are left alone, my brother and I, orphan heirs to the large fortune of my father. I have no one to control my wishes, no one's permission to ask for any disposition of my hand and fortune. Will you have them? In this question is answered the sweet, and long treasured, though long neglected letter lying beside me.

"Katherine Skyring."

Mrs. F—, as will be seen from the style of

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her letter, is a woman of decision and cleverness, and of such a helpmeet, in the way of his profession as well as in the tenderer relations of life, F— was sorely in need. By her common sense counsels and persuasion, he has gone back with his knowledge of the art to the first lights of his own powerful genius, and with means to command leisure and experiment, he is, without submitting the process to the world, perfecting a manner which will more than redeem his early promise.

As his career, though not very uncommon or dramatic, hinged for its more fortunate events on an act of high-spirited politeness, I have thought, that in this age of departed chivalry, the story was worth preserving for its apt lesson.

ALINA DERLAY; OR THE TWO CAPS.

A TALE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Continued from page 93.)

PART THE SECOND.

"I ACKNOWLEDGE the beauty of Madame Rubaniere's cap," said Alina—"yet still, to-morrow evening I must wear aunt Elsey's."

"Impossible!" "You are not serious!" "Can you really think of such an absurdity!" were the exclamations of Imogene, and Leonard Rochdale.

"Dear Alina, you are an extraordinary girl," said Edwin.

"Alina cannot be in earnest," pursued Imogene; "and to-morrow night too! at her own ball! when she ought to look her very best!"

"And all for the sake of a queer old aunt, near a hundred miles off," added Leonard.

"That queer old aunt," replied Alina, "was for many years a mother to me, and she still loves me with the untiring affection of a parent. It is true that the cap, which, in the kindness of her heart she has made for me, is neither tasteful nor fashionable, but very much the contrary; and I am aware that it cannot possibly look well, either on me or on any one. Yet, I cannot but think how much time and pains it cost dear aunt Elsey, how long and industriously she toiled at it, erroneously hoping that it would give me pleasure."

"It is undoubtedly her *beau ideal* of a cap," said Leonard.

"Shall I not," continued Alina, "make so small a sacrifice for her sake, as to wear it, at least for one single evening?"

"Some other evening, then," pleaded Imogene: "but not to-morrow, dearest Alina, not to-morrow, I entreat you."

"My good aunt made it expressly for my birthnight ball, and worked hard to complete it in time," answered Alina; "therefore this is the very occasion on which I ought to wear it."

"But it is on this very occasion you will be expected to look your best," persisted Imogene; "how can you call the sacrifice a small one?"

"All to-morrow evening," resumed Alina, "my dear aunt Elsey will be thinking of me as adorned with her long-laboured cap. And she will congratulate herself on having finished it in time; imagining how I will look in it; and how I must enjoy wearing it; and what admiration it must excite in the beholders."

"Well then," said Imogene, "let her have the pleasure of imagining. It will make her happy for the time; and she need never know that you did not really wear it. Allow her always to suppose so."

"But she requests me to write her an account of the success of the cap, and to repeat to her the complimentary things that are said about it."

"She requires impossibilities," observed Leonard; "no complimentary things ever will or can be said of it; but exactly the contrary."

"You cannot, either way, escape the necessity of deceiving her," argued Imogene; "for if you wear the cap you will have to invent the compliments; and if you do not really wear it, but merely pretend to Mrs. Wendover that you have done so, she will still expect an account of the admiration."

"I can tell no falsehoods, and make no misrepresentations concerning it," replied Alina.

"Certainly you cannot," said Edwin.

"My counsel is," said Leonard, "that you write the good old lady a very affectionate letter, explaining to her that though the sewing of the cap is beautiful——"

"The needlework you mean," observed Imogene.

"Where is the difference between sewing and needlework?" inquired Leonard.

"Oh! a very great difference," replied his sister: "but were I to explain it, you would not understand."

"I thought flowering and figuring with needles was usually termed embroidery," remarked Edwin.

"So it is," answered Alina: "but the word *embroidery* is generally applied to ornamental needlework, wrought with threads of silk or gold. Our

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female vocabulary is much in want of a word to express exactly and concisely the decoration of muslin or cambric by patterns worked in cotton or thread."

"The cap might possibly be tolerated," said Leonard—taking it in his hand, and turning it about—"were it not for the twelve cockades, and the numerous acute angles."

"Those angles are the points that unite the head-piece to the crown," said Imogene.

"And the picket-fence behind."

"That is the quilling of stiff ribbon at the back of the neck."

"And then those three lines of palisades defending the face."

"Those are the three upstanding frills."

"And the two redoubts, right and left, flanking the bastion that stands in front."

"I suppose you mean the two side bows, and the great middle bow."

"Exactly. The whole cap reminds me of a fortress, though some might regard it rather in the light of a block-house. I dare say, if the old lady's cranium was phrenologically examined, there would be found a prodigious development of the organ of engineering: such as, if known, would excite the envy of many of our young candidates for the military service."

"Oh! Leonard!" exclaimed Alina, "do not make such a jest of my dear old aunt. She is too kind and good to be turned into ridicule."

"It is not herself but her cap that we are making merry with," replied Leonard: "and I appeal to all present if I have not given due honour to the mathematical skill that constructed that head-cover. You cannot refrain from laughing yourself, amiable as you certainly are, my sweet cousin. But, jesting apart, if you manage the affair adroitly, you may spare yourself the infliction of this cap of caps, and the dear old lady need never know a syllable of the matter. Nothing will be more easy than to keep the secret from her."

"I cannot deceive aunt Elsey," answered Alina.

"Now *I* should think that nothing in the world would be more easy," returned Leonard; "unless she possesses the magic mirror of the fairy tale, that shows us what our absent friends are doing at the very moment we are consulting the glass."

"I never heard that story," interrupted little Cora: "I dare say it is beautiful. Dear Leonard, won't you tell it me as soon as we are all done talking about the cap?"

"Edwin will relate it to you," replied Leonard: "He is much better versed in fairy tales than I am, and he never omits the most trifling particular."

"That is because he likes so much to give everybody all the pleasure he can," said Cora. "But come now, get through the cap very fast, all of you, that there may be time for Edwin to tell me that story before I go to bed. Won't you, dear Edwin?"

Edwin nodded assent, and Cora seated herself on one of the ottoman foot-cushions to be ready—for awhile saying nothing more on the subject of the cap, for fear of assisting to prolong the discussion.

"There would be little difficulty in deceiving aunt Elsey," proceeded Alina, "provided I could bring my mind to make the attempt; and to follow it up without shrinking from the series of deceptions which that attempt would involve. For instance, when I reply to her letter, shall I falsely tell her that I *did* wear the cap on my birthday ball, just as she intended? When she wrote again, I know she would express her satisfaction, and ask me further particulars; and I should be obliged (either directly or indirectly) to reiterate the falsehood in a second letter. Then at my next meeting with my dear aunt, she will talk to me about it; and how then shall I be able to look her in the face? Will not my cheeks blush, and my tongue falter, and my eyes seek the ground? The shame and compunction I shall then feel will be far greater than any little annoyance or mortification I may experience from wearing, for one night only, an antiquated, unbecoming head-dress."

"Well, well," said Leonard, "since you are so conscientious about a little harmless deception—"

"Deception may appear harmless at first," remarked Edwin; "but in the end it always produces evil; and rarely fails to punish its perpetrators by the confusion and repentance it brings upon them."

"Consider it not so deeply," said Leonard, laying his hand on his brother's shoulder."

"Dear Alina," resumed Imogene, "let me propose a plan. Wear, as you first intended, Madame Rubaniere's beautiful little cap, and look as you ought at your birth-night ball. Then to-morrow, write one of your usual charming letters to Mrs. Wendover; inform her candidly that you have *not* worn her cap. As delicately as possible give her your reasons, and promise to take the greatest care of it: reserving it new, clean, and unrumpled, for your next visit to Brookfield. You know how much she loves you; and you may be assured that her affection will not allow her to make you a single reproach on the subject."

"I well know the warmth and the steadiness of dear aunt Elsey's regard for me," replied Alina; "and therefore I will not abuse it. I feel very certain that there is little danger of our meetings being embittered by her taking me to task for anything that may have occurred since our last separation. When we are together she is so happy that all is sunshine on her part, and I hope on mine also. Were I, indeed, to excuse myself from wearing her cap to-morrow, I should have nothing to fear from *her* reproaches, but very much from my own. I continually look back with gratitude upon all her kindness to me; especially during the troublesome days of my early childhood. How prone was aunt Elsey to excuse my faults, and my follies; how anxious to gratify and even to anticipate my wishes, and to procure for me all the little pleasures and enjoyments within my reach. I was neither threatened nor pun-

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ished; but she governed me entirely by love. When I was ill, how carefully she watched, how tenderly she nursed me. Before I could read, how patiently she would amuse me by the hour with stories of which I never grew tired."

"I don't wonder you love her," said Cora. "Indeed, I now think you ought to wear the cap."

"You are a dear good girl, Alina," said Imogene Rochdale; "but still, I cannot reconcile myself to your being disfigured to-morrow night by putting that frightful thing on your head."

"I acknowledge the inelegance of the cap," replied Alina; "and I can easily perceive that it *will* disfigure me. But then, in the unpractised eyes of my good old aunt, it is surpassingly beautiful. Think of the time and pains she has bestowed on it; how she has done her best to render it, as she supposes, a first-rate head-dress; poring over it till her eyes were half blind; contriving all its parts so as to make them fit in with perfect accuracy. How careful she has been to keep it clean during all its long process. Allow me to repeat, that when my dear aunt has made such exertions to give *me* what she considers pleasure, it is but a small sacrifice for me to wear it, rather than give pain to *her*."

"But," said Imogene, "it is so unlucky that she should have pitched upon so conspicuous and important a thing as a cap. The most inelegant handkerchief or scarf that she could possibly have contrived for you would not be half so disfiguring. But an ugly cap (and this is the ugliest cap that ever was made) will entirely spoil the look of your head and face. If she had only thought of working you a horrible reticule! I should not have objected to your carrying it on your arm, if she had embroidered a cabbage on one side, and an onion on the other. And then, what excuse can be made to the company, who, of course, will all be struck dumb with amazement the moment they see you with that awful thing on your head."

"No excuse is necessary," answered Alina: "the wonder, if there be any, will subside in a few moments. And I am doubtful if any of our guests will so far violate *la bienséance* as to ask improper questions, or make invidious comments upon any article of dress they may chance to see me wear."

"I am not so sure of that," pursued Imogene.

"And even if they refrain from making audible remarks," said Leonard, "you may be certain that, like the silent parrot in the fable, they will 'think the more.'"

Mrs. Rochdale now came into the room, for a few minutes, and an appeal was made to her judgment with regard to the momentous question now under discussion by the young people. Mrs. Rochdale reflected awhile, and then said, "In this instance we will leave our dear Alina to do exactly as she pleases. She will give ample thought to both sides of the subject, to-night, when she is alone; and perhaps, by to-morrow morning, she will change her present view of it."

As Mrs. Rochdale quitted the parlour, her husband entered. Never did a man know or observe so little of female dress as Mr. Rochdale. It was, indeed, a theme on which he was equally incapable of either thinking or talking. Still Imogene could not forbear exhibiting to him aunt Elsey's cap, and inquiring, "Dear papa, did you ever see such a thing in your life?"

"I do not know, my dear," was his reply; "What is it?"

"You may well ask, sir," said Leonard, laughing: while Imogene and Cora joined in his risibility, and Alina and Edwin could not forbear smiling.

"It is a cap, sir," said Imogene; "a cap made for Alina by her aunt Wendover; for the purpose of wearing it at our little ball to-morrow evening. Only think!"

"Well, and why not," said Mr. Rochdale; "is there anything remarkable in it?"

"Oh! papa! papa!" exclaimed both his daughters.

"It seems to me a very good cap," said Mr. Rochdale.

"Look at this, dear father," said Imogene, displaying Madame Rubaniere's, "is not this beautiful?"

"I will take your word for it," replied Mr. Rochdale.

"I think I can make papa understand," said little Cora. "Dear father, if it was proper for gentlemen to wear ladies' caps, and if you were obliged to wear one of these two, which would you prefer?"

"I rather suppose the large one must be the most comfortable," answered Mr. Rochdale; "and the most valuable also: for in quantity of stuff it far exceeds the other."

"Oh! papa! papa!" exclaimed Imogene; "to choose a cap for being comfortable, and for its quantity of stuff."

"You will have to give me up as incorrigibly obtuse with regard to millinery," replied Mr. Rochdale, smiling.

"Alina," said Leonard, "let my father see you in both caps. He will then perhaps be able to judge."

Alina put on the French cap.

"You look very prettily in that, my dear," said Mr. Rochdale.

She then changed it for Mrs. Wendover's.

"And you look pretty in that also," said he.

Leonard, Imogene, and Cora all reiterated their exclamations.

"But papa," explained Imogene, "one is a beautiful cap, made by Madame Rubaniere, from one of the latest French patterns; the other is an old-fashioned, tasteless, hard-laboured structure, gotten up by a good old lady that has passed nearly all her life in the country, near a hundred miles from Philadelphia."

"Which is the French cap?" asked Mr. Rochdale.

There was a renewal of exclamations; after

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which Alina endeavoured to make him comprehend the difference.

"If you want my opinion," said Mr. Rochdale, "I should say that, as a patriotic young lady, you ought to prefer a cap of genuine domestic origin to one that is of foreign shape and made by the hands of a foreigner. But, setting patriotism aside, I do begin to perceive that the small thin cap is rather the best looking, and I think Alina will look better in it than if she were to wear the large thick one; which, however, would undoubtedly be found the most durable."

"Oh! papa! papa!" cried Imogene, "you are as bad as aunt Wendover herself! talking of the durability of a young lady's cap!"

"Well, well," said Mr. Rochdale, "you will never make anything of my taste in the dress line; so it is useless to consult me. I think I can generally observe when a young lady looks handsomer than usual; but I always supposed it was because she chanced to be in excellent health and spirits, or in good-humour with herself and every one else. How the cut or colour of her clothes can make any material difference I am yet to learn."

"Oh! papa! caps are not clothes."

"Head clothes they certainly are. But I leave you to settle this important business among yourselves: certain that whatever Alina may wear she cannot fail to look well in it."

He then withdrew. And Alina consigned the two caps to their respective bandboxes; proposing that (as Mrs. Rochdale had advised) all further discussion should be suspended: at least till next day.

Cora now claimed, before she went to bed, the promised fairy tale: which her brother Edwin kindly set himself to recounting in all its minutiæ; much of which, to increase the little girl's amusement, was added by himself as he proceeded.

On the following morning, while the young ladies, engaged in completing some wreaths for the lamps, were awaiting in the breakfast parlour the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Rochdale, Leonard, who had just been at the post-office, came in with an open letter in his hand; followed by Edwin with the New York papers.

"I have joyful news in this letter," said Leonard. "Alina, do you remember Julien Sandoval?"

"I rather think—I believe I do," replied Alina, blushing and looking down, and unconsciously quitting her wreath to take up an annual that lay on the sofa table.

"If you are not quite certain," said Leonard, mischievously, "I will refresh your memory, by reminding you that Julien Sandoval is younger brother to my father's friend, Mr. Marcellin Sandoval, the French merchant; who, after making a large fortune during his residence of twenty years in Philadelphia, returned to France about three years ago, taking with him this said Julien, whose parents having died when he was a little boy, he had been sent for by Mr. Sandoval to come to America, and live with him. So Julien and I chanced to go to school together: and though he was somewhat my senior, we became great friends. Now, when Mr. Sandoval returned to France, a very rich bachelor, he did not withdraw entirely from business, but left it in charge of his two partners. One of them, Mr. Morton, is now about to retire from the concern, and my friend Julien, who does our country the honour to entertain a fancy for it, has come over to take that gentleman's place. This letter is from Julien himself, with whom (as you may, or may not know) I have kept up a sort of irregular correspondence; and he seems very desirous of renewing personally our former friendship. He arrived at New York two days ago, and will be in Philadelphia this very afternoon. So we can have him at the ball tonight. I will meet him at the wharf, with an invitation. Alina, you say nothing. You of course have no recollection of the frequency of his visits at this house, for some months before his departure for France. You were then a very little girl, about the age that Imogene is now. You do not remember a short young man with a flat face, and a thick nose, and a broad mouth, and round gray eyes: and straw-coloured hair, harsh and unmanageable, that stood about in spikes. Upon the whole, a youth of rather unprepossessing exterior."

"No such thing!" exclaimed Alina, warmly: "Julien Sandoval was tall and graceful: with fine classical features, brilliant dark eyes, and black hair, curling beautifully."

"Your description is correct, Alina," said Edwin; "Leonard, of coure, is only jesting. A handsomer face, or more elegant figure, than that of Julien Sandoval, exists not in my remembrance."

And having made this generous avowal, Edwin Rochdale turned to the window, and sighed inaudibly.

"Ah!" said Leonard; "I thought I should revive Alina's recollection of Julien Sandoval, as soon as I began to disparage his beauty. Well, well, my friend Julien was very kind to take me into favour, and admit me into his intimacy, notwithstanding his superiority in point of age, and in all other things. When he was a boy, he began to come to the house on pretext of seeing *me*, and when he was a man he continued to come without any pretext at all. To me he generally talked of Buonaparte; but he had much edifying conversation with Alina about books and pictures, occasionally relieved with dissertations on music and dancing, and plays and circus-riding. I am not sure that they did not sometimes hold dialogues concerning legerdemain and puppet shows; for our friend Julien was *au fait* of everything. I should not wonder if he has a capital taste in millinery."

"But what is the purport of his letter?" inquired Edwin.

"Oh! merely to announce his arrival, and to prepare us for the happiness of having him again a resident in Philadelphia; and to say that he intends to consider America as his home, and to be-

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come a naturalized citizen; and to inquire if all the family are well; and to hint his conjecture that, by this time, the young ladies are quite grown up."

"There, Leonard!" exclaimed Cora; "you see other people do not consider me such a very little girl. I am sure I could not have seemed so to young Mr. Sandoval, or he would not have supposed I could be grown up already."

"Pho!" replied Leonard; "yours was not the age he thought of calculating. Alina, you need not read so steadily at the blank leaves of that annual."

"Leonard," said Edwin, in a low voice to his brother, "let us talk of something else."

"Very well," answered Leonard aloud; "I am perfectly willing to change the subject; so let us resume the argument of the two caps."

"Nothing more need be said on that topic," said Alina, smiling.

"I am glad to hear it," replied Leonard; "for, of course, since the late arrival from France, ugly head-dresses have fallen fifty per cent.; and handsome ones have risen above par."

"For shame, Leonard," said Edwin softly.

"I know very well what Leonard means," observed Cora.

"Cora," said Edwin, "this will be a busy day throughout the house; and the canary birds up stairs may be forgotten. Go now, and feed them, while they are thought of. They are probably, at this very time, suffering for their breakfast."

"Poor things!" exclaimed Cora: and she bounded away to attend the birds.

"Seriously Alina," pursued Leonard: "can you still persist in your determination to disfigure yourself at the ball, out of affection for aunt Elsey? Remember, you have now an additional motive for looking your very best this evening. Reflect—Julien Sandoval is just from Paris: fresh from the head-quarters of taste and elegance: and with the practised eye of a connoisseur in costume and effect, he will at once detect whatever is amiss in your attire."

"It requires no practised eye to discover the horrors of that dreadful cap," murmured Imogene.

"Come, Alina;" persisted Leonard: "let me advise you as a friend—as a brother. You know not how much may depend on the first impression at a meeting after three years absence. I know you are a frank, candid, open-hearted little girl: so I will speak plainly to you. Before he went to Europe, it was easy to perceive that Julien Sandoval was never more happy than in your society. Yes, and you were very well pleased with *him*, young as you then were. He has now come back to make Philadelphia his residence, and is undoubtedly desirous of renewing his acquaintance with our family. He has not deteriorated since he left us; but is really a young man *comme il y en a peu*; as I have heard from some of our friends who have known him in Paris; and as his letters, indeed, denote. In short, it may be much to your interest to appear this evening, in every respect as advantageously as possible. At least to refrain from all wilful disfigurement."

Alina remained silent.

"That beautiful cap of Madame Rubaniere's in which you look so sweetly," said Imogene, "may give a decisive touch to the preference with which Julien Sandoval has so long regarded you."

"It is most probable," replied Alina, "that if such a preference really existed, it was a mere boyish fancy; and has long since faded away. I was scarcely more than a child when Julien Sandoval knew me. And he has since been living in a land of elegant women."

"True," replied Leonard; "but somehow, when Frenchmen come to America, they always seem to marry our little Americans."

"This is really a very strange conversation," said Alina. "It will be best to discontinue it."

"We are all friends, Alina," said Leonard: "friends, as well as relations; and therefore we may speak to each other without reserve. In simple truth, I believe that if you persist in wearing that ugly thing this evening, you may have cause to regret it. Julien Sandoval is well worth pleasing, and this will be his first impression of you as a young lady; for it is true enough that when he formerly knew you, it was only as a lively, rosy-cheeked, intelligent child. So I advise you, this night, to set your cap at him; and let it be the pretty one."

"Leonard," said Alina, "do not judge of every one by yourself. All young men, perhaps, are not so easily fascinated by mere externals. You know last winter you fell in love with Louisa Medwin's luxuriant ringlets. They were soon supplanted by Clarissa Harley's beautiful hands; which, in their turn, were set aside by Dorinda Denham's white neck."

"Well," replied Leonard: "all this only proves how much the power of beauty is heightened by the assistance of graceful and well-chosen dress. I am sure I should not have so much admired Louisa's ringlets, rich and glossy as they were, but that she had such a tasteful way of dispersing the most lovely flowers among them. Clarissa's delicate and beautiful little hands were set off by the exquisite lace frills that she wore at her wrists; and Dorinda Denham's white neck looked whiter still from the narrow black velvet ribbon that encircled it."

"Your own case seems to prove," remarked Alina, "that impressions made by such trifling causes, can neither be deep nor lasting."

"Come, come," replied Leonard; "it is unfair to compare Julien Sandoval with me. As yet I am a mere boy; and boys, you know, are like butterflies, always flitting from flower to flower."

"This is the first time in your life," said Imogene, "that you have acknowledged yourself a boy. As to the butterfly, we will admit the comparison to be just."

"We are all friends, it is true," said Alina, after a pause; "and now, my *dear* friends, let me

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supplicate you to say nothing more to me on the subject of the caps. I have the day before me to reflect on it: and I now promise, in consideration for the interest you kindly feel in my appearing to advantage this evening, that I will not decide without due deliberation. You will find that though I would gladly be firm, I am not obstinate. Meanwhile, let us cease all further discussion."

She then took up her wreaths, and left the room to put them away till after breakfast. And Leonard said to Imogene: "You saw how dear Alina began to waver as soon as I told her about Julien Sandoval. I was right in conjecturing that in the corner of her little heart, she cherished a sort of quiet, half-conscious *penchant* for the young *citoyen*."

Edwin Rochdale, who had gradually been growing paler and paler, now withdrew into the adjoining parlour, where he traversed the room with perturbed steps, till the breakfast bell summoned Mr. and Mrs. Rochdale, and all the rest of the family, to the table.

The day passed rapidly on, as is usually the case with ball-days; the gentlemen of the family keeping as little about the house as possible; conscious that on such occasions, they are considered somewhat in the light of incumbrances.

Julien Sandoval *did* arrive, and Leonard Rochdale did meet him on the wharf, and afterwards spent an hour with him at the Washington Hotel; listening with avidity to a synopsis of the present state of Paris. When Leonard came home, the family were just assembling round an early tea-table, and he informed them that his friend Julien was one of the most elegant young men he had ever seen; that one of his favourite recreations was drawing, and that he had shown him a case containing a miniature, executed by himself, of his married sister, Madame Damoville, in a plain white dress with her hair simply parted on her forehead. The case contained also a variety of costumes beautifully painted and cut out, so that they might all, in turn, be fitted round the face and shoulders of the miniature; depicting the lady in a dozen different dresses; and showing the effect of each on her air and countenance. Alina listened to this detail so very earnestly that she forgot to drink her tea: and Edwin drank his with all his might.

As soon as tea was over, the ladies repaired to their own apartments to dress: an office that Alina always performed entirely alone: being one of those fortunate and rare young ladies that possess the capability of arranging and fastening every part of their attire with their own hands. The large and elegant parlours had been prepared with much taste for the ball; and as soon as the family had made their toilets, they went down to be ready for receiving the company. "I thought I should find Alina here before me," said Imogene: "I never knew her so long in dressing." "I dare say," said Cora, "she is all this while trying on the two caps, first one and then the other, before she can make up her mind which to wear: now that the time for deciding has actually come."

"I have now but little fear as to her choice," said Leonard. "Since morning 'a change has come o'er the spirit of her dream.'" And he walked about the room, humming the air of "Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love, that rules us all completely:" till Edwin silenced him by a look of reproval.

Just then the door-bell rung, and very soon a large family of guests made their appearance; being in the practice of going unusually early to parties that they might have a good view of every individual that came in after them. They were soon followed by another detachment of early people. And then came Julien Sandoval, impatient to resume his acquaintance with the house of Rochdale, and to have a little talk with them before the rooms began to fill. He was indeed a young man of most prepossessing appearance and manner; and he quite won the hearts of all the Rochdales by expressing his delight at finding himself once more in America.

Imogene, who had placed herself on a tabouret near the door of the back parlour, became quite fidgety with impatience for the entrance of Alina; and could scarcely forbear going in quest of her. Suddenly she heard the well-known step of our heroine, gliding along from the foot of the staircase. All the Rochdales, except the father, ceased talking, and looked anxiously towards the door.

(To be continued.)

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF MISS ROBINA ANN HUNTER, OF BALTIMORE,

AGED FOURTEEN YEARS AND SIX MONTHS.

WALK forth to cull the summer flowers
While sparkling dew-drops gild their hues—
At first their fragrance so o'erpowers
We gaze, but know not where to choose.
With nearer view we soon survey
Some beauteous bud, the garden's gem—
The full-blown rose may bloom away,
We nip the young bud from its stem.

How like thy fate, enchanting girl—
'Mid lovely ones the loveliest—
Among young flowers a very pearl,
That won our hearts before the rest.
But mid the blooming of the earth
Thy spirit's beauty scarce could rise
Ere God, who saw its priceless worth,
The young bud pluck'd for Paradise.

Baltimore. M. C. I.

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KATE PERCIVAL.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ELLEN CAMPBELL," ETC.

It was at the close of a long, sultry day in June, that Mrs. Percival sat alone at the open window of her chamber. The setting sun tinged with its last bright rays the peaceful landscape that was spread before her. The verdant lawn, with its noble, venerable trees, the flowers she had reared with care, and the graceful vines that her own hands had twined round their rustic props, the clear blue waters of the gentle stream that flowed murmuring at its foot, and the green hills rising far away in the distance, all lay smiling in placid beauty in that quiet hour. Beautiful indeed was that scene to the eye of the languid, feverish invalid, and long and earnestly she gazed on it. Pale, very pale, was her calm, thoughtful face, and each blue vein of the fair hand on which her brow rested, was distinctly visible. An expression of holy peace, of inward chastened happiness marked her countenance, and shone in the subdued glance of her dark bright eye. She knew that she was passing away; that she would tread no more the sunny paths of that blooming parterre; that her hand would never again twine the clinging tendrils of those fragrant vines; that her eye would soon look for the last time on that lovely scene, still to bloom on bright and gay, when she was no more seen, and her memory had faded for ever from the earth. She knew it all, but with unshaken confidence in Him who had conquered death and opened the gates of eternal life, she looked calmly upward, and longed for the promised rest that "remaineth for the people of God."

Bitter indeed had been the experience that had led her to garner up her hopes "where only true joys can be found." Deprived in childhood of both her parents, she had married early in life one who had sought her hand for the sake of the wealth to which she was sole heiress. Possessed of her fair lands, he cared naught for the heart that had intrusted its happiness to his keeping, but pursued his pleasures in scenes of vice and dissipation, while his young and lovely wife sat alone in her solitary home. Deeply did she feel her wrong, and bitterly did her stricken heart mourn the destruction of its dearest hopes, the early blighting of its rich affections. As years rolled by, she tasted again of happiness in the fond endearments of the fair children who sprang up around her hearth, but one by one they faded from her sight, while yet in tender infancy, transplanted to a brighter clime, and none remained to cheer her home save one, her eldest child and only daughter. Over this surviving blossom Mrs. Percival watched with a mother's untiring and devoted love. Affliction had taught her that the only source of true happiness was in the love and service of her Redeemer, and most earnestly did she endeavour to lead the heart of her precious charge to depend in humble gratitude and affection on Him in "whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning." Especially had she sought to do this during the last few months, when it became apparent to herself and all around her, that her delicate frame was slowly sinking beneath the pressure of severe afflictions, and the still deeper daily sorrow produced by the neglect and dissipation of him who was bound to her by the tenderest tie, and to whom her heart clung with all a woman's constant, intense affection.

"Mother, dear mother, look at my beautiful flowers," said a low, sweet voice at her side.

Mrs. Percival turned with looks of tenderness to the gentle girl, whose light footstep had failed to disturb her musings.

"They are indeed beautiful, my Kate, particularly this half-opened rose—it is so very fragrant."

"I wish you could see the bush, mother. You know it bore but two or three flowers last season, now there are many in bloom, and next year I think it will be full."

"I shall not be here when it blooms again, my child. Before another summer returns, I hope to be where flowers never fade."

A slight flush of emotion spread over Mrs. Percival's face as she spoke, and the bright hectic colour deepened on her cheek.

"Think of me then," she continued, as Kate knelt beside her, and wept silently on her bosom; "think of me then, dearest, as free from all sin and sorrow, happier, yes, happier far, than I should be with you here. Wish me not back again, but oh! my beloved child, make my God your God, my Saviour your Saviour, and we shall soon meet again in those blessed mansions, where death cannot enter. When your heart is lonely and sad, go with all your cares and griefs to your Father in heaven. He will not leave you comfortless. I commit you to his holy keeping. I know he will not leave you, nor forsake you. 'Trust in him at all times.' Seek him as your Redeemer, your friend and guide."

"Mother, dear mother," murmured the weeping girl, "speak not thus, it will break my heart. I cannot part from you, you must not leave me alone!"

Mrs. Percival replied not, and when, after a mo-

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ment's pause, Kate raised her eyes to her face, she was startled by its deathlike paleness, and hastily summoned from an adjoining apartment the faithful nurse, who had been her mother's constant attendant from infancy.

A few more weeks and Kate wept in bitter anguish over her mother's grave.

Her father, who had returned from an excursion of pleasure on which he had been absent during the last weeks of his wife's illness, only in time to receive her parting message, and her last look of undying love, seemed for a little while to be moved by the solemn scenes which he had witnessed. He spoke kindly, even affectionately to his mourning child; sought to divert her mind from constantly dwelling on the past; told her of the many pleasant young companions she would find in the school of which she was soon to become an inmate; praised her beauty, which could not fail to attract the attention of every beholder, and predicted the admiration she would excite, when as an accomplished young lady she entered the gay world. Poor Kate, to whom the thought of leaving the home endeared to her by so many hallowed associations, and the consequent separation from the aged and affectionate attendant, who still remained to cheer her lonely hours, was the most terrible that could be presented, wept bitterly whenever any allusion was made to her removal. Once she even overcame her natural timidity and earnestly besought her father to allow her to remain where every spot was fraught with blessed memories of her beloved, sainted mother. He was displeased by her entreaties, called her wish childish folly, and bade her speak no more upon the subject—that his resolution was not to be shaken by her foolish tears. Silently, yet with an almost breaking heart, Kate witnessed the preparations made for her departure. During the twelve happy years of her life, she had never been separated from her fond parent, and now the thought of going among strangers, where no familiar face would be seen, no voice speak in well-known accents the words of tenderness that had ever been her portion, was almost intolerable. As the time of separation approached, her heart clung still closer to her humble but faithful friend. For hours she sat by her side, listening to her vivid descriptions of her mother's girlish days, of her gay and happy childhood, and the sad events of her after life. Together they retraced each little incident of her sickness and death, mingling sad yet soothing tears. Then too, they spake of her present happiness in the kingdom of her Lord, and many beautiful and comforting descriptions of the blessedness of the saints in heaven, did little Kate find in the precious volume that had been her dying gift. Often the sorrowful child rambled forth alone over her mother's favourite walks, where every tree and shrub seemed to speak of her, and resting on some rustic seat that her delicate taste had designed, read from her little Bible portions marked by that parent's trembling hand for the guidance and comfort of the beloved one left behind her. Sweet and consoling lessons the gentle girl gathered from those sacred pages, and many proofs of her heavenly father's love did she receive in the peace and comfort which his gracious promises afforded her fainting heart.

Summer passed away, and when autumn robed in rich and varied colours the woods and hills around her quiet home, Kate Percival bade farewell to her favourite haunts, and parting from all dear to her young heart, proceeded with her father to a neighbouring city, where he placed her in a large and fashionable boarding school, desiring that she should be instructed in all the varied accomplishments of her sex.

"Kate Percival, Kate Percival, where are you?" cried Rose Lennox at the top of her voice, in the large school-room in which noisy groups of laughing, talking girls were collected, at the close of their daily exercises, one warm summer afternoon towards the last of June, about a year after the events above recorded took place. Rose looked anxiously among all the merry faces around her, but Kate was nowhere to be seen. She ran quickly from one recitation-room to another, in search of her, alike in vain; then, with a look of disappointment, began slowly to ascend what seemed to her an interminable flight of stairs, to the little room in the attic occupied by Kate and herself as a sleeping apartment.

"Pray, Miss Smith, have you seen anything of Kate Percival since school?" said she to a young lady she met on the landing.

"I think she is in your room, Rose; I caught a glimpse of some one sitting at the window as I passed the door."

"Dear me! I might have known she was there, for where else is she ever to be found when school is over."

"Poor Kate!" thought Rose, as she continued to pursue her upward course, "how sad she has been the last week. I think she will be sorry when our vacation commences. But I don't wonder at it; she has no mother to welcome her home; no brothers or sisters to meet her; and I do think her father must be a strange man; he has only been to see her once this term, and he does not write to her often. I wonder what this letter has in it; I hope it is to say that she need not go home, for then I mean to persuade papa to take her with us: dear, kind papa! I know he will if I ask him."

Rose's usually bright face became still brighter at this pleasant thought. She cautiously opened the door of their room, which stood a little ajar, and quietly entered. It was a small apartment, with a low, sloping ceiling, containing two single beds, a chest of drawers, the joint property of the two, a round table on which lay a pile of books, and several large trunks. One of these was open, and contained a few articles in the bottom closely packed, apparently selected from a heap of wearing apparel that was piled around it, that Rose had collected early that morning, declaring she meant to pack a little every day, hoping it would make the long

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week before the vacation pass more quickly. This employment had been hastily deserted at the sound of the breakfast bell, nor remembered again until the neglected articles caught the eye of Rose as she entered. She gave them but one glance, however, and stole noiselessly to the side of her friend, who was sitting, with her back to the door, at the only window of the chamber, gazing in silent admiration at the beautiful clouds that could be seen over the roofs of the bustling city, glittering in gorgeous splendour far away in the distant west. Rose stood behind her for a moment, then playfully dropped the letter she held in her hand into her lap. Kate sprang up quickly, with an exclamation of surprise.

"My dear Rose, how you startled me!"

"And how you have tired me! What a search I have had after you! Really, Kate, one might almost carry you off without your knowing it. But read your letter—be quick—I want to know what it has in it, for I have got a bright thought in my head."

Rose turned away as Kate broke the seal, and kneeling beside her trunk, resumed her morning employment, folding, rolling, and carefully packing her scattered wardrobe. A sudden exclamation from Kate stopped her. She turned her head, and saw that the letter had fallen from her hand to the floor, and that a deathlike paleness had spread over her face.

"Dear Kate, what is the matter—what has happened?" inquired Rose, much alarmed.

Kate raised her eyes to her friend's face with an earnest bewildered look, as though she could not comprehend the reality of some startling truth, then pointed silently to the letter. Rose took it up and began to read, but suddenly paused at the end of the first few sentences; her fine face flushed with emotion, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Is it true, Rose—can it be so?" asked Kate in a low hoarse voice.

"It must be so, my dear, dear Kate," replied Rose soothingly, putting her arm round the trembling form of her friend. Kate laid her head on her shoulder and burst into tears, continuing long to sob bitterly, while Rose, drawing her still closer to her bosom, wept in silence by her side.

Mr. Percival's letter to his daughter abruptly imparted to her the intelligence of his marriage to a young lady at the south, whom she was to find, on her return home, filling the place of her beloved mother.

How changed indeed to Kate was that once quiet home, where every spot yet retained for her sad and tender associations of the departed! It had become the scene of gay and brilliant festivities, and the apartments that had been almost deserted during her mother's lingering illness were thronged with visitors from the neighbouring city, or with the friends of its new mistress, who, glad to escape from the heat of a southern clime, had accepted the invitation of the fair bride to share her summer retreat. Poor Kate, whose little heart beat with intense emotion at the thought of meeting her new relative, was received by her with much apparent kindness, and with many compliments on her graceful appearance and blooming looks; but there was no affection in her embrace, and her words sounded coldly in the ears of the trembling child. She hastened to her own little room, where every article of furniture reminded her of the happy companionship she had once enjoyed, and wept such tears as childhood never sheds on the bosom of maternal love. How precious to Kate then would have been one kind, familiar voice; but there was none to comfort her. Her faithful nurse had long since left a spot from whence all she loved had departed, and was living with her son in a distant village; and Rose, sweet Rose Lennox, she too was far away, in the midst of the cheerful loving circle of her happy home. But He "who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities," whose ear is ever open, even to the young heart's transient griefs, bent in sympathy and love over the weeping child, and comforted her with the rich consolations of His grace, and gently led her to the "green pastures" and "still waters" which His abounding mercy has prepared for the tender lambs of his fold.

The weeks of the vacation passed slowly away, and Kate, who shrunk from mingling in the festivities around her, and who rarely, if ever, saw her parents alone, was glad to find herself again at school, and folded in the arms of her loving Rose, who met her with joy and ardent expressions of unabated affection.

There are events in the life of every individual that seem so obviously to divide the past from the future, that he cannot but feel in reference to the portion thus cut off, that it is gone beyond recall, and his connection with it ceased for ever. No reflective mind can be conscious of such an era in its existence without casting back on the scenes that are receding from its view many a "longing, lingering look" of regret for duties left unperformed, or carelessly discharged, or of sad and affectionate farewell to joys that will return no more. Hope may paint the future in her brightest colours, but the heart knows it is resigning certain treasures for those that may never be obtained, or disappoint if they elude not the grasp. The past seems like an old and tried friend, whose excellencies have been discovered and appreciated, and have contributed to our happiness and profit; whose very blemishes, though they may have caused us care and sorrow, have yet become so familiar that we have almost ceased to feel the pain they at first inflicted: but the future, so fair and smiling in aspect, appears only as a stranger, whose winning charms delight the eye, but to whose promises we dare not trust, because we know not their truth. We cling to the memory of the days that are fled; we shrink from trusting our trembling spirits to the new companionship of coming years, though they be more bright in the shadowy distance.

So thought Kate Percival as she sat by the side

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of her friend the evening before their final removal from school. The day had been one of busy employments, the last of the term. In the upper apartments of the mansion there had been much bustle and confusion, much laughing and talking and running from room to room of girls who had obtained permission to engage in the delightful occupation of packing; much assistance offered and accepted from busy neighbours and room-mates that had been better dispensed with, thereby causing sundry overturnings of well filled trunks, in search of articles thoughtlessly deposited in the bottom, that ought to have been left out, or to replace those that had been forgotten. In the school-room what noisy activity; what an endless clearing out of desks; what valuable discoveries of lost pens and pencils, and ink-wipers, long concealed from their sorrowing owners in some unexplored corner; what loads of books, appearing and then disappearing, carried off in triumph in the arms or on the heads of their respective proprietors, to be packed up in the heavy trunks of those who would need them no more, or to be carefully stowed away to await the expected return of others at the end of the two months vacation, that seemed to them, in prospect, as years! What continual expressions of delight from the younger girls, as they portrayed to each other the pleasures of that long expected period—the meeting with merry brothers and sisters, with kind uncles and aunts, loaded with presents, with smiling cousins and affectionate playmates! Oh! how varied and engrossing were the hourly employments of that busy day!

There were some among the elder pupils—among those who had completed their school days—who were going forth to assume a responsible station in the world—to exert over all around them woman's gentle yet mighty sway, whose countenances bore traces of deeper and sadder feelings. Among these were Kate Percival and Rose Lennox. It was not surprising that Kate, over whose beautiful and intellectual face early sorrow had cast a shade of pensive thought that rendered it still more lovely and attractive, should look grave; but that Rose, merry, light-hearted Rose Lennox, whose every feature seemed formed to wear and win smiles, whose laughing tones, like the sweet carol of a bird, made the heart thrill with sudden joy, and banished care and sorrow from the brow; whose buoyant step seemed scarcely to touch the earth; that *she* should be sad, and even be seen to shed tears as she gave a parting look to the desk and seat so long her peculiar property, was something new, indeed, and scarcely to be credited. But so it really was; and when all these last occupations were concluded, and she sat down with Kate to enjoy one more quiet hour together in their little room, her sunny face still wore an expression of unwonted emotion.

"Well, Kate, we have had many, very many happy hours here," said Rose with a sigh.

"They will not soon be forgotten," replied Kate sadly: "I shall long remember them. I dare not think how I shall miss you. When we are separated I shall feel entirely alone. You have been more than a sister to me, Rose. I know not how I can do without you."

"Hush! hush! my dear sober Kate, I shall not let you talk in this mournful way," said Rose smiling through her tears, "we will not long be separated. Am I not going to ask your father, when he comes to-morrow, to let you pass next winter with me, in my own dear southern home? Surely he will grant my request, for I shall employ my sweetest looks and most winning words—and you know, Miss Percival, how successful they always are—and then, if you are good, have I not promised you a visit in the summer, when we make our annual tour to my uncle's, in Boston! Oh, we shall be very happy together; there are many bright days in store for us yet!"

"I don't think, however," continued Rose looking archly round the room, "that I shall ever be able to afford you a chamber so far removed from the 'noisy Babel' of the busy world as this aerial abode. Well! well! it has been a safe retreat for us from the bustling crowds below."

"What a sunbeam you are, Rose," said Kate smiling; "one cannot be grave in your presence."

"A fine proof of my power are you, Kate: pray, for how long a time have I ever been able to drive the shadows from your face?"

"I am afraid the shadows will be deeper still when you are gone, my dearest Rose."

Sad indeed to Kate was the thought of parting from her cheerful and warm-hearted friend. For five years they had shared the same tasks, the same difficulties, and the same pleasures. The contrast between their natural temperaments fitted them not only to be pleasant but profitable companions, and most confiding and devoted bosom friends. With deep, refined and intensely sensitive feelings, shrinking from every word and look of harshness, and with a mind matured in thought and judgment beyond her years, Kate needed just such a companion as the gentle, affectionate and ever cheerful Rose, who, while she imparted some of her own peculiarly sunny colours to Kate's darker pictures, received, in return, much benefit from the superior prudence and strength of character possessed by her friend. They were both governed by religious principles, and animated by the same heavenly hopes and aims; and this holy bond strengthened, as with a mighty chain, their mutual esteem and confidence.

The pleasant plan which Rose had formed for the promotion of their re-union, and which cast a gleam of sunshine over the dark future, afforded much comfort to Kate, as she looked forward with dread to their approaching separation. Even this hope faded when the morrow brought not her father, but a messenger in much haste to impart the alarming intelligence of the sudden and dangerous illness of Mr. Percival, and to convey her with all possible speed to her home. Truly bitter was now the anguish of that parting hour.

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"Farewell, my dearest Rose," murmured Kate as, pale and trembling, she received the last embraces of her friend; "if we meet not again on earth, there is another, a brighter world"—her voice failed, but the uplifted eye revealed the holy hope that animated her gentle bosom.

Blessed Gospel, that with sweet promises of unfailing strength and peace in this land of exile, and of eternal rest in the Paradise of God, doth sustain the fainting, wearied spirit, what were life without thee, or whither could the children of men turn for comfort, amid the troublous waves of this changing state, didst not Thou, bright Star of Bethlehem, shine on their dreary path? Fervently may our grateful hearts exclaim—"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!"

The disease which had attacked Mr. Percival, and which had been produced by the dissipation in which he had indulged for years, baffled by its violence all the efforts of his medical attendants, and after a few days of extreme suffering, terminated his earthly existence.

Stunned by this unexpected blow, Kate was roused from the passive inactivity of grief by the startling disclosures which followed an investigation of her father's pecuniary affairs. Rumours had often been afloat, during the years that had passed since his second marriage, respecting the extravagance and dissipation that were, together, wasting the immense fortune of his young and thoughtless wife, and it was now found that the extent of the evil far exceeded even public expectations. The whole of his estates, including even the home of his ancestors, his hereditary possession, were seized by his clamorous creditors. His widow immediately determined to return, with her two little sons, to her friends in the south. Kate had no claims on their protection, nor was she willing to depend on the maintenance of strangers. Deprived of the natural guardians of her youth, alone and soon to be homeless, she looked up with childlike confidence to Him who has promised to be a "Father to the fatherless," and sought calmly to surmount the difficulties of her situation, and to procure some honest though humble method of obtaining an independent support. Rose Lennox had written to her, immediately on hearing of her father's death, a letter overflowing with the love and sympathy of her affectionate heart. Kate delayed replying to it until she should have decided on the place of her abode, knowing well that if her desolate situation was understood by her friend, she would insist upon affording her, at least, a temporary asylum. Many hearts glowed with pity for the lonely orphan, and would have gladly afforded her relief if their means had been ample as their desires; and some, who remembered the gentle loveliness of her sainted mother, earnestly proffered their aid. Kindly, yet with the firmness of maturer years, Kate declined their friendly offers, declaring it her decided intention to endeavour to procure a home in some private family as a governess. A situation at length offered, and though not such as the orphan had desired, she felt compelled, in her pressing necessity, to accept of it. Mrs. Howell, a lady with whom she had been slightly acquainted in her childish years, invited her to become an inmate of her family as a governess to her two little daughters, and her own assistant in plain needle-work, of which her large family needed a constant supply. She resided in a city, and one in which Kate hoped to find a more congenial situation as a teacher in some female seminary in the spring.

As soon as she was settled in her new abode in P., Kate wrote to her friend Rose. She detailed the circumstances and cause of her removal, but carefully concealed the unpleasantness of her present position—for soon, too soon, had she learned the difficulties attending her station. Her office of instructor to Mary and Ellen Howell, children of three and five years of age, Kate found to exist only in name; their mother considered the cultivation of their minds as a matter of very minor importance to their external adorning, for to promote the latter object with reference to them and the other branches of her large family, she lavished not only her own time and attention, but kept her young companion's needle in constant requisition. Besides these two little girls there were three noisy boys, from the ages of ten to fifteen, and two young ladies, whose time was entirely engrossed by the world of fashion and gaiety in which they moved. Jane, the eldest, was a tall, fine-looking girl, and would have been quite prepossessing in appearance had it not been for the languishing, listless manner she thought proper to assume, and which were, truly, a correct expression of her indolence both of mind and body. Every movement seemed to require an effort, and was not made without much deliberation. She never took any unnecessary trouble, or attempted to surmount a difficulty. At home, she was but a useless appendage to the family circle, requiring much attention from others, but bestowing none in return; complaining of fatigue if required to make the slightest exertion, and indulged in every whim by her fond mother, who thought her inactivity arose from a delicacy of constitution, which caused her much anxiety. Sarah Howell, who was just seventeen, and had recently finished her education at a fashionable boarding school, was very unlike her sister. Gay, brilliant and witty, though not so beautiful as Jane, she attracted far more attention and admiration in society. Unfortunately, her home was the only spot in which she did not shine. Here, free from the observation of strangers, she was irritable and peevish, destroying rather than increasing the happiness of those around her.

About a week after Kate's arrival, Mrs. Howell and her eldest daughters were together at twilight in their large and splendid parlours, Jane half-reclining in a graceful attitude on the sofa, and Sarah seated with her mother at one of the front windows, indulging in many pertinent, though not very charitable remarks on the passers-by.

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"Who is that handsome young man?" inquired Mrs. Howell, as a gentleman of remarkably attractive exterior bowed gracefully to her daughter.

"Oh, that is Howard Lansing, a young physician from the south. He has recently settled in our neighbourhood. We met him for the first time, last evening, at Emma Wallace's. I had quite a long conversation with him, and I see he has not forgotten me. He is to be at Gertrude Abbott's party to-morrow night. Is he not very handsome?"

"I thought he appeared to admire Mary Baker very much last evening," remarked Jane, who had actually taken the trouble to rise and go to the window, that she might catch a glimpse of the subject of her mother's inquiry.

"Admire Mary Baker!" repeated Sarah in a tone of surprise and vexation. "I am sure I don't know how he expressed his admiration, for he did not address a sentence to her during the whole evening."

"There you are mistaken. He did converse with her whenever he could find an opportunity, which was certainly not very often, for you kept him pretty constantly occupied; but his looks expressed a desire to draw her into conversation."

"Any man is a dunce to admire such a silent statue as she is," retorted Sarah.

"I am sure she looked beautiful last evening, and I think she talked quite enough to be interesting. I do not like to see a young lady entertaining a whole room-full of people," replied Jane, with more spirit than she usually displayed in conversation. "But mamma," she continued, resuming her former position on the sofa, "I want my light silk dress altered to wear to-morrow evening. It looks quite old-fashioned now. I saw a piece of silk that just matches it at Newman's this morning. I should like to get a few more yards of it, and have new sleeves made, and trimming put round the skirt."

"Well, you can have it altered if you wish," answered her mother, "Kate can do it for you. She has a great deal of taste, and if she sews steadily, can easily have it finished in time for you to wear to-morrow evening. My old satin that she altered, looks almost as well as it did when new. I intend that she shall make a new bodice for my mantua, she can fit so neatly. I am very glad I thought of proposing to her to come here. I think we shall not need a dress-maker but two or three days this autumn; for after having taken a few lessons, Kate will be able to make our dresses herself, which will save a great deal of expense."

"I wish you would not send her into the parlour again, mamma, as you did this morning; particularly when I have visitors," said Jane. "Gertrude Abbott made so many inquiries about her, and was so much interested in her appearance; and George Hadley, who was with her, actually declared she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. I was really quite vexed; it was so annoying!"

"Poor thing! For once you felt yourself quite eclipsed," observed Sarah sarcastically.

The entrance of Mr. Howell and the boys prevented further conversation.

That evening in a party of their young friends, Jane Howell was praised as being remarkably lovely and sympathizing, and Sarah was loudly commended for the amiability that made her vivacity so charming.

So little does the world know of the true characters of those whom it judges. Happy are they who, careless of its praise or blame, find in the daily companions of their private walks, witnesses ever ready to "rise up and call them blessed."

Mrs. Howell did not intend or wish Kate to appear at all on an equality with her daughters. Had not her own native tact foreseen the difficulty resulting from such a juxtaposition, the remarks of those of her friends who incidentally saw the orphan, would have taught her its inexpediency.—"Who is that very interesting looking girl?" was a question too often asked on such occasions, not to show her the necessity of keeping her new assistant as much as possible in the back ground.

Poor Kate! how slowly passed the days of that long winter! From morning till night she occupied one seat in the corner of a small back chamber, adjoining Mrs. Howell's dressing room, engaged in an unending round of the same tedious and monotonous employment, her fine mind craving knowledge which it could not seek, and her heart yearning for the sympathy and love, once its portion, but now denied it. She rose with the dawn, that she might steal a few moments for mental improvement; but save the hour devoted to the study of the word of God, seldom found time for the gratification of her natural love for literary pursuits; and she was generally too wearied by the exertions of the day, to seek it after the family had retired to rest. When she sat up till a late hour of the night to await the return of the young ladies from a fashionable party or ball, Mrs. Howell usually contrived to find her sufficient employment for every moment; for that lady prudently considered all time devoted by Kate to books, as wasted. Bitterly did the lonely orphan feel the want of consideration displayed in the conduct of those who should have bound up her wounded heart. Memory recalled with vividness the joys and the sorrows of the past; every scene in her childhood and youth returned in freshness to her mental eye. She often sat for hours, absorbed in lonely musings over pleasures passed for ever from her reach. There was one subject of bitter thought to Kate, awakening feelings almost too full of misery for her young heart to bear. This was the silence, the mysterious silence of Rose, her own Rose Lennox. After waiting several weeks for a reply to her first letter, written immediately after her removal to Mrs. Howell's, she had written again in all the confidence of a youthful attachment; but not one word had ever reached her from her distant friend. Her spirit sickened with long deferred hope, as day after

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day, when the postman called with letters, none came for her. At first her heart beat tumultuously at the sound of his voice, but it gradually learned to lay aside expectations that only ended in renewed disappointment. How precious would have been but a single line, to say that she was not quite forgotten—that one being in the wide world still cherished her memory, and loved her name. She knew that loss of fortune and station in society, was a test that many professing friendship could not endure; but that Rose should be among that selfish and calculating number, it was impossible for Kate to believe, and was too inconsistent with all she had known and experienced of her friend's pure and ardent attachment. She therefore justified Rose, in her heart, and still indulged a faint hope that time would bring an explanation of that seeming neglect that entered as "iron" into her soul.

In her expectation of procuring a situation as a teacher, the orphan experienced only repeated disappointments. A stranger in the city of P., friendless, and without recommendations from those of high standing in the literary world, she failed in all her attempts. The school in which she had been educated had been broken up soon after she left it, and the teachers dispersed, she knew not whither; so that from them she could receive no assistance.

Spring returned with its bright skies, its singing birds and fragrant flowers, but it woke no responsive thrill in the bosom of Kate Percival. A change had passed over the fair girl: confinement in that close, dark room, where the cheerful beams of the sun never entered, and exclusion from the pure, invigorating air of heaven, with the heavy pressure of sorrow and disappointment on her sensitive mind, had produced their slow but sure effects upon a frame naturally delicate. The alteration in her appearance was certainly not regarded, perhaps not even noticed, by the careless and selfish circle around her. No watchful friend marked her sunken eye and pallid cheek, when she rose from her restless and feverish slumbers; no gentle hand tempted her appetite with innocent delicacies, though she turned, day after day, from her untasted food; no loving voice beguiled her forth to a pleasant walk in the cheerful sunshine. But friendless and destitute, was there not one eye watching over her lonely path? Had He, who heareth the young ravens when they cry, forgotten his sorrowing child in her hour of need? That sainted mother's prayers—had they not reached the ears of the "Lord of Sabaoth," and would He not heed the orphan's secret sigh?

One cold, rainy afternoon in March, Kate, at the request of Mrs. Howell, walked many squares to procure an article of dress the young ladies needed to complete a ball-room attire. She returned, drenched with the rain, but her services being immediately required to finish the preparations for the evening, she had only time to lay aside her wet hat and cloak, and though still chilled and shivering, resume her usual employments. The next morning the poor girl awoke with a burning fever, the result of exposure on her enervated frame. It was one of those damp, cheerless mornings, that adds an additional weight to the sinking heart, when the gloom that reigns without strikes a responsive chord within, and nature mourns in sympathy with the desponding spirit. Slowly and with difficulty the orphan arose to prepare herself for her daily routine of duties; but ere she had completed her simple wardrobe her strength was exhausted, a death-like sickness came over her, and she sank again upon her couch. Her head grew dizzy, and the few articles of furniture in her lonely room seemed to leave their places and revolve around her. The chamber became filled with strange objects, dark figures stood around her bed, and pointed with exulting motions and bitter smiles to their helpless victim. Then all were hidden in a dark, dark chaos, but ever and anon, amid its blackness appeared again some frightful shape, with its wild, piercing eyes gleaming upon her sight. Cold drops of agony gathered on her brow. There came a momentary feeling of consciousness, and the dread of dying thus alone, all alone, stole over her. She shuddered at the thought, and exerting all her strength, arose, and with difficulty reached the door. She opened it, but with that effort all consciousness ceased, and with a low moan, as of a weary, feeble child, she sank insensible beside it.

When Jane Howell awoke, the morning after the ball, she complained of indisposition, the effect of a slight cold caught by imprudent exposure the previous evening. Her mother, who thought she could detect the symptoms of some violent disease in her delicate frame, proposed sending for medical advice. To this the young lady objected, but on Dr. Lansing being mentioned as a substitute for their family physician, who lived in a distant part of the city, and was often too hurried in his engagements to admit of much attention to patients but slightly indisposed, she allowed her objections to be overruled, and a servant was immediately despatched to request his attendance. Meanwhile Miss Howell, having arrayed herself in a simple but most becoming morning dress, and enveloped her slender person in the graceful folds of a rich shawl, reclined, with a languid, pensive air, in her mother's easy chair, before the fire. Mrs. Howell received the young physician in the parlour, and having expressed the hope that she had not interrupted his daily routine by her unexpected application, and stated her reasons for so doing, proceeded with all a mother's tender anxiety to speak of her daughter's indisposition. She also carefully embraced the opportunity of dwelling largely on her exalted virtues, and inestimable value in the domestic circle. The young man listened with all due politeness to her remarks, but she could not perceive, though exceedingly anxious to read his thoughts, that any emotion or interest was awakened excepting what his official character required, and with something of disappointment and chagrin in her manner, she led the way to her daughter's

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apartment. Even here, the gentle and dependent loveliness of his fair charge produced no change in his usual grave and dignified manners. He ordered some common remedies to be used to remove what was but the effect of a slight cold, and advised her not to venture out during the day, then, apologising for his haste, he wished the ladies a polite "good morning." A momentary expression of vexation passed over his handsome features, as Mrs. Howell followed him from the room, and he almost unconsciously quickened his pace, as though desirous to escape from further annoyance. His steps were suddenly arrested by a groan, evidently proceeding from some one in distress, immediately followed by a cry for help from a servant, who appeared at the head of the flight of stairs. Not doubting but that some person needed his assistance, he sprang past Mrs. Howell, who stood motionless with alarm, and in another moment was by the side of the inanimate form of the neglected orphan. One glance told him she was very ill, and having placed her, with the assistance of the servant, upon her couch, he promptly, though silently, proceeded to apply the usual remedies, watching with much interest their gradual effects upon the fair young creature who lay like a crushed flower, so still and pale before him. Beautiful, exquisitely beautiful was that pale face, though it bore the traces of secret grief. Lansing bent over her with a brother's tenderness, and saw with delight, her consciousness slowly return. At length she opened her eyes, and gazing wildly round her, asked what had happened and where she was; then, as the memory of the past came back in all its vividness, her head sank again on the pillow, and she begged that they would let her die in peace.

"Oh, I thought it was all over," she murmured in low tones, as though speaking to herself, "that I should awake no more in this cold, bitter world. Why am I here alone—yes, alone—no friend, no mother now. Mother, mother, take me to thee! I cannot, I will not stay away! Oh let me go!" and she raised her eyes imploringly to the pale group around her bed, and fixing them on Lansing, who with looks of compassion still hung over her, besought him to take her home; talked incoherently of sufferings endured; entreated them to tell Rose to come—her own Rose, and cool her burning head; then, as though addressing that beloved one, implored her not to leave her; to remember how they had loved each other once; to stay with her; and imagining her request unheeded, she wrung her hands in anguish, and in passionate accents called again on her kind, gentle Rose, and spoke of trials, and of sad, lonely days since they were parted.

Lansing, perceiving the dangerous nature of his patient's disease, urged Mrs. Howell to send immediately for an experienced nurse, who lived in the neighbourhood, and also to request the attendance of her family physician. The former soon arrived, and he had finished giving his directions respecting the invalid, and was preparing to depart for a short time, when the name of Rose, so often and tenderly repeated, attracted his attention. A sudden thought seemed to strike his mind, and he turned quickly to Mrs. Howell, and inquired the name of his charge.

"Kate Percival! Kate Percival!" repeated the young man, while a blended expression of surprise, grief and pity was depicted on his face, "can it be possible—is it thus we meet! God forgive those who have wronged the lonely orphan," he continued, his manly frame trembling with strong emotion, and hastily pressing to his lips the burning hand of the unconscious girl, he turned away quickly and left the room.

For several days the youthful sufferer hovered between life and death, and they who watched in agonizing suspense the dreadful ravages of disease on her tender frame, feared that the sun of her existence would set in darkness, even in its morning hours. Touchingly beautiful were the wild imaginings that burst unchecked from the lips of the unconscious orphan, in those hours of delirium. Visions of brighter and happier scenes visited her couch of pain. Again she sat in the unclouded days of childhood, a gay, light-hearted creature by her mother's side, or wandered forth with her, amid the sunny glades of their quiet home; or surrounded by youthful companions, conned with Rose their daily tasks, sharing their little cares and pleasures, and pouring into each other's ear kind words of sympathy and love.

Then deeper and more thrilling grew the tones of that sweet voice, as she revealed the story of her woes, her loneliness, her secret grief. Sometimes it seemed as though the wearied spirit had been freed from its tabernacle of clay, so vividly did she portray the bliss of that better land; that haven of rest, where sorrow and death cannot enter, as in that blessed dream, she walked the golden streets of the "celestial city," with the loved one gone before, and joined in the song of praise, swelling from ten thousand harps and voices, to Him who had redeemed them by his blood.

At last the violence of the disease abated, and Kate awoke, as from a long, long sleep. At first all around her seemed strange and new. She scarcely recognised the familiar furniture of the darkened chamber, from which the bright rays of the morning sun, then shining cheerfully without, were so carefully excluded. She wondered how she came there, and who the old, benevolent looking personage could be, who sat by her bed, watching her so earnestly, and pressing his fingers, at every short interval, on her pulse. A plain, middle-aged woman stood near him, with a kind, anxious face, holding in her hand a cup, which in obedience to a motion from her companion, she silently held to the lips of the invalid. Kate swallowed the composing draught, and was about to speak and inquire the meaning of all so strange to her, when her eye fell on another object that, she knew not why, startled and excited her. Partially concealed by the drapery of her couch, stood a young man,

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in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Kate felt that face was not altogether new to her; that the mild glance of that dark eye had beamed on her before. But where had they met? A crowd of perplexing thoughts came over her mind; confused recollections of sufferings, in which he was strangely associated. She looked earnestly at the stranger, and he seemed to read her inquiring gaze and to be conscious of the excitement his appearance had produced, for exchanging a meaning glance with his companions he turned away and quietly left the room. Kate followed him with her eye until the door of the apartment closed behind him, and then overpowered by the powerful opiate she had taken, and the conflicting thoughts of her weak and bewildered mind, she fell into a peaceful slumber.

At a late hour of the day, the orphan awoke from that refreshing sleep, free from disease, but weak and feeble as a child. She lay quite still, gazing listlessly around her. At first she thought herself alone, but presently, after a slight and almost imperceptible tap at the door of the apartment, the same kind-looking woman, whose presence she had noticed before, arose from an easy-chair near the bed, and answered the summons.

"She still sleeps," Kate heard her say, in reply to a whispered inquiry from without; "the fever is entirely gone, and in a few days, if she continues to improve, I think, my dear young lady, you may see her."

"A few days! Oh I cannot wait! As she is asleep, do, good Mrs. Barclay, just let me take one look at that sweet face, that through all these long dreadful days, has not seemed once like my own dear Kate's," said a low, gentle voice, trembling with intense emotion. "I will not speak; I will just take one glance and then go away: I must see her for one moment—my precious friend!"

Those earnest, pleading tones! Why thrilled each nerve of the orphan's trembling frame, as they fell upon her ear? She pressed her hands convulsively to her heart, as though to check its wild, tumultuous throbbings. Was it a dream, a vain, fleeting dream, or did a vision from a brighter world burst upon her sight, and an angel visitant approach to comfort her? A slight, girlish figure glided noiselessly to her couch, and pale with anxious watching, gazing through silent tears, Rose Lennox, the loved, the lost, bent over her.

A faint, stifled cry, and Kate lay insensible in her arms.

On a bright morning in the latter part of June, Kate Percival sat alone in a richly furnished parlour, in one of the most fashionable mansions in P. The breeze that came gently through the open casement bore on its balmy wing the breath of fragrant flowers, blooming in a large and beautiful garden with which the apartment communicated, and the cheerful songs of warbling birds, rejoicing in their dewy sweetness, fell in glad melody upon the ear. Still pale, but lovelier far than ever, Kate gazed in quiet happiness upon the bright face of nature, and while the summer wind stirred the dark locks that shaded her fair brow, and all around her seemed to speak the praise of their beneficent Creator, her heart silently poured forth its tribute of thanksgiving to her Father, Redeemer, and God. Truly wonderful had been the love and wisdom that had marked the successive events of her life, and had brought her by a way she knew not, to a home of affection and peace. Now, as she reviewed that path, she was able to see many proofs of the tender guidance of the Lord.

All that had appeared so mysterious in the conduct of Rose had been long since explained. After her immediate reply to the first and only letter received from Kate during their separation, and which had communicated the intelligence of Mr. Percival's death, Rose had written again, at her father's desire, an urgent invitation for the orphan to accept of her home for at least a temporary asylum, expressing a sincere hope, that if she could be happy there, she would make it her permanent residence. A merchant, a friend of Mr. Lennox, who was then at P. and was soon to return to Natchez, near which the latter resided, was designated as an agreeable and proper escort for the young traveller, and all necessary arrangements were made to procure her a pleasant journey. Rose had looked forward with impatience and with joyous anticipations to her friend's arrival, but to her great disappointment, the merchant returned not only alone, but without having been able either to see or to obtain any tidings of the expected stranger. He had written to her agreeably to the directions received from Mr. Lennox, offering his services in the kindest manner, and appointing the time and place of meeting, but no notice had been taken of his letter. He had deferred the commencement of his homeward journey for several days, hoping to receive an answer to a second letter addressed to the orphan. In this expectation he was disappointed, but this want of attention to his friendly proposals had been explained by some incidental information gleaned from a traveller, whom he met just on the eve of his departure from P. This gentleman, who had recently returned from a tour through the middle states, stated that in passing through the little village, near which Mr. Percival's country-seat stood, the estate of the latter had been pointed out to him, as one that had recently passed from the hands of a family, whose ancestors had held it for many generations, into the possession of strangers. He had been made acquainted with many facts illustrating the extravagance of its former proprietor, but knew nothing of the situation of the surviving members of his household. Full of anxious forebodings, Rose waited impatiently for a letter from her friend, but day after day passed and brought her no tidings. Soon after, her father's business requiring him to pass the winter in Cincinnati, she, with the rest of his family accompanied him. Supposing it possible that having changed her place of abode, Kate might seek a home in P., Rose wrote to her relative, Howard Lansing, who had recently

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settled there, and whose warm and generous heart had become much interested in the fate of the orphan, on whose early sorrows and surpassing loveliness of character his cousin so often dwelt, entreating him to use every effort to discover her lost friend. Early in the spring, the eldest sister having married a gentleman from P., Rose attended her to her new home, designing to pass the summer with her, and secretly hoping that she might yet obtain some clue to the retreat of one so fondly loved. She had been in the city but a few days when Providence, in a most unexpected manner, granted her ardent wish, and she clasped the orphan once more to her bosom.

As soon as possible, Kate had been removed from Mrs. Howell's, who bitterly regretted her cold and selfish conduct towards her, now that she claimed as her protectors those distinguished for wealth and influence in the highest circles.

Her kind friends soon saw with delight the slow return of health and strength to her enfeebled frame, and Rose gaily predicted that Kate's fair cheek would rival the bloom of her own fragrant namesake when she breathed again the fresh pure air, and enjoyed the rural pleasures of the beautiful country-seat in which they were to seek a retreat from the heat of the crowded city.

Kate's quiet musing on the past was disturbed by the entrance of a servant, bearing a splendid bouquet of rare flowers, mostly exotics. He presented them with Dr. Lansing's compliments and retired. Kate blushed when she received them, and the colour deepened on her cheek when, a moment after, Rose bounded lightly into the room. She stopped abruptly at the sight of the flowers, which Kate still held, and assuming an air of vexation which seemed strangely out of place on her fair, sunny face, she came slowly forward and addressed her friend in a tone of disappointment and mortification, though an arch smile, in spite of her efforts, played round her mouth.

"Another bouquet! Miss Percival—well, I am sure I need not feel under any weight of obligations to Cousin Howard for the attention he has bestowed on me of late. I really am afraid, if I never saw a flower, that he would not, now, think of sending me one. Just look at those beautiful roses, sister," she continued, addressing Mrs. Gibson, who had entered the room, "are not those buds perfect? I think it proves the sweetness of my disposition that I am not jealous of Kate. But oh! I punished Lansing so nicely, this morning, for his neglect of me—I was in the hall when he called just now, so I made him stop and come into the vestibule, and then informed him of our new arrangements, and our expected removal next week. Selfish creature! instead of sharing in our joy, he looked as grave and solemn as if he had heard the saddest news. I wish you could have seen his rueful face—it did amuse me so much!"—and Rose laughed heartily at the recollection.

"It would only have reminded me of the lengthened visage of a certain friend of yours, Miss Rose," replied Mrs. Gibson, looking archly at the merry girl, "from whom you parted the morning we left Cincinnati. You can easily defend yourself, my dear Kate, from all the attacks of this naughty child, by reminding her of one Albert Norris. It is a good quietus, Rose, is it not?" and smilingly the young matron departed.

"Who is Albert Norris, Rose?" asked Kate, when the two friends were left thus alone, together. Rose was so busily engaged in arranging the flowers in a vase on the table before them, that she did not appear to hear the question until it was repeated, then blushing deeply she carelessly replied, "Only a young gentleman with whom I became acquainted last winter, and whom I will introduce to you, Kate, this summer, if he has not found that 'absence conquers love,' and so forgotten your humble servant." Rose spoke gaily, but there were tears in her bright eyes. Kate's gentle manner banished her reserve, and she soon spoke with her usual candour of one to whose deep and sincere attachment her affectionate heart had responded, and in whom it had placed its implicit trust. On account of her youth, her father had preferred that there should be no engagement between them until Norris visited P. in the summer; but then, if their affection had endured the test of separation, he had promised to sanction his daughter's choice.

When Rose returned, that evening, from a visit to a friend, she found Kate and her cousin Howard alone in the parlour, conversing in the moonlight. Lansing was speaking in a low, earnest tone, and Rose, perceiving that her entrance was unobserved, stole noiselessly away without interrupting them. An hour afterwards she heard Kate's light footstep on the stairs. She was hesitating whether to follow her to their chamber, or to allow her to enjoy, for a little while, its solitude uninterrupted, when a servant entered the breakfast-room, in which she sat, and informed her that Lansing wished to speak to her for a moment. Rose found him alone in the parlour, apparently much agitated.

"I could not go away to-night, dear Rose," he said, leading her to a seat on the sofa, "without allowing you to share in the happiness which almost overpowers me. Miss Percival has long been dear to you as a friend; can you, will you love her as a cousin?"

"Kate, my own, precious Kate!" exclaimed Rose, bursting into tears—"Oh! Howard, what a prize you have gained! I have always hoped and wished for this, and now that it has really come, I am too full of joy—too happy!"

"I feel entirely unworthy of so great a treasure," said Lansing, after a pause, during which they had both been too much affected to speak—"O Rose, how much need have I to pray that the sweetest of earthly gifts may not win my heart from the Giver?"

At the close of a bright day in October a travelling carriage, in which were seated four persons, drove slowly down a beautiful avenue, leading to a handsome though old-fashioned mansion, on the

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bank of a noble river in one of the middle states. The rich tints of autumn giving an unwonted beauty to the glowing scenery around it, and the quiet stream, reflecting on its placid bosom the ever-varying hues of the gorgeous clouds that encircled the setting sun, could not fail to render the scene unusually attractive to the eyes of the travellers, but they scarcely noticed the smiling landscape before them. Strong and deep were the feelings stirring in their hearts. After long years of trial, the orphan was returning, a happy bride, to the home of her fathers, and he who gazed on her with a husband's pride, and the kind friends who accompanied her, forgot all else in their sympathy with her mingled emotions of sadness and joy.

A few weeks after his marriage, Lansing had become, by the death of a distant relative, the possessor of an independent fortune. Hearing about the same time that the owner of the late Mr. Percival's estate was anxious to dispose of it, he immediately became its purchaser, determining to remove thither with his lovely wife, and confine his professional services to the inhabitants of the neighbouring village and the country around it.

As the carriage approached the dwelling, the door of the principal entrance was thrown open, an aged woman of a remarkably venerable and affectionate aspect appeared, and awaited the arrival of the travellers.

"Welcome, welcome home again, my dear young lady," she said, as Kate threw herself, weeping, into her arms—"I bless God that I have lived to see this day!"

"My dear, dear nurse! It seems to me yet only as a pleasant dream, from which I fear to awake," murmured Kate, amid her joyful tears.

"Let me prove to you that it is a blessed reality, my own Kate," said Lansing, fondly—"but where are Rose and Norris? We must not forget that they are strangers here"—and he gently drew her away.

Though many years have passed since the events recorded above took place, there are still living some individuals who remember the lovely orphan, and delight to dwell upon the rural festivities that attended her return to the home of her childhood. It was from one who had personally shared in these innocent expressions of joy that the writer learned the main incidents described in the foregoing pages, and it may, perhaps, contribute to the gratification of those interested in them to know that they were actually penned on the very spot where the orphan dwelt, a beloved and happy wife. C.

Philadelphia.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

The *voices* heard often in happier days,
Though soothingly sweet, *have a tone from the tomb.*—J. N. Brown.

O! there are thoughts enshrined within the soul,
Which cling with fondness round our youthful home,
And, constant as the needle to the pole,
Point to that morning star where'er we roam.

And there are scenes on childhood's soft parterre
By memory's magic pencil made our own,
Which ever stand, all beautiful and fair,
As when in bright reality they shone.

Endeared to recollection is each spot
Where in life's flowery spring we frequent strayed,
With loved companions sought the shady grot,
By sparkling rill or green savanna played.

Imagination loves to linger o'er
The thymy meadows and the jasmine bowers,
The grassy hillock and the mountain hoar,
And every haunt of youth's enchanted hours.

But, oh! more hallowed than the daisied lawn,
The verdant vale or wood-embosomed glade,
And every shrine of being's kindling dawn,
Where offerings of a vestal heart were paid,

Is that one consecrated spot, where soft,
With murmuring low, the yew-tree branches wave,
And where, in manhood's sober years, I've oft
Repaired to weep beside my Mother's Grave.

E'en when, in boyhood's thoughtless days I roved,
My footsteps still would to the churchyard hie,
And, standing by the tomb of her I loved,
Would sad remembrance heave the tender sigh.

How precious then was every little flower
That sweetly blossomed on the lowly mound—
Each lengthening shadow had a pensive power,
And solitude unbroken by a sound.

And when, in after days I wandered there,
And sadly mused on childhood's buried years,
In memory's eye her form would still appear,
And still her voice would sound in fancy's ear—

Still from her lips those heavenly precepts fell,
Enshrined so deeply in my youthful heart,
As *guardian angels* there through life to dwell,
And virtue's holiest influence impart.

Oh! she was to my soul as Bethlehem's star,
To Jesus guiding with its gentle rays—
From fell temptation leading me afar,
And opening heaven through life's bewildering maze.

And now, though distant from my natal home,
Where manhood's cares my mind incessant crave,
Affection oft to childhood's scenes will roam,
And sigh again to view my Mother's Grave.

R. B.

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EVENINGS AT A FRIEND'S—NO. 4.

BY MRS. S. E. FARLEY.

"ONE would think this time-worn book a fair match for your chair, Mr. Darley. I see it is not a great many years younger, bearing a date of 1610."

"It is a fine collection of poems on various subjects, the principal one being a remarkable paraphrase of the book of Job. But it contains one autograph which gives it more value, in my eyes, than belongs to any other book in the land—that of Algernon Sidney. One of the poems is addressed to Sir Robert Sidney, and is an elegy on his son William. The book must have been printed nearly half a century when Algernon owned it. Here is the name. Look at those clear bold characters. I can almost hear his reply to the executioner as, when Sidney laid his head upon the block, that officer inquired, 'Shall you rise again?' 'Not till the resurrection: strike on!'"

"Oh, noble Sidney! a glorious resurrection will it be to him. Think you, my friend, we shall have the happiness of knowing Sidney and all the noble band of patriots and martyrs who were once on earth—shall we meet and know them in that better land?"

"I have not a doubt of it. This old book has other claims to distinction. These quatrains are excellent: the other poems are written with much spirit, but my chief favourite is Job Triumphant; it is so close a paraphrase—does so perfectly embody the spirit of the original. Permit me to read you a few lines.—

Then drad Jehovah from a whirlwind spake
In sacred tearms, and thus with Job hee brake:
Where? who is he, that (to himselfe so holy)
Darkens my counsails, with contentious Folly?
Come gird thy loynes, prepare thee, play the Man;
I will oppose thee, answer, if thou can.
Why! where wert Thou, tell (if thou know'st, dismay'd)
When the Foundations of the earth I layd?
Who marked first the Measure of it out?
Or (can'st Thou tell) Who stretcht the Line about?
What Bases had it, and fixt whereupon?
Or, Who, thereof layd the first Corner-stone,
When Morning-Stars for Joy together sang,
And all God's Children cheerful eccho rang?

You will remember the original (as we have it) stands thus: 'Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind and said, Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee; answer thou me.

'Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measure thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it?

'Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?'

"It is equally close and forcible throughout. Here is a small portion of that chapter on the Leviathan.—

I will not hide his Parts and Properties;
Neither his Strength, nor seemly Symmetries.
Who shall unhood him? who will double Rain,
Shall bridle him with Snaffle, Trench, or Chain?
Or put the Bit between his Jawes (his Portall),
Impaled with Terror of his Teeth so mortall?
His Shield-like Scales, he chiefly glories in,
So close compact, glew'd, sealed, that, between,
No Aire can enter, nor no Engin pierce,
Nor any Poynt disioyne them or disperse.
His Sneesings cause a Light, as brightly burning;
His eyes are like the Eyelids of the Morning.
* * * * * *
Darts daunt him not, more than they stubble were;
He *laugheth* at the shaking of a Speare:
* * * * * *
In earth is nothing like Him to be seen;
So Fearlesse made, so full of hautie Spleen;
Despising all High things, Himselfe beside;
He is the King of all the Sons of Pride.

"It is admirable indeed! Let me read these lessons on mortality. I like the manner these old writers manage a grave or religious subject, but have met with none who pleased me when treating of lighter themes; particularly that of *love*. They never speak of it in terms sufficiently elevated and refined. Even your favourite Shakspeare, with all his knowledge of the human heart, could not fathom the depths of affection. Indeed I think they understand the passion of Love much better in modern days."

"We may know how to *talk* of it better, as there is undoubtedly an improvement in language and manners since the sixteenth century; but true love, lady, is the same in all ages, and there have been many hearts which, although cold for centuries past, 'aye cold as death can make them,' once beat with an attachment as pure, deep and high-toned, as his who now sits by your side. I perceive I must controvert your position by some authority more convincing than my own opinion, and you will not listen to friend Shakspeare on this subject. Here, then, is a play of Jonson, written two hundred and twenty years since, and although the plot is miserable, it contains some passages of great beauty. Lovel is asked for a definition of *love* by a lady, and 'does so reply to her question as that she who had derided the name of love before, hearing his discourse, is now so

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taken both with the man and his matter, that she confesseth herself enamoured of him.'

——— For what else
Is love, but the most noble pure affection
Of what is truly beautiful and fair.
Love is the spiritual coupling of two souls,
So much more excellent as it *least* relates
Unto the body—circular, eternal,
Not feign'd or made, but born—and then so precious,
As naught can value it but itself—so free,
As nothing can command it but itself—
And in itself so round and liberal,
As where it favours, it bestows itself.
True love hath no unworthy thought, no light,
Loose, unbecoming appetite or strain,
But is fix'd, constant, pure, immutable.
Although I grant
We like what's fair and graceful in an object;
And true, would use it, in the all we tend to,
Both of our civil and domestic deeds—
In ordering of an army, in our style,
Apparel, gesture, building or what not—
All arts, and actions do affect their beauty.
But put the case—in travel I may meet
Some gorgeous structure, a brave frontispiece,
Shall I stay captive in the outer court,
Surprised with that, and not advance to know
Who dwells there and inhabiteth the house?
Nay, nay, my friendship must be made within,
With what can love me again—not with the walls,
Doors, windows, architraves, frieze and cornice.
My end is lost in loving of a face—
An eye, lip, nose, hand, foot or other part,
Whose all is *but a statue*, if the mind
Move not, which only can make the return.
The end of love is to have two made one
In *will and in affection; that the minds*
Be first inoculated, not the bodies.
The body's love is frail, subject to change,
And alters still with it—the mind's is firm,
One and the same, proceeding first from weighing
And well examining what is fair and good—
Then what is like in reason, fit in manners—
That breeds good-will—good-will desire of union.
So knowledge first begets benevolence,
Benevolence breeds friendship, friendship love—
But where it starts or steps aside from this,
It is a mere degenerous appetite—
A lost, oblique, depraved affection,
And bears no mark or character of love.

"What say you, ladies, does this 'breathe the true divinity of love?'"

"It is, I believe, the spirit and truth of that passion, but would be far more attractive if its *garments* were more modern. Good night."

PARNASSIAN LEAVES.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

SLEEPING INFANT.

Gently sleep my infant darling,
Of my heart the inmost core,
By that smile so sweely beaming,
Angels watch thy slumbers o'er.

THE COQUETTE.

The heart to me once promis'd,
If not for me alone,
Oh give to him, more favour'd,
Who claims it for his own.
Go thou, by truth invited,
My heart-less grief shall prove,
To know its passion slighted,
Than *share* thy faithless love.

THE BROKEN CHAIN.

Oh Love! a tyrant ever,
Thy chains I fain would break:
And thus the links I sever
That bound me to thy stake—
Cupid fly—I banish thee!
Tyrant ne'er return to me.
Calm now my heart is beating,
Nor pain nor sorrow knows;
My life—like sunlight fleeting
Across the dewy rose.

THE CHOSEN.

I smile when men are sighing,
In rapture at my side,
Swearing in pain they're dying,
That I may be their bride.
At my feet now kneeling,
In subtle words appealing.—
Their sighs are breath—are vapour,
Their vows are heartless too:
The swain who wins my favour,
Is modest as he's true.

THE FAITHLESS FAIR.

Ere I knew thee cruel maiden,
Tranquil was my artless breast,—
Night ne'er came with sorrow laden,
Love ne'er broke my peaceful rest;
But those eyes of angel seeming,
Chains have forged I cannot part,
Heav'nly love, in radiance beaming,
From, alas! a faithless heart.

Love for thee my soul hath spoken,
At thy shrine hath bent me low;
But my hopes are rudely broken,
By thy cruel heartless blow;
Once to me thy faith was plighted,
And my heart was fond and true;
Now my deep devotion slighted,
Brands thee for a traitor foe.

A. McM.

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KATE RUSSEL.

A SORRY TALE, THOUGH NOT "A TALE OF SORROW."

BY MISS MEETA M. DUNCAN.

"Dear mamma, how snug we look," said Catherine Russel to her mother, as she glanced around upon the comfortable apartment, to the arrangement of which her nimble fingers had just given the last finishing touches. They had removed only on that day, from a handsome establishment in town, to a small cottage on the outskirts of a scattered village bordering on the river Schuylkill, and Mrs. Russel sate in her new dwelling watching the active movements of her daughter, with a countenance filled with despondency. As Catherine spoke, her mother raised her eyes, and while they filled with tears, she said:

"If you are pleased, my love, I have no cause for complaint, but this is a sad change for one brought up as you have been, and it is but natural that you should feel sorry for the loss of all the advantages which your late position and home gave you."

"Sorry! dear mamma. How you mistake me. Fine furniture and troops of friends never could make my happiness, and what else have we lost by the exchange? We have enough to live on here: we are surrounded by comforts, nay even by luxuries, then why should I be sorry? Is not this graceful vine which shades our neat little piazza, more beautiful than the costly folds of satin damask with which we shut out the light of day in town? And what picture had we there, dear mamma, to equal this?" and she pointed through the open French window to a little grassy glade, into which, through the overhanging trees, the sun was pouring its last beams, bathing the soft rich verdure with a flood of golden light. "Sorry, mamma! I mean never to be sorry for anything again."

Catherine's beautiful face was lighted up as she spoke with the enthusiasm of her feelings, and as she dropped her mother's hand which in her warmth she had taken within her own, she raised her eyes and beheld the tall figure of a gentleman standing in the doorway. The colour deepened in her cheeks, but she smiled and said gaily: "Come in, Mr. Clavering, we are at home; or rather I have been endeavouring to persuade mamma that we are."

The stranger entered and was warmly greeted by Mrs. Russel.

"How comfortable you look, my dear madam," he said; "one would scarcely believe that you had only to-day taken up your residence here."

"So Kate has just been saying, Lionel, and if my child is satisfied, I should be content. But I fear it is only the novelty which charms her. Young people see through the magnifying glass of their imaginations, and do not always know what will constitute their happiness."

"Now that I deny, mamma," interrupted Catherine, laughing off a slight embarrassment. "Your remark may perhaps apply to young ladies in their teens, but not to the dignity of twenty! I will not however waste any more of my eloquence in an attempt to convince you, mamma; but you shall see in time, how sincere I am in my praises of our nice little home."

Mrs. Russel smiled sadly upon her daughter, and shook her head doubtingly.

"Mr. Clavering," continued Kate, "have you ever had the misfortune not to be believed, when you have done your best to speak the sincere, honest truth? Here have I been doing my best to persuade mamma that I am perfectly contented and happy, without the slightest credit being given to my assertions. I have moreover promised never again to be sorry for anything I have had art or part in bringing about myself, but with no better success."

"Then you intend henceforward to be perfect, Catherine," replied Clavering, "to have no faults, to commit no errors."

"No sir, with my best courtesy for the compliment implied. I mean to be more perfect than I have ever been, but as I am not sorry for anything I have done as yet, I hope to go through the world as I have begun."

The colour rose in Clavering's pale face, but he replied almost immediately in the same gay tone she had herself adopted. "Well, Catherine, we shall see, but I prophesy before the year is out, you will both feel and acknowledge that you are sorry more than once."

"I wonder what he means," thought Kate after Clavering had left them; "he cannot be vain enough to suppose I shall be sorry for anything I have ever said or done relative to him."

Mrs. Russel was the widow of an officer in the army, whose death occurred only little more than a year before the opening of our tale. Colonel Russel had distinguished himself in the last war, and during that period had received a severe wound which finally obliged him to retire from the service, a step which he was able to take with more prudence than usually characterised his actions, as he had married a woman whose fortune enabled them to live, not only with perfect independence, but with that profuseness and luxury, to which his habits too strongly inclined him. Colonel Russel was a man

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of elegant manners and accomplished mind, and to make his house the focus of social and intellectual enjoyment, was his chief aim, when, no longer engrossed by his profession, he had leisure to indulge his inclinations. His unbounded hospitality and his open-handed generosity, upon all occasions, could not fail, however, in time, to impair his resources, but possessing one of those fatal dispositions which never will see a picture upon the wrong side, he continued to live on, even after his affairs had fallen into embarrassment, as he had done years before when there was no need for retrenchment; the consequence was, that at his death, his affairs were found to be in a most entangled state, and when finally settled, his widow and daughter were obliged to forsake their luxurious establishment in town, to take refuge in a small country house, with but a pittance to live upon, compared with their former means. This was keenly felt by Mrs. Russel, who, from her infancy trained in habits of luxury and expense, looked upon such a curtailment of her income in the most desponding light, and now exaggerated their poverty to her imagination as her husband had formerly done their resources. Kate, with a stronger mind than her mother, and with the natural buoyancy and hopefulness of youth, was untouched by the misfortunes that had befallen them. Her father's death was the event that dwelt most heavily upon her heart, and not the loss of fortune and consequence, so much deplored by her mother. She possessed a fund of good sense, and an amiable, affectionate disposition, tinged, we must add, by what the world would call a strong dash of romance, and when these reverses gradually unfolded themselves, it was her fortitude which alone had enabled her mother to bear up against the appalling facts. Nor did she feign in the least when she thus reassured her mother. Undazzled by the glare which wealth casts around her possessors, and with tastes naturally simple, she saw nothing in the fact of being obliged to confine themselves to a yearly income of a few hundreds, where they had formerly spent thousands, to call forth such bursts of grief, provided those hundreds were sufficient, as they were, to admit of their living together comfortably and like gentlewomen. Perhaps, if Mrs. Russel had not been aware that there was still a means left by which their lost consequence might be restored, she would more readily have bent herself to her circumstances; but satisfied of the fact, and that her daughter's perverseness, as she called it, was the only obstacle to her wishes, she suffered unavailing dreams of what might be, to veil from her the real comforts and consolations that were still within her grasp. What these dreams were, we will now endeavour to explain.

Colonel Russel and the father of Lionel Clavering were fellow soldiers and intimate friends. At Clavering's death, the friendship which Colonel Russel had so warmly felt for him was extended to his widow and son, who, following in his father's footsteps, had entered the army through the United States Military Academy, where he had graduated with distinction. At little more than twenty years of age Lionel held the rank of captain in a favourite corps, and when Kate, a child of seven or eight years old, sat on her father's knee, the stately captain, as she considered him, was her father's frequent guest, conversing with him upon professional and other topics with a gravity which placed him, in her childish estimation, quite upon a par with him as to age. As year after year passed by, and the intervals of professional employment brought Clavering to his native place, she still beheld in him her father's friend and most cherished guest, and he became classed in her mind with sundry grave doctors and judges learned in the law—some of whom wore powder and pigtails—who habitually assembled at Colonel Russel's hospitable board, to talk politics, and chat over their wine. When Catherine was about eighteen Lionel resigned his commission in the army. His mother, long in feeble health, had now become so helpless as to lean upon others entirely for every comfort and assistance, and when the fond son beheld the tears roll down the pale cheeks of his gentle loving mother, and saw the struggle which was in her heart, whenever it became necessary to leave her, he felt that his first duty was to her, and though the trial was great, he voluntarily forsook the profession which he loved, though on the eve of promotion, for the purpose of soothing her declining years. Both mother and son being wealthy, there was no prudential reason for remaining in the service, to which inclination had alone attached him. Some months after this occurrence, Kate was very much surprised to receive a proposal of marriage from her father's friend. Her astonishment could not have been greater if one of the "pigtails" had offered her the same compliment, and she received the communication with so much merriment, that for the first time in her life she retired from her father's presence with a severe rebuke, and suffering under his displeasure. Poor Kate! she had to endure three several private lectures upon this important occasion—from her father, her mother, and lastly from Mrs. Clavering, who caused herself to be lifted into her carriage, that she might drive into town, and inquire for herself, and hear with her own ears, if it were possible for any young woman to refuse the hand of her son. But Kate was obdurate to all, and Clavering begged rather proudly that the whole thing might be forgotten. In consequence of this event an unavoidable coldness sprang up between the two families. Clavering's visits, which heretofore had been daily, were now few and very formal; and in the regret and pain which the privation of his society evidently caused her father, Kate experienced her first real sorrow. To Mrs. Clavering Kate had, from her earliest years, been affectionately attached; to her she had owed many of the happiest hours of her childhood, and the knowledge that she had, however innocently, forfeited her esteem, caused her heartfelt regret. Filled with these sentiments, she at length resolved to

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leave nothing untried to bring about once more the ancient relations of the families, and day after day she drove out of town to the old family residence of the Claverings, intent upon her errand of peace. Her efforts were finally crowned with success; barrier after barrier gave way before her winning smiles, and playful determination to behold nothing in her old friend but what her affectionate heart wished to see, and when Mrs. Clavering had vented her anger and her disappointment in gentle reproaches and a flood of tears, she embraced and forgave her young friend, and listened, not impatiently, to her exculpation of herself. After this much of the old state of feeling was renewed. Clavering was evidently informed by his mother of all that had occurred, for Kate never saw him during her visits, which she chose to make at those hours when she knew he was in town; but he came more frequently to visit them, and except that there was a degree of stateliness in his manner to her, and of unusual reserve on her part, there was nothing to show that there had been the least interruption to their friendly feelings. As time passed on, this untoward circumstance appeared to fade from the minds of all, and when Colonel Russel's death occurred, about a year afterwards, Clavering was the friend to whom Mrs. Russel naturally turned for advice and assistance, in her affliction. Nor was he backward in his efforts to aid her; complicated and difficult as were the affairs of his late friend, he patiently devoted his time to their settlement, and at the expiration of a year he was able to set before Mrs. Russel a statement of her future dependence. He had endeavoured throughout to prepare her to expect an income far below what she had been accustomed to, but when the truth broke upon her, when she found herself shorn of all her splendour, obliged to give up her fine house, her carriage, and all hope of ever living again as she had formerly done, she yielded herself up to the despondency which had been gradually growing upon her, till she became incapable of exertion. At this juncture Kate's energy and strength of character evinced itself. Seeing the necessity for immediate action, she acquainted herself thoroughly with their situation, and set before her mother in gentle but firm terms, what it was imperative should be done. Mrs. Russel admitted the force of her daughter's arguments, and professed herself willing to adopt any plan which she might suggest, at the same time expressing a wish that, as their removal from their present dwelling was unavoidable, they might retire to the country, where the mortifying change in their circumstances would not be continually apparent to those with whom she had formerly been an object of envy or admiration.

Catherine had, as yet, too little experience to be aware of the power which money possesses to exalt or depress individuals in the eyes of the world; and the weakness—which she considered it—exhibited by her mother in their reverses, was a source of extreme pain to her. Anxious, however, to minister to her wishes, be they what they might, and herself rejoicing in the prospect of a country life, she consulted Clavering and his mother, and with their aid a comfortable house, suited in every way to their convenience, was procured near to Mrs. Clavering's residence, who rejoiced in thus being able to draw her friends so close to her. It was during the period that these arrangements were being made, that Mrs. Russel accidentally became aware that her daughter's power over the feelings of Clavering was undiminished. Attached to Clavering, proud of his personal qualities, as well as of the wealth which gave him consequence in the world, Mrs. Russel had always desired the alliance; but now, when her daughter's position had become so widely changed, her whole heart was bent upon this object, and in dwelling upon what might be, if Kate would suffer her feelings to soften towards him, she lost sight, as has been said, of the happiness within her reach, to grasp at shadows which might never be realized. To Kate, who had long ceased to think of Clavering in any other light than that of a sincere friend, on whose good offices she could securely rely, she was constantly harping upon the unwelcome topic, insinuating how entirely it was in her power, by a marriage with him, to restore to them all they had formerly enjoyed, and dwelling with unwise warmth upon the virtues and excellencies of that friend. There was no asperity in the feelings which thus expressed themselves; it was merely the querulous repinings of a mind weakened by indulgence. A little more worldly wisdom would have shown her the impolicy of thus rendering obnoxious, by a sort of persecution, the very person whom she most wished to recommend to her daughtar. Kate bore all this with undiminished good humour, and save that her manner to Clavering was marked by a degree of restraint not natural to her, she showed no signs of being moved by the annoyance.

"I thought, my love," said Mrs. Russel to her daughter, the morning after they had taken possession of their new dwelling, "that you were going to see our old friend."

"So I am, mamma," replied Kate, who stood looking from an open window with her bonnet and parasol in her hand: "I am going presently."

"Why not go at once, my dear? the weather is oppressive even at this early hour, and you will find the sun very hot if you delay."

"Yes, mamma, I will go in a minute."

"My dear Catherine, I wish you would go at once. You have been standing at the window for the last half hour, twitching that bonnet string of yours till you have made me quite nervous. What are you waiting for, child?"

"I am waiting till Mr. Clavering drives off," said Kate composedly. "I see his gig at the door."

"I do not see why you should be so anxious to avoid Lionel, my dear."

"I am not anxious to avoid him, mamma; but

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when Mrs. Clavering has her son with her, she does not need other society; and I think it a greater kindness to go when she is alone."

"Perhaps so, my dear, but I wish I could see you do more justice to Lionel's good qualities."

"No one appreciates him more highly than I do, mamma. I have a perfect sense of all his excellence."

"So you have often told me, my dear; but such assertions tally ill with your indifference towards him. I confess I cannot conceive such a state of feeling, unless, indeed, preoccupied affections were the excuse; and that, my dear, for both our sakes, I hope is not the case with you."

For a moment Kate hesitated; the colour deepened in her cheeks, but she replied steadily. "My affections, dear mamma, have neither been sought nor given to any one." Then tying on the offending bonnet she bade her mother good morning, and set off upon her meditated visit.

And now it will be asked, why Kate exhibited such unusual emotion at the last searching question of her mother? Was it indignation at the suspicion, or was it that she felt that she had been disingenuous? We fear the latter; but as she was unable rightly to define her own feelings, we will endeavour to do so for her. When at school, Kate had formed a friendship for one of her young companions, which, unlike most such intimacies, continued long after school and its associations were forgotten. Emily Walton and herself, in their own estimation, far exceeded Damon and Pythias, in the strength of their attachment; and hundreds of crow-quill billets, signed with the high-sounding names of Celestina and Angelica, attested their friendship. As they grew into womanhood the correspondence still continued, though they now condescended to use their own more homely appellations. Other names had, however, crept into the correspondence, and among them most frequent mention was made of a certain "Fred," who, it appeared, was a brother of Emily, a dashing young midshipman, who, with his gold lace and fierce looking dirk, had, on his return from his first cruize, set all the hearts in Mrs. Simper's select academy in a flame. At sixteen Fred Walton told his sister in confidence that Kate Russel was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. At eighteen, grown more bold, he vowed she was an angel; and at twenty, on his return from sea, after having eaten his first dinner off her father's best plate, he almost whispered the same thing to Kate herself. That Kate should have remained insensible to the attractions of so handsome an admirer was quite out of rule. She had not seen a great deal of him latterly, to be sure, as he was nearly always at sea, but Emily corresponded with her brother regularly, and his sayings and doings, together with many a significant remark and message, were, at that early period, duly reported to her. Three years, however, had elapsed since "Fred" last left the United States, and though Kate continued to hear constantly of his movements from her friend, when his rather scanty letters arrived, there were no longer any messages to her. This was plausibly accounted for by Emily, but to Kate it was a source of deep mortification, for, with a tenacity of feeling which strongly characterized her, she had suffered her imagination to magnify into a strong predilection that which, with other girls, would have been a mere passing fancy. The vessel which Walton was on board was now daily expected in port, and Kate looked for his return with a restlessness she was herself unconscious of. Scarcely daring to think of him as a lover—for the vague sort of understanding which had existed between them did not admit of such a construction—yet suffering his image to reign paramount in her imagination. When suddenly questioned by her mother it is not surprising that she exhibited the embarrassment which we have described, and though she had answered truly, she was too right-minded not to feel compunction for her mental reservations.

The life which Kate and her mother now led, differed materially from their former one. But few of their fine friends took the trouble to follow them to their retreat, and that large portion of their time which had heretofore been devoted to society was now entirely at their own disposal. This was far from being displeasing to Kate, who had now time enough for everything she undertook, including long rambles about the country, and the care of her garden, which she superintended herself. But to Mrs. Russel the change was painfully irksome, and her only resource from the ennui which beset her was in her daily visits to Mrs. Clavering, who, from her inability to walk, seldom left her own house. These constant visits to the invalid not only cheered her, from the sympathy she received, but they were of further service, in the example which they gave of meek and uncomplaining fortitude under afflictions, so much severer than her own; for, surrounded as Mrs. Clavering was, by all the appliances which wealth can give, Mrs. Russel could not but feel that her friend's situation was far more pitiable than her own. Clavering also contributed in every possible manner to reconcile her to her lot, and add to her happiness. In his daily visits to town his time and services were always at her command, and few evenings passed that he did not drop in with some message from his mother, who always retired early; some new publication which he had brought from town, or some scheme for the future, which he knew would gratify her. Kate too—whose happy temper was alone sufficient to create an atmosphere of cheerfulness where she dwelt—exerted all her powers to beguile her mother's regrets, and she soon saw with pleasure that she could now smile without an effort.

It was now the middle of June, and the vessel which Frederic Walton was on board had not yet arrived. At length news came that she was below, and a few hurried lines from Emily conveyed the intelligence to Kate. A day or two passed and another note was received. Emily was in an ec-

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stasy: "Fred" was come; he was more elegant than ever, and Emily was at a loss to which she should accord the highest meed of praise, his manners or his moustache; both were irresistible. Poor Kate was in a flutter of agitation. The organ of wonder seemed suddenly to have developed itself with her. She wondered when he would come to see them, and with the impression that she was laudably modest and reasonable, she said to-morrow, taking no note of the little voice which whispered, perhaps he may come to-night. She wondered how he looked; whether he had thought of her while he was away; and then, as a mere abstract question, she wondered if men were really so constant as women. Next, she wondered if he would find her changed, and then on referring to her glass she wondered why she had not perceived before that she was so much sunburnt; till at last the rapid development of this organ became contagious, and Mrs. Russel began to wonder too—not, however, about the all-engrossing "Fred," but why it was her daughter had become so restless and preoccupied. That night, though no Fred had appeared, Kate retired to rest with a stout and hopeful heart, notwithstanding a little secret pang of disappointment, and rose the next morning, full of faith. But the day passed, bringing no tidings, no visit from the "expected;" and when another, and another went by, with the same result, even faith yielded, and Kate, half sorrowful, half indignant, knew not what to think. The days, however, formed themselves into weeks, and a fortnight had elapsed without any attempt on the part of "Fred" to renew his acquaintance with his old friends. And what was stranger still, there was no note from Emily to account for this remissness. Emily was not sick, she knew, for Clavering spoke of having met her in Chestnut street, with her brother, upon whose arm, he said, she leaned, as if she was proud of exhibiting him; "and no wonder," added he, "for he is a very handsome fellow."

Poor Kate, with what pain did she behold her romantic visions crumbling before her eyes, how bitterly did she condemn her folly. "I have been treasuring up his memory for years," said she proudly, "while he has evidently forgotten me. But let it pass; the future is in my power, if the past is beyond recall, and I will never—" Her vow remained uncompleted, for at that moment the object of her thoughts drove up to the door, accompanied by his sister. Kate's meditations had been of a nature to prevent any softening of feeling, and she received Walton's animated greeting with as much composure as if she had not thought of him once during the whole period of his absence. Emily apologized for her apparent neglect, attributing it to her occupation with her brother; and Fred, taking his cue from her, protested that this was the first visit he had made.

Kate found Walton less changed than she at first believed. The youth had become a man. The shyness of the boy had given place to the confidence of manhood; but the voice, the laugh, were still the same, and "Fred" was, or was not "Fred," as the past and present alternately swayed her mind. They made a long visit; "Fred" talked a great deal, and principally of himself; the events which had befallen Lieutenant Walton, U. S. N., within the last three years, being evidently of more importance in his estimation than all that had occurred in that interval in the broad land which he had left behind; and when they parted it was with a promise, on the part of Emily, of meeting soon again.

"Oh! yes, let it be very soon," said Walton, gazing admiringly into Catherine's beautiful face. "Have you forgotten our boy and girl flirtation, Miss Russel? I hope not, for I am still as much at your service as ever."

Kate made no reply. How could she, feeling, as she did, that she had staked, in an unequal game, her gold against his worthless counters.

Clavering had dropped in during this visit, and as Kate turned her indignant glance from their departing guest she remarked a flush of anger, or emotion, upon his countenance. Afraid of his penetrating eye she moved towards the piano, and seating herself at the instrument, began to play. Clavering said nothing, but in a few moments took up his hat and left the house, with a hasty good morning. The moment he was gone Kate ceased to play, and covering her face with her hands she leant forward upon the instrument and wept plentifully. Mr. Clavering was right, sighed she, as she at length raised her tear-stained face, I am already very, *very* sorry for much that I have both said and done: would that I could live my life over again. This was a harsh awakening from a dream which had so long absorbed her; but, when the first disappointment was over, mortification was her most prominent feeling, and she resolved, however great the struggle, no eye should witness, or even guess at, the pang which accompanied this sudden breaking up of her girlish dream. Determined to avoid being thrown in Walton's way, she refrained entirely from going to town, and as if intent upon assisting her in her good resolutions, he came but once to see them during the following fortnight; but she constantly heard of him through others, as the assiduous admirer of some one or other reigning belle, remarkable either for beauty or fortune. With a perception quickened by wounded self-love, she now saw, that in the folly of girlish confidence, encouraged by the evident wishes of her friend, she had suffered her imagination to build up a baseless fabric, which the first touch of reality had overthrown; and it was with reference to this friend that her mortification found its most poignant sting. Emily had never, in so many words, told Kate that she wished her to marry her brother; nor had Kate ever admitted a tenth part of the interest which she really felt in him, but each divined the other's feeling, and though the understanding had been tacit, it was clear to both.

And now, how gladly would Kate have recalled her foolish pink paper notes, her sentimental epis-

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tles to her sympathizing friend. How gladly would she have borne all the disappointment, if she could have been assured that the knowledge of it was unshared by another. That Emily would betray her to her brother she did not for an instant dream of, but it was gall and wormwood to her proud heart to feel that another should know what she must be suffering. Fortunately for her, Emily had gone to the northern springs, and it was a relief to her to be assured that she would be some time absent. She resolved, therefore, that, as far as words could carry conviction, her letters to Emily should breathe the most perfect indifference. An opportunity soon offered itself. Frederic Walton drove out to see them, preparatory to joining his family at the springs, and remained the whole evening. Kate was the gayest of the gay; the most penetrating eye could not have told those spirits were assumed; and the next day, when Walton started on his journey, he carried with him a letter for his sister, so true to the spirit in which it was written that it might have been called a master-piece of its kind. Oh! woman! woman! why is it that education and society must make you a hypocrite!

Meanwhile the summer passed quietly on. Kate was often thoughtful and grave, for she had never known before what it was to treasure up in silence painful thoughts. These feelings, however, did not take undisturbed hold of her imagination; her thoughts and attention soon became diverted to other objects of interest. Mrs. Clavering experienced an alarming attack of illness, and both Mrs. Russel and her daughter were called upon for their solace and support in her sick room. The attentions of Kate, whose affectionate disposition transformed her into the quietest and gentlest of nurses, were particularly grateful to her kind old friend; and when she saw with what eagerness Mrs. Clavering watched for her coming, and listened for the sound of her bird-like voice, she could not withhold from her the solace of her constant presence. All those who have watched by the bed of one affectionately beloved must be sensible how absorbing the interests of a sick room soon become. The world and all its teeming influences fade into shadows before it, and the little sphere in which our labours, our anxieties, are now confined, is sufficient for the engrossment of every thought. If the sufferer has passed a good night; if the nourishment prepared by the hand of affection be gratefully received; if he, at whose daily visit we look for the fiat of joy or woe, "smiles propitious," what care we for the changes, the mighty wonders of the crowd without; one peaceful slumber, one healthful throb of the pulse is of more importance to us than all the world beside.

And such, during Mrs. Clavering's illness, had been the feelings of Kate. She had relinquished all other pursuits to devote her time and attention to her friend, with an utter forgetfulness of self; and her efforts were not without their reward. Schooled by the touchstone of real affliction, her mind had acquired a more healthy tone; the lesson had done her good. She had also a rich reward, in the deep gratitude evinced by Mrs. Clavering, who, with tears and caresses, told her all she felt. Clavering too, though silent, was not an unmoved spectator of all that passed, though it was more by his silent watchfulness, and care for her comfort, than by spoken words, that his feelings could be ascertained.

"My dear Kate," Mrs. Clavering would say, laying her hand upon the silken head of her young companion, "Lionel tells me I am selfish in permitting you to devote so much of your time to me. You are growing thin and pale, he says, from too much confinement; so put on your bonnet, love, and go take a long walk."

Often when reading aloud for the invalid he would gently take the book from her hand, and continue himself, spite of her assurances that she was not fatigued; and thus, apparently unoccupied by her, no movement that she made, no tone of her voice escaped him. So unobtrusive was he, however, in all he did—so little on the surface were his feelings—that even Kate, with all the intuitive quickness of a woman in these matters, was at fault, and she frequently found herself seeking for some of those proofs of exclusive feeling which her mother had so often hinted at.

During all this period Kate had received no letter from her friend Emily, and as Mrs. Clavering grew better, and her anxiety for her diminished, she recurred with increased solicitude to her own peculiar trouble. At length, however, a letter came. Clavering brought it to her one evening on his return from town. It had been sent by private hand, and, as usual in such cases, it was detained three times as long as if it had been sent by post. Kate tore open the letter with eager haste, and ere she had concluded it her face sparkled with pleasure. Emily's letter was filled with reproaches; she had been completely taken in by the air of indifference for "Fred," which had pervaded Kate's letter, and she dilated with feminine eloquence upon the pain which it had caused her to find her brother so far undervalued by her dear friend. "If you but knew, dear Kate," she said, "in what raptures he speaks of you, you would not be so ungrateful."

"That appears to be a very pleasant epistle, my dear," said Mrs. Russel, as Kate folded up the letter.

"Yes, mamma, very; but I wish I had got it at the proper time. The Waltons will be so soon home now, I shall not have time to answer it."

"Then you prefer corresponding with your friends," said Clavering, "to the enjoyment of their society. This is a novelty in friendship."

"Oh! no," replied Kate, smiling and blushing. "I like those I love near me, but just now I should be as well content if Emily remained absent a month longer."

Clavering had been standing during his visit

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with his hat in his hand; he now laid it aside, and seating himself on the sofa near Kate, he remained during the rest of the evening.

"You will come early to-morrow to see my mother?" asked Clavering, addressing Kate as he at length rose to go.

"Oh! yes. I shall have time to make a long visit, and be back again, before mamma is up. So you may tell Mrs. Clavering to expect me."

Kate took her mother's arm, and they walked out upon the piazza with Clavering. The moon was shining brightly; the vines and creeping plants which shaded the piazza threw their flickering shadows upon the ground; and every tiny flower that drooped with the weight of its diamond dew-drop, flung forth its perfume upon the night air. There was a peculiar loveliness in the hour, and they stood silently drinking in its beauties.

"This is too fine a night to lose in sleep," at length said Clavering, with a sort of half sigh. "Do you not think so, Kate?" Clavering seldom called her Kate, but when he did so there was a peculiar softness in his tone that made the name most musical.

"Yes," she replied earnestly, "far too lovely. I have been wondering," she continued, "why it is, that people call the moon melancholy; to me it is the reverse. While my heart is filled with its beauty my mind reflects its brightness, and to-night it is particularly so. I do not know when I have felt so happy as I do at this moment."

What a strange thing is love. Clavering returned to his home that night, with a heart filled with happiness and hope, and why? Because the woman he loved had said, while he was at her side, that she was happy. He thought not of the various causes which might have attuned her feelings thus, he thought not of the disparity of age which had so revolted her, he only felt that with him she had been happy! Hope, alas! too often builds its structures, like the foolish man, upon sand; and yet who shall say that the heart has not its instincts? Clavering's dream nevertheless was a brief one. A little while, and the Waltons were at home again, and then, as if to make up for past neglect, Fred's visits followed in quick succession, till finally, few days passed when his horse might not be seen, awaiting his master's pleasure, somewhere on Mrs. Russel's premises. Kate was too thoroughly a woman, not to triumph in this involuntary homage from one who had so wounded and mortified her. Her vanity was flattered, her pride soothed by his unconcealed admiration; and much to Emily's joy her early impressions seemed to be rapidly regaining their hold upon her. Let that be as it might, it was undeniable that her spirits had never been so gay as now; her step was light with happiness; joy sparkled in her eye and brightened in her cheek. These signs were of course interpreted by all, according to their different hopes or fears. Mrs. Russel was perfectly frigid in her manner to the Waltons, and as inhospitable as a well bred woman could be. Mrs. Clavering, now restored to her usual state of health, was dull and dispirited, and Clavering, who came now but seldom to the house, was grown graver and more reserved than ever; while Emily, keeping her own counsel, enjoyed in secret the ripening of her long nourished hopes. And yet, strange to say, and spite of appearances, Kate never was so unlikely to fulfil hopes of such a nature. Accustomed from her earliest years to the society of intelligent, well informed people, and with a judgment now ripened by time, it was impossible for her to be long in Walton's society, without becoming sensible of his deficiency in all those qualities of mind, which with her were essential to call forth respect; so that if her early impressions in his favour had not been so rudely shaken by his neglect on his first arrival, a more intimate acquaintance with him must soon have disenchanted her. His talk was "ship," nothing but "ship," and when he had exhausted his mess-table jokes, and told of all his perils by storm and flood, he had nothing to do but to begin over again. He had visited the most interesting portions of the globe, but unlike most of the gentlemen of his profession, he had found them "barren all." His thoughts had but one circle. The quarter-deck was his world, promotion his ambition, and "the button" his pride. His principal reading was the "Navy Register," his favourite aversion the "Navy Board," and when he had nothing else to think of, he wondered "what the fellows were doing at the Department." That all this did not equally interest his auditors, never entered into Walton's philosophy. Week after week went by without diminishing his visits, and yet the theme never flagged. If he could have been suspected of reading Shakspeare, it might have been thought that he had taken a leaf out of the hapless "Moor" wooing Kate, with the tale of the dangers he had passed; but that supposition was too improbable to receive credit, and the safest conclusion was, that as talking was a necessity with him, he drew upon the only exchequer he could command.

If I had been born a dictator, said Kate mentally, and with much energy, one morning, as she sat at her embroidery frame, I should forbid every woman in my dominions marrying before she is twenty. What the train of thought was, that elicited this emphatic opinion, we cannot exactly say, but she had been sitting for more than an hour, listening to Walton, who sate by her side, alternately twirling her scissors and his own moustache, and entangling with equal success, her silks and his own ideas. The presumption is, that her companion had in some way originated the sentiment.

Meanwhile, time passed on with its noiseless step, and the autumn had come. One afternoon, Kate, having been prevented through the day from making her usual visit to Mrs. Clavering, set forth to fulfil this accustomed duty. She walked into Mrs. Clavering's usual sitting room, and flinging off her bonnet drew a low seat beside her, and began to relate why she had not been able to come earlier. She had a great deal to tell, much news to re-

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peat, for several visitors had called in the morning, and Emily Walton had dined with them.

"And did you leave your friend with your mother, my love, to come to me?"

"Oh no; she had an engagement for this evening and her brother came for her a little while since, and carried her off from us."

"Ah, that brother!" said Mrs. Clavering, significantly. "I fear she is not the only one whom he will carry off from us."

"Do you mean me, ma'am?" said Kate composedly. "If you do, I assure you your fears are groundless. Mr. Walton will never carry me off."

"Ah! my love, you may think so now, but perseverance and constancy go very far in persuading people to change their minds."

"I don't know, I don't think so," said Kate hesitatingly; "at least, not in most cases. It might, perhaps, have the effect in a man of sense and feeling, but not in such a person as Mr. Walton. Oh no!"

As she ceased, Kate raised her eyes and beheld Clavering standing behind his mother's chair.

She coloured violently as she perceived him, and replied to him, as he addressed her, with an embarrassment which she strove in vain to subdue.

After inquiring for Mrs. Russel and obtaining a letter from his mother, which was the errand that had brought him to the room, he left them, Kate hoped without having overheard her remarks.

"My dear," said Mrs. Clavering, after a few moments silence, "do you think your mother would come over this evening and see me before I retire? I have something of importance to consult her about."

"I hope it is nothing distressing," said Kate, watching Mrs. Clavering's countenance. Mrs. Clavering did not speak, but a few tears rolled down her face. Kate laid her cheek upon the pale thin hand beside her and pressed her lips caressingly upon it. "May I not know what it is that pains you, dear madam."

Mrs. Clavering returned her caress, and in a few words related the cause of her uneasiness. She said that she could no longer conceal from herself, that she was pursuing an ungenerous course towards her son, that his health and spirits were both impaired by her selfish wish to keep him near her. "It breaks my heart," she said, "to see him wasting his prime, sacrificing every prospect for himself, to mope away existence by the side of a sick old woman, when I know his tastes and inclination would lead him elsewhere. Now I have been thinking, my dear, if your mother and I could make some arrangement by which we might live together, Lionel would not refuse to leave me for a time. I wish him to change the scene, to go abroad for a year or two; as I know he would have done long since but for me, and the only obstacle is my being left alone. Do you think, my dear, your mother would refuse to receive me during his absence? Or perhaps, as my house is so much larger she may be induced, accompanied by you, to make *me* a visit instead. Could you consent to make such a sacrifice, my love, for your poor old friend?" said Mrs. Clavering in a tremulous voice, pressing Kate's hand.

"I should think nothing a sacrifice, my dear ma'am, which would gratify you," said Kate feelingly; "but I think I had better go for mamma, she will be best able to advise you. I will go now," she said hurriedly, "for it is getting dark, and ask her to come over to you;" and without staying to hear more, she snatched up her bonnet and hastened away.

She reached home breathless, and delivered her message to Mrs. Russel, who set forth immediately to obey the summons. Then Kate, having nothing else to do, and being somewhat startled and nervous, threw herself into an easy chair, and began to cry. Having amused herself in this manner for some time, she dried her eyes, but still she sate watching the fire and—thinking. At last, at the expiration of an hour, the door opened and Clavering walked in. Kate said "how d'ye do!" and turned her back to the light, while she answered his inquiries for her mother.

"It was not indisposition I hope, that induced my mother to send for Mrs. Russel? She appeared as usual when I left her with you."

"Oh! no," replied Kate, "nothing ails her. I brought the message to mamma myself. She wanted to consult with her about something."

Clavering was silent for a few moments, when observing something unusual in Kate's manner, he asked, "Do you know what that 'something' is, Catherine?"

"Yes," replied Kate, speaking with hesitation. "I believe it is something about a scheme to enable you to go abroad."

"My poor mother," said Clavering sighing deeply, "how her solicitude pains me. And did you believe, Catherine," he continued feelingly, "that I could consent to leave my mother, aged and suffering as she is, even with such kind friends as your mother and yourself, to wander at a distance from her, in pursuit of pleasure?"

Kate could not speak, the tears which had so lately been called up from their source, had not all subsided, and as his half reproachful tones fell upon her ear, they again began to flow so rapidly that she could not speak.

"Why do you not answer me, Kate?" said Clavering anxiously, when he had waited some moments in vain for her reply.

Kate made a desperate effort. Her lips moved, but no words escaped her but a gasp, and then a flood of tears followed.

"My dear Catherine," said Clavering drawing his chair to her side, "what is it distresses you?"

Kate wept uninterruptedly for a few moments, and then she found her voice. She didn't know what was the matter with her, she said. She was a little nervous, she believed. She had run all the

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way home after it was dark, and had been a little frightened: nothing else ailed her, she said.—(Oh, woman!)

"And now Catherine," said Clavering when her agitation had somewhat subsided, "will you answer me? Did you think I would avail myself of my mother's proposition?"

"I don't know," said Kate brightening up. "I believe I did. Yes, I certainly did, though now when I think of it, I am certain if I had asked my own heart, I should have thought differently."

"And do you ever question your 'own heart' about me, dear Kate?"

"Oh! yes," said Kate, striving to appear very composed and candid, "I should be very sorry"—another break down.

"Sorry, dear Kate," he said tenderly, taking her hand. "Do you remember telling me some months ago, you were not, nor ever should again be sorry for any act of your own will? I felt what you said then, almost as a taunt, though I believe you scarcely meant it as such. Do you still hold those sentiments, or can you say that there is *now*, one act of your life in which I am concerned, that you feel sorry for?"

Kate did not reply, but turned her head away and concealed her face, while Clavering in a low and rapid voice continued:—

"I little thought, Catherine," he said, "ever to have touched upon this subject to you again. But a strange madness has come over me, and I am urged on, by an impulse which I cannot resist. I do not attempt to conceal from you, that you hold my happiness in your hands. You must see it. Nay, I confess that I have been, that I am a miserable man, cut off from every hope of obtaining your affections. But do not mistake me. Wretched and lonely as my existence must be, I would welcome it with joy, sooner than extort from your pity a concession unsanctioned by your feelings. I know the full value of the treasure I have coveted, I know also that I have a rival, though the blessed words I overheard this evening, prove him to be an unsuccessful one. Yet I have not been driven to tell you this because I have presumed upon that knowledge. Oh! no. It is, dearest Kate, that lately I have fancied you kinder, gentler to me than you were of old, and I have thought that you might not, perhaps, undervalue my deep, my fervent attachment, as you formerly did. Is it so, dearest Kate? Will you not speak to me one little word?"

Kate *did not* speak the word, but we never heard that Clavering was dissatisfied.

Some time after this the parlour door was thrown open, and Mrs. Russel entered, her bonnet blown back; her frigette all awry, and the tip of her nose very red.

"My dear Lionel," she exclaimed, with a tone, to say the least, not a little provoked, "are you *here?* Why I have been waiting for you for an hour past, to bring me home, and I was obliged at last, as your mother was nodding in her chair, to get old Moses with a lantern to bring me home. And *he* might as well have been at home nodding too, for he brought me by the back lane, through every puddle and over every stump he could find, till at last he landed me in old Gibbs's pig-sty!" and she indignantly exhibited her feet.

"My dear madam," interrupted Clavering rather embarrassed, "I am very sorry." He glanced at Kate, her eyes were fixed upon the carpet, while her flushed and varying countenance, betrayed the emotions struggling within her. He gazed for a moment, and then taking her hand, he pressed it to his lips.

"Catherine, my dear," said Mrs. Russel with a countenance full of astonishment, "what does this mean?"

"Nothing mamma, but I—that is Mr. Clavering—I mean dear mamma, that I am very sorry"—she could get no further, a flood of tears interrupted this lucid explanation.

"I wish," said Mrs. Russel, the disturbance of temper alluded to not yet quite dissipated, "that I could hear something else from you both, than that you are *sorry*."

"Excuse her to-night, my dear madam," said Clavering advancing towards her. "She is much agitated. Let me have the gratification of telling you that your daughter has made me a happier man this evening, than I feel I deserve." Then returning to Kate, he said in a low voice, "Good night, dearest Kate, I will now go with this joyful intelligence to my mother. Tell Mrs. Russel all my presumption, but be careful," he said smiling, "not to offend her, by again saying that you are sorry!"

TO I——.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM OPPOSITE A PICTURE ENTITLED "THE INDIAN TOILETTE."

An Indian maid to the wild-wood hied,
To gather bright flow'rs for her hair,
And deep in the forest a streamlet she spied
That wander'd in melody there;
Then the fair girl laughed with an innocent glee,
For the flow'rs on its brink were most rare,
And the stream was a mirror so bright she could see
As she twined the bright flowers with care.

Boquett, 1842.

Like that beautiful girl art thou, my friend,
And this world is the wild wood shade,
And the joys of Love are the flowers that bend
O'er that stream in the forest glade—
And the fountain of Truth, with its mirror gleam,
Will reflect them so bright and so clear,
That those which are pluck'd on the bank of that stream
Thou may'st bind to thy heart without fear.

Calliope.

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LADY ARABELLA JOHNSON.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE flower of Lincoln Castle floats
Upon the billowy main,
On toward a dreary, stranger clime,
Where unshorn forests reign.
Land! land! the wearied mariner
Uplifts his hymn of cheer,
As shoreward, through the hissing foam
The storm-rock'd vessels steer.

Old Salem show'd a cheerless face—
The plough, indeed, had made
A feeble furrow here and there,
Which the young corn obey'd:
But they who cross'd the heavy sea
Young Freedom's seed to sow,
Kept watch and ward like sentinels
Against the Indian bow.

Their huts of bark peer'd faintly out
Amid the morning gray,
With fragile tents, that scarcely held
The mocking blasts at bay;
While round the forest fire arose
The midnight war-dance wild—
Yet sweetly 'mid these sombre scenes
The Flower of Lincoln smil'd.

The summer sun is flaming high—
She from her lattice hangs—
Pines she for home and native land
With disappointment's pangs?
She thinketh of her absent love,
Who journeyeth sore and slow,
To build a bower for her, where now
The spires of Boston glow.

He comes. Why starts he back dismay'd?
Why doth he tremble so?
He sees the hectic fire burn deep
Within her cheek of snow—
Sees strangely from her graceful form
The stricken flesh depart,
And through her wasted hand the veins
In livid purple start.

"Alas! my beautiful, alas!
Yet God hath bliss in store—
The All-merciful shall hear our prayer,
And health be thine once more.
I'll hide thee in my sheltering arms,
And thou with me shalt go
Where green Yri mountain lifts its head,
And balmier breezes blow."

Sweet, answering smile of purity!
So gleams the lily's gem
When cruel blasts have bowed it down
Upon a broken stem:
Full tender were the words that strove
His failing heart to cheer,
Though still their faint and hollow tone
Alarmed his mournful ear.

"O dearest friend, my native vales
Are fresh and fair to see,
Yet rather would I choose to dwell
In loneliest wilds with thee—
Rather that Death should meet me here
Thy loving form beside,
Than in my far ancestral halls,
With all their pictured pride."

He came, with shadowy step, who turns
The breathing form to clay—
He came, and from the whiten'd lip
Kiss'd the sweet soul away.
And harsh amid the pine trees' roots
Those dreary plains that crown,
To dig that lady's lowly grave
The grating spade went down.

Ah! lovely and lamented one,
No funeral pomp is here—
No requiem from the organ's breath,
Nor velvet mantled bier;
Tho' in thine own forsaken clime
A tomb of sculptur'd fame
'Neath some cathedral's fretted arch
Thy noble birth might claim.

Even here thou hast a monument
That meets the musing eye,
The tender memory of the land
Wherein thine ashes lie;
For sure, thy love that blessed his heart
Who bore thee o'er the tide,
That beamed with dying glance on him
When all was dark beside—

The saintly faith that lifted thee
Where clouds no more are known,
Save by the fruits their tear-drops helped
To ripen round the Throne—
That heaven-born love, that holy faith
Have rear'd above thy clay
Such monument and epitaph
As may not fade away.

Hartford, July 1, 1842.

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A HUGUENOT FAMILY.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

Louis XIV., in the beginning of his career, refrained from touching the privileges that had been conceded to the Protestants. He added nothing, but he took nothing away. By degrees, as the generous temper of youth wore off, and the bigotries infused by Anne of Austria, and Mazarin came out, his course changed. Louis wanted indulgence in his licentious pleasures, and his confessor shut his eyes to his master's profligate and changing loves, on condition that heresy should be extirpated. He wanted money for his costly wars, and from the industrious and virtuously frugal Protestants Colbert filled the royal coffers which were to be drained by the prodigal Louvois. The Huguenots were robbed of the fruits of their industry, in their modest provincial homes, that the monarch might encompass himself with the pomp and pageantry which was then the grand "Cherry and Fair Star" spectacle of the world. "Every room is divinely furnished," writes Madame de Sevigné from Versailles, "every thing is magnificent. We rove from apartment to apartment without encountering heat or a press. The King, Madame Montespan, &c. &c. are engaged at a game; a thousand louis are thrown on the carpet; no other counters are used," &c. &c.

This was a picture of the Court when that portion of Louis's subjects which had earned the golden counters were, by royal edicts, beset on every side with obstruction and disappointment. The avenues of industry were closed upon them; the dearest offices of domestic life were converted into sorrows. "Take care and make a fortune out of the sales of the Huguenot property," writes Madame de Maintenon to a brother in a Protestant province—this "property" being the ancestral homes from which the Protestants were driven forth.

Some of the best blood in our own country is derived from these exiled Protestants, and in many a family are preserved traditions and legends that need no embellishment from fiction to awaken a thrilling interest. The following has at least the merit of being a true record of some of the harassing persecutions which the Protestants endured. We are the more anxious to preserve it as a proof that through all these fiery trials christian love (which must run in concentric circles) was, in some instances, maintained between Catholics and Reformers.

At the period of the events we are about to transcribe the persecution had not reached its height. The *Dragonnades*, when the licentious soldiery, fresh from the Spanish campaigns, were like dogs of war set upon the homes of the Huguenots to worry and waste as they would, were not yet proclaimed; one after another of the guarantees of the edict of Nantes had been removed, but Louis had not yet come to that most impotent resolve of tyranny, "to have but one religion in his kingdom."*

But to our story. Arnauld d'Argile was the son of a gentleman of Languedoc, who, by engaging in a profitable branch of manufactures, and living with simplicity and frugality had amassed a large fortune. Arnauld, preferring the quiet enjoyment of a man of letters to the bustle with the profits of business, resigned a partnership in his father's concerns, and all claims to the paternal inheritance to the younger branches of his family, for a sufficient provision to secure to him independence and leisure. Arnauld purposed, at a convenient season, to take that domestic commodity, a wife. He had the notion, sufficiently prevalent now, but then universal, that the wife's duty is limited to providing for the physical comfort of her husband, and that she is exempted by Providence from participation in his intellectual pursuits, and sympathy in his higher pleasures. Of course, at any time, he might find some pretty rustic adequate to these moderate demands. But we are often as wide of the mark in casting the fashion of uncertain good as uncertain evil.

During an excursion into Switzerland accident threw Arnauld into the society of the Baron de Villette and his daughter Emilie. Some romantic incidents brought them into intimate intercourse. The baron, though a Protestant himself, had, according to a contract with his wife, permitted her daughter to be educated in the Catholic faith, the religion of her mother. Madame de Villette died a year after her marriage, and her husband added to the fond affection of a father, for the child she left him, the devotion of a lover. When the church, comprising all sects, was literally a church militant, and every inch of the religious world debateable ground, M. de Villette contented himself with maintaining his faith by the eloquence of his example. He committed his daughter's religious education to her mother's confessor, a worthy Franciscan, who, imitating her father's forbearance, was more intent on making her a good Christian than a good Catholic. She was attended by

* "Le roi commence à penser sérieusement à son salut, et à celui de ses sujets; si Dieu nous le conserve *il n'y aura plus qu' une religion dans son royaume.* C'est le sentiment de Monsieur Louvois, &c." Lettres à la Contesse de St. Géran.

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Léonie, a worthy creature, who had been her mother's nurse, and who loved M. de Villette so well as a master that she forgot he was a heretic. Thus left to the generous dictates of her own heart, Emilie grew up without suspicion of others' faith, or bigotry in respect to her own. Her intimate companionship with her father led to tastes and pursuits not common to women of that period, and after a few months' acquaintance with her Arnauld d'Argile's horizon had wonderfully enlarged; the rustic little housekeeper had vanished from his perspective, and a woman whom he could honour as well as love filled her place. By what process Mademoiselle de Villette's mind was affected the family archives do not inform us, but in due time she joined the Reformers in the little Protestant church at Poitou, much to the grief of Father Clement, her confessor, and the scandal of the church; and was soon after married to Arnauld d'Argile. As far as we can gather from her letters, and the few incidents recorded of the happy years that followed, the change of her faith seems rather to have been an emancipation from the shackles of rites and forms, and an enlargement of her charities, than any vehement abjuration of the old religion, or adoption of the new one. It was simply a passage to a free service, and a wider horizon of hope and love.

There are few entries in the log-book in fair weather. The family at the château de Villette remained in retirement and unbroken happiness. They lived unmolested themselves, extending their sympathy and aid to such of their church as suffered for their faith; and, without question of creeds, to others who needed their charities. Father Clement continued to be, as he had always been, the lady Emilie's almoner; and in many a Catholic cottage penance was done for her, and prayers sent before many a saint's throne.

Madame d'Argile had but one child, a son named Eugene, who was entered in one of the few colleges of all those instituted by the Protestant noblesse which were yet permitted to remain.

We said that fourteen prosperous years followed, but on recurring to the records we find that a few months previous to this the Baron de Villette died, and that soon after a suit was instituted by one Camille Savery, his cousin, for the succession to his estate. This iniquitous claim was founded on a then recent law forbidding the descent of property to the issue of a marriage between a Catholic and Protestant; which law the plaintiff pretended invalidated Madame d'Argile's right to her father's property. But however inalienable and indisputable was the justice of her title, there was little hope of sustaining it; the appeal was to a Catholic tribunal, and its decisions were uniformly against the Protestants. It was with little hope, and with sad forebodings that Monsieur d'Argile prepared to leave his wife to go to Paris to defend her rights. His forebodings were not causeless. Emilie's health and spirits had been much broken by her father's death, she was now near a second confinement, and the harassed and uncertain state of their affairs converted her hopes into anxieties.

The eve of Monsieur d'Argile's departure was the anniversary of a fête champêtre which the family de Villette had been accustomed to give to their dependants from time immemorial.

"A fête is not fitting these bothering times," said Léonie; "give it the go-by, my dear lady Emilie; you are full of trouble with my master's going away."

"But, Léonie, I have heard you say that the very best way to forget our own griefs, and dry our own tears, is to light smiles on others' faces."

"Perhaps I did say so—though that sounds a deal more like you than me, my lady—but there are exceptions to all cases, and, indeed, you have not strength for it, and they know why, and that you'll soon give the occasion for another guise fête than this."

"Ah! Léonie!" Madame d'Argile checked the expression of forebodings naturally arising from her dejected spirits and infirm health, and merely added, "no fête can be so good as that which our fathers and our fathers' fathers have enjoyed. No! this shall go forward; remember if the suit at Paris goes against us this will be the last time that I preside over it. So, dear Léonie, see to the preparations. I will distribute the gifts when the dancing is over. Put the basket containing little Marie's gear under the almond trees."

"Yes, my lady—but perhaps—I mean—that is—"

"What do you mean, Léonie?"

"I was just thinking if the child Marie is not here, it will be no fête to my lady; that's all."

"You turning jealous, too, of my little favourite, Léonie?"

"No truly, my lady, *I* am not; but there are those that, for every good turn you do her, would do her ten times an evil one. Dame Carmeau can't forget that Marie's mother was master Eugene's foster-mother."

"Ah! yes; I know Dame Carmeau thinks heretical blood is bad enough without being fed with heretical milk."

"A fig cares she for that, my lady. All the babies born in France might feed and thrive on the milk of heretics, if she could get the silver spoons and silk gowns that go to the foster-mother."

"Well! you are right, Léonie; we must not provoke her envy; she is an ill-favoured creature, and I fear malicious. Marie shall have her apron and slippers with Dame Carmeau's girls; after the fête is over will be time enough to give her the basket and the gold chain Eugene has sent for her. Alas for these times that make my favour of far more peril than advantage!"

The fête went on; there was dancing, and feasting and general gaiety. Madame d'Argile exerted herself to the utmost. She had a kind word for every one, and a special favour added to the customary gift. The painful conviction that this was

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the last time she should appear before her people as the representative of her house was not manifest in selfish sadness, but in eagerness to promote their pleasures. So, in its very nature sun-like, bright and cheering is goodness.

"What is the meaning of tears in your eyes, Marie!" said Madame d'Argile to her little favourite.

"All this time you have not spoken to me, dear lady, and that is why I cannot help my tears."

"Wipe them away, I never loved you better, Marie."

This was enough. Marie joined the sports and was the gayest of the gay. Madame d'Argile's eye followed her. She had lived at the château as Eugene's companion. She had shared his earliest studies; not that Madame d'Argile had any quixotic notions of educating the little peasant girl, but she served as whip, spur, and reward (if those discordant things may be conjoined) to Eugene. In addition to the loveliest gifts of nature she had acquired a certain refinement of manners which has well been styled one edge of the sword of aristocracy.

"Eugene has gone from us in good time for Marie," said Monsieur d'Argile apart to his wife; "we should have spoiled her for a peasant's wife!"

"I wonder if that little minx Marie fancies she is made of porcelain," said Dame Carmeau, "that she won't let my boy Hugh touch her with the tips of his fingers. We'll bring down their pride before the sun rises again."

The fête was over. Marie had received a basket piled with a year's garments, and, dearer far than all these, she had got Eugene's gold chain. She had kissed it, and kissed over and over again the hand that hung it around her neck, and had followed her mother, who had preceded her by half an hour, to her cottage home, a short distance from the château.

Monsieur d'Argile set out early the next morning for Paris. His wife was overcome by her foreboding fears at parting, and was still weeping when Dame Méru, Marie's mother, entered her apartment wringing her hands, and crying that her child was stolen from her. Madame d'Argile put aside her own sorrows to inquire into the poor mother's.

What Méru, in her bold despair, called theft, was authorized by law. One of the edicts, now daily issued against the Protestants, authorized the seizing the child or children of any Huguenot found from under its parents' roof, and placing it under Catholic tutelage to be brought up in the true faith, at the parents' cost.

Little Marie, at Dame Carmeau's instigation, had been seized on the preceding night as she was returning from the castle, and was bound as a servant to the daughter of that evil-eyed and evil-hearted woman, the wife of a jailer in Poitou. There was no redress.*

The first despatches from her husband brought Madame d'Argile information that the suit was decided against them, and that the influence of their relative, Marshal Schomberg, then second only in military renown to Turenne, and himself a Protestant, had secured to her, as the only attainable boon, the family plate and jewels. Madame d'Argile submitted to her loss of fortune with a fortitude which (we thank Heaven) is a virtue too common in women to be much wondered at or praised.

Another and heavier trial soon followed. The church within whose sacred cemetery Madame d'Argile's father and his forefathers lay, was torn down, and its pastor ejected from his charge. It fell under the edict which ordained that all churches within whose walls a relapsed heretic worshipped or a Catholic had abjured his faith, should be rased to the ground. Madame d'Argile had there first publicly worshipped with the Reformers. It was enough. The churches of Montpelier, Poissan, Melguil, and Pignan, had fallen before it, on quite as frivolous pretexts.

These were but faint preludes to the shock that followed. Monsieur Martin assembled his frightened flock in the garden of the château on the following Sunday for worship. For this offence he was seized and sent to Paris, where he was (that being the penalty inflicted in such cases) to be led before the king's palace with a rope round his neck, and then banished the kingdom. Madame d'Argile had forborne to acquaint her husband with this new calamity, and his first knowledge of it was at meeting the venerable old man thus led, and followed by a mob who treated him with every indignity. Monsieur d'Argile interposed by demanding of an officer of the guard the reason of this persecution. The officer answered him insolently; M. d'Argile retorted; the officer drew his sword; an encounter followed, and d'Argile received a fatal wound.

"Oh, what have you done?" cried Léonie, rushing into her mistress's room, where she found her fainted and lying on the floor. "You have killed my lady."

The messenger who had brought the fatal tidings stood aghast: he had been employed simply as a machine to carry the letter, and was ignorant of its contents. It was lying on the floor, neither he nor Léonie could read it. Happily the heart needs no instruction to do its offices. Madame d'Argile was conveyed to her bed, and the common restoratives used, which so far produced their effect that she recovered from the fainting. On her return to partial consciousness she asked for the letter, and on seeing it exclaimed, "It is not a dream then—he is dead—Léonie, my husband is dead!" She struggled with her emotion, and for a moment was still,

* Madame De Maintenon, under the authority of this law, took possession of the children of a Protestant uncle, and, adding hypocrisy to the cruelest treachery, pretended that she did it to express her gratitude to her aunt and benefactress!

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and then fell into sobbings which were followed by convulsions. Léonie, strong-minded and strong-hearted, saw the danger that threatened her mistress, and took such measures as she could to avert it. She despatched a servant to Poitou for the physician, and another for the sage-femme, with such entreaties for speed as one gives when life or death is felt to hang on every minute. The servant, on arriving at the physician's, found a parchment affixed to the door bearing the royal seal; the writing annexed to it he could not read. After repeated knockings he was admitted, and found the physician sitting amidst his family and dependants, who were weeping around him, and he looking as if paralysed by a sudden stroke. "Please sir," said the servant, "Madame d'Argile is ill."

The physician did not move or raise his eyes, but said coldly, "I am sorry for it."

"Sorry!" said the man, who had been accustomed to see the doctor breathless at the news of a finger-ache at the château; "and indeed ye must be something more than sorry. Léonie says my mistress must die if she has not your aid and that right soon."

"It matters not—I cannot go. I am forbidden to exercise my profession; the edict is nailed to my door. My patients must die; my family starve, because it pleased God I should be born and bred a Protestant. It was not of my own choosing."

Nor was it like to be of his own keeping: but the history follows him no further than to say, that he wrote certain cabalistic prescriptions which the servant carried to the apothecary. He found the ground before his door strewn with jars, unguents, pill-boxes, and gallipots; the door closed and barred, and a document affixed to it similar to that on the physician's, which, with the comment of the ruin before him, he easily understood.

In the mean time Jean, the other servant, proceeded to the dwelling of Dame Alix, the midwife, which luckily was just without the gate. The evening was already considerably advanced. Dame Alix's door and windows were barred and bolted; but the messenger, seeing a light through the crevices of an upper window, knocked sturdily, and was admitted by the old woman herself. When he told his errand,—

"Now God help us!" said the good creature; "that ever the day should come when I must say nay to my lady Emilie; to her who never said nay to any human soul in need. The edict, as they call it, Jean, is nailed to my door, and it forbids me to help the women of my people by word or deed. They know that by tying up my hands they may kill two birds with one stone."

Jean represented the extraordinary urgency of the case; he told the dreadful news that had reached the château, and wept, and wrung his hands as he spoke of the peril and helplessness of his mistress. It is a blessed truth that whereas bad feeling is anti-social, good feeling is contagious. Alix wavered at the sight of Jean's distress.

"It is a pity," she said, "to sit here with folded hands and let her die. There may be two deaths; and if I lose my life it is but one, and the fag end on't, scarce worth the keeping since I can no more earn bread for others as well as for myself. I'll go, Jean; it's my duty, and duty and God's will are the same; there's no mistake in that."

Though a prison, the stocks, and a public whipping hung over her if she were discovered, Alix's face brightened as soon as she had decided on the strong and the right side, and she was soon mounted on the horse Jean had brought, and they proceeded towards the château through by-ways sheltered by close lines of mulberry trees and favoured by the darkness. As some ruggedness of the road obliged them to proceed more slowly,—

"I have been thinking, Jean," said the old woman, "it's the year of our Lord 1662; just one hundred years since the massacre of St. Bartholomew's eve—a black year in the calendar. It was on that cruel eve that my grandame was at the château on the same business I am going on now. It was the old baron's grandmother that came into the world that night, and her father was massacred, and her mother—poor lady—died of a broken heart. Hark! is not that the tramping of horses?" They halted and listened, and, the sounds ceasing, they hastened onward and soon emerged upon the highway and approached the gate of the château by a long green archway, made by the interlacing of flexile branches of trees. As they wound around a turn in this arboured approach they found themselves in the midst of mounted soldiers, drawn up close to the gate.

"Ha!" said their leader, seizing Jean's bridle, "you ride fast, fellow. What is your business here?"

"We are servants of the château—pray let us enter."

"And who is master of the château?"

"Monsieur Arnauld d'Argile."

"Ah ha! well and truly spoken! But when the bell of St. Agnes tolls twelve the château passes to Monsieur De Savery, and so we are here to proclaim it."

"Be it so: but for the love of mercy let us pass. Leave the château in peace to-night—for—"

"Say not your mistress is ill:" whispered Alix, in time to break off the end of his sentence.

"No secrets from us, young woman," cried the officer. "Let us see if your gallant fancies brown or fair for the companion of his night ride," and suiting the action to the word, he touched old Alix's hood with the point of his rapier and pushed it off her face; as he did so, a straggling moonbeam fell on her white locks and wrinkled brow. An old woman is fair game, and accordingly the men gave a shout which one of them ended by exclaiming—"By our lady it's the old midwife Alix: how now old beldame, did I not bar thy door yesterday, and affix an edict thereto that should put fetters on thy feet?" He added sundry scurvy jests relating to the multiplying heretics through her ministrations

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unfit to be copied from the mouldering paper on which they are recorded. Alix protested she came not to practise her science, but in default of a physician to attend the lady of the château who had been seized with convulsions; a sickness that might occur to man or child. The official replied with the deafness of heart incident to his calling, "We know not how true your excuse is: we neither make nor abrogate the law, we only execute it. Turn your horse's head the other way, old mother. Gerard, lodge her in the prison, and report her to-morrow morning."

Alix's courage rose as her hope fell. "Jean," she said, "tell not the lady Emilie what has befallen me; fifteen hundred seventy-two, sixteen hundred seventy-two! I told you so, Jean. On, caitiff, conduct me to my lodging; such a night's ride as this will make e'en a prison floor welcome to an old woman of three score and ten." No further molestation being offered to Jean he entered the gate and proceeded immediately to inform Léonie of all that had befallen. Having no other help, Léonie fell back on her own resources. "You, Jean, go below," she said, "and beseech these men by the mothers that bore them, to do their office here quietly. Our dear lady has intervals when she asks for her husband and master Eugene, and a sudden sound sends her off into these fits again. God guide and teach me. I will myself let blood: that may save her." Léonie had such assistance as the female servants of the château could give her, but she was too good a Christian and Catholic to trust alone to human aid. She had already despatched a servant to Father Clement, her mistress's former confessor, to give him notice of her peril, well knowing the good man would pass his night in vigil and prayer for the wandering child he so well loved. She hung a crucifix at the head of the bed, and murmuring prayers to her favourite saints, she proceeded boldly in her duties, believing that each success was a prayer answered. Before morning dawned her fidelity was rewarded, a female child was born, and the mother, though with some alarming symptoms, sunk into deep repose.

(To be continued.)

I GAZE ON THE IRIS.

BY A. M'MAKIN, ESQ.

I.

I GAZE on the iris, 'tis gone!
I catch at the zephyr, it flies!
E'en the sun hurries down from the blue burning zone,
And the moon sinks and wanes from the skies.

But thou to my bosom art true,
Dear friend of my heart and my choice;
In sickness or health thou canst rapture renew,
With thy smile and thy soul-thrilling voice.

II.

I list to the song of the bird!
I joy at the sound of the rill!
Yet come but December, no warbler is heard,
And the hum of the streamlet is still.

But once let affection like mine
In fervour and innocence cling,
And no fortune the light can expel from its shrine,
No winter congeal its warm spring.

TO ——.

BY MISS E. S. NORTON.

THEY think we have forgotten
The deepfelt love of yore,
That it within our hearts could dwell
And then be felt no more.

But in mine own it burneth
As in the days gone by,
Though I have learned to hide my grief
And smile when thou art nigh.

Yes, we may move in festal halls,
And pleasure's wreath may twine,
But *my own* heart is desolate,
And I *know* 'tis thus with thine.

I read it in thy pallid cheek,
The sternness of thy brow—
I know that many a bitter pang
Hath mem'ry for thee now.

'Twas but a light word parted us,
Repented long ago;
It brought to two fond loving hearts
Eternity of wo.

A deep gulf is between us,
We may not pass it o'er;
And Hope and Joy have fled for aye,
And will return—no more!

Yes, we may move in festal halls,
And Pleasure's wreath may twine,
But my own heart is desolate,
And I know 'tis thus with thine.

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LEAVES BY THE WAYSIDE.—No. II.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Whoever has visited the dainty little city of Portland, reclining between its hills, and looking off upon its hundred isles, has not failed to observe the unusual air of thrift and enterprise so strangely contrasting with its verdant and placid country-like aspect. It is a place offering few inducements to the foreign emigrant, who merely uses it as a thoroughfare to other and larger cities, where a penny can be easier turned, or vice and idleness better tolerated. The consequence is, that the inhabitants are of a less heterogeneous character than those of any other place of the same size to be found in the Union. Sturdy descendants are they of the primitive Pilgrim race; strict observers of the Sabbath, which they never call Sunday; regular goers to church three times upon the Sabbath day, besides to a prayer meeting in the morning, and the Sabbath School at noon; through the week the concerts of prayer, the conferences, the stated lectures, inquiring meetings, &c. &c., leave little time for the practice of wickedness even were any so disposed. Patronisers of literature are they, and staunch supporters of the public schools, and it is astonishing to see the numbers of the rising generation that daily appear at these great safety valves in our institutions; sturdy-looking, open-browed children, with red cheeks, clean aprons, and plaited ruffles, telling volumes of thrift and tidiness at home. There is one thing more to be observed, and that is, the large proportion borne by the gentler sex as compared with the other, more especially to be remarked upon the Sabbath. He would say at first sight the women represent the religion of the place; and this most probably is true, here as well as elsewhere, for alas! they are ever taught to feel their dependence, and instinctively spread out their hands for support; they turn from the cold or deserted altars of human affection, to cling but the more vehemently to the very horns of the altar, before the mercy-seat of heaven. It is true in this way, but not true if he would infer that the other sex are negligent of spiritual affairs. Let him listen to the "notes" read by the clergyman previous to that long preliminary prayer, and he may be able to divine the cause. These "notes," as they are technically called, are variously worded, according to the taste and education of the writer, though the style is pretty much the same in all cases, from the simple and ungarnished petition of Betsey Slocum, in one of our fishing districts, which ran in this wise,—"Betsey Slocum desires your prayers for her husband, gone a whaling,"—to the more refined one that came into my possession.

Passing down one of the principal streets, of a bright summer morning, with a sky brighter than can elsewhere be found, and all the bells of the merry churches ringing a glad peal for worship, and the streets filled to overflowing with well-dressed and cheerful-looking people, I observed a highly respectable looking matron leading by the hand a chubby boy of four years, while, two and two, followed a train of eight or ten lads and lasses, all nicely dressed, and all bearing the most unequivocal likeness to one another; each carried a clean folded handkerchief, a fan, or "psalm-book" in hand, and all moved with the utmost regard to decorum. Presently a lad of fourteen, or thereabouts, in giving a sort of flourish with his handkerchief, dropped a slip of paper upon the pavement, which I of course picked up. The youth must have known what he had done, for he half turned round, looked a little nervous, and not a little mischievous, and then passed on.

I knew enough of Portland usages to understand the nature of the affair, and did not hesitate to open the paper. Whatever might have been the intentions of the lad, I at once resolved that that staid matron, followed by so many thrifty olive branches, should not be disappointed in her devout goings forth. I walked on in the rear of the party, and on entering the vestibule of the church gave the note to the sexton, where he stood gravely pulling back and forth the rope of the bell, knowing that in due time he would present it to the "minister." Accordingly, when the "notes" were read, this happened to be the first.

"Mary Dyer desires your prayers for her husband, absent on a long voyage, that God would be pleased to bless and preserve him in his absence, and return him in safety to his family."

No sooner was the name read than the simultaneous movement of heads in one direction revealed to me the location of the pew of Mrs. Dyer. There sat the worthy matron, clad in her faultless robes, all beseeming a religious woman, and one well to do in the world, looking steadfastly towards the pulpit, conscious that all eyes were bent upon her; but was she not without reproach? were not her children about her, crowning her as with a glory, and might not her name be uttered, even in the great congregation, and bring no blush to her cheek, other than that of noble pride, that she was even as she was? There were her children, too; the chubby boy had climbed upon the seat at the unwonted sound of his mother's name pronounced in the "meeting-house;" there the pretty daughters, blushing and hanging their heads; there the boy of ten, tickling and "hunching" the graceless

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youth who had dropped the note, and who now sat staring with his mouth open, and a face of crimson. Beautiful and happy group, my heart blesses ye as ye rise up again to my mind's eye in all the freshness of yesterday. Ye are severed now, I feel that ye are, for it is the lot of all; and the mother, if she still live, is white-haired and old, but no evil, no evil that bows down and debases the image of God stamped upon the souls of his creatures, can ever fall upon those children of many prayers.

Then followed other petitions, for those "bound to sea," "absent at sea," and thanks were returned for those who had escaped its perils, and who were now permitted to appear again in the house of prayer. There was still one, the last read, that of "Jane Hammond, desiring prayers that the death of her husband, at sea, might be sanctified to her and her child for their spiritual and everlasting good." Following the movements of others, my eye rested upon a slight and youthful figure, habited in deep mourning. She did not rise with others at the prayer, but sat grasping the hand of her child, with her face buried in her handkerchief. As the low tones of the clergyman arose in that hushed place of worship, she sat with heaving chest, evidently weeping with all the bitterness of a young heart as yet new to sorrow. But when her own case was presented at the mercy-seat, as, "Thy young handmaiden, stricken down with affliction, called to bear the yoke, even in the days of her youth, bereaved of him who was to have been her companion in this vale of tears, her support and comforter," low sobs escaped her till she wept aloud. Many were the tearful eyes bent upon the young widow, who was known to have cherished the most devoted attachment to him whom she now mourned.

I will not follow thy fortunes, O gentle weeper; I will not ask if thy vows are again plighted; if thy prayers are now put up for another; no, I rejoice that I know it not, for my own heart tells me that, whatever necessities may have swayed the gentleness of thy nature, in the sanctuary of thine own heart thou dost still respond to thy *one only love*.

Now, reader mine, hast thou not divined the reason for the sparseness of male worshippers in churches of the good city? Thou hast undoubtedly perceived that, in a commercial place like this, where prosperity depends so much upon successful maritime adventure, the enterprising of the stronger sex are of "those that go down to the sea in ships, and do business upon the mighty waters," and consequently such must often be missed from the house of prayer.

Accustomed to depend upon her own judgment, to rely upon her own resources, to manage her financial concerns in her own way, as the wife of the sailor must do, in the long periods of his absence, she acquires a steadiness of purpose, an offhand, business-like air, a staid, and somewhat severe deportment, which, however called for, and however well adapted to her peculiar condition, certainly sits ungracefully upon any other woman. Hence too she becomes skilful as a disciplinarian, and learns to manage a large family with a skill that might vie with that of her husband upon ship board. Her daughters are sure to be notable, and her sons would shame her if either cowardly or dull. They have a bold daring air, take to climbing instinctively, and always pull a rope in sailor style. How many apologies she would feel bound to make for rearing a sickly child. She is in the right. Women are now beginning to understand these things better, and to shrink from the imputation of imbecility of any kind.

Then the tact of a sailor's wife is inimitable. Sole autocrat in his absence, no sooner does he return than she proceeds to abdicate the throne in his favour. She who has hitherto been sole mistress, giving her orders with firmness and precision, buying, selling, alone and independent, suddenly becomes gentle, yielding, referring everything to his judgment, appealing to him for decisions, and abandoning herself to that sweetest of all feelings to a woman's nature, the sense of protection, the reliance upon one with strength and tenderness to sustain. His frequent periods of absence, the perils to which he is exposed, superadded to the acknowledged generosity and warm-heartedness of a sailor, serve to keep alive the freshness of affection, and to foster the tenderest emotions. A sailor loves with his whole soul, and rarely indeed is it that such affection, protective and self-sacrificing, fails to be reciprocated. The wife may be a termagant, vixenish and exacting to others, but to him she will be tender and considerate. He sees nothing but her notability, her thrift, and affectionate regard for his interest. He confides all things to her keeping, sure that she will manage even better than himself; for his province lies upon the waters, and he hardly can keep his reckoning on shore. Such is the sailor's wife, she belongs to a class *sui generis*, and in judging of her the rules applied to others of her sex would be altogether unjust.

In thinking of her, gentle reader, be sure to give her a bright eye, whatever may be its colour, a ready smile which is sure to go with a cheerful and affectionate heart, and above all, give her a round ankle and small foot. These are essentials. A sailor will fill out his ideas of beauty with various other accompaniments, but without these it could not exist.

Passing through one of the commercial streets of the city, by what is there called the "wood stand," my companion remarked "what a neat foot that woman has!" I observed a tidy-looking woman in hat and shawl, the latter so arranged as to exhibit to great advantage a fine bust, who was "making change" for a load of wood, with a most quiet and business-like air, while a fresh wind exposed a pair of the finest feet I ever saw. As we approached she fixed two brilliant eyes upon the face of my friend with a wholly indifferent air, as if so engaged in her mental arithmetic as to be unconscious of what she was doing. He returned the gaze with one

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so totally different that it brought the blood to her cheek and a smile to a pair of very rich lips. Scarcely had we passed her when her elastic figure flitted by us with a step so light, that it seemed hardly to touch the ground.

"I am confident that is a sailor's wife," said I.

"Never," he rejoined. "She is a perfect sylph. I will not believe she belongs to one of that amphibious, rough, coarse race that they are."

"Ay, I see that you don't understand them."

While we were yet speaking I saw upon the pavé a folded paper, which we both recognised as one the unknown had been holding in her hand while engaged with the wood vender, and from which she had torn a corner and probably given him thereon her name and street, for houses are not numbered at Portland. The address was gone, the lady had disappeared, where we knew not, so there was no reason why we should not read it. It ran as follows.

At Sea, on board the ship Trenton,
Lat. and Lon. &c.

My dear and loving Wife:

We have had a pretty rough time so far. A heavy squall, eleven days out, carried away the bowsprit, and handled us so roughly that the ship made water in the hold faster than we could pump it out. We lighted her by throwing our deck load overboard, and soon as the wind slackened, searched for the leak. Thank God, the danger is over, and I can now think of you. Ann, dear, the time I am boxed about on the ocean all passes for nothing. I live only when I am with you. Take care of yourself, dearest, don't fret about me, but let me find you well and hearty, when I get home, and I shall know you love me. Keep Fanny Osgood with you, for she's a nice girl and will keep your spirits up. Confound that ——, you know I hate him, and you only spoke of him in your last letter to plague me. Ann, I swore when I come to the name, and thought I could see just how mischievous you looked when you wrote it. You little plague, do you think I don't understand you?

"I forgot to direct about that bank-stock; call upon the owners, and they will do all. Tell them to advance you all the money you want. Don't expose yourself; keep up a good heart till I come home. Here go in a handful of red wafers, every one of which means a kiss. I wish I could pack in a thousand more.

Your loving husband till death,
WILLIAM LISCOM.

"Shame on her," said my friend, "to lose a letter like that. Captain Liscom, you little thought so much tenderness would be scattered to the four winds of heaven!"

"Well, didn't I tell you she was a sailor's wife? And isn't the rough Captain Liscom fully worthy of her?"

"Too good, too good. She's a sad coquette. Such eyes were never placed in such a head for nothing. And then to teaze a husband like that from pure mischief. I would put a bullet through that ——, if I were the captain."

"But such a woman, you know, is hardly worth it."

"Isn't she, though! she's just such a one as I should love to distraction. All the better, too, I suppose, for the very uneasiness she gave me. Don't you see that is precisely the case with Captain Liscom. He loves her just in proportion to her sauciness and fun. It is like the frolic of a child, as transparent and as innocent too."

"O, I see you are an able apologist. For my part I think I should like Fanny Osgood better. She must be a "nice girl," as the captain says. She is light-hearted, merry, and discreet withal. You may read her character in those few words of approval. She must have a rosy cheek and dimpled mouth, and I am sure her voice hath the very soul of melody."

"True, true, I should like to see that same Fanny Osgood. Charming women both must be. That captain's wife must be a forager. How demurely she stood with her pretty mouth pursed up, reckoning the value of that wood. Strange practicability. A new aspect for a pretty woman. Let me see; the owners are ordered to advance her all the money she wants. Mrs. Liscom, thou art a thrifty, pains-taking wife, hast a good judgment, and a light and loving heart, as well as thy many other attractions. Captain Liscom, thou art a happy fellow."

After this apostrophe he became unwontedly silent, dragged his cane in the dust, and answered by monosyllables. Happening that evening to pick up a slip of paper from the carpet—for I have before said I have a strange inclination to decipher leaves gathered by the wayside—I found "Fanny Osgood" written in every possible style. I very gravely laid it before him.

"A most sensible employment that," said I, whereupon he coloured deeply, and commenced eating the words he had written. "Still more sensible that," continued I.

"Cousin, how vexatious you are;" and he affected a most unwonted dignity.

Going to church the next day, a soft voice said close at my elbow, "Fanny, I am sure you stole that letter, and keep it from pure love of mischief."

"Fanny Osgood," whispered ——, and we turned to behold the saucy, handsome Mrs. Liscom, and sure enough there was the lively, rosy Fanny Osgood. Cousin —— looked red, and certainly so equivocal, that, had anybody cried out "stop thief," he would have been the first one seized upon.

After this he took to moon-gazing, to writing poetry, and other desperate undertakings, which it is needless to enumerate. Suffice it to say, Fanny Osgood doesn't write her name Fanny Osgood now.

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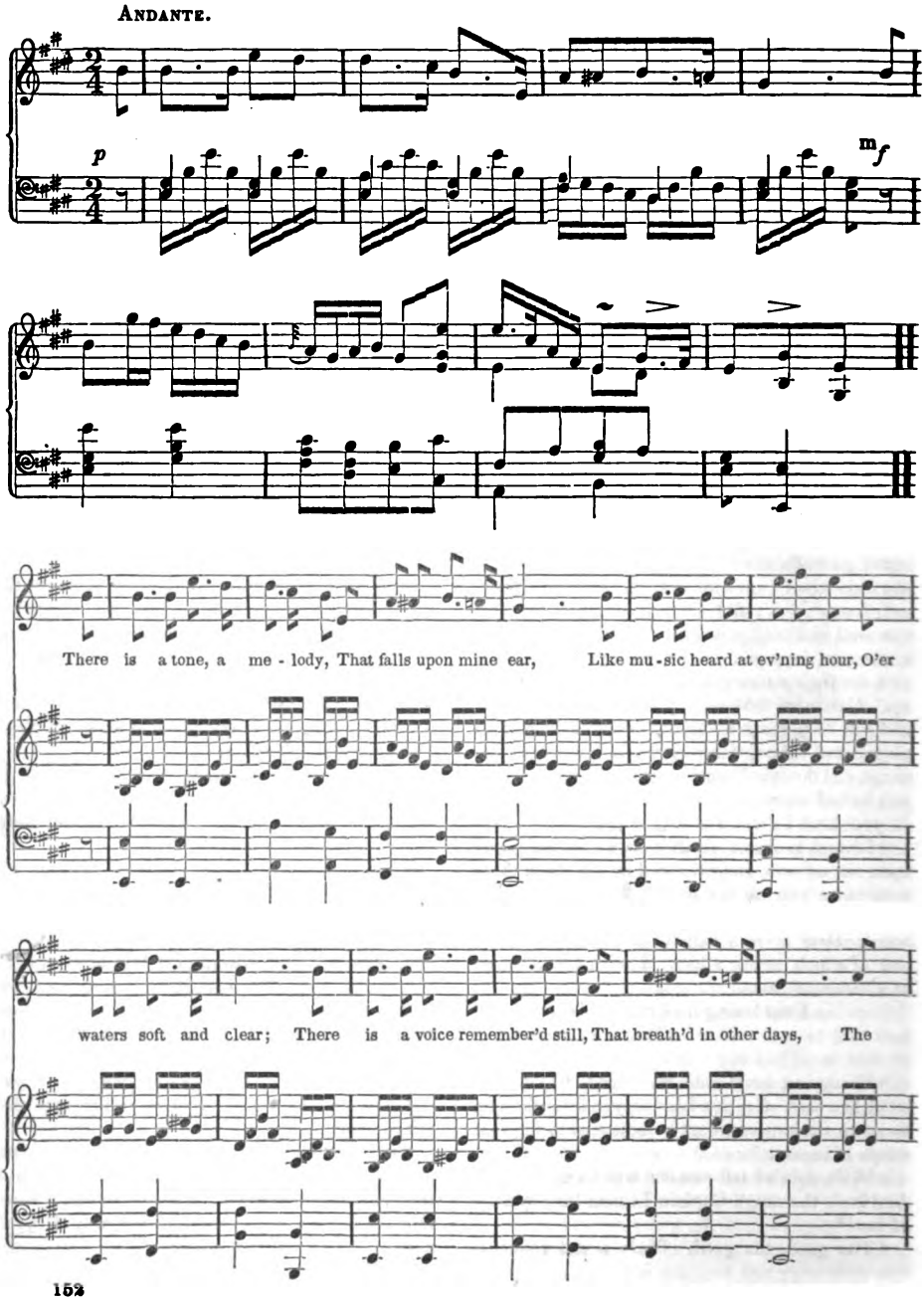
MY MOTHER'S SONG,

A BALLAD.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY J. PHILIP KNIGHT.

Presented by J. G. Osbourn, for the Lady's Book.



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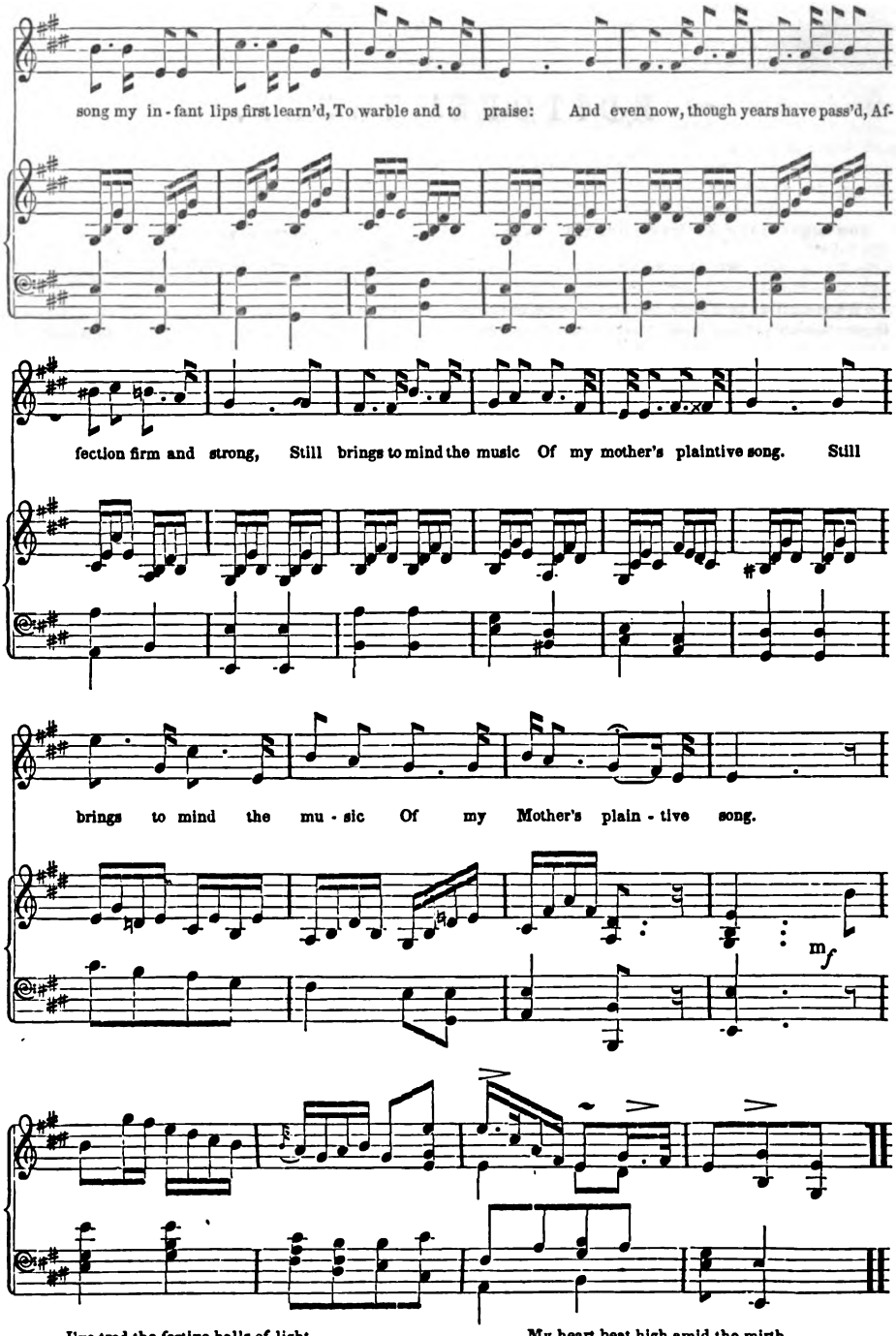

I've trod the festive halls of light
When music filled the air,
And mingled in the merry throng,
The gayest of them there;
And when the merry laugh proclaim'd
The minstrel's joyous strain,

My heart beat high amid the mirth
I echoed back again:
But even 'mid the loudest glee,
And in the gayest throng,
Fond mem'ry woke the music
Of my Mother's plaintive song.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

CONVERSATIONS AT THE EDITORS' TABLE.

BY MRS. HALE.

"When shall we have some new subject of conversation in general society?" said Ellen Marvin to the schoolmaster. "I hear nothing but 'dull times'—'hard times'—'terrible times!' till I often wish there was no such word as *times* in our language. Every one seems to consider it a duty to complain. To judge by these lamentations it would appear that nearly all the plagues of Egypt had been poured out on our devoted land."

"Yet we never enjoyed more fully all those blessings which mark the favour of Divine Providence," replied the schoolmaster. "The season has been most propitious; health, peace and plenty are in all our borders; indeed there is hardly room to bestow all the riches which our mother earth has so bountifully poured forth. In the west the granaries are running over with the wealth of the harvest, and everywhere there is abundance of the comforts of life."

"Then why does every one complain?" inquired Mrs. Marvin.

"Some because it is the fashion, and others from selfish motives, to increase, by this means, the general distress. Many are really suffering by the changes in financial affairs, or by the follies and frauds of others; but even these might find sources of consolation and thanksgiving, if they would only look on the bright side and cultivate right feelings in their own hearts," replied the schoolmaster.

"You believe," said Ellen, "that

'If happiness have not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, be rich or great,
But never can be blest;'

and in the main you are doubtless right. But there are cases of distress which seem too real and overwhelming even for Christian philosophy to sustain without complaint."

"Then comes the duty of resignation to the will of God," replied the schoolmaster; "and a humble trusting heart will find consolation in that. If we would only cultivate, in our prosperity, those feelings of gratitude to heaven, and love and goodwill to our fellow beings, which the Gospel enjoins, we should never become dependent for our happiness on the external appearance of wealth. And then the mere loss of property, though it would make a change in our duties and pursuits, would not deprive us of pleasures. The sunshine in the valley is more pleasant and lovely than it is on the mountain top."

"But there are valleys so deep and narrow that the sunshine never reaches them," said Ellen.

"Let the dwellers then look upward, and they will always see the stars," replied the schoolmaster. "The brightest hopes of heaven usually reveal themselves to the good when earth has withdrawn her light. And even the onward progress of the world, in all its improvements of civilization, has been chiefly wrought out by means of those efforts which the trials and sufferings of men have induced them to make. Dryden has truly described this effect of adversity where he says,

'*Want* is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its *virtues* are not *understood:*
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by *need* to full perfection brought.'

"I wish our American ladies would all take lessons in your cheerful philosophy—and practise them too," said Mrs. Marvin.

"I have been trying to teach it to my niece, Mrs. Roland, this morning," said the schoolmaster. "You have heard, I presume, that her husband failed last week."

"How did she receive it?" inquired Ellen smiling.

"Why, I hope my suggestions were not all lost," he replied; "though, to own the truth, I thought what Job said to his comforters was probably the feelings of her heart towards me at first—'If my soul were in your souls' stead I could multiply words:' but she seemed more tranquil when I left her."

"Pray how did you manage it?" said Mrs. Marvin. "I have heard that she was very much distressed—not for herself, but for her husband and children."

"She has deep feelings and warm-hearted affections," said Ellen, "and has always been so kind and generous in her prosperity that this loss of the means of making others happy must give her great pain. Her sorrows are not fantastic or selfish woes."

"No, or I should have had no hope of assuaging them by my philosophy," replied the schoolmaster. "I found her looking very pale and dispirited, and on my inquiring for her husband and children she burst into a flood of tears and began—'Oh! uncle, is it not hard to bear this cruel reverse? My noble-hearted husband has always been so kind to his friends, and now he must suffer for this generosity. Is it not cruel?'

"'It is hard,' said I, 'but far better that he should suffer for his generosity to others, than for his own extravagance or mal-practices. Had your husband deceived his friends and injured them as Mr. ——— has done, you would have had cause for weeping.'

"'And have I no cause now?' said she reproachfully—'we have been reduced from affluence to poverty, as it were, in a moment; we must leave this pleasant home, where I came a happy bride, and where every object is hallowed by dear and sacred associations: my poor children must be deprived of the comforts to which they have always been accustomed, and my husband seems borne down to the dust by these reverses. Oh! I have cause for weeping, dear uncle. You cannot think I do wrong to grieve.'

"'And yet, Mary, if you will calmly examine these changes, you may find sources of comfort in all these reverses.'

"'I wish I could see anything to comfort me,' she replied sorrowfully. 'Surely, uncle, you cannot think it a light misfortune to give up this house?'

"'Why, my dear Mary, you have passed nearly half the time, since your marriage, away from this pleasant home, often in confined lodgings, where you have not had a tithe of the comforts your little cottage at Burlington will afford,' said I.

"'But then we could return here when we chose—it was our *home*,' she said.

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"'And so will the cottage be in a few months, Mary—and your children, in a much shorter time, will prefer it to this fine dwelling: one week's liberty to play abroad, in the open air, will console them for the loss of their elegant nursery here, with all its conveniences. Indeed, there is little doubt but your children will be great gainers by this change—for in our country the wealth of the father seems, generally, to prove a misfortune to the sons.'

"'But my husband,' said she—'he has gained his wealth by honest industry; he has lived a life of study and care, always doing good too; helping those who needed, and giving to all religious and charitable objects—why should he be deprived of this power of doing good? It seems to me strange that a just Providence has permitted such injustice to be done to him.'

"'Ah! Mary,' said I, 'what sources of happiness he has, and you have in these recollections! And remember too, that the righteous man is never forsaken. Though you may not at present see how this reverse is to operate for good, yet trust in God, and do the duties of the lot before you, and the blessing will come.'

"'You mean there is a silver lining to every cloud,' said she half smiling: 'well, I must try to have patience, but I fear it will be a long time before I shall see the brightness of poverty.'"

"It is natural that she should think the times are hard," said Mrs. Marvin, "and yet I think she will be more likely to profit by your philosophy, and be happy with a little, than those would who suffer from having too much. I called on Mrs. B. some weeks ago—you know what a fine garden and greenhouse she has. She showed me her rare plants and flowers, but without the least appearance of enjoying their beauty. She was all the time telling me of the trouble she had with her gardener, and how the boys would stare through the palings and annoy her in that way, looking, she said, as though they wanted to eat the flowers; and she believed the gardener did give away a good many, though she had forbidden him, positively. It was a shame, she said, that people couldn't enjoy their own property; and we lived, she thought, in dreadful times."

"To people of such feelings the 'times' will always be bad," said the schoolmaster. "The selfish cannot enjoy happiness; there is always, to every Haman, a Mordecai in the gate. I will not believe, however, that many of your sex indulge these unhappy feelings. It seems natural for woman to hope and to be kind. I trust, though the times are *bad*, so far as they develop evil practices in men, yet that the prudence and goodness of women will only shine brighter by the contrast. And in all the cares and perplexities which these hard times bring on honourable men, let them find peace and cheerfulness at home, and they will have courage to bear up till the storm is overpast."

"*A Tale Unadorned.*" We have no recollection of a MS. by this title, and certainly, after a lapse of eighteen months, should have some difficulty in finding it. We would return it of course, could we lay hands on it.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

A Select Collection of Scottish Airs for the Voice. Philadelphia, J. Dobson.

This is the first number of a work which every person who loves Scottish music—and who that has a heart does not?—will welcome with pleasure. The symphonies and accompaniments are composed by the most distinguished professors of music, *Pleyel*, *Haydn*, *Weber*, *Beethoven*, *Kozeluch*, *&c;* and the songs, many of them written for the work, are among the most choice productions of British genius. It is to be issued in numbers, six to a volume; the whole work to comprise five volumes, folio. A richer treat than this for the lovers of music was never offered.

General History of Civilization in Europe. By M. Guizot—Edited by Dr. Henry. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1842.

This is the third edition of the eloquent work of M. Guizot, who it will be recollected has been the head of the Education Department of the French Cabinet. The work is extensively used in our colleges; and will be recognized as the standard text-book in this department of philosophical history.

Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Thomas Noon Talfourd, Author of "Ion." Philadelphia, Carey & Hart, 1842.

The abilities of Mr. Talfourd as a writer are universally known and acknowledged. The subjects embraced in this volume are of an interesting and popular character, giving his views of the current literature and the leading characters of his time. The opinions of Talfourd respecting Mackenzie, Scott, Godwin, Maturin, Hazlitt and the living novelists cannot be otherwise than interesting to the general reader. We commend the work as a choice production of a refined and elegant scholar.

History of the Republic of Rome. By W. J. Bakewell. Pittsburg, C. & H. Kay: Philadelphia, Kay & Brother, 1842.

This is an original work, by an American writer, intended apparently for schools. It is very cleverly written, and will form a valuable addition to the existing series of school books.

The American in Egypt. New York, D. Appleton & Co. 1842.

A splendidly illustrated book, written by James Ewing Cooley, Esq., who has recently returned from an extensive oriental tour. It is written in a lively, original, piquant vein, giving graphic descriptions of the adventures of a travelling party in the cities of Alexandria and Cairo, and during a voyage to Thebes, Memphis and Cataracts of the Nile. Much satire of English travellers is introduced, and a great deal of information, respecting the antiquities, as well as the present state, manners and customs of the Egyptians, is contained in the volume. There are about 100 steel plates and wood engravings of scenery, costumes, antiquities and adventures, and 600 pages of letter press. The work is selling, we are told, at a great rate in the cities.

History of the Life of Edward the Black Prince and of various events connected therewith, which occured during the reign of Edward III, King of England. By G. P. R. James, author of "Richelieu," &c. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart, 1842.

This is the last and best of Mr. James' Historical Works. It is characterised by his happiest style, great research and a power of selection and combination, which other historians would do well to imitate. The subject has all the interest of romance; and it affords a vivid and true picture of life and manners in the palmy age of chivalry.

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The Life of George Washington. By Jared Sparks.—Boston, Tappan & Dennet.

Concerning the excellence of this work, as regards the subject of the memoir or the ability of the writer, no comments are necessary. We need only say, that this edition is to be published in a form and manner, which will place it within the reach of nearly every family in our country. It is in monthly numbers—each to contain a fine engraving—fourteen numbers to complete the work. The subscription price is *twenty-five cents* each number. We name this to encourage poor mothers—who are often as earnest to bestow a good education on their sons as are the rich—to procure this work. It would be to their sons an invaluable treasure. The example and character of Washington should be constantly kept before the mind of every American boy; and next to our holy religion it will, undoubtedly influence him for good.

The United Irishmen, their Lives and Times. By R. R. Madden, M. D., author of "Travels in the East," &c. &c. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1842.

This work is written with great judgment and impartiality. The time has arrived when the actions of those devoted patriots, who were sacrificed to the sanguinary vengeance of the British government, can be viewed by all parties with candour. Some of the developments of the work are truly startling, and the whole story of that bloody tragedy, called the rebellion of 1794, is told in a most lively and interesting style.

Sir Henry Morgan. By the author of Rattlin the Reefer. Lea & Blanchard, Philada: 1842.

German incidents grafted upon English facts, hairbreadth escapes, desperate actions, bold adventures, sea escapes, assassinations, and adventures of all kinds form the work whose title is given above.

Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind.

We have here the tenth annual report—a most gratifying one it is for the friends of the institution—and a copious appendix, furnished by Dr. S. G. Howe, the esteemed principal of the asylum. The information respecting Laura Bridgman continues to be of the most interesting character. The development of the mind, and moral feelings of this child, *blind*, *deaf*, and *dumb* as she is, exhibits conclusive proof of the innate power and attainments of the soul, independently, we might say, of the outward senses, for she has only that of *touch*. We hope all who are inclined to the philosophy of materialism will study the facts of this wonderful and well authenticated case.

The Lady's Musical Library. We again invite the attention of our fair readers to this admirable publication. In these times when money is so scarce every young lady who has a piano, and who wishes to procure an ample supply of elegant and fashionable music, at a rate of extraordinary cheapness, should subscribe to the Library.—Through this medium she will obtain her music at less than one twelfth of the usual cost; and with some skill in such matters, we do not hesitate to add, in a form far superior, both in appearance and precision, to the common issues from the music stores.

We regard the Musical Library as a publication of the highest merit, and we hope it may be abundantly patronized. And in this let us say we are entirely disinterested, for though issued by our own publisher, we have no pecuniary concern in it, nor any other reason to desire its success, than that which every one must feel for an enterprise so eminently calculated to promote the cause of economy. Among our own female friends this work has a very large circulation, and we have heard it spoken of by all of them with the strongest commendation; and joining their testimonials to our experience, we again recommend it to the attention and patronage of all our Lady-subscribers.

It is published at 101 Chestnut Street, at $3 per annum, in advance.

The Young People's Book. By the prospectus on our cover, to which we invite the attention of our readers, it will be seen that for the forthcoming volume of the Young People's Book, Mr. McMichael has secured the editorial services of T. S. Arthur, in addition to those of Professor Frost, who has been engaged during the past year. The accession of Mr. Arthur will undoubtedly increase both the usefulness and circulation of the book, for we know of no writer so well adapted to interest and instruct young people, nor any who enjoys so merited a popularity.

Of the value of the Young People's Book, it is scarcely necessary for us to speak. Its excellence as a family magazine has been universally admitted, and we have never known any publication so favourably noticed by the public press as this has been. As an auxiliary to the education of the young it is incomparably superior to any similar work, and by the judicious manner in which it blends amusement with instruction, it captivates no less than it improves.

The Young People's Book is published at an exceedingly low price, and we hope that every parent or guardian, who can afford it, will secure the advantages it offers to the young people committed to his charge.

DESCRIPTION OF PARIS PLATES OF FASHIONS IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

Fig. 1.—Dress of India muslin, over a pale yellow under dress. The corsage is half high, made tight, and folds put on from the shoulder to the waist in front, which latter is slightly rounded; the sleeves moderately full, and gathered in the length. A narrow lace encircles the bosom and cuffs; the skirt is very ample, and ornamented with narrow tucks, which commence at about a finger from the bottom, and reach more than half way up the dress. Hat of white pou de soie, trimmed with green ribbons, amongst which are interspersed bunches of lilac; yellow silk cravatte; hair in bands; blue and pink or lilac silk scarf.

Fig. 2—Dress of light blue pou de soie; tight corsage, without a point, and slightly rounded in front; tight sleeves; a fichu of lace, which reaches nearly to the waist, is worn with this body, and deep ruffles of the same go round the wrist. The skirt is ornamented in front with a trimming of silk cords and tassels; a cordelière of the same encircles the waist, and smaller ones attach the fichu in front; hat of paille de riz, with willow feathers, and trimmed inside with white bows; hair in bands; black shoes.

Fig. 3.—Dress of nut brown striped pékin; the corsage tight, and sloped down in front. The sleeves are also quite tight, as will be seen by the plate. The skirt of the dress has a broad trimming down each side of the front, the outer edge finished with a narrow black lace. The cuffs and bosom of the dress are also trimmed with the same. Pink satin hat; ornamented with full blown roses, and edged round the crown and front. Plaid cravatte, white gloves, and an embroidered handkerchief complete this costume.

Fig. 4.—Drawn capotte of sulphur colour crape, trimmed with lilac ribbon, and ornamented with a plume of white willow feathers, which droop gracefully to the left side, (*see plate.*) Dress of sea-green gros de Naples, corsage tight, short tight sleeves, and long ones (also tight) of cambric, trimmed with fine rows of point d'Alençon, appear under the silk sleeve and terminate below the elbow. Down the front of the dress is a zig zag of point d'Alençon, (*see plate,*) and at every point a rosette bow of green ribbon. Black lace mittens: hair in ringlets.

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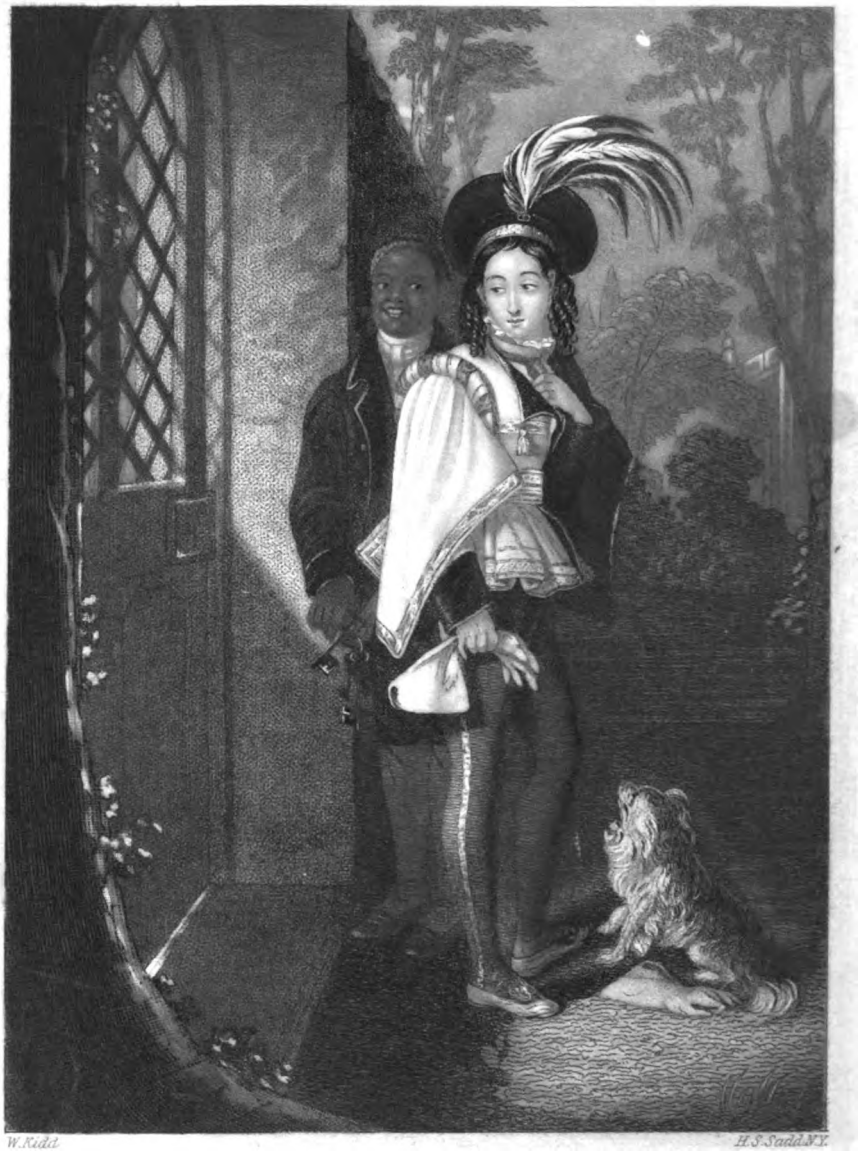

W. Kidd H. S. Sadd N.Y.

The Elopement prevented

Mezzo Tint for Godey's Lady's Book

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

OCTOBER, 1842.

THE ELOPEMENT PREVENTED.

BY MISS VIRGINIA DEFOREST.

(*See Plate.*)

"I do not like runaway matches," said Mr. Ward. "They are apt to bring unhappiness. They frequently afford illustrations of the proverb, 'marry in haste and repent at leisure;' and more than all that, I don't think they are exactly *respectable*."

"Well, I suppose you think that last word has 'settled the hash,'" replied young Granger. "You bachelors of the old school entertain the idea that if you can once succeed in stigmatizing a thing as *not respectable*, you have done its business effectually. From that time forth it unites all the separate atrocities of the seven mortal sins, and what is worse still, it is unfashionable. Now you say runaway matches are not respectable. Pray, what makes a thing respectable but its being done every day by respectable people? Are there not ladies of the best families in town who made runaway matches? Did not Mrs. O'Flashy jump out of a two story window to run away with her present very worthy and grave looking husband? Did not Mrs. Uncommon walk into a magistrate's office on her way home from school to have the silken knot tied impromptu?"

"I grant you all that," replied Mr. Ward; "and pretty lives they both lead their husbands, too, if all tales are true. Uncommon, poor fellow, is henpecked all to pieces. He shows it in his countenance. Did you ever see an *unmarried* man have so completely the look of a whipped spaniel?"

"But they are very *respectable* people, nevertheless," cried Granger, keeping to the point.

"Well, well, have it your own way about the application of that term to an act, which, I see plainly enough, you are bent upon perpetrating. Since you *will* make a runaway match, we will agree to consider it respectable. But, I tell you, you'll repent of it. These hurried, heels over head doings are not suited to the solemn engagements which marriage imposes. If it is expedient for you to be married at all for the next ten years, which I very much doubt, you should, at least, go about it in the old-fashioned, respectable way. Whenever I am married, I am determined it shall be done with all the proper circumstances, with due form, state and ceremony."

"When the sky falls, we shall catch such a lot of larks," replied Granger laughing; and off he went to complete his arrangements.

Mr. Ward, the rich old bachelor, was a good friend to young Harry Granger. They had become acquainted by living together at the same boarding house. Their apartments were contiguous. Granger was just beginning the world in the same line of commercial enterprise in which Mr. Ward had amassed the fortune with which, a few years before, he had retired from business. Harry's frank and high-spirited character had attracted his warm regard, which was manifested by numberless acts of kindness; and by prudent advice relating to the conduct of his business, he had saved the young man from many a wild and ruinous speculation. He was now resolved, if possible, to prevent his committing a capital blunder with regard to the mode of his marriage.

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Granger had not communicated to him the name of his intended wife; but he had accidentally learned that she was the only daughter of one of his own friends, who had a large fortune at his disposal, and might readily be supposed to look higher in choosing an alliance for his daughter, than to a young merchant, wholly dependent for support on the future success of his business. The young people, in fact, had not dared to make known to him their attachment. They considered a strenuous opposition to their wishes as a matter of course, and, with the short-sightedness of youthful passion, resolved to be clandestinely married and trust to the chapter of accidents for the result.

Poor Helen Marchmont did not, however, resolve upon thus braving the displeasure of her father without many misgivings, many of the usual struggles between duty and affection. The error of her father in educating a daughter, early left without a mother's watchful care, had been in not making her a companion and friend. He had regarded her as a mere child, left her to the care of teachers, and the giddy female associates too often found in city schools. He had not even bestowed a moment's thought on the choice of her books. She had nourished a lively imagination with the gay imagery and dangerous sentiments of romance; and with a truly affectionate, faithful heart, and an ingenuous disposition, she had not escaped the pernicious error of distrusting a parent's love and resolving to cast herself into the arms of one almost a stranger, in the expectation that the irrevocable nature of the step, which she was about to take, would pave the way for a reconciliation.

The plot was well enough arranged. Helen was to put on a page's dress which she had recently worn at a fancy ball, leave her room at midnight, steal down stairs, unlock the door leading to the garden, and meet her lover at the garden gate. Here she was to be received by him, conducted to the nearest magistrate and married. Such things, shame to our laws! are very possible in Philadelphia. In some parts of the country a legal marriage cannot be effected without at least as much legal notice "to those whom it may concern," as a sheriff's sale. But here we guard our property and let our children take care of themselves.

At the appointed hour Helen, in her fantastic dress, quitted her room, and made her way with fear and haste, but without discovery, into the garden. She ran to the gate and looked through the lattice work. It was a few minutes too early, she thought. Harry was not there; and the lamp from the opposite side of the street showed it to be entirely deserted and empty. Presently she hears an approaching footstep from without. It must be Harry; and she frantically laid hold of the gate to open it. It was fast, and, on examining it, she found that a new and strong lock had been put on it that very evening. A bolt on the inside had sufficed before. To complete her mortification and distress, just as Harry came up, all impatience, and called to her through the lattice to make haste, old Pompey, her father's footman, a very discreet and confidential person, made his appearance from another part of the garden, with a bunch of keys in his hand, inquiring, with a very quizzical look, what was the matter.

"Oh! is it you, Missa Helen? You going to nudder ball to-night? I werry sorry you no mention it afore, 'cause massa he say nobody can go out after he gone to bed, on no account wotsomever."

"Pomp," said Harry, in a very emphatic whisper from without, holding up his purse at the same time; "Pomp, here are twenty half eagles, if you will quietly unlock that gate, and hold your tongue for fifteen minutes."

"Tank you, massa; dat wery good wages indeed; but massa Marchmont give he orders wery positive not to take no money from no gentleman wot come to he house; never at no time wotsomever. Keep you counsel massa; go home; say notin. Good night."

It was a gone case. Both the lovers saw at a glance how the matter stood. "Never mind, my love, it will all come right," said Harry, kissing his hand to Helen as she slowly returned to the house, under the careful guardianship of the old servant, who took a light from the kitchen and politely held it for her, in the hall, till she returned to her own apartment.

The lovers were baffled; and, what was more distressing, they were puzzled. The next morning at breakfast Mr. Marchmont met his daughter in his usual quiet indifferent manner, and never made a single remark on what had passed; but before he left the house, his sister, a maiden lady of a certain age, arrived from her residence at Kensington; and Helen perceived, by the array of trunks and bandboxes which followed her into the hall, that her visit would probably extend itself into a visitation.

"Heigh ho!" said Helen to herself; "I begin to perceive that the age of romance with me will speedily be followed by the age of discretion. N'importe. We shall see."

While this scene was passing at Mr. Marchmont's, Harry Granger was telling his story to Mr. Ward, in the old bachelor's parlour.

"Wasn't it done coolly?" said he, when the narrative was ended. "Wasn't it cool of Mr. Marchmont to send his old negro to give me my walking ticket, instead of coming himself and shooting me on the spot?"

"Perhaps he wished to avoid giving eclat to the affair. You had better take Pompey's advice and keep silent about it. Meantime, I suppose, you are determined, like other young lovers, to go ahead."

"Of course; but, to tell the truth, I do not see exactly what is to be my next move."

"I will tell what will answer your purpose, if you will agree to take my advice."

"I would be governed by your advice readily enough, if you could insure my success."

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"That I have not the least hesitation in doing."

"No! You don't say so!"

"I will insure you literally, say to the amount of thirty thousand, if you will go through with the thing as I direct you, straight forward, without flinching. Come," continued Mr. Ward, going to his writing desk, and taking hold of a sheet of paper, "shall I draw out the policy?"

"Mr. Ward," said Harry, "you are the phœnix of old bachelors. That is a fact. I will act precisely as you direct, without requiring any insurance."

"Very well. Sit down at the desk here and write a respectful letter to Mr. Marchmont, soliciting the honour of paying your addresses to his daughter. Say, of course, that you have formed an attachment; but make no allusion to your adventure of last evening."

"Well," said Harry, groaning in spirit, "I am done for now. That will ruin all my plans, of course."

"Not at all. Do you not see that it will not make your case any worse than it is; and that it may make it a great deal better. I tell you, Harry, there is nothing like transacting business fairly and above-board. Write away."

The letter was written and despatched; and after as much delay as decorum seemed to require, an answer was received, which, to the infinite astonishment of Harry, was highly favourable to his wishes. His visits were permitted. A regular, old-fashioned, hum-drum courtship was gone through with, which lasted three years, and served to make the young people better acquainted with each other's characteristic virtues and faults. At last they were married, with all the usual pride, pomp, and circumstance of such an occasion.

When they were standing before the altar of a magnificent church whose galleries were filled with their friends, in brilliant dresses, Mr. Ward, whom Harry had chosen for his groomsman, whispered in his ear, "Is not this a more suitable place to be married in, than the dirty little shop of a trading magistrate in —— street?"

Harry pressed his hand and replied, "Mr. Ward, you know what's what."

In the long years of happiness which followed this marriage the young couple never troubled themselves to inquire what motive had led Mr. Marchmont to permit the addresses of Mr. Granger to his daughter, under circumstances apparently so unpropitious to that young gentleman's suit; nor was the thing ever clearly understood until the decease of their worthy friend, Mr. Ward, which took place quite recently. Upon opening his will, in which, by the way, his whole fortune was left to Granger, it was discovered that the instrument had been executed at the same time that the addresses of Granger were first openly admitted. It now became apparent that the matter had been amicably arranged between Mr. Marchmont and Mr. Ward, and that it was through the kind and judicious interference of the old bachelor that the elopement had been so opportunely and so whimsically prevented.

TO JENNETTE.

A SISTER'S TRIBUTE.

THINE is no envied lot in princely hall,
No name of high renown;
No cringing slaves before thy presence fall,
Nor courtly heads bow down—
Yet on thy fair young brow doth shine
A crown more rich, more dazzling bright,
Than ever fame's proud hand could twine
For glorious prince or valiant knight,
For hearts, love's priceless gems, are thine!

Joy of our hearts! Light of our happy home!
Gladness departs with thee,
And smiles grow sad when thy gay, laughing tone
Bids not our sorrows flee.
Thy voice, like some sweet, soothing strain,
From each fond brow doth banish care;
The stricken soul forgets its pain
Thy winning words, thy smile to share,
Bound with a mighty, magic chain.

Flower of our household band! Charm of our hearth!
What memories round thee cling
Of childhood's sunny hours and careless mirth,
Untouched by sorrow's sting—
Of girlhood's glowing dreams of joy,
The young heart's deep, unshaken trust,
That time's rude hand doth soon destroy,
And lay its idols in the dust,
Dimming each hope with stern alloy.

Nor these alone—a holier tie doth bind
Our loving hearts to thee;
The mem'ry of the *dead* is linked with thine,
The early-call'd, the free.
Pale watcher! to thy love was given
A power to cheer the hours of pain,
To point the fainting soul to heaven,
The meek, pure spirit to sustain,
While earthly bonds were gently riven.

Blessings be on thy head, companion dear,
My cherished one, my own!
Thy smile, thy voice another home may cheer,
From our sad fireside flown.
Bright be thy hearth, unknown to care,
True love and peace thy steps attend—
Thy joys a kindred spirit share,
Till, seeking bliss that cannot end,
Ye rise to heaven and find it there!

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MARRYING A MERCHANT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"WHAT do you think of Mr. Bradford?" asked a young lady, of her friend Josephine Allison.

"I think he's nothing but a clerk," was the contemptuous response, accompanied by a peculiar toss of the head.

"Nothing but a clerk!" ejaculated the friend, in surprise.

"Yes, nothing but a clerk!"

"I am sure I cannot see anything to sneer at in the condition of a clerk," continued Josephine's companion.

"They are all well enough in their place," was the reply. "But I want to have none of these understrappers running after me."

"Well, there's Mr. Hambleton. He's not a clerk. What do you think of him?"

"I think he's a mechanic, and that's a thousand times worse! Marry a mechanic! I'll bear my maiden name to the grave first!"

"If he is a mechanic, he is doing a good business, and is an intelligent man."

"I don't care if he is. He needn't come after me, I can tell him. I'm not going to lower myself by any such connection."

"In what class do you expect to marry?" asked the friend.

"Why, I expect to marry a merchant."

"Wouldn't a young doctor do?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because young doctors, unless they inherit fortunes, generally have to cut their garments out of very scant patterns."

"You look for the money then?"

"I look to be well taken care of, and to be sustained in good society, when I marry."

"Why not take a lawyer then?"

"Because they're ditto."

"Or a minister?"

"Ditto. I've no notion of being compelled to cut and carve in order to make a small income last through the year. I'm not one that can sit down and make my own dresses this year; and next year alter them to suit the fashion—buying a new body to an old skirt in the spring, and new sleeves for that in the fall. No, no—I'm not an economist, Mary, and would advise all young fellows who expect an economical wife, to steer clear of Josephine Allison."

"You are trifling, Josephine," replied Mary Grant, the young lady-friend with whom she was conversing.

"It may seem to you like trifling," was the response, "but I am in sober earnest. It's my opinion, that no man ought to marry, who is not fully able to support a wife handsomely. There are men who thus regard the marriage relation, and one of such I will have, or none. You'll never catch me marrying to become a drudge or a slave."

"Would you not be willing to share any lot in life with the man you really loved?"

"No, I would not. When poverty comes in at the door, love, you know, flies out of the window."

"I do not know any such thing, Josephine. In my opinion, no change in external circumstances can affect the love of a married pair, if that love be truly founded."

"Why, really, Mary, I did not suspect you of a tendency to romance."

"I fear you have a tendency to something much worse than romance," Mary Grant replied, in a serious tone.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you have a tendency towards a confirmation of false views of marriage; which will certainly result in unhappiness."

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness on that score. I shall do well enough," was Josephine's laughing remark.

Josephine Allison was the daughter of a hatter, who had managed, by close attention to business, to raise a large family; and have a few thousands of dollars left—say twenty thousand. This sum divided amongst eight children, would not of course leave either of them very wealthy. But, as Mr. Allison was reputed to be a rich man, his daughters had plenty of beaux. And as they, like their beaux, had no very correct idea of the extent of their father's wealth, they, very naturally, over-estimated it, and, as naturally, over-estimated themselves in consequence. Hence arose Josephine's high opinion of herself, and her contempt of clerks and mechanics. For these false views, her father and mother were, of course, in some degree responsible. It would be almost an anomaly to find a young lady, who had been properly instructed, running off into such notions. Whenever entertained, and acted upon, it is an indication that, either parents or guardians have been sadly at fault somewhere.

Mr. Bradford, the young man who had been alluded to by Josephine in a tone of contempt, was chief clerk in a large mercantile house. He was a man of sound principles, and more than ordinary intelligence. Those who knew him best, valued him most. Occupying the important position that he did, his salary was liberal, and his prospects flattering. Having met Miss Allison frequently in company, for notwithstanding her horror of clerks

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and mechanics, she found it impossible, owing, as she alleged, to the loose morals of society, to avoid coming into unpleasant contact with them, Bradford felt himself a good deal drawn towards her. He, therefore, sought her company, and endeavoured to conciliate her favour. But her manner towards him was cold and reserved. This he at first thought might be natural to her, but, after awhile, he observed, that she could be courteous and affable, even on a first introduction, to some, and as cold as an icicle to others. The reason of this, he was unable to define; but he very soon made up his mind, that he at least would not attempt to cultivate the friendship of one who seemed so evidently disinclined to receive him in the right spirit.

So soon as his eyes ceased to be dazzled by the stronger light, he was enabled to see that which was far more interesting and attractive in the gentle, amiable and accomplished Mary Grant. An affection deeper, purer, calmer and far more rational took possession of his mind—an affection that found a return in the gentle bosom of Mary.

In the meantime, a Mr. Erskine, who had just opened a retail dry goods store, became acquainted with Josephine, and forthwith made a bold assault upon the citadel of her heart. He was a merchant, and, of course, all was right in that respect. His manners were free and imposing, and these, of course, were taken as the true exponents of a generous spirit.

Josephine's father had seen a little of the world, and was, therefore, not so much disposed to judge altogether by first appearances. But he was overruled by Mrs. Allison, who wanted to be mother-in-law to "a merchant," as much as Josephine wished to be the wife of a like distinguished individual.

"I don't know anything about this Mr. Erskine," he said, when he found that matters and things were approaching a crisis.

"Why, how strange you talk!" Mrs. Allison replied, in tones of surprise. "I am sure, if you don't know anything about him, every body else does. Isn't he a merchant on —— street?"

That—"Isn't he a merchant?" was a strong argument, and Mr. Allison felt himself almost powerless to oppose it, especially as the word "merchant" conveyed something very respectable, substantial and imposing, to his ear.

"Do you really think that he's a suitable person for our Josephine?" he asked.

"Certainly I do. It's the best offer she or any of the girls have yet had. All I'm afraid of is, that she will get, after awhile, to holding her head above us all."

"O, as to that, she may hold her head as high as she pleases, if she have plenty to support her dignity," was the paternal suggestion.

In due time, Mr. Erskine made his offer for the hand of Josephine Allison, and was accepted without any unnecessary delay. Two months more passed, and then they were married.

"So Josephine's married," said one of Mrs. Allison's friends, meeting her in the street, a few days after the announcement of the wedding.

"O yes," replied Mrs. Allison, with a broad smile of satisfaction.

"To a Mr. Erskine, I believe the name is?"

"Yes."

"Well, who is he, Mrs. Allison?"

"Why don't you know! He's a merchant on —— street."

"Indeed! Really, I am glad to hear that she has done so well. Have they gone to housekeeping yet?"

"O yes. He had everything ready, so that they could go home at once. He has taken one of those beautiful houses on —— street, and furnished it superbly."

"I do really feel rejoiced, Mrs. Allison, at Josephine's good fortune," the friend said, with sincerity. "It is not every girl, now-a-days, that does so well."

"Indeed it is not," was the response, and the "good mornings" were repeated, and the friends separated.

As Mrs. Allison had intimated, Mr. Erskine had furnished his house, for which he had engaged to pay a high rent, in elegant style, for one who was not a rich man. And, certainly, he was not, even if he were "a merchant." In commencing business, he had not a single dollar of real capital. Several jobbing houses had united in furnishing him with a fair stock of goods, because, as a clerk, he had been active and shrewd, and it was thought that he could not fail to do well, if prudent. But the idea of being a merchant, completely turned his head. He felt himself of double consequence, and assumed airs and habits accordingly. In the course of a few months, he began to feel dissatisfied with the slow process of acquiring wealth by retailing dry goods; and talked freely of opening a wholesale store at the end of the year. As one of the means to this end, he determined to form a connection with the daughter of some good, substantial citizen, whose note would always pass current at the bank board. In Mr. Allison, he thought that he had found his man; and in Josephine, a girl who would make quite a showy wife. Under these views and feelings he had married. And, with a view to mislead as to his real condition, he had furnished his house at twice the expense required to have made a very genteel appearance.

"But how could he do this?" one will ask, "when he really had nothing to do it with?"

He bought on six months credit. He was "a merchant," and had a well filled store on —— street. Every one was ready to sell him freely.

Everything now went on "swimmingly," as they say. Josephine never got tired of looking at and admiring her beautiful house and furniture; nor of reflecting upon her own elevated position. She visited, and received visitors; went to parties and gave parties, with an untiring relish. Never had she known what it was to enjoy life before.

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Everywhere she was received with attention, for was she not the wife of Mr. Erskine, *merchant* in —— street?

Time passed on, and sundry square little bits of paper, handed in by a quiet, matter-of-fact looking individual, began to accumulate on a wire point just over Mr. Erskine's desk, staring him in the face, whenever he looked up in a musing attitude, from morning until night, day after day. Every morning, he would take down these little pieces of paper, and make memorandums of the sums indicated upon them, and then calculate their gross amount. This ascertained, his bank account would be examined, and his cash counted. Then would follow half an hour of abstraction of mind, evidently of no very pleasant character, before the business of the day was regularly entered upon. Presently, two or three of these notices would be taken from the file every morning, and checks filled up, covering the amounts they called for, and all despatched to the bank. But, for every one that was disposed of, two would come in its place. This continued until the entire balance in bank was drawn out.

"What must be done now?" the merchant asked of himself.

"Why, I must have an accommodation," was the mental conclusion.

"But who will go on my paper? That's the important question," he went on to say. "It's only three months since I was married, and I don't like to come down on the old gentleman so soon. Let me see. There are Wilson, and Jones, and Hambleton. Can't I venture to ask one of them? I think so. There is Hambleton. He has always sold me as free as the air. No doubt he has perfect confidence; and now that I have old Mr. Allison at my back, will go on my paper at a word. I will try him, first, anyhow."

And so saying, Erskine sought the store of Mr. Hambleton.

"Good morning, Erskine!" said that individual, smiling and extending his hand in a frank, encouraging manner. "What can I sell you this morning."

"I don't know. What have you that is new?"

"Come up stairs and see," Mr. Hambleton replied. And the two went up, and spent half an hour in turning over various kinds and styles of goods. After buying several packages, which he did want, and as many more that he did not want, Erskine saw, or thought that he saw a good opportunity for mentioning his request.

"I shall want a little business favour, I believe, Mr. Hambleton," he said, with a coolness that did credit to his self-control, "and believe that I shall name my want to you, as one of my first and, I have always flattered myself, one of my warmest friends."

"Say on," replied Mr. Hambleton, with an encouraging smile, "anything that we can do for you, shall be most cheerfully done."

"In a word then, Mr. Hambleton, I want a good name on a note. Most of my first payments are now falling due, and you know that it is impossible for a new beginner to meet everything without a little help."

"Of course it is. But, I am sorry to tell you, that it is entirely out of my power to aid you in this way. Although doing business in my own name, I have a partner, and our contract is positive that neither shall indorse or give his note without the consent of the other."

"Would he not let you do it for a small amount, in my case?"

"No. I have tried him several times; but he will not consent. And I am very sorry for it in this case, for it would give me pleasure to accommodate you. Why don't you call on Mr. Allison!"

"I need hardly tell you why, Mr. Hambleton. You know that I have only been married for a few months, to his daughter, and I would do almost anything, rather than ask him to assist me in a business way."

"I certainly appreciate your feelings," was the reply, "and wish that it were in my power to save them by at once meeting your wants."

"Do you think Wilson would object to doing me the favour I ask of you?" Erskine inquired, musingly.

"I really cannot tell. I should think it doubtful, however. Men in business are very cautious in regard to these matters. So many persons have been ruined by indorsing, that no one likes to put his name to paper. It is for this reason, that in nearly all partnership contracts, there is a provision that neither party shall indorse without the consent of the other."

"Some other way will open, then," Erskine replied, in a tone of assumed cheerfulness.

"Is there anything else that I can sell you?" resumed the merchant.

"No, I believe not."

"We shall receive a fresh lot of goods to-morrow or next day from New York. You must come over and look at them."

"I will," was the brief answer, and then Erskine retired.

"I must have an indorser," he said to himself, as he walked towards his store. "But who shall I get? There is Cameron—I could get him, I suppose. But, if he indorses for me, I must do the same for him, and I don't want to have my name too common in the market. Besides, his is not the most substantial concern in the city."

Another examination of his cash account, and an estimate of his payments and probable receipts for the next two months, during which time his heaviest obligations fell due, made him feel, more than ever, the necessity of doing something. Two or three efforts more were made to get an indorsement by a substantial house, but failing in this, he at last called upon Cameron.

"I want your name on these two notes, Cameron," he said, presenting two bills drawn by himself in favour of Cameron for one thousand dollars each.

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"Certainly! with the greatest of pleasure!" rejoined Cameron, taking up a pen and placing his name, with a flourish, upon each of the notes. As he handed them back to Erskine, he said,

"If I can serve you in this way at any time, be sure to call upon me."

"You are certainly very kind," Erskine said, really impressed with the prompt apparent friendliness of the act—though he had a consciousness all the while, that he should be made to reciprocate to his heart's content.

During the morning, he had his two notes conveyed to the discount boxes of two different banks, whose boards sat early on the succeeding day. Then came hours of doubt, and anxiety, and suspense. Cameron he knew was not esteemed to be very sound. His paper was of the quality called "weak" in the market, and never passed unless strongly bolstered up. But, as he was a new applicant for bank favours, and was known to have a rich father-in-law, he thought that his notes might pass the ordeal.

His sleep during that night was brief and troubled, for his payments on the next day were heavy for one of his business and resources. Unrefreshed he arose in the morning, and repaired to his store, to await, in increasing anxiety, the hour when he should know the result of his application for a loan. At last it was ascertained that one note had been thrown out and the other discounted. The relief experienced from the proceeds of one note, was of so much moment to him, that he bore the disappointment of having the other returned with quite a philosophic air.

On the next day he succeeded in getting that one discounted also. He was now comparatively easy. The proceeds of these two notes, carried him along in his payments quite comfortably. About a week after his application to Cameron, that individual returned his professional call.

"One good turn they say deserves another," he said, laughing, as he came up to the desk where Erskine was standing. "You were so kind as to accept of my indorsement a few days ago, and now I wish to return the favour by asking your name to this little bit of paper."

"Certainly, certainly! For how much is it?" responded Erskine.

"Only for fifteen hundred dollars."

The note was of course indorsed. As Erskine thought at the time he was writing his name on the back of the bill, that was only the beginning of a dangerous kind of business. Before three months had expired, he had indorsed for Cameron to the amount of ten thousand dollars, and Cameron for him to the amount of six thousand. The notes had not all passed through bank, but the money had been raised upon them, and not always on the most favourable terms. These operations had the effect to make Erskine's business go on as smoothly as he could wish for a time. But his bills for furniture, etc. now began to fall due, and he was again at his wit's ends for the means whereby to meet his engagements. Borrowing money to be returned in a few days had been resorted to, and found to be a very troublesome and worrying business. He had become involved in this to a perplexing extent—borrowing to-day to pay one friend, and to-morrow to pay another, and on the next day to meet a note.

It was towards the close of the first year of his marriage, that Erskine found it impossible to keep up, without some aid from his father-in-law. Several of Cameron's notes, which had fallen due, that individual had found himself unable to lift. Of course Erskine had to raise the amount to prevent his own name from being dishonoured. His own accommodation paper the bank refused to renew, unless he would give them some better indorser. But one way to save himself presented itself; and that was to go to Mr. Allison. The time for making use of that long contemplated resource, had now fully come, and, accordingly Erskine waited upon his father-in-law, and made known his wishes.

"That is a thing I have never, in my life, asked of any man," was the reply. "I have seen so many men ruined by indorsing for others, that I have steadily persisted in neither asking nor granting such a favour."

"But I can assure you, Mr. Allison, that there is not the slightest danger in this case," urged Erskine. "My business is a most excellent one, and my stock and good accounts will realize double what I owe."

"Is your name on any one's paper?"

This question Erskine had expected, and he had therefore made up his mind to answer "No;" and he did so, accordingly, with a promptness that deceived Mr. Allison.

"How much money do you want?"

"My heaviest payments fall due in this month; and I must have at least six thousand dollars more than my sales and collections will realize. After that, I shall be as easy as an old shoe."

"Six thousand dollars is a good deal of money, Charles."

"It seems so, sir, but I turn over that amount every three or four weeks. It is because my business is so large, heavy payments falling due, frequently within a few days of each other, that I am at times pressed for money."

"I don't think any bank will do my note for so large a sum as six thousand dollars."

"O yes they will. But I did not think of offering a single note of that amount. It would be better to make three notes of two thousand dollars each, and have them done in different banks."

Still the old man hesitated, and urged objections; but these were all met and set aside. At last Erskine's perseverance gained the victory, and he got possession of three of Mr. Allison's notes, to the amount of six thousand dollars, the sum for which he had asked. These went through the banks as soon as offered.

Everything went on again, for a short time, as

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smooth as a summer sea; and Erskine suffered himself once more to relapse into a false security. He purchased more freely, and commenced inviting some of the country merchants to make bills with him, suffering them to take goods on a very small advance, at a credit of nine and twelve months, for which he had to pay in four and six months.

While these things were going on, his wife was passing the time in pleasant unconsciousness of the precipice towards which she was approaching. She felt more and more "up-lifted" every day in consequence of her position in society, as the wife of "a merchant," and had even ceased to remember some three or four of her young friends who had been so vulgar as to marry into the "common herd" below her.

"It's really time that you were married," she said to her friend Mary Grant, about a year after her own happy escape from the delights of single blessedness, "and I know just the one who will suit you."

"Do you, indeed! Who is he?"

"He's a young merchant, who has been in business about a year."

"Well, what is his name?"

"Edward Perkins."

Mary shook her head.

"Why do you shake your head, and look such decided opposition?"

"Because, Edward Perkins is not exactly the man for me, if he is a merchant."

"Why not?"

"He does not suit my fancy, Josephine, and would not if he were the prince of merchants."

"Who does suit your fancy then, Mary? For I am sure I cannot tell."

"As we are on this subject, Josephine, I will tell you, more particularly, as one of my errands here this morning was to inform you that I am to be married in a couple of weeks."

"Married! Why you take me all by surprise! And now that you have told me that much, tell me who the happy fellow is."

"His name is Bradford. I suppose you know him."

"Mary, you cannot be in earnest!" Mrs. Erskine said, in a changed tone, and with a sobered countenance.

"And why not, Josephine?"

"Marry Mr. Bradford! Surely you cannot be in earnest?"

"Josephine, I cannot understand you."

"Marry a clerk! A mere nobody!"

"He is a man, and a gentleman!" was Mary's firm and dignified reply. "And further, Mrs. Erskine, as I have just intimated, he is to become my husband in two weeks. You will, therefore, see the propriety of choosing your words rather more carefully."

"Certainly, Mary. And I must apologize, I suppose, for my seeming rudeness. But, indeed, what you say pains me exceedingly. Surely, you are not going to reduce yourself to the level of a man who is only a clerk. Don't you see, that you will at once lose your station in society?"

"Most cheerfully will I give up any position that I have held, to become the wife of the man I have chosen. But I do not fear any such result in this case."

"You will find yourself mistaken, then, I can tell you," Mrs. Erskine replied, drawing herself up with a certain dignified air.

"I do not fear it. I know of no one who will think any the less of me."

"If they do not think the less of you, Mary, still, you cannot be admitted, except alone, into good society."

"How do you mean alone?"

"I mean without your husband."

"And do you really think, Josephine, that I would place my foot over any threshold where my husband was not admitted?"

"I am sure I cannot tell how you would do, Mary, but such an interdiction there will most certainly be."

"Here, I suppose, among other places?" Mary Grant said, in a calm tone.

"I cannot say 'no,' Mary," was Mrs. Erskine's reply.

The indignant girl said no more, but instantly arose from her chair, and left the house.

When her husband came home in the evening, Josephine related the whole circumstance to him.

"Surely, you cannot be in earnest!" he said, in tones of profound surprise.

"Indeed then, I am in earnest. Do you think I am going to throw my house open for the reception of every kind of people."

"Josephine, you know not what you are doing," Mr. Erskine replied, with a troubled aspect of countenance. "There are few men more generally esteemed than Mr. Bradford, for gentlemanly deportment and unwavering integrity of character."

"Yes, but he is only a clerk."

"And so was your husband only a clerk once."

"That is nothing. He is not a clerk now."

"Neither will Bradford be a clerk after the first of next month, when he will become a partner in one of the oldest and best houses in the city. I only wish that I was in his place; for I know that in five years from now, he will be worth ten dollars to my one."

"You are jesting with me," Mrs. Erskine said, a sudden paleness overspreading her countenance.

"I never jest on such subjects," was the brief reply.

"I must go to see Mary, and apologize for what I have said," Josephine remarked, after a long and painful silence.

"I should not suppose that any such an apology would be received," her husband replied. "The insult—I can call it by no milder name—was too gross."

In two weeks, as Mary had said, she was married to Mr. Bradford, and in a few days afterwards the newspapers contained the announcement that

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her husband had been associated in business with the old and highly respectable firm of ——, ——, & Co.

Instead of seeking to make any show, the newly married pair retired to a pleasant and neatly furnished dwelling, where Mary found in domestic quiet and retirement that true happiness for which Mrs. Erskine sought in vain and ostentatious parade.

It was about three years after Erskine's marriage, that he found his business, upon a thorough investigation, inextricably involved. Cameron had failed, and left him to pay some twelve thousand dollars of accommodation paper, which had been kept running for his (Cameron's) benefit. And worse than all, in this crisis, the name of old Mr. Allison was on Erskine's paper to at least the sum of twenty thousand dollars. For more than a year, the young man had toiled night and day to keep his head above water. But his legitimate business was almost entirely neglected, and nearly the whole of his time spent in "financiering." But it availed nothing that he borrowed thousands of dollars every week, to return thousands of dollars borrowed in the week previous. It availed nothing that he kept two or three bank accounts, to prevent the large amount of his "askings" from being known to the directors of any one institution. The crisis would and did come.

Mr. Allison was standing behind his counter one day about this time, with his apron on, and his sleeves rolled up, musing in no very quiet mind, over the very heavy responsibility under which he was placed for his son-in-law, when that individual entered.

"Good morning, Charles!" he said, endeavouring to smile. "You look troubled about something," he added, marking the expression of the young man's countenance more closely.

"And I feel troubled," was the gloomy response.

"Why, what is the matter, Charles?" Mr. Allison asked, his heart bounding with a sudden pulsation, and then continuing to beat strongly, and to him audibly.

"I am afraid that my business is involved beyond hope;" and the young man leaned against the counter in much agitation.

"Why do you think so?" asked Mr. Allison, in a voice as calm as he could assume.

"Because I have met with several heavy losses lately. Cameron's failure has involved a loss of at least twelve thousand dollars, and I have sunk more than that sum by my country custom."

"What are you going to do?"

"I cannot tell. One thing is certain; I shall not be able to meet my payments on to-morrow. They are five thousand dollars, and I have not one hundred. Every resource is exhausted. Failure, inevitable and totally ruinous, stares me in the face."

"And I shall be involved in that ruin," said Mr. Allison, pacing the narrow space behind his counter backwards and forwards, in manifest agitation of mind.

"I trust not, sir," Erskine ventured to say.

"Young man," said the father-in-law, pausing and looking Erskine steadily and sternly in the face, "when you fail, I shall be stripped of every thing. The hard earnings of forty industrious years will be scattered to the winds, and I turned upon the world, in my old age, without a dollar. Fool, fool that I was, to suffer my better convictions to be overruled!"

"You are only on my paper to the amount of about twenty thousand dollars," Erskine said, after the old man had ceased speaking.

"*Only* twenty thousand! And pray sir, how much do you suppose I am worth?"

"At least three times that sum," was the confident reply.

"You were never more mistaken in your life, sir! I am, or rather was worth about twenty thousand dollars, and no more. Of course I am now a beggar!" He said this with a bitterness of tone, that touched the heart of the imprudent and reckless young man, and made him feel a keen compunction for what he had done.

But no affliction of mind could stay the onward course of events. The morrow came, and Erskine's store was closed. He had failed. Then came meetings of creditors, assignments, etc. Every thing was given up, splendid furniture and all; and Mrs. Erskine was compelled to seek refuge in her father's house, for her husband, now a broken "merchant," had no place in which to give her a shelter. But worse than all, the hard earnings of her father were drained out to lift notes upon which he had placed his name. His houses were sold, and his stock reduced, so that when all was over, he had the fixtures of his shop left, his household furniture, and a very small stock of furs and trimmings, with which to go on with his business, and eke out a support for a still large and expensive family. As for Erskine, he was glad to obtain a situation as clerk upon a moderate salary, and as for Josephine, much as she despised a clerk, she found herself in the end, only the wife of a clerk.

On the same day that Mrs. Erskine left her beautiful home, to fall back into obscurity, Mrs. Bradford changed her neat little dwelling for one more imposing in appearance, yet possessing no higher attractions for her eye, than the pleasant place where the first two years of her happy wedded life had been spent. Her husband's interest in the business had proved much more productive than he had anticipated, and although in no way desirous of making a more showy appearance than that which he already made, his partners insisted that he should take that external position in society which his means and standing clearly warranted; and it was in yielding to their wishes, that he had taken a beautiful house and furnished it in handsome style.

Of course Mrs. Bradford did not seek to renew an acquaintance with Mrs. Erskine. The change in their relative circumstances would have been a sufficient inducement for her to have gone to her

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and suffered the past to sleep in oblivion. But conscious that there was no real change in Josephine's character, and having no sympathy with such views as she had professed and acted upon, she deemed it best for both, now that there was a separation, to let the gulf remain between them.

The effect upon Josephine's mind, it is to be hoped, was salutary. Changes like these, by altering an individual's position, and therefore changing his relation to all surrounding objects, enable him to see often that to be truth which he thought error, and that to be error which he had called truth.

To others, the whole story may teach this lesson —that a young man ought to be estimated according to what he really is, and not according to any position in which he may be placed. The young man who has intelligence, sound principles and an active mind, must rise inevitably. And he who lacks these, be his position what it may, if it depend upon his own exertions to sustain it, will as surely fall.

THE MAIDEN'S TOILET.

BY MISS MARION H. RAND.

(See Plate.)

'Twas the Sabbath morn, and the fairest dress
That e'er in this world of loveliness
Had wrapt in its beauty that lowly glen,
Seemed resting upon its bosom then.

The silvery notes of the Sabbath bell
Were floating sweetly across the dell,
And gathering groups were hastening on,
In the pure, fresh air of that hallow'd morn.

But one, 'twould seem, was still wanting there,
Mid the quiet group of the young and fair;
For glances from many a sparkling eye
Were bent on a cottage door hard by.

What will that opening door reveal?
What pearl does that humble roof conceal,
That draws all hearts to its lowly shrine,
Like the jewel yet hidden within the mine?

But now on the hill-side fair and green
Another, a manly form is seen—
The pride of youth is upon his brow,
And health in his cheek's impetuous glow.

Swiftly, yet gently he passes o'er
The rose-decked path to the cottage door,
And there, as a smile lights up his eye,
He lists to the maiden's soliloquy.

Fair, fair was she as a poet's dream,
With her sunny curls and her eye's soft beam—
From her parted lips low words were stealing,
The innocent thoughts of her heart revealing.

"Oh! bright is the bonnie blue sky to-day,
And I must deck me and hie away;
The bells are ringing so joyously
It seems as though they were calling me.

And Willie, dear Willie, he will be there,
With his happy face and his manly air:
The flowers he loves to-day I'll wear,
And wreathe their buds in my golden hair:

The rose-bud, twined with the snowy bell
Of his favourite lily of the vale,
He will read in them what I dare not tell,
For they speak a language he knows full well."

"Aline"—she turns with a stifled shriek,
And a mantling blush is upon her cheek,
While the frowning glance of her first surprise
Is lost in the laugh of her merry eyes.

"Willie, it was not kind to steal
Thus on my lonely hours, and hear
Thoughts that you know I would conceal
From every eye and from every ear.

"But stay—on this day of peace and love,
When Heaven seems smiling from above,
I must forgive, and these flowers shall be
A token of peace from you to me.

"And I was wrong, for I might have known
You would not leave me to go alone;
The flowers you promised me long ago
You have brought them, Willie, to day, I know.

"Forget-me-not—ah! how sweet a name—
What other so happy a one may claim?
But what more fitting a flower like this,
The emblem of hope and of faithfulness?"

"Will I forgive you? Yes, Willie, yes,
I would not cause you one hour's distress,
And something within me seems to say
I *must* not chide on the Sabbath day."

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Drawn by E. P. Stephanoff. Engraved by W. H. Ellis.

THE RUSTIC TOILET.

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blackberries, far from any dwelling or clearing, and
d lined and filled my hat for want of a basket.
We met an old man with a long beard, a woollen
cap, garments made of cloth indeed, but so strange
and awkward, as though the sleeves were used for

walking a short distance through
entered upon the camp ground. It
even slope, with a growth of tall
about four feet apart, smooth stems,
within twenty feet from the ground,

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THE RUSTIC TOILET.

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EVENINGS AT A FRIEND'S.—No. 5.

BY MRS. S. E. FARLEY.

"We knocked at your door last evening, and were greeted with the inhospitable 'not at home.'"

"And you are here now just in time to welcome us home, my dear friends. We have this moment alighted from a ride to Montville."

"But what could induce you to ride in the woods, where there was nothing to be seen or heard."

"Why in truth, we are not quite tired of each other yet, and can enjoy a ride when there is little to be seen, as well now, as 'when life was young ten years ago.' Then the scenery was beautifully varied and picturesque; that I will not describe to you, as you must view it yourselves, to judge of its beauty. But our paramount object was to visit Barrett, the solitaire. We thought it little to our credit to live within thirty miles of a *real hermit*, and a *real cave*, and know them only by report."

"And you have really seen the recluse? Let us hear about him, do."

"You will not find the account so interesting as you anticipate. That his reason is a little clouded I cannot doubt. No man with a brain untouched by accident or disease would be a voluntary lifelong exile from all social comforts or domestic happiness, passing fifty years with no one to protect, love, live for, and labour for; without one heart to share in all his purposes and pursuits, his joys and sorrows. I love nature as well as any man; I love her in all her simple graces, and yet more dearly in her majestic beauty; the face of nature is ever fair, but happy human faces are fairer still. I acknowledge, for I have felt, the music, the melody, of her thousand voices; but can they touch the heart like the tones of confiding love, of devoted affection, those tones, which seem the echo of our purest and sweetest thoughts? I have held communion too with nature in her holiest temples, but I soon yearned for communion with a kindred mind, a twin spirit, a human soul."

"Why, solitude is sweeter certainly, if we have only some one to whom we can whisper, 'how sweet is solitude.'"

"Do you know the cause of this man's seclusion?"

"Not fully. Some tale there is of jealousy; he left his bride at the altar."

"Did he receive you cordially?"

"Yes. We had found some acres of the finest blackberries, far from any dwelling or clearing, and had lined and filled my hat for want of a basket. We met an old man with a long beard, a woollen cap, garments made of cloth indeed, but so strange and awkward, as though the sleeves were used for pants, and the pants covered the arms. As he would not sell me a new basket he carried, I gave him my blackberries, and he invited us home. The cave is more comfortable than I supposed a cave could be, and seems originally designed for a habitation. It is not very lofty, but there is a natural aperture in the top, and as Barrett has constructed a rough chimney of stones below it, there is no smoke to incommode one. It is a more inviting abode from having two apartments, the back one needing nothing but a door to make it perfectly secure from all intrusion. Having ranged these woods twenty years before another white man had entered them, he has collected many singular and curious articles; but nothing in the cave seemed to combine so much beauty and comfort as the covering of his bed, the counterpane. The outside was made of the skins of the heads and necks of wild ducks, and other large birds, dressed with the plumage on, joined very neatly, and lined with furs."

"How is the cavern situated?"

"Romantically enough, in the side of a rocky hill, the whole face of which is covered with some wild vine, surrounded by a variety of trees, and on the margin of a beautiful pond. On this pond floated a large raft of logs, perhaps half an acre in extent, which had all been covered with earth, and formed the hermit's garden. A flourishing and fertile garden it was too, and as firm to the tread as the solid earth. That ground produces vegetables enough to supply a man with food, independent of the chase. The old misanthrope did not speak to Mrs. Darley at all, not replying when she addressed him. I thought he looked on rather contemptuously as I lifted her over a wet spot, so I carried her on to the chaise, giving him at the same time a look he could not misunderstand.

"'How long have you been married?' said he.

"'Seven years.'

"'I guess women are better than they used to be,' was his only reply.

"On taking our leave we rode down to Union, enjoying a most lovely landscape all the way, particularly as we came within view of Seven-tree pond and its environs. The Methodist denomination were holding a field-meeting in the neighbourhood, and as neither of us had ever attended one, I turned our horse's head in that direction. After walking a short distance through the wood we entered upon the camp ground. It was a smooth, even slope, with a growth of tall rock-maples about four feet apart, smooth stems, not a branch within twenty feet from the ground, and no un-

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dergrowth, not a stick or a shrub for ten acres round."

"A noble colonnade!"

"The congregation, of four or five thousand people, were seated upon benches beneath the trees, protected from the sun by that leafy roof, which seemed almost to touch the sky. At the foot of the slope was a semicircle of white tents, and between these and the benches stood a platform, upon smooth sawn stumps, supporting a rude desk and seats. On this platform, which had an awning, the ministers were seated, and an aged man was then concluding his discourse. He turned as he closed to a young clergyman who had just arrived, and said, 'We should like a word of exhortation from our young brother.' The man looked heated, and weary, and unprepared, but as he rose to speak a single dead leaf, the harbinger of autumn, floated along before the eyes of the multitude, and settled slowly on the book before him.

"'For we all do fade as a leaf,' he began in a rich, clear voice. 'Frail emblem of mortality, thy summer of life is over, thy greenness and glory are gone, thy decay is at hand,' and, as he swept it upon the ground, 'dust thou art, and unto dust must thou return. And is not the same sentence passed upon each one of us, my friends? Is it true that we all do perish as the grass, and wither as the green herb? Must the beaming eyes, the active limbs, I view around me, so full of life, must they too, in a few short years, crumble to clay? It is the law of God, the lot of nature. Decay and death have reigned over all men that have gone before, and they will subdue all that shall come after us; but, blessed be God, the death of the body may be the life of the soul, a happy, a glorious, an everlasting life. Yes, the dust shall return to the earth as it was, *but the spirit shall return to God who gave it;* then,

'Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If Heaven shall recompense our pains,
Perish the grass and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.'

"This ready way of improving a simple occurrence of the moment fixed the attention of the audience, while the speaker drew a beautiful picture of happiness beyond the grave, so vivid, so winning, that I believe every one was ready to exclaim with him, 'When may I die; when may I live for ever.' But he paused not there; he pointed out the only sure path to this blessed state, and at the conclusion poured forth a petition so full of reverence, humility, love, and faith, so evidently from the heart, that it could not fail to reach the heart, and as soon as the deep amen resounded through those woods we moved silently away, fearing something would be done to mar the holy beauty and sublimity of the scene. When out of sight and hearing of the crowd of worshippers, we sat down under an oak which looked venerable enough to have sheltered the Abnaquis or Penobscots. I believe we were too much impressed with the scene to speak, but after a time my wife repeated, in her own low tones, that beautiful hymn of Bryant's, beginning

'The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems—in the darkling wood
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication.'

The descriptive part of that hymn was an exact delineation of the place, even to the oak over our heads, and a soothing and suitable continuation of the worship. If I ever felt true devotion it was then, on that day. The petition in the concluding lines would ill accord with the noise and disorder accompanying any field-meeting I have witnessed.

'And, to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.'"

"You are the last man I should have suspected of countenancing such an infringement of propriety as a camp-meeting. Let me describe to you some scenes at a field-meeting last year, if indeed I can repeat what I feel to be blasphemy."

"Oh no, do not," said Mrs. D. "The scene we witnessed needs no heightening by contrast, and I wish to retain that impression of simple earnest devotion. Give us one of your pleasant songs, rather, and on to-morrow evening I promise you some music that will please even your taste, fastidious as it is."

SONNET

ACCOMPANYING A COPY OF W. J. WALTER'S "POET,"

SENT BY A LADY TO HER FRIEND.

Go, tasteful volume, with thy varied page,
With faithful, fond affection warmly glowing,
In simple touches from the true heart flowing,
And the sweet graces of that classic age,
When the *last* look of chivalry was thrown
Upon a world it gladden'd with its smile,
Nurturing a constant love, unstained by guile,
And when Romance's magic sceptre shone,
Triumphant in the empire of the heart:
Go, lovely book, and in thy gentle tone,
More true, more eloquent than modern art,
Go to mine early friend, that she may own
Upon thy pages mirror'd, she can trace
Her own bright portrait, rich in every grace!

D.

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ALCESTA: OR THE REWARD OF DISOBEDIENCE.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

It was night, deep night, over the fair city of New York; the sound of revelry had died away; the gay votaries of pleasure had forsaken their usual haunts, and the windows so lately illuminated were closed and darkened. The streets were deserted by all save the untiring watchman, whose sonorous voice, ringing through the stillness as he proclaimed "past two o'clock," arrested the attention of many a weary ear, and caused the throbbing head to be suspended over the pillow, until the accompaniment "all's well" fell soothingly on the senses that were almost instantly steeped in oblivion. Alas! all was not well in at least one mansion, the most stately and elegant in Broadway, within whose walls the fairest and noblest of the city had that evening celebrated the birthnight of a young and lovely being. The guests had departed, and all was hushed in the dwelling, when the front door was softly opened and a female enveloped in a close hood and cloak, stepped forth into the darkness. One moment she paused and gazed irresolutely upward at the window of a chamber where a light was still burning; the next she drew her cloak more closely round, and descending the broad marble steps walked swiftly down the street until she came to a hack stand. One carriage alone remained, and by its side stood a person muffled up like herself, who met her with a rapturous expression of greeting, and handing her into the carriage, took a seat by her side. The rattle of the flying wheels as they dashed up the streets roused the inmates of *that* chamber as they were composing themselves to rest, murmuring blessings on the head of their idolized daughter, and, listening until the sound died away in the distance, they wondered who was abroad so late, and what could be the occasion of such haste. Little did they dream that morning would find them bereaved and desolate; that the child of their soul's affection, for whom they had toiled early and late, the joy of their aged eyes, and the light of their dwelling had forsaken them for a stranger; for truly he was little better than a stranger who had won the love of the beautiful Alcesta. Sleep on, parents of the Disobedient! for ere another night a thorn will be planted in your couch which will for ever banish "tired nature's sweet restorer." Sleep on! unconscious of the flight; the midnight drive; the hurried ceremony which gives your treasure to the arms of another. And oh! fail not to bless in your heart of hearts, the Power that mercifully hides from your eyes the page of her future destiny.

Life, gay, busy, bustling life, was pouring through every thoroughfare of the great city, like the vital current through the human frame, when on board a noble ship the last sail was unfurled, the last order given,

> "And away flew the light bark,
> O'er the silvery bay,"

and the waves bounded gaily beneath her, as if proud of the precious burthen entrusted to their keeping; for never had a more noble looking pair trod her deck, than they who leaned over the taffrail with their eyes fixed on the receding city. One was a man of about twenty-five, whose tall, elegant figure displayed the most perfect proportions of manly beauty. Masses of curling black hair shadowed a countenance where the olive of Spain mingled with the lilies of a colder clime; for his brow was white as polished marble, while the lower part of his face was almost swarthy. But his eyes —who can describe the expression of the full dark orbs whose eagle glances wandered far and wide over the waters, ever and anon returning and resting on the beautiful being at his side. Flashing with intellect of the highest order, and revealing in their clear depths an unutterable devotion of soul, they sent forth at times such corruscations of boldness and recklessness as would have startled an observer more deeply versed in human nature, or less deeply in love than was Alcesta, for she it was who now stood alone—alone in the wide world, with the one who had beguiled her from duty and had caused her to incur the fearful penalty of disobedience, for her only protector.

"Juan," she said, as she turned her tearful eyes to his face, "look! the last spire has disappeared; we are alone upon the ocean!"

"Not alone, dearest," replied the deep, rich voice of Juan de Alvarez. "We are together. But why do you weep, Alcesta?" for her tears fell like rain on the hand she held; "what is there to fear, and what have you to regret? Am I not taking thee to a fair home in a sunny land, where the orange blooms wild, where flowers more beautiful than those of the gardens of the north spring up beneath the very feet, and where slaves shall anticipate thy lightest wishes? All shall do homage to the bride of Juan de Alvarez; and more than all, do I not love thee, Alcesta? nay, I adore thee; thou shalt be my guardian angel, my saint; and in the worship I render thee, shalt forget all other objects."

And even then, with the tears yet glistening upon her cheeks, like dew on the most delicate leaf of the rose, did Alcesta forget home and native land; the father who would have died to shield her from harm, and the mother whose whole life had

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been devotion to her happiness. Thus will it ever be; many a flower is reared with tenderness, watched over with sleepless eyes and yearning love, until it expands into perfect loveliness, but where, oh! where, is the looked-for return of grateful fragrance? It is scentless; it flaunts awhile in the sunshine; another gathers it, and the beautiful flower is borne away without a sigh, far from the "hand that hath nursed it." As Alcesta listened to his glowing description of the Elysian scenes awaiting them, of the palace where she would reign as queen, and the love that would be round about her like an enchanted circle, she forgot the hearts that were even then bursting with agony for her sake. Every feeling, every aspiration, was onward, onward; her thoughts went not back to the darkened chamber where one pale form lay extended as in death, while a white-haired man bent alternately over the couch in speechless woe, or with clasped hands called wildly on his child, his lost Alcesta. Oh! bitter and fearful must be the retribution on the author of such misery, for a day will come when the reward of the disobedient shall be meted out in overflowing measure.

Juan de Alvarez was descended from a noble Spanish family, who sought refuge from the internal commotions of their own land in the island of Cuba. Several generations had passed away since then, and by intermarriages many of the peculiarities of his race were lost, yet he inherited the fiery temperament, the pride, the quick sense of injury, and the ready arm to avenge it, with much that might have been exalted into chivalry had it not been tainted with a heartless selfishness that never belonged to the noble knights of Spain. Young, high-born, rich, and educated in strict adherence to the faith of his fathers, many a little peccadillo was overlooked or winked at, which would have been severely visited on the head of a more humble offender, for the golden offerings of the wealthy son of the true church were peculiarly acceptable to the treasury of St. Peter, established at Havana. Juan de Alvarez, therefore, lived as though the world were created solely for his enjoyment; and when, on a summer tour in the United States, he first beheld Alcesta, he dreamed not that any obstacle could interpose between his desires and their object. It was not long ere he read in the eloquent eyes that always met him with beams of joy, that his passion was returned; but the rejection of his suit by her father roused all the worst passions of his nature, and he vowed to win her, to rob the aged parent of his brightest jewel, if but in revenge for the fancied insult he received.

The father of Alcesta was a man of deep penetration, and he had discovered traits in the character of Juan de Alvarez which made him tremble for the happiness of his daughter; for with the keen eye of a parent, he perceived the impression made on her susceptible imagination by the insinuating address of the young Spaniard. His was a painful task, for never before had he thwarted her wishes, nor, proud and wealthy as he was, would he have opposed her union with the poorest mechanic who bore an unblemished character, could he have been satisfied that her welfare was being promoted. But his only child was a treasure too precious to bestow on a stranger, and he felt that his duty as a parent required him to ascertain, if possible, the character and pursuits of the man who asked at his hands the highest earthly boon he possessed. Delicately, therefore, and cautiously, he approached the subject; but the inflammable honour of Juan took fire, and his hand rested involuntarily on the hilt of a jewelled dagger which he wore concealed in the folds of his dress. Burning with indignation, he rushed from the presence of the father and sought the daughter.

In a large and richly furnished apartment, Alcesta reclined on a sofa, her head resting on her hand, and her eyes closed as in deep thought, while the light of a full moon as it looked down from the blue depths of a cloudless summer sky, fell over and around her, as if to shield her with its pure and holy influence from the temptations of earth. The warm south wind came softly through the open windows, stealing as it passed the breath of numberless greenhouse plants, filling the room with fragrance. Long and silently did the maiden muse, unheeding all that surrounded her, for a dream of love was in her young heart, before which the moonlight, the flowers, the gorgeous drapery of the room, and the glowing Indian feathers and rose-lipped shells displayed in a curious Chinese cabinet of gold and ivory all faded into dull and commonplace realities. A rustling among the leaves of a superb orange tree near her broke her reverie, and Juan de Alvarez stood before her.

"Alcesta," he said, in an agitated voice, "I have come to say farewell for ever."

"Juan! Juan!"

"Nay, hear me, Alcesta: I have been spurned by your father; I have listened to words which no other man should have uttered and live, yet for your sake I spared him; I have been branded as an adventurer, a seeker of wealth; and my suit rejected; what remains but to say farewell and leave you, the victim of tyranny, condemned to a miserable existence, a very slave, or at best the slave of parental caprice!"

The blood mounted to the temples of the spoiled child of indulgence, and the wily Juan perceived that his words were producing their intended effect. He knelt before her, and his voice sank to the lowest tone of music as he whispered, "Fly with me, Alcesta, my beloved, fly, and I will be to thee more than father or mother."

Her head sunk on his shoulder, and she murmured, "I will go."

Ere he left her she had vowed in the sight of Heaven, and despite all opposition, to become the wife of Juan de Alvarez, to cling to him through weal or woe; and the day, the hour, the way, were all arranged. That night her father informed her of all that had passed between himself and Juan, and told her, even with tears, that his anxiety for

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her future peace alone had compelled him to reject an alliance with one so utterly unknown. "My daughter," he said, as he bent over her and kissed her brow as he was wont to do before retiring to rest, "I am old and have had experience; believe me, this man cannot make you happy: and oh! should you be tempted to forget your duty, to disregard my entreaties, and despise my counsels, remember that your father, who never used toward you any language but that of persuasion, now commands you to listen no more to the addresses of Juan de Alvarez."

Summer had ripened into autumn—if that can be called autumn which is but a prolonged and more luxuriant summer—when in one of the most beautiful private residences in the city of Havana a gay party were assembled to welcome the fair northern bride of Juan de Alvarez to her new home. Palace-like indeed in its magnificence, beyond aught she had ever imagined, was that home, and with noble and queenly grace did its mistress move through the admiring crowd. One side of the long lofty apartment was separated from a spacious piazza by a row of slender marble columns, whose polished shafts glittered like crystal in the blaze of a thousand wax-lights. It was curtained at pleasure by a drapery of rose-coloured silk, which was now looped to the ceiling by silver cords, while the spaces between were occupied by vases of alabaster, filled with the rarest and most fragrant flowers. At one end the room terminated in a large bay window, in whose deep recess were placed light stands of gilded wood, supporting small delicate garden pots of porcelain, in which were reared, with great care and skill, the most fragile of exotics, plants which bloom but in certain portions of the tropics, and many that unfold their perfect beauty only beneath the beams of a vertical sun. In the midst hung a cage of golden wires, containing a pair of those far eastern birds,

> "Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
> Lose all their beauty when they fly."

At the opposite extremity was a similar window opening upon extensive and highly decorated pleasure grounds, where, from among the orange and dark-leaved citron, many a marble statue gleamed out cold and white in the moonlight, while, at a short distance from the house, a fountain threw its sparkling jets high in the air, diffusing a refreshing coolness, and lulling the senses with its murmurs. Far in the distance, on the right, rose thick plantations of cocoa, banana, and other tropical fruits. It was a scene of enchantment to Alcesta; but at last her head swam with the swift revolutions of the flying waltzers, dazzled by the blaze of light, and faint with the overpowering perfume of flowers, she determined to steal away for a few moments where she could breathe more freely. She dared not venture alone into the grounds, where the undisturbed repose of nature invited her, but lifting the drapery from an arched doorway she proceeded along a gallery lighted only by the moon streaming through the narrow Gothic windows, and opening another door found herself in a small room fitted up as an oratory. At the farther end of the room was a window of richly stained glass, the centre adorned by an exquisite painting of the infant Saviour, surrounded by likenesses of the twelve apostles. Before a full length picture of the blessed virgin, which occupied a niche on the right of the window, a taper was kept constantly burning, while on a small altar in an opposite niche was displayed a cross of precious stones. Alcesta paused, and her eyes fell on a countenance so calm, so divine, so full of heavenly compassion, that she was awe-struck, and fancying there was reproof in the almost living expression, turned hastily away. Not there, not there, could she rest; she, the doubly disobedient; and returning to the room she had left, passed unnoticed into the conservatory, where, in the deep, cool shadow, she rejoiced to find herself alone. No, Alcesta, thou art not alone, for, from among a few plants from the cold north, which droop and languish in the ungenial heat, the violet, the flower of memory, turns upward its deep blue eyes and speaks to thee of home. Instantly the past rushes over thee like a frightful dream; then comes the present; thou too art a stranger in a strange land. Thy tears fall fast upon the flower, not like the healthful and refreshing dew, but like the burning drops that sometimes fall when no clouds are in the heavens, precursors of a coming tempest. Alcesta wept bitterly; but at that moment the moon—the same glorious eye of night that had witnessed her disobedience, opened full upon her, and by its light she became aware that a pair of human eyes—large, lustrous, and black as night itself, were gazing at her through the light trellice which sheltered the window on the outside. The hour, the circumstance, the near proximity and fearful expression of the eyes, in which seemed concentrated a thousand conflicting passions and emotions, paralysed Alcesta, and consciousness forsook her. When she recovered the object of her alarm had disappeared. Her husband entered the alcove to recall her to the guests, and, rallying her discomfited powers, she was soon the gayest of the gay, and when she awoke the next morning the occurrence was remembered only as a dream. Winter, or rather the months which are called winter, in that

> "————sweet south clime,
> Which knoweth and feareth no winter time,"

passed swiftly away in a continual round of parties and amusements that left no room for remorse in the heart of Alcesta, while in the unwavering, devoted love of her husband she forgot, or endeavoured to forget, all other loves. Then came the spring, with a wealth of vegetation, and a gorgeous robing of nature in flowers of every hue, from the snowy bridal blossoms of the orange to the blushing multiflora, each sending up its own peculiar offering of incense, till the very atmosphere was

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heavy with their breath. Alcesta seemed to live in a new and bewildering, yet delicious state of existence, and feeling as if Paradise itself could scarcely offer enjoyments more exquisite, or objects more beautiful, than those which surrounded her, gave herself up to a dreamy sense of happiness, like a bark sailing on a waveless ocean. Alas! beneath the smoothest seas lie the sunken rocks on which many a goodly vessel is wrecked and lost. Her favourite resort, during the sultry hours of the day, was the piazza we have mentioned, and there she spent hours gazing down into a garden, separated only from her own by a high, close paling, as if to prevent the prying eyes of curiosity from penetrating its secrets. No eye, however, could discover more than that it was a wilderness of trees and shrubs, surrounding a house built in the style of an English cottage, with its long, low porch shaded by a screen of honeysuckle and jessamine. It was evidently inhabited, but an old black woman was the only being Alcesta had ever seen about the place. Could she be the sole occupant of a spot so lovely?

"Can you tell me, Juan," she said to her husband, "who lives in that sweet cottage? Perhaps some one is pining there in solitude whom it would be charitable to visit."

Juan de Alvarez bent for a moment more intently over the book he was reading, before he replied, with an indifference of manner so evidently assumed, that it was noticed by Alcesta, "Yes, that is, I have heard that it was occupied by a woman, but from the reports concerning her, not one with whom you would wish to associate. You had better make no inquiries about her; indeed, it will be displeasing to me, and might subject yourself to degrading suspicions."

From that hour, although the mystery which hung over the cottage and its inmates rendered it a more intense and interesting theme for conjecture, no allusion to it ever passed her lips. Believing that her husband knew more than he chose to acknowledge, she felt that the "electric chain" which had bound her to him had been struck, and its finest and most subtle chord snapped for ever. One year had elapsed since she became the wife of Juan de Alvarez; she was now the mother of his child; and with the first smile of her infant came a realizing sense of the bitterness of the cup she had prepared for her own parents, and she shuddered as she thought that at some future day he might inflict upon her heart also, the pangs "sharper than a serpent's tooth." Comfort thyself, Alcesta! not so will they be avenged whose gray hairs thou hast brought with sorrow to the grave. Ay! press him to thy bosom; he will be thy only comforter when all others have forsaken thee; when through long nights of agony thou prayest to die, his smile will revive thee, and his sweet voice recall thee to earth. But oh! deeper and more deadly is the stroke that awaits thee; he who won thee from duty; even he shall be thy destroyer. One day as Alcesta sat by the cradle of her sleeping infant, rocking it gently while she sung in a low voice a song of old, a servant entered, and said that a little girl requested permission to see the baby.

"Let her come up, certainly," said Alcesta; and with a mother's pride she lifted the rosy boy to her lap, and awaited the entrance of her young visitor. In a few minutes a lovely child about five years old tripped noiselessly into the room, as if fearful of being considered an intruder.

"Come here, my dear," said Alcesta, "and get acquainted with little Juan;" and as the child raised her eyes and fixed them full on the speaker, the same undefined feelings of terror she experienced when she met that glance in the conservatory thrilled through the frame of Alcesta. The resemblance was too perfect to be mistaken, but was it not strange that something in the deep, full eyes of the child reminded her also of Juan? It could only be fancy, yet long after the little Beatrice—for she had asked her name—had departed, she sat pondering over the circumstance till thought itself became torture. When, the next day, she mentioned it to Juan, he laughed, but his brow grew dark, and soon after, telling her that he had received letters requiring his absence for a few days, he kissed her tenderly, and caressing his infant son, departed. What was it, Alcesta, that then came over thy young spirit like the terrible hush preceding the hurricane; and why didst thou tremble to thy heart's core, as the tender aspen quivers ere it feels the first breath of the tempest? Rise! and stand once more erect in thy pride and beauty before thou art bowed down and crushed by the storm! It comes! it comes! Hide thee in the cleft of a rock! seek some sure defence! Alas! thou hast none.

Alcesta was preparing for repose; the rich clustering tresses of her auburn hair were released from their confinement, and a young slave was employing her skill in smoothing the refractory curls. Her task finished she trimmed the night-lamp, and repairing to a small room adjoining that of her mistress, the faithful Fanchette was soon in a deep slumber. The night was oppressive, and Alcesta remained sitting before the open window, enjoying the cool breeze which always springs up after nightfall. The moon was shining brightly when a shadow fell on the floor, and a female entered the room. Alcesta started up and would have fled, but a hand detained her, and a voice, sweeter than the tones of a lute, yet trembling as when the wind sweeps over its chords too harshly, addressed her. "Fear not, lady, but sit down, I would speak with you."

"I will call Fanchette," said Alcesta, advancing to the door; "I am alone and—"

"Call no one," interrupted the stranger, imploringly; "no human ear but your own must hear what I have to say, yet it is well that you have help at hand, if you have a woman's heart you will need it."

She sat down, and, terrified as she was, Alcesta was struck with the surpassing beauty of the face

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and figure exposed to her view. She was pale as the dead, and the moonlight gleamed on her high forehead and noble features coldly as if it fell upon sculptured marble. Her long black hair, unconfined by comb or fillet, lay in masses upon her shoulders, from which the rich velvet mantilla had fallen, displaying the full, rounded outline of a perfect form, while from an exquisitely wrought chain of gold around her neck depended a diamond cross —the only ornament about her person. For the first time her eyes met those of Alcesta; yes! they were the same; once before she had seen them alone, and again in the beautiful child that had visited her. But the connecting link. *Was* it only in imagination that the resemblance to Juan existed? Feeling that a fearful tale was about to be unfolded, she sunk into a seat and covering her face with her hands motioned the stranger to proceed.

"To you, lady, who were born where slavery is unknown, what I am going to relate may appear strange, improbable; but God knows how many bleeding hearts can witness to its truth. My mother was a slave, of uncommon beauty, who boasted several removes from the pure African blood, belonging to a gentleman on whose plantation I was born. I have no paternal name. I am called Adéle. Of him we were purchased by the father of Juan, and I became the favourite waiting maid of Madam de Alvarez, who was pious and gentle as her husband was cruel and overbearing. From her I learned to love virtue and detest vice, lessons which few of my degraded race are taught. When I entered the family Juan was absent, nor did he return till I was sixteen years old, with a complexion scarce less fair, and feelings as refined, as those of his own sisters. It pleased him to offer me more attention than was proper for a slave to receive from her master; but how could I refuse *his* kindness, when all others were haughty and exacting. At last I loved him: yes! with my eyes open to the barrier between us, I loved him, devotedly, madly. Yet not as a slave would I become his, and often did I retire to my humble couch, and weep the livelong night on the bitterness of my lot. Born with feelings almost of loathing towards my own race, yet forbidden by the contaminating drops that flowed in my veins to raise my thoughts or hopes above them; and with a heart keenly alive to a sense of its degradation, I could have cursed the authors of my being; I could have rejoiced to die. I had free access to the library of my mistress, who had taught me to read; and Juan soon perceived that my mind was not uncultivated, and he, the noble, the rich, the free-born, found pleasure in the society of a poor slave. Oh! the unutterable joy of that moment when I found I was necessary to the happiness of Juan de Alvarez! About this time my master died. His daughters were married and settled in distant parts of the island; and I, with several others, became the property of Madam de Alvarez, who with a true Christian spirit instantly gave us our freedom. *They* went their ways, but I chose to remain, and soon after accompanied her to this place, where she purchased the cottage in which I now live. It was then that Juan proposed to make me his wife, and as I knew little of the forms of society I believed that the vows he plighted in the sight of heaven constituted a tie as sacred as though the assembled universe witnessed the ceremony. I was bound, however, by an oath, to keep our marriage a secret from his mother, and about a year afterwards she died, ignorant of the connection between us. From that period I never went abroad, nor until I became the mother of Beatrice did I fully realize my painful situation; but when I saw her all that the proudest mother could wish, yet shunned by her companions, debarred from the common privileges of education, and taunted with her parentage, I became wretched. Perhaps—for how could it be otherwise—my feelings exhibited themselves too plainly, for Juan, who had never lived with me openly, visited me less frequently, and I fancied treated me less kindly, and at last, without apprising me of his intention, he went to the United States. Who can tell the agony, the despair, the rage, which took possession of my whole soul when I learned that he had returned with a bride, and that they were to occupy the splendid mansion next my cottage. It was evident that he considered our marriage as a tie that could be shaken off at pleasure, and the rights of the poor quadroone trampled upon with impunity; but I felt that I alone was his wife in the sight of God, and driven to distraction, I vowed to revenge my burning wrongs on the innocent cause of my misery. That night, when the revel was at its height, I concealed a dagger in my bosom, and stealing into the shrubbery, crept along until I reached the conservatory. The first thing I saw was my intended victim, within my very reach, but as you stood, in your bridal dress, with the holy moonlight resting on your face, I paused. I witnessed your emotion, your tears; you too had been deceived, betrayed, and I relented. Had you appeared a happy, a triumphant bride, that hour had been your last. When I next saw Juan, which was not for many days, I reproached him, I wept, I raved, and threatened to tell you all; but he answered coldly, with the air of one who felt and determined to use his power, that unless I restrained my passions and promised to remain in perfect obscurity, he would remove me where I should never see his face again. Think of the intensity of my love when I consented to such degradation; to live in the very sight and sound of his bridal revelry, to see him go forth, day by day, with another on his arm; to endure all this that I might sometimes see him and hear his voice. I did consent, and for even the smallest portion of his love I would have borne the gnawings of the vulture at my heart until it was consumed; but you too became a mother, the mother of his son, the heir of his wealth and his proud name; and since then—but why should I speak of it—my brain is on fire, and I might utter things which you should not hear. He came to

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me last night after he learned that I had permitted Beatrice to visit you, and informed me that as I had thought proper to violate his orders I must abide the consequences. He has a small plantation in a desolate part of the island, and thither he has now gone to make arrangements for my abode. I will not go, unless by force, nor can I live longer and feel that I am cast aside as worthless. This dagger," and a slender blade of steel flashed in the moonlight, "this dagger shall end my miserable existence, unless—and oh! lady," she continued, kneeling before Alcesta, and clasping her hands passionately together, "the sacrifice I ask cannot make you more wretched than I have been—unless you give me back the love of my husband—for so I will call him in spite of all after ties. You have wealth, you have other friends, a station in society, he is my all;" and she buried her face in the folds of Alcesta's dress, while a convulsive shudder shook the whole frame of the injured quadroone.

During the whole of this recital Alcesta remained motionless, but the hue of death stole gradually over her face, and her limbs assumed its rigid coldness, and when the last words fell on her ear, she felt that her doom was sealed. She uttered no cry, but bending over the still crouching form of the poor Adéle, said in a calm tone, "Come here at this time to-morrow; and now leave me."

It was past midnight when the sleeping Fanchette was suddenly roused by the grasp of an icy hand on her arm, and starting up beheld her mistress standing by the bed, habited in a riding-dress, her eyes wild, and her cheeks flushed. "Rise, Fanchette," she said, in a strangely altered voice, "rise and dress Juan, quick; I am going a long journey; softly, softly, do not let him cry, there; tie on his cap and cloak, I will be back in a moment;" and proceeding to her dressing-room, she hastily packed a few jewels in a casket, and taking a small sum of money, she murmured, "Not for myself would I touch this hated gold, but *our* child; I could not see him starve." She returned to the room she had left. "Now, good Fanchette, get me a glass of cordial, water, something before I go."

The wondering girl obeyed, but when she brought the water her mistress had disappeared, leaving no clue by which to trace her steps, and from that night no tidings were ever heard on the island of the wife and son of Juan de Alvarez.

Five years had elapsed, when in one of the vine-covered cottages that overlook the bay of Pensacola a lady was sitting, gazing admiringly on the beautiful scene spread out before her like a fair picture, bathed in the soft golden haze of an Italian sunset. There lay the bay, sparkling in its gentle undulations like a sheet of silver, while close to the shore anchored many a gallant vessel, with the gay streamers of different nations fluttering in the breeze, and the white-sailed boats gliding noiselessly over its surface, bearing to their respective vessels the officers and men who had spent the day on shore. In the centre rode the far-famed Macedonian, with the stately Philip of Macedon as her figure-head standing in bold relief against the glowing sky beyond. The broad pennant of the American Commodore floated proudly over her deck, from whence the inspiring strains of martial music were wafted far away inland, where, as the ear of the landsman caught the sound, his bosom bounded to the thrilling notes of "Hail Columbia." A little farther out lay several French vessels, and in the distance the white sands of Santa Rosa sparkled like the snow-banks of a northern clime. Nearer to the house stood groups of the pride of China, whose innumerable clusters of purple blossoms filled the air with perfume; and from among the thick glossy leaves of a large pecan tree, a mocking-bird poured forth its wild variations as if in emulation of the instrumental music. The shadows of evening grew darker, the melody of the bird ceased, and as the last notes of a national air died away, the report of a cannon was heard from the Macedonian. Instantly flash after flash lit up the bay as a gun from every ship in the harbour answered the signal in quick succession, and after a short interval the same sound came booming over the waters from the distant navy yard. It was nine o'clock, all was silent, and Mrs. Clinton rose to retire, when a knock at the door arrested her, and the Episcopal clergyman entered the room. Not too late or too dark was the hour for the minister of that gospel which teacheth charity to venture abroad on his errand of mercy.

"I know you will excuse my untimely call," he said, as he took the offered seat. "I could not sleep until I had enlisted your benevolence in behalf of a poor sufferer whom I have just found out;" and he proceeded to relate the occasion of his visit.

Mrs. Clinton was affected to tears. "And you say she is from the north," said the kind lady, "that is another claim on my attention, for I too am a northerner. Yes, I will go early in the morning."

When the clergyman was gone she felt as if she could not wait until morning to commence her labour of love, and in the spirit of the exhortation, "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," she spent some time in collecting and placing in a large basket such things as she knew were most acceptable to the sick; nor did she hesitate to spare from her own wardrobe a supply of such garments as were necessary for an invalid. At no great distance from the residence of Mrs. Clinton stood a row of large, old, wooden houses, surrounded after the Spanish fashion with balconies, most of which were broken down and dilapidated; the chimneys had gradually crumbled away; several portions of the high square roofs had been carried off by the storms, which in that climate are very severe; the wind whistled through the broken windows, and altogether an air of the greatest desolation hung over the place. Few of the rooms were habitable, yet wherever an apartment afforded shelter from the weather, it was occupied by

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German or Irish emigrants, whom the prospect of employment had brought over in great numbers.

Mrs. Clinton soon found the object of her search, and ascending a narrow winding stairway, so dark that it was with difficulty she groped her way to the landing, she opened a creaking door, and a scene of the most squalid misery presented itself. The walls of the miserable room were black with the smoke and dust of years, no drapery shaded the window from the hot glare of the sun, or concealed the aperture where tattered garments occupied the place of glass; while its only furniture consisted of a pine table and a few broken chairs, save in one corner spread on the floor a mattress of the meanest description. A few sticks gathered from the common, smouldered on the hearth, but except an earthen vessel containing a little gruel, not an article of food or the coarsest utensil employed in its preparation was to be seen. "Can it be possible," thought Mrs. Clinton, as the utter poverty and cheerlessness of the place struck to her very heart, "that in this room a human being is dying." She approached the pallet and beheld an emaciated form, thinly covered by a faded, worn-out quilt, her cheek resting on another which was rolled up in the form of a pillow. She slept, and kneeling down Mrs. Clinton contemplated in silence a countenance wasted indeed by sorrow and suffering, but retaining traces of exceeding beauty. Her arms lay outside the covering, the thin white hands clasped firmly together as if utter hopelessness rested on the heart of the sleeper, and over the wretched pillow, mingling with the straws and dust of the floor lay long, rich, but neglected tresses of auburn hair, its brightness and beauty gone for ever. Her brow was pale, yet the crimson which burnt on her cheeks told of a consuming fire within. Ah! poets may paint from the treasures of their imagination the more than earthly beauty with which consumption enrobes her victims. Like the gorgeous hues of the autumn leaf ere it leaves the bough for ever; like the soft, yet glorious colours of the summer sky, ere night and darkness take place of light; like the fading rainbow, or the star whose beams are most brilliant just before the breaking of the perfect day; by all these things may its outward semblance be shadowed forth; but the deeper world within, who can know it? Who but the doomed one can know the unutterable shrinkings of the spirit, as the waves of time close over its last earthly retreat. When all that is bright and beautiful has vanished and into the last hour are crowded regret, it may be remorse for the past; the present, with its agonising pangs; and a dread of the dim, impenetrable future; add to this, deep, unmitigated poverty, and where are the allurements with which the far-off observer delights to invest the king of terrors. Thoughts like these passed through the mind of Mrs. Clinton as she bent over the dying woman, and there in the fearful presence of disease, with the dark wings of the angel of death hovering around them, the dutiful wept over the disobedient. It was Alcesta who now moved uneasily on her hard couch, and opening her wild, bright eyes, said in a hurried voice, "Where is my child; where is Juan?"

She missed the accustomed watcher by her side, and the presence of a stranger in his place seemed to fill her wandering mind with fears that her treasure had been taken from her. With the tenderness which well becomes woman when ministering to her sister woman, Mrs. Clinton had nearly succeeded in quieting her alarm, when a little boy of six years old, entered; and never had Mrs. Clinton beheld a face so touching in its beauty, so full of patient suffering, revealing in its expression a knowledge of care and sorrow which contrasted painfully with his extreme youth and delicacy. He looked timidly at Mrs. Clinton, then stealing softly to his mother's side, threw his arms round her neck and burst into tears. "My poor child," sobbed the invalid convulsively, "what will become of you?" Mrs. Clinton gently drew him away, and taking him on her lap inquired the cause of his grief.

"I am so hungry, and we have nothing to eat. Mother has only tasted a little gruel for three days, and this morning I gathered a great many wild flowers and tried to sell them, but everybody here has so many beautiful flowers growing in their own gardens that I had to bring them all back."

"Do not cry, my dear," said Mrs. Clinton, her own tears dropping on the faded buds she held. "I will buy your flowers, and I will presently send you food enough for all day and every day. I wish to be of service to you," she continued, turning to Alcesta.

"Thank you, thank you; I do not deserve this kindness; I am but suffering the just punishment I have brought upon myself; but Juan—oh! who will be kind to him when I am gone?"

"There is one," said Mrs. Clinton, "who has promised to be a Father to the fatherless; but have you no relatives to whose care you can consign him?"

"None now," was the answer; "they who would have loved him for my sake are no more," and she sunk back overcome by her emotions. Mrs. Clinton lost no time in rendering her the assistance her destitute condition required, but human aid beyond the mere alleviation of her sufferings was of no avail, for rapidly was the Destroyer fulfilling his mission. Yes, Alcesta! thou art reaping the reward of thy disobedience. The reed on which thou leanedst has broken beneath thee: the love of the stranger hath failed to make thee happy, and the days of her who honoured neither father nor mother were cut off in the midst. Every day found Mrs. Clinton by the bedside of the dying Alcesta; her presence soothed, her kind hand held the cup to her parched lips, and her gentle voice read from the Book of Life, those precious promises of peace and pardon to the penitent which fall on the soul of the erring like the dews of heaven on flowers withered by the breath of the Simoon. Every heart, however seared and blighted, however steeped to the dregs in the bitter cup of life, yearns for sym-

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pathy, and Alcesta found relief in pouring her long pent-up sorrows into a human ear. "I cannot die," she said, "until I have told all. Can you, who have borne with me so long, bear yet a little longer?" And in the intervals of pain and weakness, Mrs. Clinton gathered the outlines of the melancholy history we have related, and its conclusion.

On that fearful night, after Adéle departed, Alcesta remained with her head bowed upon her hands, communing deeply with her own heart. She loved Juan de Alvarez, but not with the passionate devotion which constituted the very existence of the quadroone. She could reason calmly, and while writhing under a sense of the wrong she had sustained, felt that Adéle had been still more deeply injured, and that she had unconsciously and therefore innocently alienated the affections of Juan from their first object. He had deceived her, wounded her in the tenderest point, and it was with a feeling of proud dignity that she resolved to tear at once and for ever, his very memory from her heart. Adéle might sue for his love; might remain though free, yet a slave in spirit, and be satisfied with the worthless possession of a divided heart; but Alcesta, never! She sprung from a purer, nobler race, and disdaining all feelings of love for one who had forfeited her respect, resolved to fly, she knew not whither, she cared not where, so that she might never meet him again. Her first thought when she passed for ever from the threshold of her husband's sumptuous abode, was to endeavour to secure a passage in one of the ships in port, and for that purpose she bent her steps towards the cottage of an old sailor to whom she had once rendered an important service. To her joy she found Diego preparing for a voyage; the boat already waited to convey him on board a ship bound for New Orleans, and in less than an hour Alcesta was once more upon the ocean. Once more the moon looked down upon her, a fugitive; but where was the companion of her first flight? where, oh! where were the hopes that then shone brightly on her future? She pressed her more than orphaned child more closely to her bosom, and for the first time, tears moistened her burning eyes. In a few days she once more trod her native soil, but far distant from her native home. She knew that her parents were dead; all places were alike to her, and she took lodgings in New Orleans. But her slender stock of money was soon exhausted; one after one her jewels were disposed of, and at last she went forth with her infant in her arms, unknowing how they were to procure their next meal, or where lay their heads when night overtook them. Then came weeks and months and years of wanderings from place to place; of struggles to obtain an honest livelihood, with days of toil, and nights of sleepless anguish, descending step by step into the very depths of poverty, until with anxiety, exposure and sorrow, her health gave way. Long did she strive for the sake of her child with the disease that had fastened upon her; but with scarce clothing enough to protect her from the weather, and no food save the scanty alms of those poor as herself, it became too mighty to resist.

"Two weeks ago," she continued, "I came to this place to die, and through the kindness of the poor German family who occupy the room below, I obtained this shelter. Since then we have been dependent on them for sustenance; it has been little for one in my situation, but I am thankful. Oh! Mrs. Clinton, may you never know what it is to feel life ebbing away, without one familiar voice to console you, or hold a cup of water to your parched lips; to pass day after day without medicine or food, and night after night in sleepless darkness, to wish for even a farthing candle to enliven the long, terrible hours, yet have it not. I know that I have but few days, perhaps hours to live, but I trust I am like the returning prodigal, for you, who have been to me an angel of mercy, have taught me that there is a Father in Heaven who will receive the repentant wanderer. I do not wish to live, yet there is still one tie binding me to earth; my child, my poor Juan, what will become of him?"

The door was pushed open and a man in the coarse garb of a sailor entered the room leading Juan by the hand. It was the same who had assisted Alcesta in her escape, and having accidentally met Juan in the street, his resemblance to his mother struck the honest tar so forcibly, that he accosted him, and learned that his benefactress, she who had once saved him from the disgrace of a public punishment, was dying in want. Conducted by Juan he proceeded at once to her miserable abode, and accustomed as he was to scenes of suffering, the weatherbeaten sailor drew his rough hand across his eyes when they fell on the wasted form which he had last beheld stately and beautiful. Ere he left the room, he had promised to protect to his latest breath, the child so soon to be an orphan, and with the blessing of the dying upon his head, he departed.

That night one of those terrible storms which are of frequent occurrence passed over the city of Pensacola. The heavens were on fire, and peal after peal of thunder seemed to shake the very earth; the waters of the bay, lashed to fury by the wind, were thrown in jets of foam far on the shore; the tall masts of the shipping bowed like reeds; trees were torn up by the roots, and the smaller shrubs and plants suffered universal destruction. Sleep visited not the eyes of Mrs. Clinton during the whole of that dreadful night, for her thoughts were with Alcesta, and with the first dawn of morning, regardless of the wind which still blew violently, she hastened to the house. Trembling with undefined dread, she entered the room, where the gray light of morning was struggling dimly through the dusty windows, and going to the bed, softly lifted the covering which concealed the face: she was dead. The nurse who had been stationed to watch with her, appalled by the terrors of the night, had deserted her charge, and thus amid darkness and storm, the spirit of the erring, yet penitent Alcesta had passed to its last account. Across the foot of

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the bed lay Juan in the deep, unconscious slumber of childhood, the tears he had been shedding still resting on his cheeks, and the rich curls of his dark hair clustering about his innocent face. Sad, sad will be thy awakening, fair child of orphanage and poverty.

After making the necessary arrangements for the decent interment of the poor remains, Mrs. Clinton returned to her own sweet and happy home, and in the solitude of her chamber, wept over the victim of disobedience. That same afternoon, when the storm had passed away, and the sun shone out bright as the smile of angels welcoming the newly arrived to the gates of paradise, they buried her. A plain, unstained coffin of pine was placed in a cart driven by a negro; another with a spade on his shoulder walked by its side, and with Diego and the sobbing Juan, were all who attended to the grave the unfortunate Alcesta. And there she sleeps calmly and alone; her memory will pass away from among men, and but for this brief record her very name be forgotten.

And Juan; the child not of shame, but of sorrow, shall he go forth to bear the heavy curse of poverty and dependence, while the fair inheritance of his mother, and the princely possessions of his father pass into the hands of strangers? Perchance we may learn of his wanderings, for Diego will not fail to inform Mrs. Clinton of all that occurs to the orphan in whose welfare she took so deep an interest; and through her, gentle reader, it shall be communicated to you.

TO THE ZEPHYR.

BY ROBERT DYBALL.

Whence art thou, rover,
Where is thy home?
The flower plains over
For aye wilt thou roam?
Is the place of thy birth
On the eve crimsoned sea,
Or where through the earth
The pure brook wanders free?
Wert thou born by the brink
Of some woodland stream,
Where the timid fawns drink
And the fairies dream?
Where moonlight streams brightly
Through boughs interwove,
And the mocker sings nightly
His soft tale of love?

Where, gentle visitant,
Where wert thou born?
In the cup of the flower
At dawning of morn?
Dost thou come from the blue
Of yon arching sky,
With the diamond dew
On the leaves to lie?

Thou hast fanned the grass
In the breezy lawn,
And rustled the silk
On the bending corn;
Thou hast waved the green leaves
In the summer bowers,
And stolen the perfume
From dew-spangled flowers:
Thou hast wafted the bee
On his golden wings,
And kissed the green moss
By the mountain springs:
Thou hast crisped the bright rill
As it danced along,
And sung to the wildwood
Its forest-tuned song.

O! where is thy birthplace?
And where wilt thou rest?
On the golden-edged cloud
That o'erhangs the bright West?
Wilt thou hie to the river,
Whose waves to the sea
Flow onward for ever
Unmurmuringly?
Or seek ye some cell
In the deep wild wood,
To rest on the pillow
Of sweet solitude?

The zephyr sped on
In its flower-strewn way,
With the birds and the waters
And sunbeams at play:
It waved the fair hair
Of the infant, whose rest
Was soft as the sleep
On the wild flower's breast
Of the night drops that fall
Through the deep hush of even
In beauty and peace
From their calm home in heaven:
It dried the bright tear
In the eye of the maid,
Like a vision of love
On her white forehead played:
It mingled its voice
With the murmuring spell
On the ocean's brim breathed
By the rose-lipped shell;
Yet kept on its course
Like a wanderer free,
With the brightness of earth
Holding jubilee—
And He who the dove
Doth direct to her nest,
Alone knows its birth,
Or the place of its rest.

Philada. 1842.

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AN INCIDENT RELATED OF BYRON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

It was getting toward midnight when a party of young noblemen came out from one of the clubs of St. James street. The servant of each, as he stepped upon the pavement, threw up the wooden apron of the cabriolet, and sprang to the head of the horse; but, as to the destination of the equipages for the evening, there seemed to be some dissension among the noble masters. Betwixt the line of coronetted vehicles stood a hackney-coach, and a person in an attitude of eager expectancy pressed as near the exhilarated group as he could do without exciting immediate attention.

"Which way?" said he whose vehicle was nearest, standing with his foot on the step.

"All together, of course," said another. "Let's make a night of it."

"Pardon me," said the deep and sweet voice of the last out from the club; "I secede for one. Go your ways, gentlemen!"

"Now, what the deuse is afoot?" said the foremost, again stepping back on the sidewalk. "Don't let him off, Fitz! Is your cab here, Byron, or will you let me drive you? By Jove, you sha'n't leave us!"

"But you shall leave me, and so you are not forsworn, my friend! In plain phrase, I *won't* go with you! And I don't know where I shall go; so spare your curiosity the trouble of asking. I have a presentiment that I am wanted—by devil or angel.

'I see a hand you cannot see.'"

"And a very pretty hand it is, I dare swear," said the former speaker, jumping into his cab and starting off with a spring of his blood horse, followed by all the vehicles at the club door, save one.

Byron stood looking after them a moment, and raised his hat and pressed his hand hard on his forehead. The unknown person who had been lurking near, seemed willing to leave him for a moment to his thoughts, or was embarrassed at approaching a stranger. As Byron turned with his halting step to descend the steps, however, he came suddenly to his side.

"My lord!" he said, and was silent as if waiting permission to go on.

"Well!" replied Byron, turning to him without the least surprise, and looking closely into his face by the light of the street lamp.

"I come to you with an errand which, perhaps,—"

"A strange one, I am sure; but I am prepared for it—I have been forewarned of it. What do you require of me?—for I am ready!"

"This is strange!" exclaimed the man. "Has another messenger, then—"

"None except a spirit—for my heart alone told me I should be wanted at this hour. Speak at once."

"My lord, a dying girl has sent for you!"

"Do I know her!"

"She has never seen you. Will you come at once, and on the way I will explain to you what I can of this singular errand; though indeed, when it is told you, you know all that I comprehend."

They were at the door of the hackney-coach, and Byron entered it without further remark.

"Back again!" said the stranger, as the coachman closed the door, "and drive for dear life, for we shall scarce be in time, I fear!"

The heavy tongue of St. Paul's struck twelve as the rolling vehicle hurried on through the now lonely street, and though so far from the place whence they started, neither of the two occupants had spoken. Byron sat with folded arms and bare head in the corner of the coach; and the stranger, with his hat crowded over his eyes, seemed repressing some violent emotion; and it was only when they stopped before a low door in a street close upon the river, that the latter found utterance.

"Is she alive?" he hurriedly asked of a woman who came out at the sound of the carriage wheels.

"She was, a moment since—but be quick!"

Byron followed quickly on the heels of his companion, and passing through a dimly lighted entry to the door of a back room, they entered. A lamp shaded by a curtain of spotless purity threw a faint light upon a bed, upon which lay a girl, watched by a physician and a nurse. The physician had just removed a small mirror from her lips, and holding it to the light, he whispered that she still breathed. As Byron passed the edge of the curtain, however, the dying girl moved the fingers of the hand lying on the coverlet, and slowly opened on him her languid eyes—eyes of inexpressible depth and lustre. No one had spoken.

"He is here!" she murmured. "Raise me, mother, while I have time to speak to him."

Byron looked around the small chamber, trying in vain to break the spell of awe which the scene threw over him. An apparition from another world could not have checked more fearfully and completely the more worldly and scornful under-current of his nature. He stood with his heart beating almost audibly, and his knees trembling beneath him, awaiting what he prophetically felt to be a warning from the very gate of Heaven.

Propped with pillows, and left by her attend-

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ants, the dying girl turned her head toward the proud poet and noble standing by her bedside, and a slight blush overspread her features, while a smile of angelic beauty stole through her lips. In that smile the face reawakened to its former loveliness, and seldom had he who now gazed breathlessly upon her, looked on such spiritual and incomparable beauty. The spacious forehead and the noble contour, still visible, of the emaciated lips, bespoke genius impressed upon a tablet all feminine in its language; and in the motion of her hands, and even in the slight movement of her graceful neck there was something that still breathed of surpassing elegance. It was the shadowy wreck of no ordinary mortal passing away—humble as were the surroundings, and strange as had been his summons to her bedside.

"And this is Byron!" she said, at last, in a voice bewilderingly sweet even through its weakness. "My lord! I could not die without seeing you—without relieving my soul of a mission with which it has been long burthened. Come nearer—for I have no time left for ceremony, and I must say what I have to say—and die!"

She hesitated, and as Byron took the thin hand she held to him, she looked steadily upon his noble countenance.

"Beautiful!" she said; "beautiful as the dream of him which has so long haunted me!—the intellect and the person of a spirit of light! Pardon me, my lord! Pardon me that at a moment so important to yourself, the remembrance of an earthly feeling has been betrayed into expression."

She paused a moment, and the bright colour that had shot through her cheek and brow faded again, and her countenance reassumed its heavenly serenity.

"I am near enough to death," she resumed,—"near enough to point you almost to Heaven from where I am; and it is on my heart like the one errand of my life—like the bidding of God—to implore you to prepare for judgment. Oh, my lord! with your glorious powers, with your wondrous gifts, be not lost! Do not, for the poor pleasures of a world like this, lose an eternity in which your great mind will outstrip the intelligence of angels. Measure this thought—scan the worth of angelic bliss with the intellect which has ranged so gloriously through the universe: do not, on this one momentous subject of human interest,—on this alone be not short-sighted!"

"What shall I do?" suddenly burst from Byron's lips in a tone of agony. But with an effort as if struggling with a death pang, he again drew up his form and reassumed the marble calmness of his countenance.

The dying girl, meantime, seemed to have lost herself in prayer. With her wasted hands clasped on her bosom, and her eyes turned upwards, the slight motion of her lips betrayed to those around her that she was pleading at the throne of mercy. The physician crept close to her bedside, but with his hand in his breast and his head bowed, he seemed but watching for the moment when the soul should take its flight.

She suddenly raised herself on the pillow. Her long brown tresses fell over her shoulders, and a brightness unnatural and almost fearful kindled in her eyes. She seemed endeavouring to speak, and gazed steadfastly at Byron. Slowly, then, and tranquilly she sank back again upon her pillow, and as her hands fell apart, and her eyelids drooped, she murmured "Come to Heaven!" and the stillness of death was in the room. The spirit had fled.

TO A BABE.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Precious baby, rest thee here,
  Nestle thus about my heart:
Child, devoid of guilt and fear,
  What a mystery thou art!
'Tis a pleasure, little one,
  On thy sinless brow to look;
Life to do, and nothing done—
  Nothing written in thy book:

Link art thou 'twixt me and heaven;
  Blessed ministry is thine;
Unto thee a power is given
  To renew this heart of mine—
Childhood's fearless love renew—
  Childhood's truth, and holy trust;
And of youth bring back the dew,
  Lift the spirit from the dust.

Mothers may not know on earth
  Half the deep and holy spell
Wrought by infant tears and mirth,
  Meanings strange that few may tell:
Deeper grows the mother's eye
  With its look of love and prayer—
Holiest duty, promptings high
  Mingle with maternal care.

Careless thou as blossoms wild
  Growing in the light of heaven;
Thou, a meek and trusting child,
  Faith like theirs to thee is given:
And for thee I will not fear
  In the perils that await—
Thought and will, the prayer, the tear
  Arm thee strong for any fate.

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THE IMMIGRANT.

BY JOSEPH SILL.

This continent of North America seems to be the home of the world. Strangers from all parts of the old continent hasten hither as a refuge from poverty, oppression, and various other evils incident to thickly settled communities; and hope to lay the foundation for themselves and their posterity, of a well earned and honourable independency in this western hemisphere. People of all kinds, characters, and habits, come here with the fondest and most glowing anticipations of future happiness; and many of them think that it is only necessary to land upon these shores to insure instant comfort and abundance. The rich and the poor, the virtuous and the vicious, the learned and the ignorant, indulge almost equally in the wildest visions of terrestrial good to be found in these regions, which time and experience only can wholly eradicate. They think this country is either something like the famous Arcadia of the poets, where everything combined to gratify the senses, and charm the mind; or like the more modern region of the navigators, the splendid "El Dorado," where the precious metals lay scattered about in rich profusion, ready to be picked up.

The experience of the old settlers bears witness that this is nearly all delusion; that they found neither necessaries nor luxuries ready supplied to their desires; but that here, as well as in the countries which they had left, they experienced the same universal law, that a man's sustenance must be supplied by the labour of his hands, and the sweat of his brow. They found indeed that they had come into the possession of a goodly heritage, where the land gave forth abundant increase, and where they could sit down quietly when the labour of the day was over, "under their own vine and fig tree, with none to molest or make them afraid." And the same law still governs us in these later times, when the face of civilization has been spread far and wide over this vast northern continent, and the hum of millions now rises upwards from the cities and villages and settlements of this new world. Every one finds, when he comes here, that it is necessary to put his hand to the plough, and earn his bread by the same indomitable industry that was imperative upon him in the old country; and that no hope need be indulged of arriving at comfort or affluence without the greatest economy, and the hardest work.

With these introductory remarks, we purpose now to trace the simple annals of one of those immigrants who came hither in hope of bettering his condition in life. It is an unvarnished tale, and will probably express the history of thousands who have sought an asylum in the United States.

In the northern part of England, in the county of Cumberland, where that mountainous district is intersected by one of its peaceful and luxuriant valleys, dwelt a substantial farmer called Robert Graham, who had a good-tempered, robust dame, and three children, two sons, and a daughter. Mary was the eldest child, and was just ripening into womanhood when the period of this tale commences. The boys were two and three years younger, and were able to give occasional help in the labours of the farm, when the seasons of harvesting required their assistance, or the aid of many hands was requisite; but they were never called upon except when very urgently needed, because the farmer desired to afford them time enough to improve their minds at school, and be more proficient in a good practical education. He was quite aware of his own deficiency in that respect, and wise enough to perceive the great benefits that might accrue to them from a more enlarged knowledge. His parental feelings were properly directed in this instance; but it will be seen that his ideas upon this subject were not very consistent, and that he could ridicule the claims of education whenever his passions were excited.

He had a farm servant, whose name was Edward Foster, who was left an orphan at an early age, and who was indented to him by the parish officers for the regular period. Edward had fulfilled his engagement satisfactorily, and was now nearly two years beyond his majority, but was still hired on the farm at very good wages. He had become attached to the farm and to the family, and being of a cheerful, contented disposition, and willing to do a kind service to any of them, had become a general favourite. Agreeably to his indentures he had received the rudiments of an English education in the village school near the farm, at various intervals of leisure, mostly during winter; and being of an inquiring mind he was always ready to add to his stock of information. With Thomas and James he would sit down to read in the long winter evenings, and when called upon would hear them recite their lessons, and listen to their details of school exercises with pleasure and profit. He improved himself greatly in this way, and was always glad of an opportunity to attend upon them while they were thus employed. Edward was quite aware that Mary was still better informed than any of them, and was very glad to

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listen to her whenever she corrected them and set them right, which she always did in the gentlest manner. Mary was often asked by the old people to read to them aloud, which she complied with most willingly. Her voice was distinct and musical, and she read with fluency and effect. Sometimes she would select passages from scripture, such as Joseph and his brethren, the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, Boaz and Ruth, or the Psalms of David; but more frequently still from the gospels of the Saviour, when she would dwell with fervour on the sermon on the mount, on his intercourse with Mary and Martha and their brother Lazarus, and on those beautiful and affectionate discourses with his disciples which he held immediately before his death. Sometimes she would read portions of English history, particularly those parts which related to the border wars, and recite some of those quaint but heart-stirring ballads which are so truly descriptive of border incidents and manners; at other times she would select a chapter or two from American history, which was then attracting much attention, even throughout that secluded region; and would thus vary her quotations from evening to evening, so as to keep up a pleasant excitement, while she was imparting valuable instruction to the minds of her hearers. It was pleasant to observe that little group, in that lonely but comfortable farm-house, thus hanging delightedly upon the words of that young interesting girl, while the mother looked at her, over her spectacles, with a proud but swimming eye, and the old farmer inwardly thought that there was no other daughter like her.

There were other persons too who thought Mary a very superior person, and among them young farmer Ashton, who had shown an evident partiality to her. He was a good-looking fellow, and had a farm of his own hard by, quite as valuable as "the Grange;" but although young Ashton had the good wishes of the old folks, he did not seem to make much impression upon Mary, who regarded him merely as an acquaintance, and never encouraged him to a great degree of intimacy. Mary did not appear anxious to cultivate any new friends, for she was so contented within her own homestead that she did not care to go much beyond it, and her parents were so fond of her that they did not press her much to extend her acquaintance. There was a neat garden attached to the farm-house, which Mary delighted to keep in order, and to cultivate. She had acquired some little taste for the culture of flowers and plants when she was upon a visit to a neighbouring florist's, and she had added to her information upon this subject by reading and study. She was therefore very fond of her little garden, and was in it early and late, but still without interfering with her household duties. She had very often need of some help in the most laborious parts of its culture, and as Edward was always willing to give his assistance she frequently called upon him to aid her in her work. Mary was never so early in the garden, but that Edward was within call, and frequently within sight, and would jump to do her a service. Sometimes it would happen that the farmer would have to call loudly and repeatedly for Edward, to go to the field and attend to the plough, before Edward heard him, so deeply was he engrossed in the weeding or digging of the garden, or in planting seeds or slips which Mary was handing to him. Mary had heard her father scold Edward, with rather harsh words, upon several occasions, for his laziness, as he called it, while he had been waiting upon her; and she determined to avoid asking him into the garden again. But she would frequently forget her resolve, and be astonished at herself that she could have exposed him again to rude treatment on her account. Edward was, however, so very desirous of learning all about flowers and plants, that she could not refuse to give him some information about them; and when he brought from the field an early primrose, or a cowslip, or a sweetbriar rose, or a wild honeysuckle, and asked her kindly to tell him something about their order and their classification, she thought it would be rudeness to discourage him. He was so willing to oblige her that it would have been uncivil to withhold any kindness from him when he sought it with so much respect—Edward was, therefore, more than ever in the garden, and more attentive every day to the wishes of Mary. If she wanted anything from the village he would set off, if possible, directly, to get it for her; and whenever she would ride on horseback to church on a Sunday, he was sure to have the horse in the neatest trim, and would hold the reins, and help her to mount, and pay her many kind civilities, which she was glad to perceive, and to recognise. It often happened on her return that she found a freshly culled bouquet of flowers placed upon the window of the best room, where she was accustomed to sit, but on looking round to ascertain who could have put them there she generally missed Edward, or if he was present he was always looking another way. It began to appear therefore to Mary that Edward was a very modest, deserving youth; and a sigh would sometimes escape as she pondered upon the future. Edward was a hearty handsome young man, and contrasted very favourably with the surrounding country lads; indeed it was often remarked that the young girls in the neighbourhood seemed to put on their most comely smiles whenever he approached, and in case of any games or dances happening at harvest home, or during the Christmas holidays, he was sure to meet with plenty of partners. But still Edward seemed happier at the farm than anywhere else, and rarely stirred away from it except he was sent by farmer Graham to the neighbouring market, or to attend some annual fair, with the produce of the farm. Upon one of these latter occasions he bought a pretty little locket which was attached to a braided chain; and when he joined Mary in the garden on the next morning, and just before he was summoned hastily away by the farmer, he presented

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the locket to Mary with a trembling hand and a suffused check, and begged her acceptance of it, and before he could perceive her manner, or hear her reply, he hastened away to attend to his duties in the field. On the next morning, however, he perceived with pleasure that the locket was suspended from her neck, although he thought there was more restraint than usual in her behaviour. Neither of them spoke about it, and both seemed relieved when the time came for him to go to his daily work. Soon after this meeting the old dame perceived, while Mary was busied in her household duties, that she had got something new around her neck, and asked her what it was, when Mary replied, with some confusion of manner, that it was only a locket.

"And has farmer Ashton given it to thee, child?" inquired the dame.

"No, mother," replied Mary, "it was not the farmer."

"Not the farmer! well, child, who is this sweetheart of thine that has given it to thee? I declare it is very pretty, and real gold, I believe; who is it, daughter Mary?"

"Oh, mother, it is from no sweetheart, it is only a little present from Edward."

"What! Edward our lad! well, it must have cost a heap of money, and have taken several weeks wages of his, I reckon."

And this led the old dame to thinking, which brought to her recollection many little incidents connected with Mary and Edward, that awoke now a different train of reflections. She concluded therefore that she would make further observations before she communicated her suspicions to the farmer. And it was not long before a mother's discernment discovered that there was a deeply seated attachment between these young people, although she could not determine whether any real declaration had taken place. This discovery troubled her very much, because she feared the farmer's temper would break out when he found that the pride of his heart was going to throw herself away on a farmer's boy.

Now it happened, that about this period farmer Ashton began to renew his suit to Mary, with more earnestness than ever, and made her offers of many presents, which she always refused to accept. He came over very often to the Grange, dressed in his best suit; was in the habit of saying many complimentary things to her in presence of her parents, for he sought in vain for private interviews with her, and represented his farm to be in such a thriving condition, and his homestead so comfortable, that he made quite a favourable impression upon farmer Graham, who encouraged him to renew his visits, and always received him in a friendly manner. His frequent visitations, however, did not seem to be very influential upon her for whom they were intended; she always received his flattering speeches with a constrained manner, as if they were not agreeable. After one of these visits, while the old farmer sauntered along with young Ashton towards the stable, where he had put up his horse, the conversation turned upon Mary, when farmer Graham put the question to his guest,—

"Well, lad, how dost thou get along with thy courtship? how does daughter Mary seem to like thee?"

When Ashton replied frankly, "That he loved her more and more every day; but that he was afraid she was averse to him, as she gave him no encouragement, and treated him often with coldness; in fact, that he began to think she must like somebody else."

At this farmer Graham began to smile, and said, "I see thou art like all young lovers, afraid of thy own shadow; but pluck up courage, man, and don't show the white feather."

His horse was soon after brought out by Edward, who had overheard all that had been said, and whose heart sank within him at the thought of what might happen. The young farmer rode away with feelings scarcely less painful than Edward's; but he was of a sanguine temper, and as he galloped homewards, he seemed to enjoy the lightning speed with which he dashed over the road.

After the farmer and his wife were about to retire to rest that night, they began to talk, and to review the conduct of young Ashton and Mary; when the farmer happened to mention Ashton's fear that Mary liked somebody else, which he treated with some levity. The old dame thought this a fit opportunity to tell him what she had observed, and that Ashton's fear was not groundless.

"What dost tell me!" said farmer Graham; "dost thou mean to say that our Mary likes Edward Foster better than young Ashton? If I thought that I would soon put an end to his stay at the farm; it's all nonsense—thou art mistaken—Mary would never bemean herself in that way; she has too much sense." And so he silenced the old dame by his passionate words; but their sleep was disturbed by the thoughts which passed through their minds, and they arose in the morning little refreshed, and with more care than they had felt for a long time.

Mary was in the garden as usual early in the morning. and Edward was by her side, just handing her a simple bouquet, accompanied by some words which were evidently pleasing to her, as they brought a blush to her cheek, when farmer Graham rushed into the garden with passion in his looks, and ordered Edward "to leave the place, and mind his own business, and not to saunter away his time, and insult *his* daughter by his impertinent behaviour."

The young people started back at this rude salutation, and Edward's blood boiled to be thus spoken to before her; but he restrained his feelings, and went his way. The farmer, much as he loved his daughter, gave vent to many harsh expressions, and called her an undutiful baggage for neglecting a good offer from a man well to do in the world,

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and encouraging a fellow that was little better than a pauper.

"Get thee into the house," said he, "and I'll show the ungrateful rascal what he has to expect. I'll make him pack up his duds, and seek other quarters; he shall not stay here to disgrace me, or those that belong to me."

Mary was sadly dismayed at this passionate speech of her father's, but she felt it to be her duty to say a word or two in vindication of Edward.

"Father," said she, "do not injure him; he has never offended me, or done anything to cause me to think unkindly of him."

But the old farmer would not listen to her, and commanded her instantly to be gone. He then went into the fields and sought out Edward, who was busy at his work, although his heart was nigh to bursting. He commenced at once by charging the lad with ingratitude, with trying to ruin his child, and attempting to poison her mind against the honourable proffers of marriage made by young Ashton; and would scarcely allow Edward to say one word in explanation or defence, until he had told him that he must leave the farm at once, and seek his fortune elsewhere. Edward heard him patiently until he had done, and then said, "Farmer Graham, I have long expected this, and am therefore somewhat prepared for it. It is true that I have loved your daughter for a long time—I could not be near her, and not love her; but I have tried to disguise it even from her, and have never uttered a word of my love. I have felt proud of it, and have endeavoured to make myself worthy of her esteem by improving my mind, and adding to the little education I have received through your means."

He was here interrupted by the farmer, who tauntingly said, "Thou hast had too much schooling; thy education, as thou calls it, has made thee too pert, and boldened thee too much: thou art too fine for me, so get thee away as soon as can be."

"I do not wish to stay," replied Edward, "as I feel that I am unworthy of so great a boon. I have been thinking for a long time of leaving this part of the country, perhaps this part of the world, and the time has now arrived: I am ready to go."

It was soon known to all the house that Edward was about to leave the farm, and every one within it, except the farmer himself, was grieved on account of it. Poor Mary wept bitterly at the thought of parting with one who had ever been so gentle and attentive to her; and as she examined her heart she felt that he had indeed become very dear to her, and that the feeling was reciprocal.

Thomas and James felt quite beside themselves when they heard it, and besought the old dame to persuade their father to induce him to stay. "Why," said they, "who will keep the farm in order if he goes away? Edward 's the best hand at the plough in all this part of the country, and father will never get another like him. Why the horses follow him about like pet dogs, and everybody says that he is worth double wages." But the dame knew her husband's temper too well to attempt any such task, and she thought it best to allow things to take their course. She was not however less sorry than the rest that the poor lad was obliged to leave them thus suddenly, and she went to work immediately to get such things ready for him as she knew would be useful wherever he went. Her two sons warmly seconded her movements, and they each contributed a sum of money from their little store to replenish his purse. Edward had saved a sufficient sum to keep him for several months, and he had an inward conviction that he would always be able to provide for himself a decent and honourable maintenance. He was resolved therefore to leave the farm on the following morning; and when he communicated his intention to the old dame, who heard his resolution with real sorrow, he asked her to allow him a brief interview with Mary, as it might probably be the last he would enjoy as long as he lived. She could not refuse his request, and soon after, she took an opportunity to leave them together. Edward took hold of Mary's hand, and said that "as he was now about to leave his old home, and her society, he thought it due to her to say, that he was sorry he had caused her one moment's pain on his account; that he had loved her devotedly for a long period, though he had felt that it was a hopeless attachment. He was always aware that she was superior to him in station and in mind, and that he had done wrong, perhaps, to cherish a passion which might never be returned, but that it was accompanied with so much true pleasure, that he could not deny himself the indulgence of it. He would always continue to love her, wherever his fortunes might be cast; and would endeavour to make himself worthy of her continued esteem, if he could not hope for a return of her affection. It was his intention to embark for the United States of America, where he was told, an honest industrious man might in time raise himself to a respectable rank in life; and should he ever be fortunate enough to earn for himself a competent livelihood, he would consider it happiness indeed if she would consent to share it with him. But he did not seek any pledge from her—he would not ask her to discard more advantageous offers. *His* love would be ever abiding, and should be his support while he continued to exist." As these words fell from him in interrupted sentences Mary sobbed convulsively, and was at last compelled to seek support on his shoulder. She did not say much in words, but her feelings shone through her swimming eyes and choking utterance, and he was assured that he was loved in return. A few minutes—oh how fleeting they were! were passed in sweet and sorrowful communings, and as they were about to part, Edward pressed his lips upon her forehead, and bade her farewell!

There was little repose that night in the Grange farm, and almost every eye was wakeful when the morning dawned. Edward purposed to glide away unseen at the earliest light, and was the first afoot; he lingered around the house for a moment or two

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while his eye sought the little casement of the room where Mary slept, and breathing a heartfelt prayer for her present and future happiness, he slowly left the farm, the beloved scene of his youthful joys and sorrows. It was a spring morning, and the dew was heavy on the grass, and the lark's note was clearly heard from the highest heavens, as he pursued his solitary way, dispirited, and heavy-hearted; but while he was just passing the furthest verge of the farm, he heard a quick footstep behind him, and soon beheld James, at his topmost speed, running towards him; he stopped until the boy came up, and James faltered out, "O! Edward, why did you make such haste? you might have stopped to say good-bye to us; here is something for you, but you must not look at it now."

The boy then shook Edward's hand very heartily, and bade him farewell with tears in his eyes. Edward again hurried away, and soon after broke open the little packet, which contained a small lock of hair with the words "God bless you," written in Mary's characters. This was a balm to his sorrows which he had little expected, and he could well have said in the words of the great poet,

"How well my comfort is revived by this."

He met with no further interruption to his journey, but travelled onwards until he fell in with a stage-coach which was going to Liverpool, in which he was soon transported to that great commercial mart, where he engaged a passage in a ship bound to Philadelphia, to sail in two or three days. His mind was ill at ease, and the thought of Mary as the wife of another pressed heavily upon him; but he called up his firmest resolves, and said to himself, "If I remain at home, I shall never earn enough to maintain her; but abroad I may in time become an honourable citizen of a free country, and have a decent competency: I will trust to Providence." With these high and manly thoughts he bade adieu to his native country, and was soon gliding over the surface of the great deep, amidst a crowd of his own countrymen and countrywomen, none of whom he knew; yet he soon made himself known and esteemed, and before the long voyage was over, he had gained many friends.

CHAPTER II.

We do not purpose to trace the particulars of this voyage to America; the incidents of the life at sea are generally monotonous and wearisome; although it is said that a person's character is soon displayed on shipboard. Every one, if he studies his own happiness, should endeavour to contribute to that of others, when he finds himself placed in the crowded steerage of a ship, or he will soon find himself to be an object of general dislike. Edward had fortunately learned to yield up his own wishes and desires, while he lived at "the Grange," and found no difficulty, but a positive pleasure, in rendering any assistance in his power to those who needed it. He was therefore a ready help upon all occasions, and gradually became a great favourite to all on board. He would sometimes give a helping hand to the aged as they went tottering about the decks, or lend his arm to some of the buxom country lasses, or carry the young children about, or offer his assistance to the sailors when his strength might be required. In this way Edward made himself useful and gradually recovered his spirits. Among the passengers in the ship was a Yorkshire farmer, named William Baxter, who had with him a wife and three children, and as they were very decent, well behaved people, Edward cultivated their acquaintance. Baxter had some little means, and intended settling in the state of Ohio, where some of his friends had preceded him; and he rather encouraged Edward to accompany them to the settlement, if he had no other location in view; but Edward, although grateful for the offer, hesitated about accepting it, until he had some little experience of the state of the country. It is said that his hesitation was caused partly by an impression on his mind, that Jane Baxter, who was a fine blooming girl of seventeen, was partial to his company; and he was averse to encourage anything like a preference, as it could not be returned on his part. He was too strongly attached to Mary to permit any other idea to enter his mind, and too fearful of wounding the feelings of another to foster any misplaced affection. He therefore determined to inquire first whether a suitable situation could not be obtained in Pennsylvania, and in case he was unfortunate in that state, he would then seek his friend in Ohio.

After a six weeks voyage Edward and his friends landed in Philadelphia. It was in the month of May 1828, when they entered the Delaware Bay; and as they sailed up its quiet waters, they were delighted and invigorated by the warm and balmy breezes that came over the land; every eye was stretched over the beautiful landscape, and scarcely a house or a barn escaped their notice. The white cottages contrasting with the bright green of the trees and fields, gave them great pleasure; and the smart little vessels, with their trim sails, as they shot swiftly past them, were a constant source of delight. When they left England the season was still wet and chilly, and the atmosphere while they were at sea was raw and cold; and now to escape from their narrow and ungenial berths, where they were

"Cribb'd, cabin'd, and confined,

and be permitted to enjoy a clear, unclouded sky, and a summery warmth, was a gratification which cannot be adequately described. Those who had scarcely left their unwholesome berths, during many weeks, were now helped up on deck, and rigged out in their best attire, and placed along the bulwarks of the vessel, where they could see

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the flitting scenery of the river, and inhale the fresh and wholesome air. A long line of passengers arranged themselves on each side of the ship, and remained there until they arrived within sight of the city. If we could have penetrated into the thoughts of those strangers, when they first beheld the haven where they were bound, we would have found much disquietude and anxiety, much sinking of the heart, and dread of the future: they were now about to realize that they were in a new country; among a people who were strangers; amidst manners and customs with which they were not familiar, and exposed to all the uncertainties that attend an untried condition. The gentle and the timid shrunk back from the approaching trial with sighs and tears, while the boldest and most manly prepared to enter upon it with apprehension and dread. Edward was not free from this anxious state of mind, although he had prepared himself for the occasion; and while he endeavoured to cheer and encourage the Baxters, he was in need of some consolation himself. The first strange thing that attracted their attention, when they landed, was the freshness or newness of the buildings—they all looked recently put up—and the second was the number of coloured men and women they met with in the streets. Some of the passengers had never seen a coloured female before, and they were special objects of attention; but there were many minor things that soon drew off their gaze from them, and so they kept roaming about for an hour or two without any determinate object, save to gratify their curiosity.

As the Baxters intended to start for the West in a day or two, Edward agreed to go to the same inn, near the wharf, and remain with them until they departed. On the next day they got their luggage out of the vessel, and Edward accompanied them to take their places in one of the transportation lines to Pittsburg; where soon after he bade them adieu, and promised to go and pay them a visit in Ohio, if all things went well with him.

He was now left alone in this New World. A feeling of utter desolation pressed upon him for a moment as he wandered back to his lodgings, amidst the hum and bustle of a great city, with thousands of people passing and repassing him, not one of whom he knew. He had taken the precaution to get a certificate of character from the clergyman of the parish in which he had lived so long; and so much was he respected that he might have got *a line* from every farmer round about. Farmer Graham himself would have cheerfully given him testimonials of industry and integrity, if he had applied for them; but Edward was, perhaps, too proud to ask a favour from him, after the indignities he had received. He did not remain long idle in the city, but made inquiries of many persons he met with, as to the best mode of getting into employment as a farm servant. Amongst others of whom he made inquiry was the innkeeper, at whose house he lodged, who told him that he had heard that there was a benevolent society of Englishmen in the city, which did much to introduce recent comers into good situations, and he advised him to find the society out. Edward accordingly made inquiry, and was soon after directed to a venerable old gentleman, who was said to be the president of the society. This gentleman was very busily engaged with quantities of papers round him, and was holding conversations with many persons, who seemed to have business with him, when Edward called, and he was therefore about to withdraw, when the quick eye of the old gentleman noticed the movement, and he called to him to remain a few minutes, when he would be at leisure to speak to him. Edward consequently remained in a retired part of the room, and looked silently on. He was soon attracted to the wonderful activity of mind and body that was exhibited by that aged man, who was now engaged in talking with a gentleman in English, and presently after with another person in a foreign language; while all, by their behaviour and respectful attention to him seemed to be receiving favours of one kind or another; and yet this person appeared to be at the extreme of old age; his figure was light and attenuated; deep wrinkles furrowed his brow, over which a few silvery hairs were thinly scattered; and his cheeks were very thin and sunken; but his deeply seated eye was lit up by the fire of youth, and his mind appeared to be quite vigorous.

In a short time he had despatched his most pressing business, when he called the young man, and asked "whether he wished to speak to him." Edward told him in a few words, what employment he wanted, when the venerable old man inquired if he had brought written testimonials of character, ability, &c.; which were immediately produced. After looking over the certificate of the clergyman, he asked him to leave the document for the present, and told him to call in a couple of days, during which time he would make some inquiry, and endeavour to find employment for him. Edward was then about to retire, when he was called back to mention the place where he was to be found, which, as soon as the old gentleman heard, he appeared to know very well.

Edward was greatly relieved in mind since he had interested such a very benevolent person to procure him employment; yet he continued to make personal inquiry in the market houses, and at the tavern yards where country people resort; and not succeeding in these places, he strolled out into the neighbourhood of the city, and made applications at the farm-houses and country-seats that he met with in his walks. It was a pleasure to him to get out among the green fields, and varied surface of this beautiful country, and to examine the different methods of farming, and the different agricultural implements that were made use of; he would sometimes stop and gossip a little with some of the labourers at work in the fields,

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and would inquire of them whether employment was easily to be obtained or not. He found the people very civil and intelligent, and quite willing to give him all the information in their power; but none were able to point out any situation, although they encouraged him by saying, that "such a lad as he was" would not be out of employment long. After making fruitless inquiries for two days, which somewhat depressed his spirits, he returned to his lodgings in the city, late in the evening, when he was told that "a reverend looking old gentleman" had been there, and asked for him, and desired that he should call upon him in the morning. Edward knew at once that it must be the same person who had shown him so much kindness, and he was once more inclined to indulge hope of being speedily employed.

Early the next day, he hurried to the place of appointment, and again found the aged man immersed in a multiplicity of affairs. He was not long detained, as it seemed that everything had been prepared for him, and was addressed as follows:

"Well, my young lad, I think I have found a place for you; I have ascertained that my friend Mr. Morris wants a young Englishman on his farm, and I trust you will please him. His farm is about six miles off, and I wish you to apply immediately. Here is a letter, which I have written, to introduce you to him. Be steady, and endeavour to satisfy your employer, and you will no doubt do well."

Edward was then dismissed, after having received back his certificate of character, and returned thanks to the benevolent man who had been so active in his behalf. He hastened back to his lodgings, and having made inquiry there about the direction of the place, he started off at once, determined to lose no time in delivering the letter to Mr. Morris. There was a fine turnpike road nearly all the way, which led through a pleasing and well cultivated country; and he travelled along with a light heart, thinking of Mary and "the Grange," and connecting them with a distant but happy future. The precious lock of hair was often pressed to his lips, and the words "God bless you," seemed to give assurance to him that happiness was yet in store for him. It did not take Edward long to travel those six miles, as he was in robust health, and fond of the exercise, and incited to speed by the prospect of employment. In his way he passed through the large village of G—, and soon found out the *place*, as it was called, of Mr. Morris, which lay half a mile to the right. The house where he lived was within a few rods of the cross road, and was a well built stone mansion, with a wide porch in front of it; it was in very neat trim, and had every appearance of gentility and comfort. A little flower garden, with gravelled walks, and smoothly cut grass-plats, intervened between the house and the road, and seemed to be connected with a larger garden beyond it. Edward hesitated to go up to the house through the pretty garden in front, and perceiving a gate further on which led to the rear of it, he entered in that way, and inquired for Mr. Morris of a female servant; he was directed to the hall, which was very wide and airy, and led right through the mansion, where he found the owner seated on a settee, enjoying the fresh breeze as it passed through the entry. Edward took off his hat and presented the letter, which was immediately read by Mr. Morris, who, as soon as he perceived from whom it came, cried out, "Ah! from my old friend, Mr. V——; still thinking of others, I find, still as benevolent and active as ever."

Mr. Morris then inquired of Edward from what part of England he was, and whether that part was much improved; and entering into a free conversation with him, he ascertained something of Edward's history, and discovered that he was pretty well acquainted with the minutiæ of farming. In a short time terms were proffered and accepted between them, and Edward was engaged for a year as a serving man upon the farm. He was permitted to return to town to remove his luggage, and being there, he thought it due from him to inform Mr. V—— of his engagement, and to thank him again for his kindness. The venerable old gentleman was much pleased to hear of his success, and gave Edward some good advice, and told him that he would find Mr. Morris an intelligent and liberal employer.

When Edward laid his head on his pillow that night at Mr. Morris's *place*, he felt deeply grateful that he had been so highly favoured, and failed not to render thanks to the Almighty for his great care of him; nor did he forget to put up a petition for that excellent person through whose immediate means he had become so happily situated.

The farm of Mr. Morris consisted of about two hundred acres, and had once been well taken care of, but was now rather over worked; it wanted nourishing and good management. The head farmer, John Thompson, was a thorough going man, of a sanguine temperament, and had taxed the ground rather too much. Edward saw that it had been greatly impoverished, and what it required; and it soon appeared to John Thompson, as well as to Mr. Morris, that his views upon the subject were just, and worthy to be adopted; but these views were drawn from him at various times, incidentally, as he was modest in his own esteem, and was always afraid of appearing to undervalue the opinions or practice of others. He had been taught the practice of farming in a region of country where it was necessary to cherish and foster the land, so that its yield might be equable, to enable the farmer to compete with his neighbours, and to sustain the enormous load of taxes with which it was encumbered; and being brought up in this rigid and economical school, he was disposed to be careful of every inch of soil, and to supply it, from time to time, with its proper nutriment. He went to work also with heartiness, and continued industry, and never seemed to grow weary with

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field labour, although the heat of that summer was very great, and was very trying upon his English constitution. The coloured men of the farm even occasionally relaxed from work, but he seemed borne up by his fondness for rural employment, and by his secret desire to accomplish the great object of his life, the acquirement of a decent competence, and ability to support her whom he loved so dearly. In this way he went through the labour of the summer, and gained for himself the esteem of every body on the "place."

We have mentioned that there was a large garden attached to the house; and as Mr. and Mrs. Morris, and their only child Miss Emma, were much attached to floriculture, there was also a spacious hot-house in one corner of it, which was full of the choicest indigenous and exotic plants and shrubs. As the autumn advanced, and the air became chilly during the night, many of these plants were removed from the garden where they had remained during the summer months, and placed within the hot-house. Old William Bennett, the gardener, had been suffering for some time with the fever and ague, and could only direct the movements, while Edward and Ben, the coloured man, were called in from the farm to help in their transportation. He was here introduced into a scene which was almost altogether new to him, but which was very genial to those tastes of his which had some time lain dormant. He remembered the exquisite pleasure he had derived from those transient visits to the garden at "the Grange," and his fondness for gardening was increased by the great floral display he found within the hot-house. He was much gratified when he found old William quite competent to tell him the names of every flower, tree, vine, or shrub, that was contained within its walls, and that he was also well acquainted with their classical order and arrangement. It was no sooner apparent to the old gardener that the youth was interested in his favourite art, than he took special delight in instructing him in the rudiments whenever they were both at leisure; and as the winter advanced, when the duties of the farm became less burthensome, the opportunities for such instruction were found more and more frequently, and Edward became gradually initiated into that sweet rural art.

Mr. Morris was not slow to perceive the young man's growing inclination, and it had been observed also by Mrs. Morris and Miss Emma, who in their frequent visitations to the hot-house, or to various parts of the garden, frequently saw him weeding or trimming, or training the plants; and they would sometimes take advantage of his presence to make some alterations, or to have something removed, which he always complied with very cheerfully. They were quite aware, too, that he only employed that portion of his time which was not required on the farm, for the indulgence of this inclination, and that they were really the gainers by his devotion to the garden. In time, William discarded the previous habit of employing an additional gardener, at those seasons when much was to be done to the plants, and with the advice and consent of Mr. Morris called in Edward as his assistant upon all those occasions.

In the following summer it was remarked by all the visitors to the "place," that the grounds never looked in better order, or the flowers and plants in finer condition; and this was very gratifying to the family, and to old William in particular, whose heart was in his vocation; at the same time he was not insensible to the valuable aid he had received from the young Englishman, whom he seemed to cleave to with much respect and affection, and who in return paid him every attention, and helped him whenever he became weak by disease, or was overcome by continued exertion.

At the termination of the first year of Edward's service at the "place," he found that he had saved nearly two-thirds of his wages, and was about to deposit the amount in a savings bank in the city, when he was gratified exceedingly by a liberal gift of money from Mr. Morris, beyond the amount due to him, who accompanied it by various comments on his good behaviour and persevering industry, both on the farm and in the garden; and who promised to befriend him as long as he continued to deserve it as he had done during the past year. Mr. Morris was one of those kind considerate men, who think it due to the deserving and industrious to encourage them by occasional favours of this kind; and that the labours of the working classes are sometimes worth *more* than their *mere hire*. He knew the tendencies of human nature were always towards generosity and benevolence, and that the government of love was always more absolute than the government of force. He had observed Edward attentively since he had first come among them, and knew that he was conscientiously devoted to his duty, and that his presence and activity might be depended upon at all times, whether the eye of his employer was on him or not. He was persuaded that the farm had already received considerable benefit since he had arrived, although John Thompson took the most of the credit upon himself; but Mr. Morris could perceive things as well as John Thompson, and had seen that the working of the farm had been very different, and much superior, to the old system practised before Edward came. He was prompted, therefore, by a sense of duty, to requite him for his services, beyond the actual compact, and he felt assured that his liberality would be effectual for good.

The young husbandman felt more than ever thankful that he had fallen in with such an employer, and was determined to deserve his good opinion by a continuance of the same industry and zeal which had already secured such commendation and reward. His hopes arose as his prospects became brighter; and he sighed only to think that many years would probably elapse before he could save enough to compass his desires; that many accidents might happen to himself;

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that Mary might be obliged to marry young Ashton, or some other man who had houses and lands at his disposal; or that his continued absence might gradually, but certainly, wean his image from her mind. This last thought was, however, not so powerful upon him, because he believed that her affection was as deeply rooted as his own; but when he reflected upon the persecutions she might suffer from Ashton and others, probably urged by her father, he felt that he had great cause for apprehension, and this troubled him, at times, very grievously. At the end of the year he wrote a letter to the clergyman who had given him the certificate, detailing his little history since the time he had left "the Grange," and setting forth his hopes that his present position in this favoured country was only the prelude to still greater prosperity.

(To be continued.)

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

BY MISS M. A. FAIRMAN.

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

How quietly the still hour of twilight steals on. The sun's last golden ray, which lingered so long upon the eastern mountain, as "if parting were sweet sorrow," has disappeared. The last rosy tint is fading from the evening cloud. A deeper shadow settles over the valley. One by one "night's unwearied watchers" shine out in their "far off depths." The bird folds its weary wing within its little nest. The murmur of the bee is still. "The busy hum of man" is hushed. For a brief space the restless world reposes. It is the hour of prayer and meditation—the Sabbath of the day.

"All is so still, so soft in earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;
Secure, that naught of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene on such a night."

It breathes its own blessed quiet over the Christian's spirit, and disposes him to deep and earnest communings with himself, and with his Father. The world looses its hold upon his heart; wealth, pleasures, honours, earth's vain array, seem now but what they are—illusions, fleeting shadows. Cares and vexations, which, perhaps, too much occupied his mind, and ruffled his temper during the day, now sink into their real insignificance. He lifts his eyes to the magnificent firmament above him, and feels he is but a speck, an atom, in the vast creation; he thinks of his immortal spirit, and the priceless ransom paid for it, and knows it outweighs the worth of worlds.

Then serious, but pleasant thoughts possess his mind; the rapid flight of time—how soon its last hour shall have struck for him; and his ransomed spirit, breathing its last prayer, and dropping its frail tabernacle, shall rise to its blissful home in heaven. Oh, what light breaks upon the tomb! what an effulgence of glory beams beyond it! His is indeed the common lot, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and the clods of the valley are piled upon his once living, breathing form. But what then! It is only the senseless clay which moulders there; death cannot touch the immortal spirit; *that* is not shrouded in the grave.

But the twilight fades, darkness gathers, a deeper silence pervades all nature. It is to him the "still small voice" of his Father, and he "wraps his face in his mantle," and bows down in prayer.

There is a power in the voiceless eloquence of the hour even for the worldling. Its gentle influence, like a messenger from Heaven, breathes on his unquiet spirit, and the warring elements within are hushed. Unwonted thoughts press upon his mind. The bubbles he has just been so eagerly pursuing, seem now *but bubbles*. He throws back a hasty glance to wasted weeks, months, years, that are gone like a vision of the night never to be recalled. Life, life, oh what a very vapour 'tis; a quickly passing dream; toil and care, jealousy and strife, hopes and fears, a weary struggle for some unsubstantial good, have made up almost its sum. Ah, how seldom are its early promises fulfilled; and even if they were, even if the world spread all its gifts before men, yet they are transient as the summer cloud, and melt away like the morning dew. Yes, the Christian has chosen "the better part;" his hope shall not fade away. Well, well, when I have reached that envied elevation, when I have gathered a little more wealth, when I have brought a few more worldly schemes to a successful termination, then my affections shall loose their hold upon the world; I will think of serious things; I will be a Christian.

Ah, how many have such promises, and such reasonings, beguiled of heaven!

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A HUGUENOT FAMILY.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

(Concluded from page 148.)

The officer, after taking possession of the cattle in the name of Monsieur de Savery, returned to Poitou, and all remained quiet till towards evening, when Léonie was told that Monsieur Bertrand, Syndic of Poitou, demanded admittance to her mistress's apartment. Léonie, with indefinite forebodings, descended to the hall, where she found the man of authority attended by two soldiers, and a curate bearing the host.

"I have come," said the syndic, "to enforce the salutary law which orders that a magistrate shall enter the apartment of every Protestant dangerously ill, and demand a renunciation of their heresies; and such righteous demand being continently complied with, a holy man is at hand to do the sacred offices."

Léonie protested that the visitation could do her mistress no good, and might kill her. The syndic was inexorable. Léonie threw herself on the compassion of the curate, and intreated him to interfere.

"It will be to no purpose," said the syndic; "law goeth before the gospel in this case."

"And villainy before both," cried Léonie, her indignation mastering her prudence; "but after that will come the gospel and its judgments; tell him so, Monsieur Curate. I know you, Master Syndic, and how you have pettifogged your way to the magistrate's chair; and it is because my master has wrested from you your ill-gotten gains, and saved many an honest man from your clutches, that you hasten hither to wreak your vengeance on his falling house."

"Give way, woman," said the syndic, pushing Léonie from the door, against which she had planted herself; "and you, Monsieur Curate, if this wolf in sheep's clothing be of your flock, look to her. Show us your lady's apartment," he added, turning to a servant, who led the unwelcome visitor through a long corridor and into a chamber adjoining that of his mistress. There, against her door, stood a lad in a travelling cap and cloak, and with a pale and anxious countenance.

"My God! Eugene!" exclaimed Léonie, in a suppressed voice.

The colour suffused the boy's cheek; he recognised Bertrand, and knew he was an intruder. Subduing his voice to a hoarse whisper, he advanced to the syndic, and demanded why he was there?

"He is a villain! murderer! devil!" said Léonie. "He is forcing his way to your mother's room; he will surely kill her."

"He dare not enter there! he shall not. Back! on peril of your life!" cried Eugene, drawing his sword.

"Seize him, fellows!" said the syndic, to his attendants.

"No! do not!" exclaimed Léonie, frightened at the consequence of her own imprudence. "He is a boy—a child. Eugene, my darling, put up thy sword, there is no use. Nay, nay, my good fellows, do not seize him." She wrenched the weapon from Eugene's hand, and holding it up to shield him, she besought him, for his mother's sake, to save himself. She whispered a word to him, and added aloud, "begone! begone!"

The sword was wrested from her; she clutched the men by the hair like a wildcat, and while they were struggling for extrication Eugene disappeared.

This encounter had no tendency to soften the syndic. Léonie in vain entreated for a few preparatory moments with her mistress; he pushed her aside and opened the door; but he involuntarily stopped on the threshold. There is no heart quite obdurate to those sorrows or joys that are common to all humanity. A mother with a newborn child is a sight to subdue a savage, to touch with reverence the rudest boor. Madame d'Argile, wakened by the noise, had raised her head from the pillow, put aside her curtain, and instinctively stretched one arm over her infant, which Léonie had left, enveloped in its baby covering, on the bed beside her. The light of the lamp fell on her bloodless face, and her eye and brow expressed bewilderment and inquiry. At the head of the bed, close to her, but concealed from his mother by the folds of the curtain, stood poor Eugene. The light glanced athwart his round cheek and rich curling hair. The fire had gone out of his eyes; they were brimming with tears. The poor boy had intended to conceal himself, but in passing by a private entrance to his mother's apartment, the impulse to enter it was too strong to be resisted, and he looked now as if he were stationed by his mother's bed to do an angel's office; alas! without an angel's power.

The syndic was the first to speak. "Madame Emilie d'Argile," he said, "I come in the name of his majesty, Louis the King, and of our holy church, of which he is the most gracious defender, to summon you, now on the brink of the grave,

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and in peril of eternal damnation, to renounce your errors, and abjure your heresies, and return to the condescending love and grace which our holy church offers to the penitent."

"What does he say, Léonie?" asked Madame d'Argile, sinking back on her pillow.

"I say," replied the syndic, and he reiterated in a louder and harsher tone what he had already said.

Madame d'Argile seemed to have received but one idea. "If I am dying, Léonie," she said feebly, "why is not my husband here?"

Léonie made no reply, and the truth flashed on her mistress's recollection. She pressed both hands to her head as if a thunderbolt had fallen there, and groaned but did not speak. After a moment she looked up imploringly, saying, "Eugene! cannot I see him once more, Léonie?"

Eugene bit his lips, but neither spoke nor moved. "He will be here to-morrow, my dear lady."

"Believe it not, Madame," said the curate, stepping forward, and motioning to the syndic to withdraw. "Death has already laid his icy hand upon you. But fear him not; fear him only who can kill both soul and body. I open to you a way of escape. Will ye have me do my holy office that ye may die in peace and hope?"

"I would die in peace and hope," she faintly replied.

The curate drew a crucifix from his bosom; Eugene raised his hand in earnest deprecation; Léonie gently repressed him, and said "dear Master Curate, she cannot rightly comprehend you; wait till the morning."

"Wait! woman! where will her soul be then?"

Léonie's lip quivered with the reply that rose to it; but her religious awe overpowered the strong impulses of affection, and she was silent. The priest held the crucifix before Madame d'Argile while he pronounced a solemn adjuration to repentance in a monotonous ecclesiastical tone.

Madame d'Argile's mind seemed to have been in part stunned by her husband's death, and in part paralyzed by her illness. It was powerless. All recent impressions had vanished, and in their place her old associations returning, she drew the crucifix to her lips, and kissed it with a faint smile. This to Léonie, the Catholic, seemed the consummation she had devoutly wished; she fell on her knees and gave her mind half to earth and half to heaven, her eyes turning incessantly from Madame d'Argile to Eugene, and her lips moving in prayer. The priest proceeded, according to the prescribed ritual of the church, to repeat a formal renunciation of heresy, and at the close of each sentence he said, "And to this you assent, Emilie d'Argile?" She replied by a scarcely audible affirmative. When this part of the service was ended, Léonie became alarmed by signs of exhaustion which no experienced eye could mistake, and she entreated the priest to suspend the service, but he bade her be silent, and proceeded to repeat the articles of faith, ending each with "say, 'I believe;'" and each time Madame d'Argile faintly responded "I believe." Poor Eugene! he looked like a martyr at the stake, as by turns love, despair, or indignation possessed him. The priest proceeded, and finally summed all up in the consoling doctrine, that every son and daughter of the true church inherited eternal life, and every heretic, by whatsoever name named, eternal damnation. As he concluded, Madame d'Argile, instead of responding "I believe," started from the half death of unconsciousness to life and intelligence. She fixed her eyes on the priest and on the symbols of his office. "What does this mean!" she asked. He affected not to notice her altered voice and expression, but proceeding, offered the consecrated wafer to her lips. She gently put it aside, saying, "Nay, good curate."

"Daughter, beware of sacrilege! thou art damning thy soul with double damnation if thou now relapsest."

"Has he tampered with me, Léonie? I go with my account to God. He will not mark against me what I have unknowingly said or done, but do thou, Léonie, bear witness for me to my son that I die in our reformed faith. Tell him—tell my dear boy, to keep his conscience void of offence towards God, and to live in love and charity with all men; and oh! dear Léonie! tell him that if, by the grace of God, he does so, his mother, bred a Catholic, dying a Protestant, believes it matters not by what name he is named; and for my baby—this little lamb—God guide and guard her. Lay her close to my bosom, Léonie."

Léonie rose to do so. The priest pushed her rudely aside. "Madame d'Argile," he said, "dost thou think of the manifold perils to which thou exposest thy children by refusing to make thy peace with the church?"

"I commit them to God's care."

"Thou art obdurate. Dost thou know that by sacrilegiously rejecting and contemning this holy sacrament, thou dost, by a late edict, render thy dead body liable to be dragged through the street, and dishonoured like that of the guiltiest wretch that dies on the gibbet?"

"The body is but a cast off garment."

"But so it shall not seem to thy boy, when he sees thee dragged along the ground like a dead dog."

"Wretch! begone! out of my mother's presence!" cried Eugene, involuntarily starting forward, and, as he did so, oversetting a little table on which the crucifix stood, with a lamp, the sacred ointment, the chalice, and the host.

"Oh! Eugene, hush!" said Léonie, looking aghast at these consecrated things lying dishonoured on the ground. "Oh! on thy knees to the good curate."

But Eugene did not even hear her, his mother's arm was around him, his cheek was on hers, and both mother and son were unconscious of poor Léonie's intreaties.

"Good curate," she said, "you have had a

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mother, and she is dead. Pity the poor boy! do not report what he has done! he so loves her; and she is dying. She is—alas! I know it—a sinner against the holy church; but indeed, indeed, she is a saint in her own home."

The curate vouchsafed not one word, but darting malicious glances at the bed, and angry ones at Léonie, he departed, Léonie muttering as she closed the door after him, "he has far more dishonoured the cross than this poor ignorant boy; his is a black heart under a fair outside; all he cares for the converts is the price he gets for them."*

"My dear child, raise my head a little, and let me lay it on your breast," said Madame d'Argile; "there, I breathe easier; I can speak to you now. It is God's will, my dear boy; we must part."

"Oh! no! dear mother, it must not be! do not say so!"

"Yes, Eugene; and it is in mercy that God takes us."

"*Mercy!* Oh! mother!"

"Hear me, dear child; and if you love me be more calm: your heart throbs so that I cannot rest my head on your breast, dear, if you do not quiet it."

"I will, mother; I will try."

"There is a cruel persecution opened upon us, Eugene, and God in infinite mercy removes your parents from it to the peace and love of heaven. If I could I would stay with you, and with this poor little unconscious thing; but this is the weakness of a mother's love; I could do nothing for you. Seek the truth and hold fast to it, my dear boy."

"Dear mother, I will; but how shall I be sure when I find it· our good pastor called one thing truth, and dear Father Clement another, and when I have no longer you nor my father to tell me which it is, what am I to do?"

"Hold fast, ever, my dear child, to the great truth that is above all—love, supreme love, to God, and self-sacrificing love to your fellow-creatures. This is the great unchanging truth. While you hold to this God abideth with you, and you have no need of man's direction. My strength is going fast; do you understand me, Eugene?"

"Yes, dear mother."

"All evil will, finally, be overcome, but in the mean time there will be much sin and sorrow. If it be possible, Eugene, escape from this old world, and go to that fresh western land where you may serve God as your conscience directs."

"Anything will be possible that you wish me to do, mother."

"Thank God! I believe so, Eugene; but my poor baby—you can do nothing for her."

"Oh! do not think so, dear mother. She will be all that I have left. God will help us, mother."

"He will, my child, he will—take her little hand in yours—I commit you both to Him."

* The priest made lists of his converts, and in the margin marked the price affixed to each head, which was paid by the officer appointed to receive these returns.

The hope that rose in the mother's heart, above every fear, brightened her countenance, and lit her eye as she raised it in prayer that no words can express.

Léonie had admitted Father Clement by the private entrance, and he had heard the words of faith and love; the little sectarian mist that hung about the clear atmosphere of the good man's soul was dissipated, and he involuntarily uttered the words that rose to his lips—they might have been the inspiration of his long fast, vigil, and prayers —"Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee!"

"Dear Father Clement!" said Madame d'Argile faintly, and taking his hand, "thank you for your parting blessing; there is but one faith, one hope, on the death-bed; dividing lines end here." She pressed his hand to her lips, and then her faithful servant's, "my good Léonie."

A deep silence followed. It was too late for the holy offices of the church, even if there had been any hope the patient would receive them; and the saintly sorrow-stricken priest stood bent forward, his hands folded over his breast, and his eyes raised to heaven. Léonie knelt at the foot of the bed, her hands clasped, and her tears pouring down like rain. The mother's head still rested on the breast of her boy. His close set teeth and purple cheek betrayed his effort to suppress the tumult in his heart, and contrasted with the celestial peace on his mother's countenance. No cloud of fear or anxiety hung over her clear brow, her hair was parted from it, and lay in rich dark tresses on her pillow. The dawn of immortality was on her, converting the paleness of death into light. The baby's tiny hand was clasped in Eugene's, and both rested on their mother's breast; she raised them to her lips and breathed her last breath upon them.

The first knell of death, the thrilling silence of the death-chamber, struck on Eugene. He turned to Father Clement, and from him to Léonie; neither spoke; their eyes were closed for a moment; then Léonie gently raised his mother's head from his breast, and laid it back on the pillow, and Father Clement laid his hand on the poor boy's throbbing temple, and said, "She is gone, my child." Eugene buried his face in the clothes beside his mother, while his two faithful friends, kneeling before a crucifix, prayed for the departed with a fervour so sincere and so soothing that a Protestant might have envied them the faith that extended the exercise and power of affection beyond the grave.

On the day after Madame d'Argile's death as little Marie, who, from living a life happy and free as the birds and flowers, had become the hard driven drudge of the Poitou prison, was doing one of her daily tasks, filling the water-jugs for the prisoners' cells, she received a cuff on the side of her head, (happily somewhat protected by masses of curls,) followed by a surly "what are you spilling that water for? can't you pour it in the jug as well?"

"No, I can't, Master Arnaud," she replied,

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dropping her pitcher, whose cool contents, flowing over her master's feet and ancles, had no tendency to cool his temper. I can't," she replied, striking one dimpled hand into the palm of the other, "I can't and I won't——"

"Won't! you impertinent little minx!" he cried, breaking off her sentence by striking her half a dozen blows, first on one side of her head, and then on the other.

"No, *I won't*," she resumed, unmoved by this brutality; "you may beat me, you may lay me dead at your feet; but I will never do another stroke for you or yours if you persist in refusing to let me go to the Château to look once more upon my mistress Emilie before they bury her. Oh! that one so good and kind should ever be buried up in the ground!"

"You may think her well off if she can keep buried in the ground, for there she is already."

"Buried already; and only dead yesternight! Nay, it cannot be; you only say this, Master Arnaud, just to keep me here."

"Hussy! what need have I to lie to such as thee? have not I the strong hand, and the whip in it? No, no, I tell you, they shovelled your lady there into the grave at the dawn of day, for since the new edicts the heretic people may only bury their dead at dawn and twilight."

"And is she buried? my dear, dear mistress! shall I never see her again? never? never?"

Poor little Marie gave way to tears and cries.

"What ails the girl? has she heard of it?" asked a man who just turned in at the street door, addressing Arnaud.

"Heard of what? anything new going on at the château? I thought all was done there."

The new comer, in his eagerness to tell news, was heedless of Marie's presence, to whom each word he uttered was as a serpent's tooth; and he proceeded to state that the magistrates had been informed by the curate of certain outrages against him, and the holy offices of the church, at the château. How Madame d'Argile had, in her last moments, refused and derided his services, and made a mock of the charities offered to her perishing soul. And how the boy, her son, instigated by her evil example, had committed the boldest sacrilege, strewing on the ground and trampling under foot the holiest symbols of the church, and had proceeded to offer the grossest indignities to its representative the curate. These enormities being duly considered, the occasion was deemed a fitting one for the most appalling manifestation of the power of the true church. Accordingly an order was issued for disinterring the body of Madame Emilie d'Argile, and dragging it around the public square of Poitou. And that this vindictive vengeance might lack none of the accessories to give it the picturesque effect for which the French have been always rather remarkable, measures had been taken that the guard sent to the château to convey Eugene to prison should meet the procession in face of that edifice, that the loving boy might see the mother on whose bosom he had hung, whose every hair was to him a sacred relic, dragged at the tail of a cart round the public square of Poitou! And this was done that heretics might be brought back to the true faith in Jesus! Like acts have been done with a like purpose by many sects called Christian!

"Here will be the best place to see the meeting," said the jailer's friend in conclusion. "This young gallant will come into the square by that street, and his mother's body by this," pointing to the streets that, running parallel, entered the square on each side the prison; "and they will naturally halt in front of us, as the boy is to be given into your keeping. How the good people love a pretty show like this now! they are gathering from all points; see them settling round St. John's steps like flies round honey; a *sweet* sight it will be. See those old women hobbling up to the shrine of the virgin—it may be to pray for her soul; her carriage never passed that alms wer'n't thrown to them. Lord help us! see old Valet smiting his breast; he's thinking of all she did for him when his boys were killed in the Spanish war. They'd better have left the poor lady in her grave, to my mind."

Poor little Marie had been effectually silenced by the first words of this communication. Not a word, tear, or sob, came from her. Shivering as if an ague had seized her, she stole across the apartment, and, climbing on to a stone window-seat she opened a casement-window, and stretched her little body half out of it, looking wildly on one side and on the other. It was a touching sight, to see that little dimpled, rosy, laughing, shouting creature, impressed with horror, and colourless as marble. She had not long stood there when she heard a rush, and then a maddening shout, and a troop of mounted soldiers wheeled into the square, and halted before the jailer's house. As there was some little manœuvring, to clear the space before them, Marie saw Eugene stationed at the very front, every object removed that could intercept his view of the ghastly spectacle preparing for him; there he was, helpless, his hands bound behind him, and his bridle-rein held by soldiers. Then on the other side, through the narrow street, came the sound of tramping horses, and every head turned that way, and every eye in that direction; all was silence and expectation; life seemed suspended this moment, for the sensation of the next.

"Master Eugene!" screamed Marie, "shut your eyes! look not that way! Oh! hear what I say!"

Eugene looked wildly round, but he saw nothing; half a dozen horsemen had drawn up between him and Marie, and there was no familiar sound in her strained and terror-struck voice. A soldier struck her, blow after blow, on her head and shoulders, with the hilt of his sword, till, overcome by the general feeling, she too turned her eyes to the troop now pouring into the square. They came —all—but where were the spoils of the grave? not there! A general buzz of inquiry and exclamation

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rose from the crowd. Little Marie, overcome by the sudden revulsion of feeling, rolled back from the window on to the stone floor, and fainted away.

It was a few evenings after, that this same child, in the dead of night, stole into the jailer's apartment. She dreaded the man as a child dreads an ogre, and it was gratitude and feudal devotion fortifying a love stronger than the love of life, which inspired a child of ten years with courage to do what she was now bent on doing. The jailer was asleep in his bed. A lamp was suspended from the ceiling, which, sending a broad light in every direction, left no friendly shadow for a moment's shelter. The keys, of which Marie was to possess herself, were under the jailer's pillow. They were attached to a ring made of a series of small, clear-toned bells, that rung at the slightest touch. Marie stood for a moment hesitating.

"If he should wake!" thought she. "Heaven grant good father Clement has well drugged his wine!" She slid her arm under his pillow. He started, muttered in his sleep, and turned. She did not move, nor even tremble, but firmly grasped the ring and pulled it towards her. The bells tinkled. The jailer threw off the bedclothes and cried 'help!' but it was the cry of a troubled dream, and assured of this, after a moment's breathless listening to his heavy breathing, Marie drew out the keys, and muffling the bells in her apron, she glided out of the room. Away she went through long dark corridors, and up and down winding stairs, till she came to an apartment doubly locked, barred, and bolted. She did her task with a hand so skilful, and a step so light that she entered the cell without breaking the slumbers of the prisoner. Eugene's cheek rested on his hand, in which he held a miniature of his mother, and the expression of his face was as peaceful and contented as if the illusions of his dream were a reality, and he were actually enfolded in his mother's arms. "He could not sleep so," thought Marie, "if he knew that poor Alix died on this straw he lies on, and died for the will to serve dear mistress Emilie!" She knelt down and wakened him with a kiss. A few sentences passed between them, and he rose and followed her out of the cell. She replaced the fastening, and after many turns and windings, they came to a secret door that opened into a subterranean passage, connecting the prison with a neighbouring monastery, a passage known only to Father Clement and a few of his brotherhood. There Father Clement received him, and there with many tears and embraces Eugene parted from Marie, who returned and replaced the keys, and who, as she afterwards told, secretly laughed many a time at the general conclusion that the devil had spirited away the prisoner.

It was on the following night that Eugene stood with Father Clement under the cloister of St. François beside his mother's grave. "Here, my dear child," said the good man, "she will rest in peace. Léonie and I foresaw what must happen. The coffin which you believed contained your mother's body was buried in the Protestant burial place beside her father. A sufficient weight was in it to delude those who bore it there. There, by a cruel order, it was unearthed, but as you know, your mother's precious body was not found within it. Here she lies beside her mother, and her mother's kindred."

"But dear Father Clement, do not you—does not your church, I mean, forbid consecrated ground to those she calls heretics?"

"She does, my son, but it seemeth to me that if the prayers and alms of the heathen man, Cornelius, went up as a memorial before God, that your mother's life of good deeds has expiated her error of faith; perhaps, my child," added the good father with a faint smile, "unshed tears, tears stayed by love and charity, may wash out these light stains on the soul."

It was not for his mother's soul, but the precious sanctuary which once contained it that Eugene was anxious. "And will she rest here, dear Father Clement?" he asked, "will no one dare"—

"Softly, my son: no one knows but Léonie and I, and Léonie, if she were drawn by wild horses, would not betray the secret. There will be no disturbance here till the great day when the dead shall rise from their graves. While I live, this shall be holy ground to me, and I will tend it with vigil and prayer."

"Oh, Father Clement, you are not a Catholic, you are nothing but a Christian."

Father Clement smiled through his tears. "Truly, my son," he said, "I would be nothing else. Every other name by which Christ's followers are called is subordinate to that, and I would that all others were abolished, and that his disciples were known and bound together, by that on earth, as they will be in heaven. But, my son, we must not linger; danger is here, safety hence."

Eugene knelt beside the grave, he kissed the stone that covered it, and love and faith mingled in silent prayer. He was there but a moment, but it was one of those moments that gives its stamp to the whole of after life.

Our extracts, with the necessary amplifications, have extended beyond the limits prescribed to us, and we can only add, that strictly obeying Father Clement's instructions, and sheltered by disguises, Eugene passed from one Protestant house to another till he embarked for England. The wreck of his maternal property with his father's small patrimony were afterwards transmitted to him; and keeping steadily in mind his mother's dying wish, after getting his education in England, and in consequence of the interposition of powerful friends being joined by Léonie, his young sister and Marie, he associated with other Huguenot families who emigrated to America. After being a few years here, and forgetting or disregarding the conventional ranks of the old world, he married Marie, and if we may judge by their descendants, secured the transmission of such beauty, wit, and worth as seldom goes by royal patent, though stamped with a ducal coronet.

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ALINA DERLAY; OR THE TWO CAPS.

A TALE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Concluded from page 120.)

PART THE THIRD.

In another moment Alina made her appearance, and both hopes and fears were at an end. On her head was the cap made by aunt Elsey.

Imogene could scarcely restrain herself from uttering an exclamation: and little Cora actually did so. Leonard looked surprised and displeased: Mrs. Rochdale surprised only: and Mr. Rochdale wondered what was the matter. But the face of Edwin brightened: and hastening towards Alina, whose cheeks were suffused with crimson, and whose beautiful eyes were cast on the ground, he put her arm within his, and led her to an ottoman in one of the recesses; saying softly as they crossed the room, "Dear Alina, you are true to yourself: I rejoice—and congratulate you."

Encouraged by the approbation of Edwin Rochdale, and conscious that she had done rightly, Alina made an effort to throw off the embarrassment that had nearly overcome her on appearing in such a head-dress; for though the act was voluntary, her youthful nerves had been greatly fluttered by its performance.

"The worst is now over," continued Edwin; "and since you have made this sacrifice to affection and gratitude, (a sacrifice which I now confess to be no trifling one,) I hope you will be able to rally your spirits, and to go through the evening bravely."

He looked at her again; and her motive for wearing it, made the cap, in his eyes, appear beautiful.

"Dear Edwin," said Alina, "I knew that I should be sure of *your* approval."

Edwin felt as if he never again could be susceptible of an unhappy sensation.

"I perceive," continued Alina, "that every one is looking at the cap, and wondering, of course, why I wear it. No matter. Let them attribute it to bad taste, to whim, or to eccentricity. Politeness will restrain them from making any remarks in my hearing, or from asking me questions about it. The guests that are here to-night may discuss the subject a little to-morrow: yet, even then, what can they say, but that Alina Derlay wore a very singular and a very unbecoming cap at her birthday party. I can only hope that this evening I may say or do nothing calculated to excite animadversions of more importance."

"I am sure you will not," replied Edwin warmly; "you never do—you never can. You may well afford to wear for once an ugly article of dress. All who know Alina Derlay, and appreciate her as she deserves, will feel confident that in this, as in everything else, she can only be actuated by a good and sensible motive."

Just then some of Alina's young friends came in; and having paid their compliments to Mrs. Rochdale, they repaired to our heroine. Alina rose to receive them, and saw that, for a moment, they looked earnestly at her cap. "I must endeavour to get used to this," thought Alina; and, assisted by Edwin, she commenced a lively conversation with the Miss Delfords and their brother; and in a little while she entirely forgot the *outré* appearance of her head. Edwin was shortly obliged to leave her, to do the honours to two very diffident young gentlemen, about his own age.

In the mean time, Julien Sandoval, who being in the other room, had not recognised Alina when she entered, said to Leonard Rochdale, "I have not yet seen my lovely little friend Miss Derlay. Will you conduct me to her?"

Leonard, much vexed at his fair cousin for wearing the redoubtable cap, thought she was now going to receive her punishment; and taking the arm of Julien led him immediately to Alina, and presented Mr. Sandoval to Miss Derlay with a glance of mischievous significance. Alina changed colour, and could not repress her confusion, as Julien looked for a moment in evident amazement at her singular *coiffure;* which, indeed, was so unfavourable to her face, that he thought she had grown up with far less beauty than her childhood promised.

Alina introduced Mr. Sandoval to the two Miss Delfords, who were sitting near her: both of them very handsome girls, with their profusion of hair beautifully arranged, and gracefully decorated with a few exotic flowers. These young ladies talked to Julien about Paris; the company began to arrive rapidly; and soon was heard the sound of the music, as a signal for the dancing to begin. Leonard Rochdale requested the hand of the eldest Miss Delford, and Julien Sandoval immediately became a candidate for that of her sister. Alina Derlay endeavoured to check a rising sensation of disappointment; and the idea struck her, that had it not been for the cap, Julien Sandoval would have danced the first set with herself. "I must indeed look ugly in it," thought the poor girl.

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Just then came up Altham Linsley, a very handsome young gentleman, originally from Brookfield, but now practising law in Philadelphia, and a frequent visitor at Mr. Rochdale's. He could not at first discover why Miss Derlay looked so much less lovely than usual; but on observing her cap, he at once supposed it must be that which diminished her beauty. "Have you any message to Mrs. Wendover?" said he; "I am going to Brookfield the day after to-morrow, on a visit to my mother and sisters. What shall I tell your good aunt?"

"Tell her," replied Alina, resuming her cheerfulness, "that I am well: and that you saw me wearing, on this occasion, the cap she was so kind as to make me for the purpose; and on which she has bestowed such a variety of excellent needlework."

"When I was last in Brookfield," said Linsley, "I frequently saw Mrs. Wendover at work on a cap, which I recognise to be the same that is now on your head. She enjoined me to secrecy, supposing you would enjoy her gift the more for its coming unexpectedly. Excuse me for saying that I can now understand and appreciate your motive for wearing, this evening, a head-dress which cannot be otherwise than at variance with your usual excellent taste. May I ask the favour of your hand for the dance?"

Alina complied; and Altham Linsley led her to the cotillion in which Sandoval and Miss Delford had taken their places: Leonard and Miss Julia Delford were also there. A few moments before, as Imogene passed Leonard with a gentleman who was conducting her to a cotillion in the other room, she had said softly to her brother, "I fear poor Alina has not yet been asked to dance. She now begins to feel the bitterness of the cap."

In this supposition Imogene Rochdale was mistaken. Alina's delight at finding that her aunt Elsey would so soon hear, by means of Mr. Linsley, that the cap had been worn as intended, counterbalanced the little mortification she had felt at not opening the ball with Julien Sandoval. She danced opposite to him. And in those days young people *really* danced: not having yet adopted the absurd fashion of merely walking through the cotillion. Also, the figures of the cotillions were diversified, graceful, and amusing: while those of the present time are characterized by nothing but an insipid sameness.

Alina now felt very happy; and she rejoiced in the sacrifice she had made for the gratification of her aunt. The animation of her beautiful countenance, and the grace and lightness of her dancing, rivetted the attention of Sandoval, who began to think that, in spite of the cap, she was the loveliest girl he had ever beheld; and he experienced an immediate revival of the interest he had taken in her when she was just emerging from childhood.

When the set was over, and the gentlemen had conducted the ladies to their seats, and the lemonade, &c. was handing round, Linsley, who had known Sandoval before he went to France, (having frequently met him at Mr. Rochdale's,) expressed his pleasure at this opportunity of renewing acquaintance with him. They entered at once into familiar conversation: and Linsley was so full of what he considered Alina's magnanimity, that he could not refrain from introducing the subject; remarking to Sandoval, "You did not sufficiently envy me my charming partner. I should not have been so fortunate as to obtain her hand for the first set, but that (to their shame be it spoken,) there was to-night a little less *empressement* than usual among the young men for what, under any circumstances, they ought to have regarded as a pleasure and an honour. And it was merely because she does not look quite so lovely as usual. Confess the truth, Sandoval: after your long absence, were you not somewhat disappointed in Miss Derlay's appearance?"

"I acknowledge," replied Sandoval, "that my first impression this evening with regard to the young lady's beauty was somewhat less vivid than I had anticipated."

"It is only her cap," said Linsley: "nothing but her cap, I can assure you. She lost so much of her hair by a severe illness, that it was thought expedient to cut off the remainder; and till it has grown again sufficiently, she is under the necessity of wearing caps."

"I have no objection to caps," renewed Sandoval, "provided they are pretty ones. Generally I think, if tasteful and simple, they rather improve than diminish the beauty of a female face.

"You mean to imply," said Linsley, "that Miss Derlay is somewhat disfigured by her present head-dress. And so undoubtedly she is. But this you may depend on: she has excellent reasons for wearing it this evening. Reasons that, if known, would throw additional light on the goodness of her heart and the strength of her mind."

"I will go this moment," said Sandoval, "and endeavour to engage her for the next set."

"Do so," replied Linsley, "but first, (as a reward for your generosity,) I think I can let you into the history of this cap."

He then related all he knew or conjectured of the circumstances connected with it. It was well for the delicacy of our heroine, that her friend Mr. Linsley was not aware of the whole extent of the sacrifice, her relinquishing the very natural desire that a young lady always feels to look well in the eyes of the man she prefers to all others; particularly after a long absence. Had Linsley known this feature of the case, he would have averred in his high admiration, that she might "trample on the Greek and Roman glory."

Julien Sandoval was successful in his application: and Alina's eyes involuntarily sparkled as she promised him her hand for the ensuing cotillion. With the characteristic enthusiasm of his nation, the ugly cap he now regarded as a thing pre-eminently beautiful: and he led Alina to the dance as he would have led a fair young princess,

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crowned with a circlet of diamonds. Alina was afraid of seeming too happy: but Sandoval was afraid of nothing, and showed plainly how delighted he was with his partner. When that set was over he endeavoured to engage her for the next; but this she declined, alleging that, in civility to her guests, she wished to dance but very seldom during the evening: leaving to them all the places in the cotillions. Sandoval would have been very happy to have remained beside Alina, and talked to her during the residue of the ball; but she told him she must attend to those of her friends who were not dancing, and requested him to allow her to introduce him to Miss Stanmore, a very animated and handsome girl, who would be much pleased to dance with a gentleman just from Paris.

Meanwhile, Altham Linsley had managed to circulate the story of the cap extensively among the company; and it was corroborated by the young Rochdales when they were questioned as to its authenticity. Every one was glad to find a solution of the mystery: and every one did justice to her motives, and eulogized her as she deserved. "What a daughter she would make!" said the mothers. "What a wife!" said the fathers.

The remainder of the evening passed away delightfully: and our heroine forgot that the cap was on her head. No one now appeared to notice it; and she was not aware that its history had been circulated among the company. She danced no more herself; but was very assiduous in providing partners for her guests, and seeing that all in turn had their share of enjoyment and attention. She introduced Sandoval to various fine girls whom she knew would be very well pleased to dance with a young man of his appearance and manner; for he was decidedly the most popular personage of the whole party. After most of the company had gone, and when there were only enough remaining for a sixteen cotillion, Sandoval approached Alina, and demanded, as a recompense for having submissively performed his duty with all the partners by her recommended, that she would send him home happy by dancing this last set with him. She complied, and, during that dance, he resolved, as far as depended on himself, to endeavour to secure her as his partner for life. And, though he did not tell her of this resolution, she somehow knew it as soon as it was formed.

At length the finishing dance concluded; and when Sandoval led Alina to a seat, seeing that she was really very much fatigued, he considerately took his leave. Mr. and Mrs. Rochdale gladly retired. Little Cora, having grown sleepy, had been sent to bed two hours before. The other young people of the family lingered awhile on the sofas to talk over the ball, as young people always do.

"Well, dear Alina," said Imogene, "I felicitate you on the cap going off so well. Really, it has had *un grand succés* after all.

"Not the cap, but the wearer," said Leonard; "severe as the trial must have been, she has stood it manfully, or rather womanfully: and come out triumphant. Commend me to the old proverb, 'handsome is that handsome does.'"

"And yet," remarked Alina, "it was but a few minutes wonder after all. Every one was too intent upon other things to regard that cap for more than an instant. And whatever curiosity it might have excited, no one was so deficient in *l'usage du monde* as to talk of it."

"Not so fast, my sweet cousin," replied Leonard, "it was talked of more than you suppose. Even Sandoval spoke of it."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Alina, turning pale.

"Yes, he did," persisted Leonard.

"But only in reply," said Edwin, eagerly, "only in reply to Altham Linsley."

"Dearest Alina, do not be disconcerted," said Imogene Rochdale;" but, indeed, Linsley related the whole story: adding, that on his last visit to Brookfield, he had himself seen aunt Wendover working at that very cap; and that at her request he kept the secret, that its arrival might cause you an agreeable surprise. And Linsley was so possessed with your self-devotion and heroism as he called it, in wearing such a thing on this evening, that he could not forbear relating the circumstances to every one he knew: including Julien Sandoval."

"And the natural consequence is," said Leonard, "that you have won 'golden opinions from all sorts of men.'"

"And women too, I hope," added Imogene.

"My chiefest cause of rejoicing," said Leonard, "is, that aunt Wendover's cap, having amply done its duty, may now be allowed to rest in its bandbox, and aggrieve us no more."

"I do not think Alina will try to wear it out," said Imogene.

"That would be impossible," returned Leonard, "so, peace be with it."

"The needlework is really wonderful," said Imogene, examining it attentively. "Alina, these frills might be converted, somehow, into excellent trimming for the neck and sleeves of a French muslin dress; and the pointed head-piece would make very pretty cuffs."

"Aunt Elsey must see me wear the cap," said Alina, "on my next visit to Brookfield."

"Then after she has enjoyed the sight," resumed Imogene, "she will probably be very willing that you should appropriate it to some rational purpose."

"Well, well," said Leonard, "we shall soon have literal proof that 'night's candles are burnt out;' and if we stay much longer we may seek our couches by the light of the morning star." He then took his leave, repeating

> "When wearied wretches sink to sleep
> How sweetly soft their slumbers lie."

And they all retired to resign themselves to that repose which is seldom more needed than after a ball.

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According to custom, on the morrow they saw no visitors; it being understood that no one is to intrude on a family immediately subsequent to a large dancing party. After the intervention of a day of rest, which, however, was a day of unrest to the impatient Julien, that young gentleman presented himself at Mr. Rochdale's before the usual visiting hour; and saw Alina in a chintz morning dress with a pretty little close cap drawn with pale pink ribbon, and looking sweetly. We need not say that his visits became more and more frequent, and more and more welcome.

In a few days arrived a letter from Mrs. Wendover, of which the following is a transcript.

"My dear Alina—

I was overjoyed to hear from that kind young man Altham Linsley that my humble offering arrived in excellent time for your ball, and that throughout the whole company, it excited great attention, bordering on amazement. To be sure we should not praise ourselves; but it is indeed a surprising cap: that I think every body must acknowledge. I do not wonder that, as Altham Linsley says, every lady and gentleman that came in fixed their eyes upon it. He tells me that he heard several ladies remarking the neatness of the work, and several gentlemen counting the cockades. All this is naturally very gratifying; but I try not to let it puff me up. Yet still it is a great satisfaction and happiness, and far more than repays me for all the time and pains I took with it; even if it had not (as it did) given me so much pleasure to work for the benefit of my beloved Alina. I could think of nothing else all the evening of your birth-day ball; and I was imagining to myself how sweetly you were looking in it at that very time.

I have one request to make of my darling girl, which I trust will be cheerfully complied with. If it is not too great a privation, will you abstain from wearing the cap any more, till you come to Brookfield on your next delightful visit; so that I may see you in it, all nice and fresh, at the tea-party I always give to the neighbours to celebrate your arrival. I wish it could be a bridal party; and perhaps it may, for when I asked Altham Linsley if Alina in her aunt Elsey's cap had not made a conquest of somebody worth having, I thought he looked rather queer. It was not himself, however, for he is engaged to Harriet Milden, and they are to be married next winter. Altham is a fine young man: but when I questioned him closer as to the cap having gained you a sweetheart, he said he was as discreet as Harry Percy's wife, and 'never uttered what he did not know.'

Husband is pretty well; but for fear of another fit, we think it best for him to stay at home and keep quiet. Indeed whenever people are old there is no place like home; and the less they go and worry themselves, the longer they are likely to last.

Farewell my darling girl; write very soon, and tell me everything. Your loving aunt

ELSEY.

P. S.—Be sure to keep rolls of wadding in all the bows of the cap to fill them out, and preserve their shape."

To conclude, our readers will not be surprised to hear that the affiancement of Alina Derlay and Julien Sandoval, took place at no distant period after the ball. Their marriage followed, as soon as a house could be prepared for their residence. The bridal excursion *was* to Brookfield, the tea-party *was* given to the neighbours, and again our heroine wore aunt Elsey's cap; to the great delight of the good old lady, who congratulated her niece on what she called "its superior becomingness."

Shortly before the wedding (at which he felt himself unequal to the effort of being present) Edwin Rochdale entered as a student in the theological department of one of the New England colleges. Eventually he became pastor of a church in that section of the country; and his love for Alina having long since subsided into friendship, he married the beautiful and amiable daughter of an opulent gentleman belonging to his congregation.

The Rochdale family continued to prosper in all its branches. Julien Sandoval proved himself an active, honourable, and judicious man of business, as well as an accomplished gentleman; and with such a wife as Alina Derlay, he could not be otherwise than happy.

We forgot to mention, in its proper place, that on the evening of her marriage Alina (having by Julien's desire reserved it for the purpose) appeared, to the great delight of her cousins, in Madame Rubaniere's beautiful transparent little cap, with the pure white ribbon, the snowdrops, and the lilies of the valley.

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A SABBATH AT SEA.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Swift o'er the tossing deep,
  As woke the sabbath day,
With favouring breeze, and snowy sails,
  A bark pursued its way;
When lo! a gush of music sweet
  Came from its lonely breast,
A holy voice of hymns, that lull'd
  The wrathful wave to rest.

Upon the shelter'd deck
  Was held a sacred rite,
The worship of old Ocean's King,
  The Lord of power and might,
Who with a simple line of sand
  Doth curb its monstrous tide,
And lay his finger on its mane,
  To quell its fiercest pride.

High words of solemn prayer
  Each listening spirit stir,
And by the fair young babe knelt down
  The bronzed mariner;
On couch and mattrass rang'd around,
  The sick forgot their grief,
And drank the healing lore of Heaven
  As dew, the thirsty leaf.

Poor Erin's ardent sons
  Up from the steerage came,
And in their rude response invok'd
  Jehovah's awful name,
While little children gather'd near,
  Blest in their guileless years,
Hands folded close, and lips apart,
  And thoughts that mov'd to tears.

Fill'd with the scene sublime,
  The priestly heart grew bold
To speak with eloquence of Him,
  Who the great deep control'd;
And loftier was his youthful brow,
  And deep his tuneful voice,
That warn'd the sinner to repent,
  And bade the saint rejoice.

A spell was on the heart
  That bow'd the proudest head,
Above us, the eternal skies,
  Beneath our feet, the dead,—
The dead,—who know no burial rite,
  Save storm, or battle cry,
Whose tombs are where the coral grows,
  And the sea-monsters lie.

It is a blessed thing,
  In God's own courts to stand,
And hear the pealing organ swell,
  And join the prayerful band.
Yet who in full dependence feels
  That One alone can save,
Until his fleeting life he throws
  Upon the faithless wave?

It is a blessed thing
  To heed the sabbath chime,
And on 'neath summer foliage walk
  To keep the holy time;
Yet who hath all devoutly prais'd
  Him, who his breath hath kept,
Until the strong, unpitying surge
  Raged round him while he slept?

Earth, the indulgent nurse,
  With love, her son doth guide,
His safety on her quiet breast
  Begets an inborn pride;
But Ocean, king severe,
  Doth mock his trusting gaze,
And try the fabric of the faith,
  By which on Heaven he stays.

Again, that tuneful sound
  Steals o'er the watery plain;
How passing sweet are Zion's songs
  Amid the stranger-main.
Our vessel taught them to the winds
  Along her venturous way,
And bade the intrusive billows hush
  In their tremendous play.

Throughout the broad expanse,
  No living thing is seen,
Except the stormy petrel's wing
  That flecks the blue serene.
Praise!—Praise!—Methinks the hoarsest surge
  Might learn that lesson well,
Which even the infant zephyr's breath
  To earth's frail flowers doth tell.

What though the tender thought
  Of lov'd ones far away,
Steal lingering to the moisten'd eye
  Mid prayer and chanted lay,
Yet trust in a Redeemer's word,
  And hopes that blossom free,
And hallow'd memories cling around
  This Sabbath on the sea.

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THE MOURNING RING,

A BALLAD.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY JOHN BARNETT.

Presented by J. G. Osbourn, No. 30, South Third Street.

ANDANTE CON GRAN SENTIMENTO.

p

Cres

Lento

ff

Dim: e rall

Si - lent pledge of true af - fec - tion, As on thee I fix my gaze, Thou dost bring the

p

re - - - col - lec - tion, To my heart of for - - mer days. As I press the

Cres: Energico. Dim:

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sim - - ple to - ken All the past be - - fore me flies— Hopes and joys for

p Cres:

pp Piu lento.

e - - - ver bro - - ken, Chill my heart and dim mine eyes. Chill my

Rall?

Rall

heart and dim mine eyes, Chill my heart and dim mine eyes.

Colla voce

Yet amid these sad revealings,
Brighter thoughts break thro' the gloom,
Love hath many holy feelings
Which survive beyond the tomb.

Solace of my heart's dejection,
Worth far more than worlds to me,
As the pledge of true affection,
Never will I part from thee!

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EDITORS' TABLE.

CONVERSATIONS AT THE EDITORS' TABLE.

BY MRS. HALE.

"I have been reading, for the fifth time, this book," said the schoolmaster, as he laid down the French edition of that most excellent work, "De l'Education des Mères de Famille ou de la civilisation du Genre Themain par les Femmes; *par L. Aimé-Martin*."

"You must like it then," said Mrs. Marvin, "or you would not have studied it thus."

"You are right," returned the other; "it takes but a short time to spy faults, and one reading is sufficient for the slashing style of criticism. But a really excellent book, like a loved friend, is always welcome. We find some new merit every time we meet."

"Is it not strange that in France, where little attention has been paid to moral improvement, the best work on education connected with this improvement should have been written?" said Mrs. Marvin. "And stranger still that, where woman has been much more noted for her showy accomplishments than solid worth, there she should find her most zealous champion, who earnestly contends for her intellectual advancement as the only means of really improving the human race?"

"It would seem so, at the first thought," returned the schoolmaster. "But if we search deeper, and consider how severely the French people have suffered for want of a right moral training, it is not strange that a bold, vigorous mind, like that of Aimé-Martin's, seeking honestly for the true way of improvement should have found the solution such as he has done. The manner in which he has advocated the cause of female education is indeed unique. He does not urge it because it is woman's right, or because it will increase her happiness, but he tells men that it is for their own best good, indeed the only way by which they can insure their own happiness and the improvement of the world."

"Men will be loth to believe this," observed Ellen Marvin.

"Many will be, no doubt," returned the schoolmaster. "Truth, however, when she has come fairly out of the well of prejudice, is not in much danger of being plunged quite to the bottom again. I think if our ladies, old and young, would study this work of the good Aimé-Martin, and practice, as far as they could on his theory, there would be little to fear."

"There is a little work, 'Woman's Mission,' which very well sets forth his plan," said Mrs. Marvin; "that has a wide circulation."

"It is a useful manual," returned the other, "and the lady who prepared it has done good service to her sex; but the original treatise is far superior. Let me hope that you will study this, Ellen. You should read it in the original. It is written with great power and eloquence, if that term may be applied to style. It loses much of its beauty and pathos in translation; and then the inspiring faith, the life-giving hope of the writer is most felt from his own chosen expressions, those idioms which can never be truly rendered."

"If he has *hope* strong within him he will accomplish his purpose, or at least he will advance it," said Mrs. Marvin.

"My mother thinks *hope* is the great panacea for all evils," said Ellen.

"And the prompter of every good work too, I presume," replied the schoolmaster. "I agree with her—it is so. While hope remains in the heart we can see all other outward blessings depart without being utterly unhappy. My own life has owed most of its enjoyments to this prevailing impulse or faculty of my mind, hope, sanguine, buoyant hope. And I feel, humbly and gratefully, that my heart has been incited to purpose good to others, and to bear with the disappointments of my own lot, through the inspiration, as I will call it, of this sanguine, cheerful temperament. Hope, either directed towards earth or heaven, has been the staff that has borne me up; and I would not forego its blessed privileges for the fortune of the richest man in America, if I must, with the wealth, take a repining, discontented disposition."

"Was it not Hume who said that he would rather possess a cheerful, hoping temper than an income of ten thousand pounds a year?" inquired Ellen.

"Yes—and in that saying he showed himself a truly wise man," replied the schoolmaster. "An incident which lately fell under my own observation will illustrate this. A friend of temperance, who has, from a very moderate salary, which hardly seems sufficient for his own support, given very liberally, both of his time and money, to sustain the cause, took upon himself the task of distributing circulars of invitation to a great temperance meeting. One of these circulars he directed to a rich gentleman who had professed great interest in the reform—but the postage was not paid. The rich man opened the letter, thinking it on business of his own; but when he found it was only for the good of others, he immediately returned it to my poor friend, enclosed, making him thus pay double postage, with a severe rebuke for the needless expense to which he was putting people. All this anger and unkind remark were caused by the loss of ninepence! And this economical gentleman is reputed to be worth half a million! Yet he must have felt very poor when the loss of ninepence thus disturbed him. Now, from my small income, I could give away that sum or lose it in any manner, without feeling the least discomposure. Am I not, in feeling, richer than the man with half a million of money whom the loss of ninepence thus troubled?"

"And even were your last ninepence taken you would still look trustingly to Providence that, while doing what you could a way would be opened by which to live," said Mrs. Marvin.

"Certainly—and thus my income is insured. I am placed in the condition which is more consonant with hope than with fear, and have a disposition to enjoy the bright visions of the former. This is wealth sufficient for my own comfort. When I wish to feel rich I look abroad on nature, and see the wealth of the world in the exhaustless stores she pours forth, and I can enjoy without the trouble of ownership. At this season our hearts should ever be lifted in gratitude to our heavenly Father."

"And yet, though in our land there is such an abundance of all good things, are there not some who suffer the want

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of the mere necessaries?" said Ellen. "Can these be grateful?"

"They should be, for their portion, though small, is made larger by the general abundance," said the schoolmaster. "Few, indeed, have arrived at such a degree of disinterestedness as to rejoice, while actually suffering hunger, that the country is running over with its abundance. But I doubt if, at this season, such a suffering family can be found in our republic. Is it not a glorious thought, this plenty distributed to all? What Henry IV. so earnestly but vainly desired to see in la belle France is here a thing of course. Every family has its pullet in the pot, and if we can add to these rich physical blessings those richer intellectual and moral advantages which the system of Aimé-Martin would confer, we might be the first and happiest people in the world."

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

The History of Fiction: being a Critical Account of the most celebrated Prose Works of Fiction, from the earliest Greek Romances to the Novels of the Present Day. By JOHN DUNLOP. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1842.

Fiction has become so important a portion of general literature, that its history cannot fail to interest the intelligent reader. The universal popularity of this species of intellectual entertainment renders the study of its progress no unimportant part of the intellectual history of mankind. Hence the interest which men of profound learning have been found to take in tracing, from age to age, and from country to country, the transmission of the same popular legends, fables and traditions. The fairy story which originated in Arabia is thus found to have migrated slowly, dressed in a new costume, with new names for its characters, and assuming the language of each country which it passed through, until, having enlivened the muleteers of Spain, the lazzaroni of Italy, the cottage homes of England and the firesides of Germany, it has at length found its way to the bleak Scandinavian shores, the same story through all its wanderings, imparting the same delight to people of various languages and of totally different habits. Surely there is in the original constitution of mankind a strong love of the marvellous and the fanciful. It was implanted for wise purposes and its gratification should be directed to noble purposes.

In the work before us, Mr. Dunlop treats the subject as a philosopher and an artist. Instead of disgusting the reader with dry antiquarian details and the bare genealogies of stories, he gives us numerous summaries of the stories themselves. In accomplishing the task of the literary historian he has not forgotten the paramount duty of making a readable book. We commend his work most cordially, not only to the lovers of literary history, but to the readers of fiction.

George St. George Julian, The Prince. By HENRY COCKTON, author of "Valentine Vox," "Stanley Thorn," &c. With numerous Illustrations. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1842.

This novel is written upon quite an original plan. The interest turns chiefly on the success of mercantile and stock-jobbing speculations, and some new phases of Life in London. The moral object is to caution the inexperienced against the tricks of sharpers of a high, as well as a low standing in society; and the hero, contrary to the usual practice, is married at the opening of the story. Such a story will necessarily become popular. The embellishments, which are all of a comic character, are very cleverly engraved by Yeager, and they add greatly to the attractions of the work. It is unfortunate that this novel had not been read universally in this country about ten years ago; it might have saved many fortunes which are now sunk in the bottomless pit of stock jobbing. However, the story will not fail of its legitimate effect, and its general diffusion will be of incalculable advantage to the country.

Romantic Biography of the Age of Elizabeth; or Sketches of Life from the By-ways of History. By the Benedictine Brethren of Glendalough. Edited by WILLIAM COOK TAYLOR, LL.D., &c., of Trinity College, Dublin, author of the Natural History of Society. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1842.

It would seem, by the introduction, that Dr. Taylor is the writer of this work; but it is written in a very different vein from that in which he composed the Natural History of Society. Lively, piquant and gay, as full of quips and puns as old Thomas Fuller himself, he would hardly be recognised as the severe and grave investigator of facts he appears in his former work. With all its piquancy and wit, however, the biographical and anecdotic matter collected in these volumes will be recognised as a most valuable addition to our historical knowledge of the Age of Elizabeth—that era of towering intellect, when there were indeed "giants in the land."

Random Shots and Southern Breezes: containing Critical Remarks on the Southern States and Southern Institutions; with Semi-serious Observations on Men and Manners. By LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO, author of "The Revolution of July," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1842.

This is a more sensible book, by far, than its fantastical title would seem to indicate. Mr. Tasistro writes with ease, vigour, and independence. He throws off many startling opinions with a degree of nonchalance which is really quite edifying to behold in such a trimming age as that in which we live; and the amount of fresh matter, in the descriptive and narrative parts of the book, is by no means inconsiderable. Considered as a traveller's companion it will be found a valuable acquisition, and will often take its place among the indispensable articles of outfit required by the merchant, the invalid, or the tourist who is commencing his jaunt to the South.

The Book of Cage Birds. Philadelphia: B. Duke, 1842.

This volume contains a popular account of the habits of cage birds, and particular directions respecting their treatment, rearing, cure of diseases, &c. The utility of such a work must be obvious to all bird fanciers, and to their notice we particularly commend it.

Stories to Teach Me to Think. By T. D. P. STONE. Third Edition, Improved. Boston: Tappan & Dennet, 1842. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

This little volume is written upon a regular plan, the object of which is to enable a child to comprehend something of the nature and operations of its own mind. This is attempted by means of a series of stories, the characters and incidents of which afford materials for the illustration of this juvenile mental philosophy. It is a first rate book of its class, and will leave a lasting impression on the mind of an intelligent child.

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Reptiles and Fishes. Fourth Book of Natural History. Prepared for the use of Colleges and Schools by W. S. W Ruschenberger, M. D. Philadelphia: Turner & Fisher, 1842.

Dr Ruschenberger's course of Natural History for schools is precisely what we might expect from a sensible writer on a subject where scientific accuracy and a popular style are equally required. We have already commended the former parts of the course. The Fourth Book fully sustains the character attributed to its predecessors.

The Book of the Navy; comprising a General History of the American Marine; and particular Accounts of all the most celebrated Naval Battles, from the Declaration of Independence to the present time. Compiled from the best authorities. By John Frost, A. M., Professor of Belles Letters in the High School of Philadelphia. Embellished with numerous engravings from original drawings. By William Croome; and portraits on steel of distinguished Naval Commanders. New York, D. Appleton & Co. 1842.

A popular history of the navy, richly embellished with views of naval battles, and portraits of the great commanders, has long been a desideratum. In supplying it, Professor Frost appears to have relied chiefly on the official and other contemporary accounts of the naval actions. By following this judicious course he has presented a living picture of those heroic times when the navy was the cherished favourite of the nation. Nothing is detracted from the merit of those gallant officers and men who won such brilliant renown for the American flag. History, written with such views, is the best preservative of a truly national spirit. The naval anecdotes and songs, which form a part of the appendix to the work, serve an important purpose by exhibiting the feelings of the nation at the time when the great victories on the ocean were won.

The embellishments, fifty in number, are very beautifully executed. The pencil of Mr. Croome was never more worthily employed than in the delineation of these brilliant triumphs of our gallant navy.

Grandfather's Chair: a History for Youth. By Nathaniel Hawthorne, author of "Twice Told Tales." Boston: Tappan & Dennet. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1842.

Famous Old People: being the Second Epoch of Grandfather's Chair By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Tappan & Dennet, 1842. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

Juvenile books from the pen of one of our raciest native writers will be regarded with special favour. Mr. Hawthorne's taste for the simple, the natural and the rural; the unbending strictness of his moral sentiments; and his strong perception of the humorous and amusing, all are so many peculiar qualifications for this department of writing. His success, in the volumes before us, is precisely what might have been anticipated.

The Magnolia: or Southern Apalachian. A Literary Magazine and Monthly Review. P. C. Pendleton and Burgess & James, Charleston, Aug. 1842.

The second number of this periodical redeems the promise of the first. It is every way respectable. The original articles are very ably written. That notice of Brummel is in a highly piquant style of French *badinage*. We like, too, the occasional notices of revolutionary incidents and the other historical articles. It is pleasant to extend the right hand of fellowship to a periodical like this.

Godfrey Malvern; or the Life of an Author. By Thomas Miller.

This is the first number of a new work, which is to be issued in fifteen monthly parts. The beginning promises well. Published by Wm. A. Le Blanc, New York.

Annual Announcement of Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. Session 1842-1843. Merrihew & Thompson, 1842.

This pamphlet gives assurance to the medical student of a course of instruction such as few institutions in the world can furnish. The names of Dunglison, Huston, Pancoast, Mitchell, Mütter, Meigs, and Bache, present an array of practical skill in medicine and surgery, and of scientific knowledge in the departments connected with the healing art, not often presented in prospectuses of this description. Many of these gentlemen have acquired a very distinguished eminence as writers on medical subjects, as well as a high reputation for ability and skill in the lecturing and demonstrating part of their professional duty. We predict overflowing classes of students at the coming session of the College.

Mesmeric Magazine, by R. H. Collyer, M. D.—Saxton & Pierce, Boston.

Dr. Collyer, in this work, has well advocated the doctrine of Mesmerism, and states some startling things. We can only exclaim, "Can such things be?"

Keble's Child's Christian Year. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1842.

A highly useful compilation by the learned author of the Christian Year. It will be extensively introduced into Sunday schools and families.

Our Mess. The 15th and 16th numbers of Jack Hinton, the Guardsman, are just issued by Messrs. Carey & Hart, with the usual illustrations. The story loses nothing in vigour and interest as it advances.

NOW IN PRESS.

Thulia: a Poem, by an Officer of the U. S. Navy, descriptive of scenes in the late Exploring Expedition; with an Appendix, comprising a Prose Narrative of a very interesting part of the voyage.

The volume is to be issued in beautiful style, being embellished with twelve original designs by the distinguished artist, A. Agate, who accompanied the expedition, engraved on wood, and printed in the best style of the art, under the special supervision of Adams. Published by Colman, New York. We shall give a review of the work as soon as it appears.

THE FAIR INCONNU.

Professor J. H. Ingraham has been charged with having inserted a story under the above title in the August number of the Knickerbocker, the same story under another name having appeared in the Lady's Book for November and December 1839, as the production of the said professor. It is due to truth and justice, as well as to all the parties concerned, to state, as we now do, on the authority of the editor of the Knickerbocker, that "The Fair Inconnu" was furnished by another writer. Professor Ingraham's story has been curtailed and altered, with respect to names and some of the incidents, and clothed in new language; but it has, by no means, been improved. When the materials for a story are stolen in this way, the thief should at least have the grace to work them up into a more attractive form than that in which they were originally presented. When Byron and Bulwer possess themselves of the old gold of their predecessors, they are always careful to elaborate it into real jewels.

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TO OUR READERS.

In reviewing our course as conductors of a periodical for the entertainment of the fairer and more generous part of the reading public, we cannot divest ourselves of a feeling of gratulation and self complacency. We claim the distinction of being pioneers in this interesting portion of the "march of mind." We were the first to bring the happiest productions of the American female mind home to the myriads of firesides, where they are now read with such unalloyed pleasure. This we consider no small distinction. To render the choice productions of the best and purest intellect in the land familiar to so many thousands of those whom it is most desirable to bring in contact with such welcome and wholesome influences, is an achievement of which we feel a right to be proud. Nor is it an unimportant ingredient of our pleasure on this account, to remember that all this has been accomplished by dint of great labour, perseverance and sacrifice. We can honestly declare, that we have left nothing undone which promised in any way to further our design. Not only have the best writers, both female and male, been laid under contribution, and that too at a heavy expense, but the best artists have been induced to contribute their contingent in order to render the successive numbers of the Lady's Book as attractive as possible. Our success has not been purchased cheaply; nor shall it induce us to relax our exertions in the service of the most generous, constant, and steady array of patronage wherewithal a periodical was ever blessed. Our appointments for the current year are on the most liberal scale. We enjoy the support, not only of the most extensive patronage, but of the best literary and artistical talent which this country can boast; and our foreign contributors are among those who have earned the most brilliant European reputation. Under such auspices, while we look back with honest pride, we cannot but look forward with assured confidence.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The hard times will scarcely afford a sufficient excuse for all those who delay the remittance of their subscriptions. While some of the delinquents are forgetful and careless, there are others who are waiting for expected payments to themselves, or expected earnings, in order to meet their long arrears. For such we are willing to wait a while longer. But there are others who receive our magazine without even expecting to be able at any future time to pay for it. Would it not be more honest for them to inform us of the real state of the case, and notify us to discontinue sending it, than to go on receiving it under circumstances so unpropitious? We merely throw out the hint. There are some who cannot fail to understand it.

THE PLATES IN THIS NUMBER.

The engraving of our mezzotint, "The Elopement Prevented," and the line and stipple of "The Maiden's Toilet," have seldom been surpassed. We have many such plates on hand, and some, even if possible, better. Certainly our arrangements for the future, whether for plates, moral, readable, ladylike articles, or fashions, are perfect. We have no fear of honest, wholesome rivalry, it has always been a benefit to us; but we do detest the piratical plan of taking our title and our form page, rules and all, and giving the most puerile matter: and this by persons calling themselves gentlemen, and who ought to know better. There was once a Southern Lady's Book and a Western Lady's Book. The former changed its title: the latter died. Well, we can't help it: keep on in our even tenor we will: make a Lady's Book emphatically a book for ladies, edited by their own sex, and trust to the excellent good sense of the ladies of this country for our reward.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—*Promenade Dress.*—A dress of violet coloured satin, the skirt made immensely full, and trimmed à l'Espagnol, with four rows of fringes of different widths; at the edge of each fringe is a bouillion trimming of the same material as the dress; the corsage high; waist à pointe; a small cape is placed half high upon the body, edged with a fringe bordered with bouillion trimming; tight sleeves, the tops of which are ornamented with three rows of bouillion, each bouillion being separated with a netted fringe. A rich amber scarf splendidly embroidered in a Moravian pattern, with a deep amber and green fringe. Ombrelle Marquise, bonnet of white gauze, the form shading the face, and rounded at the ears; the edge of the brim bordered with three folds. A perfect coronet of feathers, white and pink, falling over the crown, the inside decorated with demi-wreaths of the pink grape; riband of the same shade.

Fig. 2.—Dress of plain coloured silk; waist plain, and tight sleeves, with plain manchettes falling over the hands. Crispen of splendid figured lace, lined with blue and fastened to the neck with a rosette of the same colour. The skirt is trimmed with two puffings of silk finished on each side. Bonnet of transparent material adorned with flowers.

Fig 3.—Dress of fancy coloured silk; high neck, open nearly to the waist, and laid in folds; full sleeves, finished at the top with puffing, and at the hands with ruffles The skirt is trimmed with folds down each side of the front. Rose coloured bonnet, trimmed on the inside with flowers, on the outside with a splendid Russian plume, rose coloured and white, which falls at the side.

Fig. 4.—*Promenade Dress.*—A dress of rich shaded moire, pink and a dark lilac; the jupe immensely full, and ornamented with three broad tucks, nearly reaching to the waist, bordered at the edge of the upper and lower hem with a scroll of silk cord, having a very rich effect; high corsage, guaged to the shape of the figure, and divided with small rouleaus; waist à point; tight long sleeve, bordered to match the trimming on the jupe. Scarf of white tarlatan, edged with a narrow lace. Manchettes of white lace; the top of the corsage finished with a row of broad white lace. Transparent bonnet of pale primrose, prettily trimmed with feathers and riband of the same colour; the brim ornamented with a fold of gauze.

FASHION PLATES.

There appears to be considerable "flouncing" of late among some "cap"-tious individuals of the masculine gender on the subject of the pet-fashion plates. Would you believe it, ladies, that objections have been raised against our publishing them at all, because forsooth, the artist happens, *in his devotion to the subject*, to press a little too tight the waists of some of his figures, or the colourist to add a deeper tinge of carmine to the pictured complexion than is quite natural? Yet so it is. But let our fair patrons not be alarmed for they shall not be deprived, *altogether*, at least, of the transcript of the doings of the "fickle goddess," for although it is not expected any outre mode will be adopted, still one may find a new sleeve, another a graceful corsage, a third may catch the novel trimming of a skirt, a fourth "confess the cape," and so on *ad infinitum*.

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

NOVEMBER, 1842.

OUR KEZIAH; OR, SELF CONTROL.

BY MISS VIRGINIA DEFOREST.

(See Plate.)

A FANCY sketch, forsooth! The picture engraved from that painting by Hayter a fancy sketch? There never was a more outrageous misnomer in the world. It is a picture of "our Keziah." I remember when she sat to Hayter for it, as well as if it were but yesterday. A pretty creature she is; is she not, reader? Still she is not half so pretty as she is good. Look at the mild expression of her eyes. Contrast it with the spirited *tournure* of the mouth and nose. The face almost tells her story—a story of self control. Be patient a few moments, and you shall learn something of her character and fortunes; how talented and amiable she was; and how it came to pass that all we, her schoolmates, with one consent, used to call her "our Keziah."

Her father, Mr. Carlton, was a rich merchant who resided in the West Indies, and she was his only child, having lost her mother in infancy. I remember when she first came to the school, where I was taught "the humanities." It was a seminary under the care of two Quaker ladies, in Race street, Philadelphia. One fine morning, a great while ago—I never remember dates—a beautiful carriage drove up to the door of our quiet mansion, and a tall, sallow-looking gentleman, richly dressed, descended from it and handed out a little fairy of a girl, about a dozen years old, and conducted her into the parlour, where they were received by the elder of the two ladies having charge of the school.

The coming of a new scholar is a great event in a boarding school; and I thought myself very fortunate to be present and to hear the negotiation for her admission. The usual inquiries were made, terms settled on the most liberal scale, and preliminaries all arranged; and still, to my great astonishment, there was not a word said about her studies.

At last Miss Placid, our preceptress, inquired, "What branches dost thou wish thy daughter to attend to?"

"Teach her self control," replied the father. "I have observed," he continued, "that persons of your persuasion in religious matters, acquire early the habit of controlling those passions and desires which are apt to occasion us, unlucky people of the world, some of our greatest troubles and perplexities. It is for this reason that I have brought my daughter to your school. Teach her self control. The rest I leave to your own judgment."

"A very odd sort of person is this Mr. Carlton," thought I; but Miss Placid seemed pleased with the compliment paid to her discretion; and so the conference broke up, and I went off to my lessons and thought no more of this singular charge till a long time afterwards.

When Keziah commenced her noviciate with us, she was a wayward little miss. Indolent, as West Indians are apt to be, quick-tempered, volatile, heedless; but very placable and warm-hearted; she gave the good Misses Placid a world of trouble, fell out with a dozen of us in turn, and ended by winning the hearts of the whole school before the first term was over.

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I never could make out how the elder Miss Placid, who seemed to be her special Mentor, contrived to make her little faults disappear, one after the other; but it is very certain that the task was accomplished by some means or other. She never reproved her, at least before the other girls; but, after a certain time, she had acquired so absolute an ascendancy over her, that a simple direction, given in the gentlest manner, served to call forth the most strenuous exertions in learning her lessons; and a single look would instantly restore her to serenity, when some of the cross accidents that are always turning up at school had a little ruffled her temper.

Notwithstanding her native indolence, Keziah became quite a pattern of industry. She learned everything, I believe, that was taught at the school —French, Italian, drawing, all the usual English branches, and I don't know how much mathematics; but the ugly diagrams she compelled herself to draw were perfectly horrifying to look at. In fact, she finally got so far as to calculate an eclipse of the sun, which was all *projected*, I believe they called it, on a large sheet of drawing paper, and sent off, in a ship, to her father. I think it must have amazed the good man not a little; for Keziah told me, that when she was in her own country, she had a little black girl to wait upon her all the time; and had never been accustomed to do anything for herself; and this was her apology for the utter helplessness which occasioned so much amusement when she first came amongst us.

Keziah's odd name was sometimes a source of mortification to her. It had been borne by an old maiden aunt, who had been very kind to her, and had won her very tender regard; so that any disparagement of the name by us, thoughtless imps, was so much the more painful to her. I recollect, on one occasion, that she was severely tried in this way. There was at the school a certain girl, who was very clever at writing verses; and who seemed to think that her talent in this way gave her immunity for such infirmities of genius as ill-temper, malevolence, *slatternliness*, (is there such a word, Mr. Godey?) and all manner of uncharitableness.

This young lady, Miss Draggle, amused herself, one day, by writing some half a dozen verses, each of which terminated with the unfortunate name of our pet, rhyming to all sorts of ridiculous things, so as to make one laugh, in spite of one's self. This precious piece of poetry was circulated among a few of the new comers and laughed at; but for some time it was kept out of sight of its subject; until on a certain morning some one was so ill-natured as to lay it on Keziah's desk, so that she would be sure to see it as soon as she came into school.

I sat opposite to her; and saw her take up the paper and read it. I knew not what it was at the time; but I observed the colour mounting to her very brow. Then those beautiful lips were slightly compressed; the colour passed slowly off; she laid the paper in her desk and quietly went about her tasks without saying a word to any one. If I had been in her place, would not I have paid off that Miss Draggle? But see now, what Keziah, *our* Keziah, did. Although she knew who the writer was, instead of showing the verses to Miss Placid, and bringing her enemy into merited disgrace, she destroyed them; and when, a week afterwards, Miss Draggle was taken ill with the typhus fever, who but Keziah volunteered to sit up with her, night after night, to hold the cup to her parched lips, to soothe her when she was raving with delirium, and to bear with her peevishness when she was slowly recovering? Could we help loving such an angel?

One day there came news that Mr. Carlton was dead, and we afterwards learned that he had died insolvent. So Keziah was obliged to leave school and go and live in the country with her old maiden aunt. Sad enough were we all when she went away. But her course was nearly completed. So we should soon have had to part with her at any rate.

After I had left school myself, I received an invitation from Keziah to pass a month with her in the country, some forty or fifty miles from Philadelphia. You may be sure I did not fail to go, for I was very desirous to see her again; and to know of her welfare.

It was late in the evening when I arrived at the residence of Keziah's aunt, a snug little cottage on the declivity of a hill overlooking the Susquehanna. I was ushered into a neat little parlour, where I found a cheerful fire, before which, seated on each side of a work-table, were Keziah and her aunt; the former reading the last number of the Lady's Book, "with good emphasis, and good discretion," while her companion was diligently engaged in the primitive and very exemplary employment of knitting a pair of woollen stockings. Worthy lady! she must have been greatly scandalized at the rapturous manner in which my delighted schoolmate interrupted the prelection, threw down her book, and rushed into my arms, when the parlour door opened, and my forlorn figure, muffled up in furs and comforters, presented itself. I was soon dismantled of my incumbrances, which had served to protect me against the keen November air, and comfortably seated by the cheering fire. Then began the hundred inquiries after old schoolmates; and the remainder of the evening passed off in that lively gossiping conversation, which is so interesting at the moment, and so vapid in the rehearsal.

Miss Primrose, Keziah's aunt, was a singular person. Reserved and stern in her deportment towards her neighbours and dependants, and penurious in her housekeeping, she was devotedly affectionate and generous to her niece. All the tenderness of her nature was lavished upon her nearest relative, and nothing which could contribute to her gratification, was spared. In return, however, she exacted not a few sacrifices of taste and inclination to her peculiar ideas of propriety.

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Miss Primrose was understood to be in the enjoyment of a small income from property in Philadelphia. She received her rents regularly, paid her bills punctually, and asked no favours. Her neighbours regarded her as a person well to do in the world; but rather close in her expenditures. She received but little company, and, since the arrival of her niece, she had appeared to centre her regards chiefly on her.

On the morning after my arrival an elegant gig drove up to the door and a young gentleman alighted from it and was ushered into our little parlour. He was introduced as Mr. Manly—a very suitable name, by the way, as he was a fine, bold, frank-hearted young man as one could desire to see. Tall and commanding in his stature, easy and courteous in his manners, and so handsome!

He paid the most marked and deferential attention to Miss Primrose, and his look and smile, when Keziah addressed him, spoke volumes. I almost envied her her admirer; for such he evidently was. Indeed, when he was gone I made my friend confess that he had effected some progress in gaining her regard, and I could not help frankly telling her that I wished "Heaven had made me such a man."

During the month of my sojourn in the country, Mr. Manly was a daily visitor. Miss Primrose affected not to understand his object; and when, near the close of my visit, he made a formal proposition to her to marry her niece and take her off with him to New York, she professed the greatest astonishment at his presumption, and gave him not the slightest hopes of success.

Now came for poor Keziah the usual struggle between duty and affection. The lover was urgent, the guardian inflexible, and she, poor soul, after a contest with her own feelings, which drove the colour from her countenance, and wrung her heart with agony, came to the resolution to remain and comfort the declining age of her relative, and to dismiss for an indefinite period one who seemed formed to render her the happiest of women.

I was shocked, outraged, at the selfishness of the woman; and I told Keziah that I would not have given up so handsome a lover for all the old maiden aunts in the world. But Keziah took it all so gently, reproving my outbreakings, and reminding me that her aunt had been so kind to her when she was a little child, and had loved her parents so much and had treated her so affectionately of late, that she could not bear to leave her desolate and alone in the world. She must stay with her and trust to Providence that it would come out all right in the end. "It was her duty," she said, "to stay; and she must do her duty, come what might."

So Mr. Manly kissed her hand, promised to be faithful, and went away. Keziah behaved like herself. She concealed her suffering from her aunt; actually smiled when he drove away from the door, and heroically discharged her daily duties, during the rest of my visit, with a placid and even cheerful countenance. I should have pouted and cried for a month.

After I returned to town I thought a great deal about Keziah and the unfortunate turn her affairs had taken. We corresponded regularly; but she never mentioned Mr. Manly. I considered it very odd at the time; and I charged one of my brothers, who frequently visited New York, to make inquiries about him. The result was not very satisfactory. He was found to be a merchant, who had gone into business upon a very handsome capital, the bequest of his deceased father; and my brother told me that he was regarded as a very rash and imprudent speculator. One day all the talk was of the great sums he had made by the sale of stocks; and the next day, of the losses which he must have sustained by the fall of cotton. In fact, he was spoken of as an extensive operator in the most hazardous adventures. At last there came a grand crash among the merchants; and Mr. Manly failed with the rest.

Next came the news that he was gone to Europe; and, to crown the whole, we heard, one day, that he was married to an opera dancer in the south of France.

"What an escape for Keziah!" said I; "but I must go to see her, and congratulate and condole with her in the same breath."

So I posted into the country as fast as I could. I found my friend paying the most assiduous attention at the sick bed of her aunt. The old lady was rapidly declining. Her features, formerly sharpened by penury, were now attenuated by the ravages of consumption. She lived but a few days after my arrival; and when her remains had been deposited in their final resting-place, Keziah consented to take up her residence with me, till her aunt's agent in the city should make her acquainted with the dispositions which had been made with respect to her future course.

We arrived at my father's house in Walnut street, just at dusk, and hurried into the parlour, which, to our surprise, we found empty, except a single figure of a strange gentleman, who was very composedly warming his hands at the fire. He did not turn round, as we entered, and I did not recognise him; but the moment Keziah cast her eyes upon his figure, she fainted and fell upon the floor. It was Manly.

We laid her upon a sofa, applied the usual restoratives; and when she had so far recovered as to sit up, it was pitiful to behold the distress of both. So woe-begone and anxious a look did he cast upon her, and so hurt and insulted did poor Keziah seem at his very presence. For my part I was angry, outrageous, at the man; and I determined at once to give him a piece of my mind. By way of annihilating him at one blow, I said, in a very cutting and sarcastic tone,—

"I hope Mrs. Manly is well, Mr. Manly."

"*Mrs.* Manly!" he replied. "Surely you do not suppose that I have a wife!"

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"I am very much afflicted," replied I, "to learn that Mrs. Manly is deceased."

"What can you possibly mean?" said he. "I have never been married!"

"Not married?" exclaimed I, beginning to feel mightily embarrassed in my turn. "We heard that you were married in the south of France."

"It was all a mistake, I assure you. I have never been in the south of France. It is not my fault if my friends are not apprized of all I have done, for I have written regularly."

It was now Keziah's turn to speak. The colour had come and gone rapidly upon her beautiful face during the preceding colloquy; and she now said, "I have never received a letter since you sailed."

This last declaration assured me that a very tender eclaircissement was inevitable; and considering the figure I had recently cut as a stern judge, and the circumstance that I was likely to prove just one too many in the scene that was to follow, I incontinently ran out of the parlour, and closed the door behind me.

The family were all absent at a lecture, and I discreetly left the lovers to complete their mutual explanations, till their return.

The next morning, you may be sure, I catechised Keziah very closely. Manly, it appeared, had returned almost as poor as he went away. But he had come home a wiser, if not a richer man. He had resolved to commence business on a small scale, upon the cash system, to live economically and build up a fortune by the oldfashioned process of industry and frugality. The story of his marriage had originated from some adventure of a young Englishman of the same name; and it had been too readily believed, from the total failure of his letters. This circumstance was still to be explained.

"And so," said I, "he was true to you, after all, Keziah."

"No, he was true to me before all and above all."

"And you will marry him now?"

"We shall see. I should not wonder if the thing were to happen one of these days."

"Do pray let it happen as soon as possible: for I have not played bridesmaid for an age."

In the course of the morning Miss Primrose's agent, Mr. Squizzy, called. He was the very beau ideal of a scrivener, a little, lean, scrimpt up old bachelor, who looked as if he had lived upon a diet of parchment and red tape for half a century. On being introduced, he laid his snuffbox and portfolio on the table, with great formality, and putting on a pair of oldfashioned silver mounted spectacles, he produced a parchment which he announced to Keziah as the will of her aunt. It was terribly long; and in addition to the usual law verbiage, there was a great deal of explanation of her views and intentions after her own peculiar fashion. The upshot of the whole matter, however, was that Keziah was to inherit her property; for which piece of justice I forgave the old lady, in my innermost heart, all the sour looks and harsh rebuffs she had ever given me. Still I was not quite satisfied. I wanted to know the amount which Keziah was to have. So plucking up courage, I put the question point blank to the old scrivener, and didn't he stare at my impertinence?

"Pray how much may this property of our excellent deceased friend be worth, Mr. Squizzy?"

"Why, Miss," he replied with a long, slender whining drawl, "I suppose her property in this country may be worth some ten thousand dollars; but then you know, there are the fifty thousand pounds which she held in the English funds."

"Fifty thousand pounds!" we both exclaimed, actually jumping off our seats at the astounding intelligence.

"Yes, Miss," he went on, in the same drawling tone, "and then, you know, she bought in the Cuba property, the coffee plantation, you know, after poor Mr. Carlton got into difficulty."

"We know no such thing," I replied, "Miss Primrose never let any one but yourself know that she had more than six or seven hundred dollars a year, and we never could divine where that came from."

"Well," replied Mr. Squizzy, "Miss Primrose was a very prudent woman—a nice woman. She had a better notion about investments than a great many men have. I have got everything safe and snug for the young lady whenever she chooses to take possession."

The dear old quiz! Then he pulled out of his portfolio such a lot of papers and parchments, and drawled away at Keziah with his explanations. At last came a bundle of letters directed to her, which were immediately examined, and proved to be those of Manly, which her aunt had caused to be intercepted. This was not quite right. It is true the explanation which the old man gave, was that Miss Primrose had become so convinced that Manly was a spendthrift and a thoughtless fellow, that she had considered it her duty to cut off all communication between him and her niece, when he went abroad. Still she might have trusted the discretion of her niece. Surely it had been sufficiently proved.

It may be easily supposed that matters were now speedily arranged for a wedding—and a grand wedding it was. It took place at our house. All our old schoolmates, that could be found, were invited; and two or three came from Virginia and Maryland. Miss Placid was there too; and I heard the bride whisper to her, "Dear Miss Placid, the best inheritance my father could have left me was precisely the one which came through your hands—self control."

After the marriage came the parting from us; for you must know, the happy couple went off into the country and settled on a great farm, where we visit them every summer; and such frolics as I have with those chubby little rogues, their two boys!

So there you have the whole story, Mr. Godey;

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Painted by A.W. Callcott R.A.

Engraved by A.L. Dick

RETURNING FROM MARKET.

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but how you ever got possession of that picture long enough to have it engraved, is a marvel to me; for her husband prized it as the apple of his eye. He would hardly let one look at it. Nevertheless it *is* her picture, and no fancy sketch. I should know it if I were to see it in Egypt.

THE MARKET BOY.

AN OLDFASHIONED STORY.

BY GEORGE F. STANDISH.

(*See Plate.*)

I PRAY you, reader, look at this picture, "*Returning from Market.*" Do you see the little boy astride of the white horse, clinging on bravely, and not at all apprehensive of a tumble into the brook, and a smart ducking? that is Jerry Stug. Do you observe the two girls wading through the water? they are Jerry's sisters, Sally and Dorcas. The foremost one has a bird-cage on her head and a basket on her arm; the other, as she wades by his side, peers into Jerry's face as if expecting to discover some signs of flinching; but it is in vain; for, like that brave Spanish hidalgo, Don Francisco Maria Socontera de Zamora, who never snuffed a candle with his fingers, Jerry never knew what it was to fear.

Take particular notice of Sally, the foremost of Jerry's sisters. The bird-cage which is on her head contained half a dozen wild pigeons in the morning, caught in a net by Jerry's father, with a hundred more, to be retailed out in Boston six at a time, so as not to glut the market. They are all gone now, you see; and the cage contains only Sally's shoes and stockings—hose I should say—which have been discreetly taken off to wade across the brook. The basket on her arm held six dozen eggs, good corn-fed eggs, fair, solid, and as white as snow. Their merits were well understood by Mr. John Hancock, who bought the whole of them for his own table, and sent Sally on her way rejoicing.

Now take another look at the woman—I beg her pardon—the lady, that rides the black mare. That is Jerry's "marm," as he calls her, who takes him to Boston market with her, all the way from Dorchester, in order that he may learn equitation and see the world early. A very notable person is Mistress Stug; and her marketing proves it. Such butter and cheese, such poultry and applesauce, such sausages and vegetables as she rejoices the Boston folks withal, might establish the character and make the fortune of a much less careful housekeeper and economist than Jerry's mother. Her praise is in all the kitchens; and her stand in the market is considered worthy to be designated by letter *A*, number *one*.

I speak of all these matters in the present tense, because the picture which is before us, drawn from the life, is such a present reality; but, in order to become acquainted with the history of Jerry Stug, the reader must go back with me in imagination to the colonial times; the period between the ending of the old French war, and the opening of the Revolution.

Then it was that Jerry, together with other choice spirits of that heroic age in our history, began to flourish. His ancestor came over with Governor Winthrop and settled on a snug hundred acre lot in Dorchester near the sea, built up a little farm-house, which has been the homestead of the family ever since, handed down from father to son in the good oldfashioned way. Jerry's uncle had been out in an expedition to Pemaquid, and had borne a pontoon by the side of Sir William Pepperel at the taking of Cape Breton; and his grandfather had been talked of for one of the governor's council; so that his mother was perfectly right when she said that Jerry had good blood in his veins, and that it behoved him to cut a figure in the world.

Jerry's father, besides attending to his agricultural and horticultural pursuits, was accustomed to go a fishing in the warm season, when the farm work would permit, in a little sailboat that he owned; and these expeditions were often undertaken in mackerel time, in the night between two pretty hard days' work. Industry and thrift had not gone out of fashion in those days. When Jerry was quite a small lad he was permitted to accompany his father on these nautical excursions; and, long before he was grown up, he had become as skilful in the management of a boat as he was in "riding the great horse."

Indeed, Jerry, besides being naturally active and enterprising, felt that he had a hereditary character to support. All his ancestors, from the landing of the Tremont settlers, had been, albeit short and thick, very valorous; and he, the shortest and thickest of any of his race within the recollection of the "oldest inhabitant," felt it incumbent on him to prove himself the most sturdy. Accordingly when he went to the district school in the winter to learn the three great mysteries, reading,

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writing, and ciphering, he speedily snow-balled and thrashed his way into public estimation, and on his weekly excursion to market with his mother and sisters, he acted as protector and champion before he was a dozen years old; and, at sixteen the whole charge of this important business was entrusted to him.

It was on the occasion of assuming this great trust, and an elegant homespun Sunday suit, that Jerry first began to aspire to the favour of Captain Pierce's daughter, the delectable Roxalana, called by all her acquaintance, for shortness and euphony, Roxy.

Sorely smitten was Jerry with the rosy cheeks and bright black eyes of Roxy; but a very bold thing it was considered of him to pay open court to her, waiting upon her home from the singing school, presenting her with the red ear of corn at huskings, and daring to ask her to accompany him on the great sleigh ride and dance at West Cambridge. For, be it known, Roxy was an heiress. Her grandmother had left her a thousand dollars, all to herself, and the farm, you know, was sure to come to her also in due time.

Nevertheless, Jerry seemed to prosper very well in his suit. He certainly received all sorts of encouragement from the fair one; and when, on attaining his twenty-first year, he made a formal proposal, he was promptly referred to the captain for his consent. But now began his troubles. The worthy captain had his own notions about the qualifications of his future son-in-law; and Jerry thought that he received the proposal rather oddly.

"Marry my daughter, Jerry Stug? Well that is cool, I vow. How old are you, Jerry?"

"Twenty-one to-day, captain."

"And so you wish to part with your freedom as soon as you've got it, hey? How much may you be worth?"

"I have laid up two thousand dollars, captain. Father and mother always allowed me a share in the marketing profits, ever since I was a little boy."

"And so you laid it up, did you? Well that looks well, I must say. Learnt to have an eye to the main chance, hey? But I must tell you one thing, Jerry. You have never seen no sarvice. You have never been out against the French and Indians. You never shouldered your musket——"

"Oh! captain, you know yourself I have shouldered my musket. I know the manual exercise, and I can shoot, too. I've killed eleven black ducks at a single shot. Father can vouch for that. He was along with me in the boat."

"Oh! yes, that's all very well so far as it goes. But my son-in-law must know how to stand fire. He must shoot where shots are to be taken as well as given. Did you ever shoot a Frenchman or an Indian, hey? Answer me that."

Jerry, to use a modern phrase, was stumped. He thought the captain rather peculiar in his notions, and not a little unreasonable. He replied, however, "I am ready to fight, captain, whenever there is any call for it. If the French were to land, or the Indians were to come down upon us here in the night, I guess I could stand fire and pull a trigger after a fashion. I never backed out of any sort of a quarrel for fear of a broken head or a bloody nose."

"Well, Jerry, there is no particular hurry about this matter, that I can see. You say you can fight upon a fair occasion; and if we all don't have a fair occasion before long I miss my guess. There's trouble a brewing, I tell ye. That shooting down of peaceable citizens in King street, the other day aint a going to be passed over quietly, my boy; and you and I will have to shoot something besides Frenchmen and Indians, if the king's ministers don't leave off quartering soldiers and laying taxes upon us. So you had better not think of getting married, Jerry, till you've seen some actual sarvice. Roxy is a sensible girl, and will do as I bid her; and I shall tell her not to marry any man till he has showed that he is real grit."

Our hero was obliged to submit; but, as the captain permitted his visits as before, he did not find submission very difficult. The next three years passed pleasantly enough, the courtship going on, the captain preaching the necessity of good works, in his own sense of the term, and Jerry hoping for a speedy opportunity of seeing service. His proposal had been made in 1772, and it was not long before he had an opportunity of enrolling himself among the minute men.

When the battle of Lexington took place Jerry was in the ranks, with the rest of the Dorchester company, had a bullet shot through his hat, and vowed, on his return home, that he had shot a "regular" and seen him fall. Captain Pierce commanded the company in which Jerry served on this occasion, and praised his conduct throughout; so that the lad might well consider himself upon the high road to that particular species of promotion which he chiefly desired. But lest his hopes should aspire too high the captain very frankly told him that he considered that day's work a mere flash in the pan, nothing at all, in fact, to a veteran who, like himself, had fought at Ticonderoga and Crown Point; and had shot, as he remarked, "more Indians in the old French war than you could shake a stick at. Aye," he continued, "Indians enough, Jerry, to shingle a meeting-house with their skins. What do you think of that, hey, boy?"

Jerry now wanted to enlist and join the besieging army at Cambridge, forthwith. But Roxy opposed his becoming a common soldier with all the eloquence she could muster; and, by way of compromise, the captain began to make interest to procure him a commission.

While matters were in this state Jerry accompanied his father frequently in excursions upon the water, ostensibly for the purpose of fishing; but really with the design of watching the arrival of British ships of war, transports and merchantmen, which were frequently arriving with reinforcements and supplies for General Gage's army, closely besieged in the neighbouring town of Boston.

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Anxious to distinguish himself by some feat of arms which should win the captain's favour and his daughter at once, Jerry revolved in his mind a variety of bold enterprises. But the opportunity was still wanting.

At last, a few days before the battle of Bunker's Hill, Jerry being out in his fishing boat, with no companion but a small boy, observed a transport, which had landed her troops, lying at anchor remote from any other vessel of the enemy, and in a situation every way favourable for a surprise; and he instantly determined on an attempt to capture her that very night. Accordingly he hurried home, communicated his plan to some fifteen of the minute men, who readily entered into it, and found no difficulty in permitting the originator of the scheme, experienced as he was in the management of small craft, to take the command.

Accordingly a large fishing smack was found, capable of holding all the men, who embarked in it, well armed, at a late hour in the evening, and quietly set sail. Fortunately the night was pitch dark; and by showing no light on board the smack, and observing one which appeared on board the transport, they were enabled to come within a few oars' length of the enemy before they were perceived. The men were lying flat on deck; and Jerry, standing at the helm, was the only person visible to the watch on the transport's deck, who was not slow in hailing, the instant his approach was perceived.

"Boat ahoy! Halloo there, you lubber, you'll be aboard of us, if you don't take care."

"I say, mister," replied Jerry, in a long whining drawl, "don't ye want to buy no fish?"

"No, you son of a gun. Luff there, or you'll be into us."

"Well, that's just what I want. I'm coming to see ye as fast as I can, and I raally expect you'll buy some of my fish when you come to see 'em. I guess you never seed sich haddock as I've got here. Haddock, you know, is a right down good pan fish."

By the time this speech was finished the smack was close alongside. Jerry threw a grappling iron and made fast to the fore chains of the transport, and calling out, "Now, boys!" he sprung with his whole party upon the deck of the enemy.

The surprise was complete, and the capture was effected without firing a gun or losing a man. The transport's crew were more numerous than the assailants; but most of them were asleep below, no apprehensions being entertained of an attempt to capture one of the king's transports almost within cannon-shot of the men-of-war in Boston harbour. Jerry's party, therefore, had only to overpower the watch on deck, consisting of five men, and to fasten down the hatches and companion-way in order to complete the capture.

But the main difficulty still remained, which was to make sail and escape to a secure port before morning. This, however, his own skill and the aid of some of his men who were old sailors, enabled him to accomplish. The transport was taken into Marblehead; and on removing the hatches was found to be laden with a considerable quantity of ammunition and muskets, articles of prime necessity to the army at this period of the war.

This was the climax of Jerry's good fortune, and I must now bring my story to a close. The time would fail me to recount how Jerry went to Cambridge to deliver the gunpowder and fire-arms—how he was publicly thanked by General Pomeroy in person—how the captain vowed that he had now "seen sarvice and done sarvice too"—how the courtship of Jerry and the siege of Boston both terminated the same week—how he gained a commission and went off to New York the next week—how he got a musket-shot in his shoulder at the battle of Long Island and was sent home to be nursed and cured, ay and caressed too by the fair Roxalana—the time would fail me, I repeat, to recount all these things, and therefore I pass them over without saying a word about them. Are they not all written in the chronicles of the times of King George the Third and Lord North? and was not the said Jerry gathered to his fathers, in a good old age, some half a dozen years ago, leaving some of his grandchildren in the high places of the earth, even among the selectmen of Dorchester?

THE DYING SWISS.

BY HENRY S. HAGERT.

Open the casement—let me feel
The mountain breezes round me steal;
They fanned my cheek in boyhood's hour,
Have they now lost their power?

There—there—enough—the evening air
Comes playing through my matted hair;
Blow on, ye winds, I feel ye now,
Upon my burning brow.

What! have ye ceased? already gone?
Wake up! wake up! blow on! blow on!
Rush down the valley, wave the trees,
My own sweet mountain breeze.

Now farewell, friends, a long adieu;
And farewell, Alps, I leave you too;
My native cot, my mountain dell,
Friends, Alps, and all, farewell.

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BARCLAY COMPTON, OR THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

A STORY.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE FIRST.

It was on one of those lovely nights when the tropical moon "lights up a softer and a milder day," that an American frigate was careering her lonely way across that ocean-desert which spreads its vast and trackless solitudes between the old world and the new. The gallant vessel was returning from a three years cruise: during which period she had circumnavigated the globe, and had recently crossed the equator for the fourth and last time. Her prow was turned towards the north-west, and the trade wind wafted her steadily in her course. Her top-sails caught the beams of the midnight moon; and on her lower canvass fell a mass of shade which darkened one half her deck, while the other came out into full light: except where its floor was chequered by the shadowed tracery of the rigging. The foaming crests of the waves rippled their snowy ledges across the widening line of radiance which the bright planet poured down from her meridian height: and if a light cloud came wandering by, it only veiled without concealing her resplendent face. A noble ship, sailing alone on the moonlight waters of the ocean, is a fine and solemn manifestation of the power and genius which Heaven, in its goodness, has delegated to man: and of the beauty and order that pervade every part of the system formed by "the glorious Architect divine."

The sea-air of the low southern latitude blew soft and balmy; and the watches of such a night might be classed among the pleasures of a sailor's life. Two of the lieutenants belonging to our frigate were pacing the deck together: sometimes musing, sometimes conversing: and sometimes (that is whenever they judged it necessary) giving attention to their professional duties. The younger officer, Rodney Templin (whom "the gods had made poetical," and also pictorial) occasionally broke forth into audible admiration of the moonlight scenery of ship and sea. Being enthusiastically fond of his profession, he, by an easy transition, descanted eloquently on the felicitous lot of those fortunate beings whose "home is on the deep." And he cited various "snatches of songs," both old and new, illustrative of the opinion that commences one of our national ballads—"How blest the life a sailor leads."

"Undoubtedly," said Barclay Compton, smiling at the *couleur de rose* vision of his young friend, "ours is an existence made up altogether of pleasurable sensations, heightened by the delightful excitements of storms, wrecks, and in war-time of battles."

"Victories—you should say," interrupted Templin.

"Not to mention," continued Compton, "tyrannical commanders, and other domestic troubles that are generally to be found within the little world of a ship; and from the annoyance of which 'there's no door to creep out.' Nevertheless, I like the service, and would wish for nothing beyond what it offers, if it did not compel me to pass so much of my time at a distance from the place where I have 'garnered up my heart.' Remember that I have a wife and children, who are in my eyes an angel and cherubs. When you are equally fortunate, you will think with me that the two most delightful words in a sailor's vocabulary are 'homeward bound.'"

"Well," returned Rodney Templin, "are we not at this present sailing, exactly in that ecstatic condition? And will not a few weeks more, either realize or set at rest, whatever hopes and fears may 'rush on your fancy,' or on that of Mrs. Compton? I can furnish you with lots of elegant ideas on the subject of hope. I have Campbell's whole poem at my finger ends; not to mention all the charming things that Moore has 'played and sung' about her. Then there is Collins's fine personification of the blue anchor goddess. 'And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.' Just as your wife will do, when she sees you coming in at that famous garden gate, you have so often talked of, that I see it always in my mind's eye:—

> 'O'ercanopied with odorous woodbine,
> With sweet musk roses and with eglantine.'

But now (as I know it will do you good) I am willing to indulge you on this beautiful moonlight night, when I feel kindly towards all the world, by listening patiently, (and wakefully if I can,) to a connected history of your courtship and married life: if indeed you can keep the thread of your narrative straight. I do not expect to see much of you after your arrival at your paradise: and as unhappily we may not again be ship-mates, and as, like Petruchio's Curtis, I am unwilling to go down to my grave unenlightened upon the subject of this marriage, I will now set myself steadfastly to listen to its 'strange eventful history:' promising that in the excess of my present urbanity, I will make due allowance for the optical illusions to which a man is liable when he is in the singular predicament of continuing desperately in love with his wife."

"I only ask you to wait till you see my Rosa-

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lie," said Lieutenant Compton, seating himself on the slide of the carronade on which his friend was now reclining. "And I only wish that when you do marry, you may be as happy in your choice as myself."

"Agreed," said Templin. "And now *mon ami commence par le commencement.*"

"It is more than five years," began Compton, "since, on one memorable afternoon, when I was officer of the deck, and we were lying at New York just off the Battery, that a party from the city came on board to visit our ship. There were two pair of married people, and two pair of single people. Among them was an old gentleman acquainted with the captain, and disappointed at not finding him on board; and a young gentleman acquainted with me. The females were all well-looking, but the gem of the party was a young lady who instantly struck me as the loveliest creature I had ever beheld. In stature she was exactly the *juste milieu;* and she had a fine graceful figure, slender enough for lightness and juvenility, and round enough for health and dignity. Her complexion was of mingled roses and lilies."

"I understand," interrupted Templin:—

"'Twas beauty truly blent, whose white and red
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.'"

"Her ringlets," pursued Compton, "looked as if touched with a perpetual sun-beam, and were disposed in the most becoming manner."

"A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men," observed Templin.

"Her teeth were of pearl, her lips rubies, her eyes sapphires," continued Compton. "In short, no description can do her justice."

"Very well. I can imagine her," said Templin.

"Also," resumed Compton, "she was most exquisitely drest: and you know that dress is a powerful adjunct to beauty. No woman (whatever nature may have done for her) can ever look well unless her dress is in good taste, and her hair arranged becomingly."

"I echo that important aphorism," said Templin, "and despise its false, though hacknied converse, that 'beauty when unadorned is adorned the most.'"

"Well," proceeded Compton. "In a word, Rosalie Tilbourne was replete with every sort of loveliness: figure, features, complexion, dress, all were perfection. Her gown was one of the most beautiful things I ever beheld, and it was easy to perceive that it fitted her exactly. She had a charming scarf, and a divine bonnet—shoes—gloves—all were exquisite. I received the party at the gangway. There was the sweetest fearfulness about her, as in her turn she ascended: and when I assisted in landing her safely on the deck, she was so fluttered, and so agitated with the danger (as she femininely imagined it) of getting on board a ship, that nothing could be more captivating. My friend Hargrave, who belonged to the party, introduced all its members to me, and to the other officers that had come forward to assist in doing the honours of our frigate. I very soon managed to accomplish my immediate wish of taking exclusive charge of Miss Tilbourne; and I therefore remember nothing about any of the other guests. I endeavoured to draw her into conversation, but it was with some difficulty I could induce her to talk; and when she did, her remarks on what she saw, and her occasional questions evinced such bewitching ignorance of everything relating to a ship, that I was most happy in putting her right. To be sure, it was a little amusing that she should call the tops the balconies, and the shrouds the rope-ladders."

"Perfectly natural," said Templin. "Nearly all women do so, till they learn better."

"The charming creature!" pursued Compton, "she mistook the capstan for the deck centre-table, and wondered there were no flower-vases, or annuals, or card-baskets upon it. Then she was sadly afraid of falling down the trap-doors, as she termed the hatchways."

"Very natural, also," observed Templin.

"In passing the guns," continued Compton, "she gathered her dress closely round her, lest on touching them they should go off: and, as we became better acquainted, she asked me in the most infantine manner, what had become of those three very tall huge men, that, while in the boat approaching the ship, she had observed standing up on the deck like three great giants. 'Were they what you call the sentinels?' said she. I found that the lovely inquirer meant the wind-sails, which she had seen from the boat, looking large and dark when relieved against the clear sky beyond the ship. So I showed her what they really were; and explained them as contrivances for ventilating the lower decks. She then laughed much at the manner in which they gathered the air into their capacious funnels, and conveyed it down the hatchways. I was enchanted with her sweet simplicity."

"And with her gratuitous vivacity, no doubt," said Templin.

"Yes," resumed Compton, "she was full of animation, after her first timidity had subsided. I never saw prettier teeth. We had just completed the tour of all the showable parts of the ship, and returned to the upper deck, when the drum beat to quarters. I shall never forget my dear Rosalie's amazement, when she saw the officers and men all suddenly hasten to their respective stations: a ceremony which, when it was over, she innocently observed, 'seemed foolish.' When the crew was mustered, the roll-call particularly amused her: and she laughed so prettily as the men answered to their names. But when the band struck up, she was highly delighted, and requested that I would ask the musicians for *Batti batti*, or for *Nel cor piu sento*. Unfortunately they were not acquainted with any Italian music: and she begged me to make them learn those airs immediately, as

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they were very fashionable. I must confess I was a little sorry, when at the evening descent of the flag they played the Star-spangled Banner, to hear so lovely a girl inquire, 'what tune that was?'"

Templin raised his head from the gun on which he was resting it, and half sprung up, startled at the idea of an American young lady not knowing the Star-spangled Banner. But checking himself, he resumed his position; recollecting that this very lady was now the wife of a doating husband, and that husband his friend.

"Too soon," continued Compton, "came the moment of departure. And our guests took leave, apparently much gratified by their visit to the frigate, and by the civilities of her officers; the gentlemen giving their cards and expressing a desire for farther acquaintance. You may be sure I did not quit the side of Miss Tilbourne till the last moment: grieving that I could not accompany her to her own door."

"Well:" said Templin, "when 'her lessening boat unwilling rowed to land,' did she 'cry adieu, and wave her lily hand?'"

"No," replied Compton, "but I unconsciously found myself waving mine, till I saw the whole party reach the wharf, and drive up the street in two carriages. Next morning, as soon as I could get away from the ship, I repaired to the office of my friend Hargrave, who had accompanied them on board, and was what is called a rising young lawyer. I asked him without much circumlocution, if he had any thoughts of paying his addresses to Miss Tilbourne. He assured me that he had not; at which I wondered! To set at rest all doubt on this subject, he confided to me that he was already engaged to a very charming girl, whose marriage with him was to take place as soon as she was out of mourning for a brother. I expressed my delight at this information, shook him heartily by the hand, and inquired where Miss Tilbourne was to be found: it being my intention to make her an immediate visit. But Hargrave judiciously entreated me to wait till the commencement of the usual visiting hours: and then not to go alone, but to accept his introduction to the young lady's family. I had not thought of her family, and Hargrave proceeded to inform me that her father, Mr. Tilbourne, was a merchant, who, though living in what is called handsome style, had never been especially fortunate in business; that he had three sons, one studying law, one physic, and one nothing: that of his four daughters, three were still at boarding-school; Rosalie, the eldest, had finished her education about a twelvemonth ago; had since been much in company, and was considered very beautiful. 'That of course,' said I: 'to see Rosalie Tilbourne is to behold the very personification of perfect loveliness. But who are her devoted and acknowledged admirers? From what rival have I the most to apprehend?' 'From old Baltus Vanbrunckel,' replied Hargrave, 'a rich widower, aged between sixty-five and seventy: immensely fat, with a large whitish face, and a reddish wig; certainly not to the taste of Miss Tilbourne, or of any other lady, but much encouraged by her parents; who it must be remembered have four daughters to be disposed of, and three sons on hand, who as yet do nothing for themselves.' I became justly outrageous at the bare idea of the lovely Rosalie Tilbourne being sacrificed to this detestable old fellow, for detestable I knew he must be; till Hargrave reminded me that in our country, no parents can compel a daughter to marry against her own inclination, or prevent her from marrying against theirs. The more I heard, the more I resolved to lose no time in endeavouring to rescue the beautiful girl from all importunities concerning this horrible old villain; though Hargrave assured me he was an honest man, and had always borne a respectable character. Perhaps so. But, even now, I have not patience to think of him. At length we set out on our expedition. I seemed to tread on air, and soon outstripped my companion; frequently getting so far ahead that he called to me to stop till he came up. We arrived at Mr. Tilbourne's very genteel house, where we found the charming Rosalie alone in the front parlour, practising on the harp, and accompanying the instrument with a voice which was indisputably capable of great execution. Her mother (as we afterwards learnt) was out shopping. Rosalie was again exquisitely dress; and without her bonnet, she looked still more beautiful. I was again introduced. She received me with evident pleasure. I could not refrain from talking to her in a manner that evinced my admiration. My friend Hargrave, finding himself likely to become *Monsieur de Trop*, looked at his watch, murmured something about an engagement on business, and considerately took his leave."

"In a word," said Templin, "you offered yourself that morning to Miss Tilbourne, and she was graciously pleased to accept you."

"The lovely creature!" exclaimed Compton. "Had I not reason to be gratified (enraptured rather) when I found that I had at once made a favourable impression on her heart. Could I ever sufficiently love and admire her candour in not denying it? And the noble disinterestedness with which she at once declared against the wealthy owner of houses and lands, and gave her hand and heart to me—only a lieutenant in the navy."

"You were in uniform, I suppose?" said Templin.

"Certainly. Of course I wished to look well in her beautiful eyes."

"The sacrifice was undoubtedly great," remarked Templin. "An old fat man, with a whitish face, and a reddish wig, to be relinquished for a tall, elegant youth, wearing eagle buttons, and a gold epaulet, and with fine dark curls of his own: and saying all sorts of delightful things, as fast as his tongue could utter them."

"And yet," observed Compton, with becoming modesty, "how many young girls would have hesitated before they could resolve to give up the prospect of a town-house and a country-house,

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two carriages, plate, jewels, and the probability of soon being left a wealthy widow."

"Shame on such girls!" exclaimed Templin. "But as no mercenary marriage ever did or ever could turn out well, I hope and believe they always meet the full punishment they deserve."

"To be brief," continued Compton, "I inquired of my now beloved Rosalie at what time her father usually came home, that I might wait to see him at once, and respectfully offer myself as his future son-in-law. She counselled me to defer the interview till next day; as she apprehended more difficulty with her mother than with her father, and she thought it best to give them both some previous preparation. 'Leave it to me,' said the dear prudent creature. 'I am not their only daughter, and they cannot expect to get rich husbands for us all. My sister Theodora will be out next season; she is very pretty; so who knows but old Vanbrunckel may fancy her; and it is not quite impossible that she may be willing to take him, for she has been all her life at a country boarding-school, and of course knows nothing. Now I,' continued Rosalie, 'was educated here in the city at Mrs. Frotherham's: but papa found it so expensive, that he said he could not afford the same for all his daughters; and mamma's friend, Mrs. Seebright, told her she had always remarked that girls who played and sung *tolerably* and waltzed *passably*, and merely learnt lessons on the languages, married off quite as well as those that were great musicians and great dancers, and great French talkers, and great Italian singers, and great German readers.' The dear creature; how delightfully she prattled. Every word is indelibly engraven on my heart. And yet I almost wonder I can remember so accurately all that she said, when I was absorbed the whole time in admiring the surpassing loveliness of her face, and the graceful beauty of her form. Well—to be brief again—Mrs. Tilbourne came home just as I was about to tear myself away; and I was introduced to her by her charming daughter. She was a fine-looking woman, with a great deal of manner; but, desirous as I was to conciliate her, I saw that she regarded me with no very benign aspect. As, at Mrs. Tilbourne's unexpected entrance, I was seated on the sofa with her daughter's hand in mine, the elder lady might, perhaps, have had some suspicion of the subject on which Rosalie and I were conversing."

"I think it most likely she had," observed Templin.

Barclay Compton proceeded. "On a hint from Rosalie—the acute darling—I took my leave soon after Mrs. Tilbourne's arrival. I will not attempt to describe to you all I endured, while the hours were dragging along their leaden feet, till the moment arrived when I could again visit the dwelling of my adored. I found Rosalie with her father and mother. Judge of my rapture on being received by both parents in a manner that equalled my wishes, and went far beyond my hopes. The dear little diplomatist had made everything smooth. I offered references as to character, connections, &c.: but the excellent people told me that none were necessary. All was soon settled: the father shook hands with me, as his son-in-law elect: the mother made me a complimentary speech: and Rosalie's small white hand was officially put into mine. In a short time, the old people kindly departed: the mother (as I afterwards understood) to write circulars to her friends informing them of her daughter's engagement; and the father to announce the news in Wall street. Was not this flattering! It is true that, when we were alone, my Rosalie told me that, at first, she had much difficulty in inducing her father and mother to allow her to relinquish the chance of Mr. Vanbrunckel, (for it seems he had not yet quite come to a proposal): but on her positively assuring them both, that she was immovably fixed and determined on marrying no human being but Lieutenant Compton; and that if they did not consent with a good grace, they might rely on her running away with him, they at length yielded. Lovely energetic creature!"

"Of course," said Templin, "the marriage speedily took place."

"Not half so soon as I wished," replied Compton. "Four weeks were required to fit out my charming Rosalie with the paraphernalia considered requisite for brides. In the mean time, being very desirous of remaining in port awhile, I managed to get myself transferred to a receiving ship. We were married, took a tour to Niagara and the lakes; and on our return to the city we repaired to a large and very genteel boarding-house, where I had secured lodgings for my wife and self previous to our departure. I must tell you *par parenthèse* that the income of the little property left me by my father now became a valuable addition to my pay. When we returned from the north, we found all my wife's family (except her brothers) established, for the present, in our boarding-house; Mr. Tilbourne having failed during our absence. The younger children had been brought away from school. They were all pretty: and though as yet extremely taciturn, they seemed to be very sweet girls. The sons, as I understood, were all living at a hotel. The truth is, I was, naturally, so happy with my Rosalie, that I was rather lost to everything else."

"I can imagine you," said Templin.

Barclay Compton then proceeded to inform his friend that, during the first year of his marriage, he had remained chiefly on shore; and during the second he had only gone to sea twice, and on short cruises. Meanwhile, they had two children, a boy and a girl. Also, Theodora Tilbourne did really marry Mr. Baltus Vanbrunckel; who, a week afterwards, began to enforce the promise he had previously exacted from her, of dropping all intercourse with her own family, lest, as he said, Mr. Tilbourne should expect his assistance to help him out of his difficulties. Mr. Tilbourne then went to New Orleans; where he found something

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to do, which, in New York, he would have considered beneath his dignity, or rather his gentility. He left his wife and younger children at the boarding-house, where Rodney Templin shrewdly suspected, that his friend Compton (though he did not say so) had been more than responsible for the expenses of his Rosalie's relations. Be that as it may, Barclay Compton stated that he, at length, grew very tired of living with his wife and children at a boarding-house; a mode of existence which *ought to be* irksome to all married people. He therefore took a cottage on Long Island, with a pretty garden, and in a place of very easy communication with the city. Here they commenced housekeeping under the superintendence of Mrs. Tilbourne, her two youngest daughters living with them: and Compton devoted much of his time to the embellishment of the garden, which he represented as a little Eden; and to various contrivances for improving the conveniences of the house. Finally, he concluded his narrative by saying that the last letter he received from home (and which he had found at the Cape of Good Hope) informed him of his father-in-law having sent for Mrs. Tilbourne and her youngest daughter to join him at New Orleans; leaving Bertha with her sister Rosalie "for company."

"And now, Templin," proceeded our hero, "I will not conceal from you that I anticipate additional happiness on returning home, from having my dear Rosalie and my own house still more to myself. Ever since our marriage a portion of her family have been continually with us. We were always, it is true, on excellent terms. They were the near relatives of my beloved Rosalie; and therefore I always regarded them in the most favourable light, and endeavoured to close my eyes and ears to their little imperfections. Still, there were times when I longed to see my wife *bona fide* mistress of her own house, and manager of her own children, exercising her own judgment, and not always referring to her mother. I shall now enjoy that felicity. Bertha Tilbourne will be no interruption, for she is one of the gentlest and most passive of human beings. My darling children are now at a delightful age. You must come often, my dear Templin, and witness and participate in our happiness; till you are induced to follow my example, and set about preparing such a home for yourself."

Templin shook the hand of his friend; and for the short remainder of the watch they resumed their promenade on the deck, and calculated the shortest time that could possibly elapse before they found themselves at the end of their voyage.

The moon was now setting behind the western waves. A faint gleam of her diminished light yet lingered about the ship, and faded away from the blackening ocean. The stars, that had been lost in her effulgence, now again sparkled out in the dark blue of ether. Lieutenant Compton remarked with much satisfaction that certain constellations belonging to the southern hemisphere were now no longer visible. For several nights the Cross of the South had been seen no more, and the bright Canopus appeared lower and lower towards the verge of the horizon. The north star twinkled again at her station: the unchanging friend of the seaman that navigates those seas which spread their world of waters from the burning regions of the line to the frozen shores of Greenland. The increasing breeze blew fresh and fair, and the frigate seemed almost to fly through the waves: while the volumes of foam that she threw around her shone like liquid fire, with that mysterious scintillation which is one of the wonders of the deep. The mid-watch was now over; and our two officers, when their successors came to take their places, descended to their cots, to repose themselves for the remainder of the night.

After leaving the range of the trade winds, our voyagers continued to be favoured by propitious breezes: though to Barclay Compton every day seemed longer and longer. At last, their approach to the coast was indicated by the usual signs of sea-weed and sea-birds, with other infallible tokens well-known to the wanderers of the pathless wave. Columbus himself, on the voyage which gave America to the world, looked out not more anxiously for land than did our impatient hero; and more than once even his practised eye was at fault, in imagining he had discovered what was not yet to be seen.

At length, one clear morning at sunrise the welcome intelligence was announced by a seaman from the mast-head; and the north-eastern coast of New Jersey was soon plainly discerned from the deck. A signal was made for a pilot. A boat shortly run alongside, and the pilot, on coming on board, produced a New York paper dated within the week. As soon as Lieutenant Compton could get hold of it, he sought immediately for the obituary section; in trembling dread lest he should there meet the name of one most dear to him. No such fear was realized; and the paper went round, till it was fairly worn out in the hands of the midshipmen.

Before noon the frigate rounded Sandy Hook, and proceeded gallantly up the bay; the forts firing as she passed. She anchored off the Battery, and, in answer to the acclamations of the citizens assembled to greet her safe return after a three years' absence, she complimented the town with the accustomed salute of thirteen guns.

The captain had already landed; and the officers respectively prepared to go on shore, as soon as their duties would allow them to leave the ship.

It was not long before Barclay Compton sprung down the frigate's side into the little boat that was to carry him to his long wished-for home. As he took his seat in the stern-sheets, he looked up at his friend Templin, who, remaining for the present on board, stood leaning over the taffrail, and gaily, yet tearfully, our hero exclaimed—

"Now for my wife and children!"

(To be continued.)

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THE IMMIGRANT.

BY JOSEPH SILL.

(Concluded from page 188.)

CHAPTER III.

Five years have flown by since the incidents occurred related in the last chapter, and we must now transport ourselves once more to that secluded farm in the northern part of England. This time had not passed over the heads of farmer Graham and his family without leaving some records of change and trial and sorrow, and the evidences of their existence might be perceived in every one of its members. The boys had grown up to be men; Mary was taller and thinner, and less joyous than she had been: the old dame had been called away from this state of probation and trouble; and the farmer himself had become infirm in body, and more morose in mind. But we must take an author's privilege, and glance backwards a little.

After Edward's departure it became necessary that the boys should be taken from school, and employed in the labours of the farm, which arrangement seemed to promise very well for some time, while the novelty lasted; but they soon began to evince a weariness of toil, and an indisposition to work, the effect of which became apparent in the lessened amount of the farm produce. They had become used to a more sedentary life in their school days, and the constant drudgery of farming was felt to be comparatively very severe. Their father himself endeavoured, by his personal attendance and active industry to stimulate them to work, and so long as he continued with them they went on very well, but as soon as he was called away on any business they immediately relaxed, and little was done until he returned. They thought that their father ought to hire a labouring man in Edward's place, and not to compel them to do the work of men who were obliged by necessity to labour so hard. Thomas was very fond of occasionally joining the village club, to play quoits, or cricket, or bowls, which he had been accustomed to do while he remained at school; and his inclination for these exercises was so great that he would sometimes join these sports when very important work ought to have been attended to on the farm, which was the cause of frequent unpleasant collisions with his father. James was more willing to labour, but his heath was very delicate, and he was unable to do much of the severest part of the husbandry, and between them, consequently, the farm began to show a corresponding deficiency.

This was not the only trial that the farmer experienced. He fondly hoped, after he had got rid of Edward, that the love spell would soon cease to have an influence over his daughter, and that she would then agree to have farmer Ashton. He accordingly offered every inducement to bring him to "the Grange;" and he, nothing loth, was ready enough to accept every opportunity to pay Mary attention, and to show her that he really loved her. It was a sincere passion that the young man cherished, for he saw that she was far superior to any of the young women in the neighbourhood, and would make an excellent wife. He therefore came across to the farm very often, and soon perceiving that Mary was much devoted to her parents, and was always gratified when any kindness or attention was shown to them, he became still more careful to please the old farmer. Sometimes, when much work was to be done at "the Grange," he would come and give a helping hand, and endeavour to promote the interests of those whose alliance he sought so eagerly. He was willing to wait until time, and a constant show of affection on his part, might gradually incline her to look upon him with favour; and he flattered himself that such continued devotion would finally have the effect he desired. He saw that at present he was still indifferent to her, although she ever treated him with consideration and kindness; yet he fondly clung to the idea that *his time* would come.

Months and months passed on in this way, without producing any perceptible difference in the feelings of these young people. In the meanwhile, the farm was losing ground, and it soon appeared that the produce would not pay the expenses. This was the first time that "the Grange" had ever shown a losing crop for many years, and it was a subject of sore vexation to farmer Graham. His temper was of course not improved by it, and he would often complain in a bitter spirit of the idleness and extravagance of his two boys. Such harsh language was not calculated to induce improvement in them, but on the contrary it produced discontent and repining at what they thought their hard condition. The old dame, loving her husband and her children with almost equal affection, would then interfere and endeavour to reconcile them to each other, but the farmer was sometimes not to be pacified, and would taunt her with the foolish notions she had instilled into the heads of the children by encouraging so much school learning and such like stuff. He would then complain too of Mary for not favouring farmer Ashton's suit, and attributed that also to the foolish notions she

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had received from reading trashy books. At such times he was permitted to rail on without any interference on the part of his wife, because she knew his character, and that any palliation of hers would only add fuel to the fire. But as things gradually got worse at "the Grange," and the farmer's temper became still more harsh and unforgiving, and his passions more frequently excited, it began to appear that the dame had lost her usual serenity of mind, and had fallen into a low nervous condition that was indicative of great feebleness of body. Mary was for ever at her mother's side, and did all that a loving child could do to lighten her cares, and assuage her sufferings. In talking together of the present state of things at the farm, the mother would sometimes ask her daughter whether her love for her father could not induce her to accept farmer Ashton as a husband, "who was an honest young man, and worthy of any young woman's affection;" but the daughter's tears would then flow so abundantly, and she would show such evident signs of distress that the mother would instantly forbear, and they would then mingle their tears together.

Not a year from this period her increasing infirmities, heightened by the still downward movement of their little fortunes, brought her to the grave; but as she died, she appealed to Mary in broken accents to be kind to her father, and take care of him as long as he lived. Mary hardly needed the injunction, but the last request of her dear lost parent strengthened her resolution, and she prepared herself to be tenderly solicitous of his health and comfort.

A day or two after the interment had taken place, the clergyman of the village, the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, called upon the family to offer his sympathy and consolation; and before he left he mentioned that he had lately received pleasant intelligence from Edward Foster, who was well satisfied with America, and had got into an excellent situation as a farmer, and assistant gardener. Mary's heart throbbed at the news, but she made no comment. James, however, immediately exclaimed, "he was glad to hear that Edward was doing well, and for his part he would like to go to America too."

All this while young Ashton continued to visit "the Grange," and still cherished hopes that Mary would yet yield to his constant and persevering attachment. The intimacy between farmer Graham and the young man seemed to increase; and there were rumours that the latter had advanced money to old Graham to enable him to meet his losses on the farm, which had been very unfortunate for the last two or three seasons. Ashton did not presume upon this advance of money to push his addresses to Mary, for he was really well intentioned and had a real passion for her without any selfish considerations; but the father was stimulated by the fact of his owing money, and the fear of his continued inability to pay it, without sacrificing his farm, to renew his intercessions to Mary that she would settle, and permit his young friend to address her as his intended wife.

It was a hard trial to that young girl to be thus entreated, when she could give no assent to the proposal; for with her the passion of love had been of slow growth, and based upon the best principles of human nature, upon industry, integrity, truth, and religious faith, which she found all combined in Edward, and which were in such sweet accordance with her own spirit; and being thus incited to fix her affections upon an object so worthy of her love, she found it altogether vain and impossible to think of another in the same way. To the repeated entreaties of her father, therefore, and the assiduous attentions of young Ashton, she was compelled to utter a sorrowful dissent, although in doing so she almost brought down a malediction on her head, from him who was the author of her being.

"Why can't thee marry him, baggage, tell me that?" was the question of the farmer.

"I cannot and ought not to marry any one, dear father, whom I do not love, but I do not wish to marry; let me live with you, and take care of you, and I will be content and happy."

"Content to be an old maid! it's not true; thou would have him, I reckon, that's over the big ocean, soon enough if he would ask thee; but thou art content to break thy father's heart, and see him taken to a jail, which maybe will soon happen."

"Dear father, do not say so, I will never marry any one without your approbation, and I would lay down my life for your comfort and happiness: but do not despair—*I* will work for you, and Thomas and James will work better than they have done, and happier days will come to you, and to us all."

Such conversations were not unfrequent, and after each of them Mary would talk to, and reason with her brothers on the necessity of self-exertion, and persuade them that they should all join their efforts to get the farm out of debt as speedily as possible, so that the mind of their father might be relieved from trouble. Her earnest appeals to them had its effect for a little while, and they would strive to emulate the industry of Mary, who was up with the lark, working in the dairy, engaged throughout the day in the most laborious household duties, and busy at night with her knitting or her sewing; but their industry was short-lived, and they soon fell back again into their old idle ways.

The misfortunes of the people at "the Grange" multiplied every year, some of which arose from their own sloth and mismanagement, and some from those dispensations of Providence which no human foresight or industry could prevent. There had been two wet seasons in succession which had, in that valley, so deluged the land that the grain gave forth no increase. Some of the cattle had died, which had to be replaced at a heavy cost. The outhouses required considerable repairs; and the taxes were more burthensome than ever. Various expenses of this sort accumulated at these unhappy periods, and it became necessary to mortgage the farm to enable the farmer to meet these unprecedented losses. As he had borrowed money pre-

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viously from farmer Ashton, he applied to him for a loan upon the property, to the amount of more than half its value, which the young man readily advanced; and it was the occasion of another appeal to his daughter to accede to his wishes, but which was as tenderly, but firmly, objected to as before.

These repeated persecutions, however, connected with the accumulating distress, which was gradually reducing them to poverty, made a deep impression on the mind of Mary, and a growing melancholy was observable in the expression of her countenance. She did not permit any dissatisfaction to show itself to her father or brothers, or any peevish or intemperate expression to issue from her lips—(her temper and disposition were too well subdued and regulated for such exhibitions); but her spirits began to fail under the trials she endured, and she was evidently less happy and joyous than she once had been. She had cherished hope in her bosom until its power was almost deadened. No word or intelligence of him she loved had reached her for several years, and she began to ask herself with acute anxiety, "can he have forgotten me? has Edward met with some other person whom he loves better than me?" but while she thus questioned herself, she believed that it was impossible for him to do wrong, and that sooner or later he would be found worthy of the respect and love of all.

As James returned one evening from the neighbouring village, where he had been sent by his father, he ran eagerly into the house, and inquired loudly for Mary, saying that he had something for her. Mary heard him and was by his side in an instant. "What is it, James?" she said, while her heart almost ceased beating, as the idea flashed into her mind that it might be some tidings of Edward. "What is it? pray give it to me!" and as James drew from his pocket a letter, she snatched it hastily from his hand, and suddenly withdrew into her own room, saying she would quickly return. She trembled in every limb, as she passed along; but she was quickly there, and broke open the seal, as fast as her nervous excitement would allow her. The letter was indeed from Edward Foster, was dated "near Philadelphia, January 1835;" and was written as follows:

"Dearest Mary:—

"Though I have been absent a long while from the Grange farm, I have not forgotten it or you. I could not forget you, Mary, because your image has been with me almost day and night, and your parting gift, and your parting words have been printed on my heart. God has indeed blessed me, Mary, and I think sometimes it is because you asked it of him. I have been cheered up many a time, when I have been lonely and sad, by thinking of you, and the many kind words and actions you bestowed upon the poor boy, when he was working on your father's farm. How fortunate it was for me that *you* lived there, and took notice of me. If you had not, I might have been much more ignorant than I am, and maybe, idle and disposed to every vice. You saved me from these evils, and induced me to be industrious and anxious to learn. I feel that I owe all to you; and that my prosperity is the result of your kindness.

"You know, Mary, what *my* feelings are towards you, but I can only dream of *your* feelings towards me. I have sometimes thought that you loved me in return, but I never knew it from your lips, and I can only hope that you do. I feel, however, that I can openly tell you *now* that I have long loved you with a true affection, and that it would be the greatest happiness to me to make you the partner of my heart and fortunes. I have lived in great anxiety of mind about you for many years, fearing that you might have forgotten one so far removed from you, or that you were perhaps given to another; but I did not wish to give you pain on my account by frequent intimations of my movements, or interfere in any way with your free pleasure or determination. I have heard, however, from time to time, of your situation and prospects, although you have not perhaps had any intelligence of me; and the time has at length arrived when I can freely unburthen my heart, and ask you for a return of affection. Since I came to America I have been very fortunate. I met with friends soon after I landed, and in a few days I was employed by Mr. Morris on his farm, a few miles from the city. I could not have found a better home, for Mr. Morris is a gentleman by birth and education, and very liberal and considerate to all who are employed by him. I was at first engaged as a farm-servant, in the same capacity as at "The Grange," but I was ere long employed occasionally by him in his large and beautiful garden, where I made myself useful as an assistant gardener from the knowledge I obtained through you, Mary. The poor old gardener who had lived there many years, took a liking to me, and instructed me in the culture of flowers and plants, which I delighted in, chiefly because you were so fond of flowers; and as the infirmities of Will Bennett increased, I was gradually more and more employed in this way, until the good old man died, when I was placed at once in his situation by Mr. Morris, at liberal wages, as he considered me quite able to undertake the garden, and worthy to be entrusted with it. At the same time my services were always given to the farm whenever they were required; and as John Thompson, the farming man who had managed the farm for Mr. Morris for a long time, had been wishing to go to the Western Country for the past year or two, where he thought he could do better for his family, and had given him notice that he would leave 'the Place' last autumn, Mr. Morris was kind enough to make an offer to me to take the farm of 200 acres on shares, as it is called here, by which arrangement I am to receive one half of the produce for the labour I bestow upon it. Now, dearest Mary, this kind offer of Mr. Morris has almost filled up the measure of my hopes, and it depends upon you to complete my

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happiness. I have saved up a good deal of money since I have been in Mr. Morris's employ, and I feel that I am now able to support you and your father.

"Could your father be induced to come here? I would make him very, very welcome, and so would Mr. Morris, for I have told him what a good practical farmer he is. Your father could at once help me to manage the farm, which I now have on shares, and could have just as much employment as he liked, without any care. I could easily find employment too for Thomas and James, for even if they were not content to settle in this neighbourhood, I could get them plenty of land in Ohio, through my friend William Baxter, who came over with me to this country, and who wrote to me lately, saying that he and his family were doing very well, and that they wished I would come and settle near them. You see, dear Mary, that I am now able to return you some of the good that you have so freely bestowed upon me; and I hope you will be able to induce your father to forget the anxiety and trouble I once caused him, which was, however, not to be avoided on my part, and convince him that I not only feel no unkindness to him, but that I would cheerfully do him any service in my power. Show this letter to him, and I pray that he may be so impressed with its contents, as to be inclined to agree to my proposal. I am sure he would like America, and find plenty of friends here: it is the home of the poor industrious man. He would be considered of more value to society here, than he is even in the beautiful Cumberland valley where you now dwell, (which I shall ever remember with delight,) and would take pleasure, I am persuaded, in the cultivation and management of the large and valuable farm of Mr. Morris.

"I hope he will deeply consider what I have said; and that my real situation and prospects may be fully confirmed, I have written to the Rev'd Mr. Fletcher by this same vessel, with such particulars and testimonials as will authenticate my statements to you. Let your father seek Mr. Fletcher, and talk freely with him on the subject.

"I have written, dearest Mary, as you will perceive, with a secret undefined hope that you return my affection: if you do, and your father consents to come out to America with you, I shall be blessed indeed; but if you do not, I shall consider myself most unfortunate in this the greatest blessing of my life, and strive to meet it as becomes a man who has still many blessings to be thankful for.

"From your affectionate friend,

"Edward Foster."

Mary read and re-read this considerate and loving letter, and pressed it often to her heart and lips; and she thanked God that Edward was still the same honest, devoted young man that she had ever believed him to be. This moment fully repaid her for all her anxieties, and cares, and fears, and she inwardly rejoiced that she was beloved by such an excellent person. After she had indulged in a happy reverie for some minutes, she began to reflect upon the manner of communicating the intelligence to her father. She longed, yet feared to do it, as she was quite doubtful whether it would be grateful to him or not: and while she was considering the matter, she heard a gentle tap at her room door and the voice of James asking for admittance. She told him to come in, when James exclaimed, "Well Mary, what's the news? Is it from Edward as I guessed?" Mary gave him all the information he desired, and when she told him of Edward's prosperity, and that he had invited them all to go to America, he broke out into many exclamations of joy, and said "that he had long desired to go out there, and only waited for a fitting opportunity." Mary then asked his advice about opening the subject to her father, and told James that she wished him to read the letter. "Well," said he, "give me the letter, and I'll hand it to him before he goes to bed; maybe he'll read it ere he goes to sleep." James soon after left the room, telling her "to keep up her spirits, like a good girl, and all would go well." Mary endeavoured to be composed, but she found it no easy matter. She felt this to be the crisis of her fate; the very point on which would turn her future happiness or misery; and that it was dependent on a being who had been hitherto opposed to the connection which was so dear to her. That person was her own father; and when she remembered the anger he had often displayed when even the name of Edward was mentioned, she became sick at heart, and almost hopeless of his concurrence. But while she felt that his opposition to her wishes would be the severest trial which she had yet been called upon to endure, she still remembered that he was her parent, and that the last words of her dear mother were "that she should take care of her father." In the greatest distress of mind, therefore, she sought her pillow that night, and prayed that her Almighty Maker might have her in his holy keeping, and enable her to acquiesce unmurmuringly in whatever he might direct.

Mary arose in the morning after a restless night, almost dreading to meet the eye of her father. She was somewhat relieved at not meeting him, but as Thomas and James were proceeding to their work, she made a sign to James, who came directly to her side. She asked him timidly if he had delivered the letter, to which he gave an assenting reply, saying "that as his father seemed melancholy he merely handed it to him, without making any remark." Mary sighed when James continued, "But father perhaps is in a better humour this morning, for he was up earlier than common and walked, staff in hand, in the direction of the village. I do hope he will make up his mind to go to America, for Thomas and I have been talking it over, and he says there is fine hunting and shooting there, and no game laws; and he seems quite as pleased with the plan as any of us. If father says anything to us on the subject we are going to tell him plainly that we could do far better there than here, and

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that we wish to go. So cheer up, Mary, and don't be down-hearted."

That morning seemed to drag heavily along. The farmer did not return to his morning meal, and every hour between that time and the approach to noon appeared to be doubled in duration. Mary busied herself about household affairs with uncommon energy, hoping that hard labour would relieve her mind from the deep anxiety that she felt, but it was all in vain. Many a time her eye wandered from her work to see whether her father was returning, and as often was she disappointed. The frugal dinner was prepared, and ready to be served. The boys were waiting, and were about to partake of the repast, supposing he would not return until late in the day, when one of them looked out and saw him walking homewards at some distance. In a few minutes afterwards he joined the family group, and sat down with them to the noontide meal. He did not say where he had been, and spoke but little: but it was remarked by all that he was not gloomy or unkind, although there was the expression of great care on his features. After the boys had returned again to their duties in the fields, he remained for some time in his place, absorbed in thought; and then suddenly called Mary to him. "Daughter," said he, "I have been to the village, and have spoken with parson Fletcher. He was very kind, and asked me to breakfast at the parsonage. We had a long talk together about you, Mary." He paused for a little while, and then asked: "would'st thou leave thy old father, and his falling fortunes, and go and live with another?"

Mary looked at him through her tears, and taking his hand, which she covered with kisses, she cried, "I will never leave you; I will try to forget others for you; forgive me, dear father, if I ever caused you pain."

"Thou wert always tender-hearted, Mary, and never offended me but in one thing; but I do not complain now. Edward is a good lad, a very good lad, and the parson says he is deserving of all the success he has met with. He has done well and thriven, while I have become poor. Ah! me; things have changed, sadly changed, with me. I do not love the old place as well as I did; everything seems to go to ruin on it now. I care not where I wander, or where I lay down to die. *She* is at rest in the churchyard who made "the Grange" seem a happy spot, and I did hope ere long to be laid down by her side; but if I cannot be, I must submit. I have read the letter, my child, and cannot, and should not, Mr. Fletcher says, oppose your wishes. Edward's conduct has touched my heart, and he seems to be worthy of such a daughter as thou art. Mary, I will leave England and go with thee."

Much more was said by both during this interview, and many tears were shed, which had the effect of softening the heart of the old man towards his daughter, and towards all mankind. In an imperceptible manner the mind of the farmer had been gradually prepared to receive such an offer as had been generously proposed by Edward. A succession of disasters of one kind or another had reduced his means so much that he could not sustain himself in the same liberal manner that he had been accustomed to for the greater part of his life; and he began to feel, or to imagine that he felt, a loss of consequence or caste amongst the surrounding yeomanry of that part of the country. His pride was touched on this account, and he could hardly bear to think that he was less important now than he had always been considered in that quiet country valley, where he had been born and brought up. This feeling had no doubt considerable influence upon him at this time, when he was called upon to decide upon leaving his native country; and this, united with a real desire to promote his daughter's happiness, and the prospect of being considered a citizen of a free country, brought about such a happy change of mind as we have now described.

Thomas and James were speedily made acquainted with their father's determination, and were highly gratified; and through them it soon became known to the neighbours around. Farmer Ashton was, of course, amongst the earliest who heard of it, and he was at once astonished and grieved. He saw that his long cherished affection for Mary was rendered hopeless by this sudden act; and for a time he indulged in very harsh purposes against the family; but his usual good sense and better nature soon returned, although he avoided all intercourse with the people at "the Grange." He felt that he could not see her, whom he had loved so long, with any equanimity of mind, when she was already the purposed wife of another, and he kept out of their sight.

Edward had written very fully to the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, relative to the arrangements for their departure, should farmer Graham and his family consent to his proposal, so that they understood at once what was necessary to be done. As soon as they had determined upon going, the farmer communicated his intention to Mr. Fletcher, and that he would probably be ready to depart in about two months. As Edward could not leave "the place" conveniently, he desired to be informed about what time they might be expected, when he would be ready at the wharf, with all a lover's anxiety, to meet and welcome them to *his home* in the New World. Mr. Fletcher therefore wrote to him directly with the joyful intelligence; and it would be almost hard to say whether the kind clergyman in writing, or our youthful friend in receiving the letter, enjoyed the greater satisfaction.

The family at "the Grange" were soon, consequently, engaged in their preparations for departure; and amongst the first business that claimed the attention of the farmer, was to make some arrangement for the sale of the old homestead, which he went about with a sorrowful heart. He thought it probable that his young friend Ashton, who had already advanced a large sum upon it, would purchase it at a fair valuation, and he ac-

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cordingly went to his farm to talk to him about it; but Ashton refused to see him, and referred him to his attorney in the village, who had his instructions on the subject. He turned away with regret, thinking it rather unkind to be sent to a third person in such a business; but he proceeded at once to the village, and saw the attorney. The man of law was prompt in his offer, but as it was much under its value, the farmer hesitated to accept it, and asked for an allowance of time for consideration, which was granted. He subsequently offered it to various other persons, and advertised it in the city newspapers, but the times were dull, and very few offers were made for it. None of them exceeded that which had been proffered to him by the attorney, and he reluctantly made up his mind to accept it. By this agreement he would receive but a small amount of money, as the greater part of the value had been previously advanced to him; but he owed very little, and his stock and crops would bring in a considerable sum, which would leave him a little surplus after paying all his expenses to America. The deed for the sale of the farm was to be filled up for the first day of April, and possession was to be given at that time.

The intervening period flew by very rapidly, for the people at "the Grange" were constantly employed in preparation, and nothing cheats time of its weariness so thoroughly and satisfactorily as plenty of occupation for body and mind. But as the time approached when they were to leave their old and pleasant abode, where they had passed so many happy years, their recent troubles seemed to dwindle into insignificance, and they remembered particularly their long continued prosperity, and the numerous blessings they had enjoyed under its roof. On the last day of their abiding at the farm, Mary felt deeply sorrowful, and wandered from room to room in the old house, as if she could not be at rest. Again and again she went mechanically into her mother's apartment, and always with renewed bursts of grief. Her father too seemed to be rooted to the spot, and he scarcely spoke during the whole live-long day; while the most profound melancholy, which almost amounted to despondency, was visible in his countenance. In the early part of the evening they walked out together, and their steps insensibly led them to the retired village churchyard, where reposed the remains of her whom they had each affectionately loved. They stood by the side of her grassy grave while their thoughts reanimated her dust, and she appeared to them in all her physical and mental lineaments as when she lived and moved among them. They beheld her spiritually in heaven, where she was enjoying the rewards of a well-spent life, and looking down with tenderness upon them, while they were standing near her last earthly tenement. But amidst all their faith that she whom they loved was resting in the arms of a merciful God, and that she was happy for ever, their tears began to flow, and their hearts to sink within them when they remembered that they would probably never see her grave again, and that a wide and stormy ocean would separate them for ever from the place where she reposed in this beautiful churchyard. They lingered around it until the night began to set in, and then slowly and sorrowfully returned for the last time to their own homestead.

On the next day they left "the Grange," and took a respectful leave of the excellent clergyman who had indeed been a Christian pastor to them, and who assured them that he would always feel the liveliest interest in their welfare. A great many other friends flocked around them to bid them God speed, and many sighs and tears were interchanged as the parting hour drew nigh. Ashton dared not to trust himself with a farewell interview, but it is said that he *privately* observed the departure of Mary from the farm, and that he looked at her "more in sorrow than in anger."

In a short time they arrived safely in Liverpool, and bade adieu to their native country in the early part of April, in a ship bound to Philadelphia.

CHAPTER IV.

Our little history is now nearly told. Edward could scarcely restrain his satisfaction and joy when he received Mr. Fletcher's letter, which was quickly observed by Mr. Morris and his family, to whom he communicated its purport. They all complimented him highly upon his approaching happiness, and said they would be pleased to welcome the new comers as soon as they arrived. Those two months appeared like an age to our young lover: he became very studious of the weather, and was constantly observing the direction of the flying clouds, or the weather vane on the top of the barn. Every newspaper was eagerly examined to see whether there was any arrival from England, and he became quite conversant with the shipping list. His visits to the city were comparatively frequent, where he would stray along the wharves, and linger about, with his eyes straining towards the "Point," until he saw that the wind was dead ahead, and no hopes of any arrival, when he would turn slowly away, and go back to his work on the farm.

But the time came, at length, when the ship which contained the precious freight was reported *below*. Edward's quick eye discovered the announcement in a moment, and he immediately began to prepare for a visit to town; when Mr. Morris, who also observed it, and who happened to be close at hand, remarked in a grave tone, "that such and such work ought to be done *to-day*, and that they must be very brisk and get through it."

Edward looked up and saw a smile in the corner of his eye, and understood what he meant. In a short time he was prepared for the visit, and hurried to town with a quick step and a bounding heart. He hardly permitted himself to take his eyes from the river for a moment during the day,

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and began almost to despair about the arrival of the ship, when, just before evening, the sails of a three-masted vessel were seen rounding the Point, and the flowing tide soon brought her to the wharf. As soon as she was made fast, he leaped joyously upon deck, and instinctively found Mary amidst the crowd of passengers, and clasped her with transport to his heart. She was scarcely less delighted, but fortunately "the mask of night" was on her cheek, and her emotions were rather felt by him than perceived. After a brief moment of delicious joy, they sought out together old farmer Graham and the two sons, and mutual expressions of pleasure and satisfaction were exchanged between them. They almost immediately left the vessel, and adjourned to a decent lodging house in the neighbourhood, where Edward had provided, in expectation of their arrival, a plentiful repast, to which the new comers did ample justice. During this delightful meal they had abundant time to observe each other, and many congratulations were passed between the young people upon the improvement of each other's appearance since they had last met, upwards of seven years ago. Mary had recovered her health during the six weeks voyage, and the blush often rose to her cheek, as she met Edward's glance; and a quiet joy sparkled in her eye. Edward's reception of her father had been particularly affectionate and hearty, which had the double effect of giving the old man pleasure, and making him feel quite at his ease. His health had also been invigorated by the sea air, and he seemed to partake of the pleasure which was so manifestly displayed by the little circle around him. They remained not long in the lodging house, but sauntered out into the streets of this beautiful city, where the trees which were planted on each side were in full bloom, and every place thronged with people enjoying the sweet evening air. Edward led them into some of the public squares, with which they seemed surprised and delighted; where he took an opportunity of separating Mary a short distance from the rest, to whisper his delight into her ear, and to receive from her an assurance that his devotion and love were fully and ardently returned.

Early the next day, the whole party went out to Mr. Morris's "place," where they were received by Mr. and Mrs. Morris with great kindness; the latter inviting Mary to stay with them at the mansion house, until other arrangements were made; while farmer Graham and his two sons were comfortably lodged at the farm house, which was occupied by Edward. The old man was greatly pleased with his reception, and with the fine condition of the grounds and farm, and soon began to think that he had done well to come out to America. Mr. Morris found out by conversation with him that he was an experienced farmer, and expressed his pleasure that he had come to settle among them, and that he was so soon to be nearly connected with Edward, who was a great favourite with himself and every one. This conversation greatly delighted farmer Graham, who was glad to find his intended son-in-law so highly spoken of by such a gentleman as Mr. Morris. The marriage of the young people was appointed for the third day after their arrival at "the place," and the time was made peculiarly happy to them by the presentation of a beautiful dress to the bride, by Mrs. Trueman, who was formerly Miss Emma Morris, now residing in the neighbourhood; and by the presence of that venerable and excellent Mr. V——,* who had been the happy means of introducing Edward to the notice of Mr. Morris, as he had been the author and source of permanent good to multitudes of others.

We have now traced the vicissitudes of these young lovers; have seen the causes that induced their immigration to this country; and the happy effects that have resulted from conscious integrity and persevering industry. Edward and Mary Foster exemplified in their married life the same virtues that they had always endeavoured to realize when they were single; and they felt more *grateful* than joyous that they were now indissolubly united together. They lived for many years on the same place, gradually acquiring a moderate competence, and adding to their blessings a healthy and numerous family of children, which were the joy and delight of their contented grandfather. James continued to live with Edward and his father on the farm, and under their watchful superintendence his health became established, and habits of industry confirmed, until he made himself a valuable assistant and a skilful agriculturist.

Thomas was contented for a time in "the place," but he longed to indulge his roving disposition in the west, so Edward gave him a letter to his friend William Baxter, who lived near Zanesville, Ohio, where he shortly went, taking his gun along with him. to amuse himself on the way. He soon became smitten with pretty Jane Baxter; and as the match was agreeable to all parties, they were speedily married, and Thomas was settled in a country where he could freely enjoy the pleasures of the chase, or find plenty of amusement with his gun.

Our immigrants were thus permanently situated in the New World, and they became attached to its climate, its mode of life, its institutions, and its prospects: nor were they useless members of the body politic, but added to its resources and character by their industry, their morality, and continued prosperity. Such immigrants are always welcome to our borders; and we can find few persons among us who are better citizens than Edward Foster and his connections.

* It will be hardly necessary to explain to a Philadelphian who is meant by this initial letter. Almost every one among us will readily recognize the character of that well known philanthropist who adorned this community during the greater part of a very long life. He lived nearly seven years after the period above alluded to in our fictitious narrative, and was remarkable, almost to the day of his death, for deeds of active benevolence.

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FLIRTATION AND FOX-CHASING.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"The only heart that I have known of late, has been an easy, excitable sort of gentleman, quickly roused and quickly calmed—sensitive enough to confer a great deal of pleasure, and not sensitive enough to give a moment's pain. The heart of other days was a very different person indeed."—BULWER.

I WAS moping one day in solitary confinement in quarantine at Malta, when, in a turn between my stone window and the back wall I saw the yards of a vessel suddenly cross the light, and heard the next moment the rattle of a chain let go, and all the bustle of a merchantman coming to anchor. I had the privilege of promenading between two ring-bolts on the wharf below the lazaretto, and with the attraction of a newcomer to the sleepy company of vessels under the yellow flag, I lost no time in descending the stone stairs, and was immediately joined by my vigilant sentinel, the *guardiano*, whose business it was to prevent my contact with the other visitors to the wharf. The *tricolor* flew at the peak of the stranger, and we easily made out that she was a merchantman from Marseilles, subject therefore to a week's quarantine on account of the cholera. I had myself come from a plague port, Smyrna, and was subjected to twenty days quarantine, six of which had passed; so that the Frenchman, though but beginning his imprisonment, was in a position comparatively enviable.

I had watched for an hour the getting of the vessel into mooring trim, and was beginning to conclude that she had come without passengers, when a gentleman made his appearance on deck, and the jolly-boat was immediately lowered and manned. A traveller's baggage was handed over the side, the gentleman took leave of the captain, and, in obedience to directions from the quarantine officer on the quarterdeck, the boat was pulled directly to the wharf on which I stood. The *guardiano* gave me a caution to retire a little, as the stranger was coming to take possession of the next apartment to my own, and must land at the stairs near by; but, before I had taken two steps backward, I began to recognise features familiar to me, and with a turn of the head as he sprang on the wharf the identity was established completely. Tom Berryman, by all that was wonderful! I had not seen him since we were suspended from college together ten years before. Forgetting *lazaretto* and *guardiano*, and all the salt water between New Haven and Malta, I rushed up to Tom with the cordiality of other days, (a little sharpened by abstinence from society,) and we still had hold of hands with a firm grip, when the quarantine master gravely accosted us, and informed my friend that he had incurred an additional week by touching me—in short, that he must partake of the remainder of my quarantine.

Aghast and chap-fallen as Berryman was at the consequences of our rencontre, (for he had fully calculated on getting into Malta in time for the carnival,) he was somewhat reconciled to his lot by being permitted to share my room and table instead of living his week in solitude; and, by enriching our supplies a little from town, sleeping much, and chatting through the day in the rich sunshine of that climate of Paradise, we contrived to shove off the fortnight without any very intolerable tedium.

My friend and I had begun our travels differently—he taking England first, which I proposed visiting last. It is of course the *bonne bouche* of travel to everybody, and I was very curious to know Tom's experiences; and, as I was soon bound thitherward, anxious to pick out of his descriptions some chart of the rocks and shoals in the "British channel" of society.

I should say, before quoting my friend, that he was a Kentuckian, with the manner (to ladies) of mingled devotion and nonchalance so popular with the sex, and a chivalric quality of man altogether. His father's political influence had obtained for him personal letters of introduction from the President, and, with this advantage, and his natural air of fashion, he had found no obstacle to choosing his society in England; choosing the first, of course, like a true republican!

We were sitting on the water-steps with our feet immersed up to the ankles, (in January too,) and in reply to some question of mine as to the approachability of noble ladies by such plebeian lovers as himself, Tom told me the story which follows. I take the names at random, of course, but, in all else, I shall try to "tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Why, circumstances, as you know, sometimes put people in the attitude of lovers whether they will or no; and it is but civil in such a case, to do what fate expects of you. I knew too much of the difference between crockery and porcelain to enter English society with the remotest idea of making love within the red book of the peerage, and though I've a story to tell, I swear I never put a foot forward till I thought it was knightly devoir; inevitable, though ever so ridiculous. Still, I must

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say, with a beautiful and unreserved woman beside one, very much like other beautiful and unreserved women, a republican might be pardoned for forgetting the invisible wall. "*Right* honourable" loveliness has as much attraction about it, let me tell you, and is quite as difficult to resist, as loveliness that is honoured, right or wrong, and a man must be brought up to it, as Englishmen are, to see the heraldic dragons and griffins in the air when a charming girl is talking to him.

> "Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
> Sit like (*her*) grandsire cut in alabaster?"

Eh?

But to begin with the "Tityre tu patulæ."

I had been passing a fortnight at the hunting lodge of that wild devil, Lord ——, in the Scotch Highlands, and what with being freely wet outside every day, and freely wet inside every night, I had given my principle of life rather a disgust to its lodgings, and there were some symptoms of preparation for leave-taking. Unwilling to be ill in a bachelor's den, with no solace tenderer than a dandy lord's tiger, I made a twilight flit to the nearest post-town, and tightening my life-screws a little with the aid of the village apothecary, started southward the next morning with four posters.

I expected to be obliged to pull up at Edinboro', but the doctor's opiates, and abstinence, and quiet did more for me than I had hoped, and I went on very comfortably to Carlisle. I arrived at this place after nightfall, and found the taverns overflowing with the crowds of a fair, and no bed to be had unless I could make one in a quartette of snoring graziers. At the same time there was a great political meeting at Edinboro', and every leg of a poster had gone north—those I had brought with me having been trans-hitched to a return chaise, and gone off while I was looking for accommodations.

Regularly stranded, I sat down by the tap-room fire, and was mourning my disaster, when the horn of the night-coach reached my ear, and in the minute of its rattling up to the door, I hastily resolved that it was the least of two evils, and booked myself accordingly. There was but one vacant place, an outsider! With hardly time enough to resolve, and none to repent, I was presently rolling over the dark road, chilled to the bone in the first five minutes, and wet through with a "Scotch mist" in the next half hour. Somewhere about daybreak we rolled into the little town of ——, five miles from the seat of the Earl of Tresethen, to whose hospitalities I stood invited, and I went to bed in a most comfortable inn and slept till noon.

Before going to bed I had written a note to be despatched to Tresethen castle, and the earl's carriage was waiting for me when I awoke. I found myself better than I had expected, and dressing at once for dinner, managed to reach the castle just in time to hand in Lady Tresethen. Of that dinner I but remember that I was the only guest, and that the earl regretted his daughter's absence from table, Lady Caroline having been thrown that morning from her horse. I fainted somewhere about the second remove, and recovered my wits some days after, on the safe side of the crisis of a fever.

I shall never forget that first half hour of conscious curiosity. An exquisite sense of bodily repose mingled with a vague notion of recent relief from pain, made me afraid to speak lest I should awake from a dream, yet, if not a dream, what a delicious reality! A lady of most noble presence, in a half mourning dress, sat by the side of a cheerful fire, turning her large dark eyes on me, in the pauses of a conversation with a gray-headed servant. My bed was of the most sumptuous luxury; the chamber was hung with pictures and draped with spotless white; the table covered with the costliest elegancies of the toilet; and in the gentle and deferential manner of the old liveried menial, and the subdued tones of inquiry by the lady, there was a refinement and tenderness which, with the keen susceptibility of my senses, "lapt me in Elysium." I was long in remembering where I was. The lady glided from the room, the old servant resumed his seat by my bedside, other servants in the same livery came softly in on errands of service, and, at the striking of the half hour by a clock on the mantelpiece, the lady returned, and I was raised to receive something from her hand. As she came nearer, I remembered the Countess Tresethen.

Three days after this I was permitted to take the air of a conservatory which opened from the countess's boudoir. My old attendant assisted me to dress, and, with another servant, took me down in a *fauteuil*. I was in slippers and robe-de-chambre, and presumed that I should see no one except the kind and noble Lady Tresethen, but I had scarce taken one turn up the long alley of flowering plants, when the countess came toward me from the glass door beyond, and on her arm a girl leaned for support, whose beauty——

(Here Tom dabbled his feet for some minutes in the water in silence.)

God bless me! I can never give you an idea of it! It was a new revelation of woman to me; the opening of an eighth seal. In the minute occupied by her approach, my imagination, (accelerated, as that faculty always is, by the clairvoyance of sickness,) had gone through a whole drama of love—fear, adoration, desperation, and rejection—and so complete was it, that in after moments when these phases of passion came round in the proper lapse of days and weeks, it seemed to me that I had been through with them before; that it was all familiar; that I had met and loved in some other world, this same glorious creature, with the same looks, words, and heart-ache; in the same conservatory of bright flowers, and faith, myself in the same pattern of a brocade dressing-gown!

Heavens! what a beautiful girl was that Lady Caroline! Her eyes were of a light gray, the rim of the lids perfectly inky with the darkness of the

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long sweeping lashes, and in her brown hair there was a gold lustre that seemed somehow to illuminate the curves of her small head like a halo. Her mouth had too much character for a perfectly agreeable first impression. It was nobility and sweetness educated over native high spirit and scornfulness—the nature shining through the transparent blood, like a flaw through enamel. She would have been, in other circumstances, a maid of Saragossa or a Gertrude Von Wart; a heroine; perhaps a devil. But her fascination was resistless!

"My daughter," said Lady Tresethen, (and in that beginning was all the introduction she thought necessary,) "is, like yourself, an invalid just escaped from the doctor; you must congratulate each other. Are you strong enough to lend her an arm, Mr. Berryman?"

The countess left us, and with the composure of a sister who had seen me every day of my life, Lady Caroline took my arm and strolled slowly to and fro, questioning me of my shooting at the lodge, and talking to me of her late accident, her eyes sometimes fixed upon her little embroidered slippers, as they peeped from her snowy morning dress, and sometimes indolently raised and brought to bear on my flushed cheek and trembling lips; her singular serenity operating on me as anything but a sedative! I was taken up stairs again, after an hour's conversation, in a fair way for a relapse, and the doctor put me under embargo again for another week, which, spite of all the renewed care and tenderness of Lady Tresethen, seemed to me an eternity! I'll not bother you with what I felt and thought all that time!

It was a brilliant autumnal day when I got leave to make my second exodus, and with the doctor's permission I prepared for a short walk in the park. I declined the convoy of the old servant, for I had heard Lady Caroline's horse gallop away down the avenue, and I wished to watch her return unobserved. I had just lost sight of the castle in the first bend of the path, when I saw her quietly walking her horse under the trees at a short distance, and the moment after she observed and came towards me at an easy canter. I had schooled myself to a little more self-possession, but I was not prepared for such an apparition of splendid beauty as that woman on horseback. She rode an Arabian bay of the finest blood; a lofty, fiery, matchless creature, with an expression of eye and nostril which I could not but think a proper *pendant* to her own, limbed as I had seldom seen a horse, and his arched neck, and forehead, altogether, proud as a steed for Lucifer. She sat on him as if it were a throne she was born to, and the flow of her riding-dress seemed as much a part of him as his mane. He appeared ready to bound into the air, like Pegasus, but one hand calmly stroked his mane, and her face was as tranquil as marble.

"Well met!" she said; "I was just wishing for a cavalier. What sort of a horse would you like, Mr. Berryman? Ellis!" (speaking to her groom) "is old Curtal taken up from grass?"

"Yes, miladi!"

"Curtal is our invalid horse, and as you are not very strong perhaps his easy pace will be best for you. Bring him out directly, Ellis. We'll just walk along the road a little way; for I must show you my Arabian; and we'll not go back to ask mamma's permission, for we shouldn't get it! You won't mind riding a little way, will you?"

Of course I would have bestrided a hippogriff at her bidding, and when the groom came out, leading a thorough-bred hunter, with apparently a very elastic and gentle action, I forgot the doctor and mounted with great alacrity. We walked our horses slowly down the avenue and out at the castle gate, followed by the groom, and after trying a little quicker pace on the public road, I pronounced old Curtal worthy of her ladyship's eulogium, and her own Saladin worthy, if horse could be worthy, of his burthen.

We had ridden perhaps a mile, and Lady Caroline was giving me a slight history of the wonderful feats of the old veteran under me, when the sound of a horn made both horses prick up their ears, and on rising a little acclivity, we caught sight of a pack of hounds coming across the fields directly towards us, followed by some twenty red-coated horsemen. Old Curtal trembled and showed a disposition to fret, and I observed that Lady Caroline dexterously lengthened her own stirrup and loosened the belt of her riding-dress, and the next minute the hounds were over the hedge, and the horsemen, leap after leap, after them, and with every successive jump, my own steed reared and plunged unmanageably.

"*Indeed* I cannot stand this!" cried Lady Caroline, gathering up her reins, "Ellis! see Mr. Berryman home!" and away went the flying Arabian over the hedge with a vault that left me breathless with astonishment. One minute I made the vain effort to control my own horse and turn his head in the other direction, but my strength was gone. I had never leaped a fence in my life on horseback, though a tolerable rider on the road; but before I could think how it was to be done, or gather myself together for the leap, Curtal was over the hedge with me, and flying across a ploughed field like the wind—Saladin not far before him. With a glance ahead I saw the red coats rising into the air and disappearing over another green hedge, and though the field was crossed in twenty leaps, I had time to feel my blood run cold with the prospect of describing another parabola in the air, and to speculate on the best attitude for a projectile on horseback. Over went Saladin like a greyhound, but his mistress's riding-cap caught the wind at the highest point of the curve, and flew back into my face as Curtal rose on his haunches, and over I went again, blinded and giddy, and, with the cap held flat against my bosom by the pressure of the air, flew once more at a tremendous pace onward. My feet were now plunged to the instep in the stirrups, and my back, too weak to support me erect, let me down to my horse's mane, and one

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by one, along the skirt of a rising woodland, I could see the red coats dropping slowly behind. Right before me like a meteor, however, streamed back the loosened tresses of Lady Caroline, and Curtal kept close on the track of Saladin, neither losing nor gaining an inch apparently, and nearer and nearer sounded the baying of the hounds, and clearer became my view of the steady and slight waist riding so fearlessly onward. Of my horse I had neither guidance nor control. He needed none. The hounds had crossed a morass, and we were rounding a half-circle on an acclivity to come up with them, and Curtal went at it too confidently to be in error. Evenly as a hand-gallop on a green sward his tremendous pace told off, and if his was the ease of muscular power, the graceful speed of the beautiful creature moving before me seemed the ærial buoyancy of a bird. Obstructions seemed nothing. That flowing dress and streaming hair sailed over rocks and ditches, and over them, like their inseparable shadow, glided I, and, except one horseman who still kept his distance ahead, we seemed alone in the field. The clatter of hoofs, and the exclamations of excitement had ceased behind me, and though I was capable of no exertion beyond that of keeping my seat, I no longer feared the leap nor the pace, and began to anticipate a safe termination to my perilous adventure. A slight exclamation from Lady Caroline reached my ear and I looked forward. A small river was before us, and, from the opposite bank, of steep clay, the rider who had preceded us was falling back, his horse's fore feet high in the air, and his arms already in the water. I tried to pull my reins. I shouted to my horse in desperation. And with the exertion, my heart seemed to give way within me. Giddy and faint I abandoned myself to my fate. I just saw the flying heels of Saladin planted on the opposite bank and the streaming hair still flying onward, when, with a bound that, it seemed to me, must rend every fibre of the creature beneath me, I saw the water gleam under my feet, and still I kept on. We flew over a fence into a stubble field, the hounds just before us, and over a gate into the public highway, which we followed for a dozen bounds, and then, with a pace slightly moderated, we successively cleared a low wall and brought up, on our horses' haunches, in the midst of an uproar of dogs, cows and scattering poultry—the fox having been run down at last in the enclosure of a barn. I had just strength to extricate my feet from the stirrups, take Lady Caroline's cap, which had kept its place between my elbows and knees, and present it to her as she sat in her saddle, and my legs gave way under me. I was taken into the farm-house, and, at the close of a temporary ellipse, I was sent back to Tresethen Castle in a post-chaise, and once more handed over to the doctor!

Well, my third siege of illness was more tolerable, for I received daily, now, some message of inquiry or some token of interest from Lady Caroline, though I learned from the countess that she was in sad disgrace for her inveiglement of my trusting innocence. I also received the cards of the members of the hunt, with many inquiries complimentary to what they were pleased to consider American horsemanship, and I found that my seizure of the flying cap of Lady Caroline and presentation of it to her ladyship at "the death," was thought to be worthy, in chivalry of Bayard, and in dexterity of Ducrow. Indeed, when let out again to the convalescent walk in the conservatory, I found that I was counted a hero even by the stately earl. There slipped a compliment, too, here and there, through the matronly disapprobation of Lady Tresethen—and all this was too pleasant to put aside with a disclaimer—so I bid truth and modesty hold their peace, and took the honour the gods chose to provide!

But now came dangers more perilous than my ride on Curtal. Lady Caroline was called upon to be kind to me! Daily as the old servant left me in the alley of japonicas, she appeared from the glass door of her mother's boudoir and devoted herself to my comfort—walking with me, while I could walk, in those fragrant and balmy avenues of flowers, and then bringing me into her mother's luxurious apartment, where books, and music, and conversation as frank and untrammelled as man in love could ask, wiled away the day. Wiled it away?—winged it—shod it with velvet and silence, for I never knew how it passed! Lady Caroline had a mind of the superiority stamped so consciously on her lip. She anticipated no consequences from her kindness, therefore she was playful and unembarrassed. She sang to me, and I read to her. Her rides were given up, and Saladin daily went past the window to his exercise, and with my most zealous scrutiny I could detect in her face neither impatience of confinement nor regret at the loss of weather fitter for pleasures out of doors. Spite of every caution with which hope could be chained down, I was flattered.

You smile—(Tom said, though he was looking straight into the water, and had not seen my face for half an hour)—but, without the remotest hope of taking Lady Caroline to Kentucky, or of becoming English on the splendid dowry of the heiress of Tresethen, I still felt it impossible to escape from my lover's attitude—impossible to avoid hoarding up symptoms, encouragements, flatteries, and all the moonshine of amatory anxiety. I was in love—and who reasons in love?

One morning, after I had become an honorary patient—an invalid only by sufferance—and was slowly admitting the unwelcome conviction that it was time for me to be shaping my adieux—the conversation took rather a philosophical turn. The starting point was a quotation in a magazine from Richter:—"Is not a man's universe *within* his head, whether a king's diadem or a torn scull-cap be *without?*"—and I had insisted rather strenuously on the levelling privilege we enjoyed in the existence of a second world around us—the world of reverie and dream—wherein the tyranny,

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and check, and the arbitrary distinctions of the world of fact were never felt—and where he, though he might be a peasant, who had the consciousness in his soul that he was a worthy object of love to a princess, could fancy himself beloved and revel in imaginary possession.

"Why," said I, turning with a sudden flush of self-confidence to Lady Caroline, "Why should not the passions of such a world, the loving and returning of love *in fancy*, have the privilege of language? Why should not matches be made, love confessed, vows exchanged, and fidelity sworn, valid within the realm of dream-land only? Why should I not say to you, for example, I adore you, dear lady, and in my world of thought you shall, if you will so condescend, be my bride and mistress; and why, if you responded to this and listened to my vows of fancy, should your bridegroom of the world of fact feel his rights invaded?"

"In fancy let it be then!" said Lady Caroline, with a blush and a covert smile, and she rang the bell for luncheon.

Well, I still lingered a couple of days, and on the last day of my stay at Tresethen, I became sufficiently emboldened to take Lady Caroline's hand behind the fountain of the conservatory, and to press it to my lips with a daring wish that its warm pulses belonged to the world of fancy.

She withdrew it very kindly, and (I thought) sadly, and begged me to go to the boudoir and bring her a volume of Byron that lay on her work table.

I brought it, and she turned over the leaves a moment, and, with her pencil, marked two lines and gave me the book, bidding me an abrupt good morning. I stood a few minutes with my heart beating and my brain faint, but finally summoned courage to read:—

> "I cannot lose a world for thee—
> But would not lose thee for the world!"

I left Tresethen the next morning, and ———.

"Hold on, Tom!" cried I—"there comes the boat with our dinner from Valletta, and we'll have your sorrows over our Burgundy."

"Sorrows!" exclaimed Tom, "I was going to tell you of the fun I had at her wedding!"

"Lord preserve us!"

"Bigamy—was'nt it?—after our little nuptials in dream-land! She told her husband all about it at the wedding breakfast, and his lordship (she married the Marquis of ——) begged to know the extent of *my* prerogatives. I was sorry to confess that they did not interfere very particularly with *his!*"

FRIENDSHIP—FADING—UNFADING.

BY S. DRYDEN PHELPS.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.—HORACE.

How beautiful the flowers,
That sweetly blossom in the verdant field,
And fill the air with fragrance which they yield
During the summer hours.

But when cold Autumn's blast
Sweeps o'er the hills and dales with mournful sound,
The withered floweret falls upon the ground,
And its brief life is past.

We bask in Friendship's smile,
And chaste affection glows with gladdening light,
As life's extending path is often bright,
And beautiful awhile.

But if misfortune's wave
Should flood our path and change the pleasing scene,
Disturb the sea of life, so late serene,
Friendship may find a grave.

Thus, earthly joys decay,
All fickle as the floating breath of morn;
The darkest night, the tempest's fearful scorn
Succeed the fairest day.

There is a little vine
That humbly trails along the forest glade,
Whose verdant hues and beauties never fade,
Nor cease for once to shine.

It lives in Spring's glad hour,
And is the same 'neath Summer's sunny skies;
Cold Autumn's frosty fingers it defies,
Nor yields to Winter's power.

Such is the quenchless love,
The pure affection of that lasting Friend,
Whose smile imparts a joy that ne'er will end,
A boon from Heaven above.

Whatever be our lot,
Sickness or health, or trial's darkest hour,
If friends forsake and tempests o'er us lower,
That Friend forsaketh not.

In Him be all our trust,
As pilgrims through this sinful world we go;
His love shall be a balm for every wo,
Till dust returns to dust.

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MARRIED TOO SOON; OR A LESSON FROM LIFE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"So Lucy is going to be married," said old aunt Rachel, as she sate in the warmest corner of the apartment, resting from the fatigues of a long journey in a stage coach; "so she is going to be married already; well, I thought, when I saw her two years ago, that she would grow up to be very pretty, but I suppose she is very much altered."

"She is one of the prettiest girls in the city, aunt;" said Mrs. Morewood, with a slight touch of offended pride in her tone.

"Indeed! I thought perhaps you had some good reason for hurrying her off your hands so soon;" said the old lady, sarcastically.

"Oh no, Lucy has as good a chance for a husband as any girl I know."

"Why then do you allow her to marry at an age when she ought to be at her studies?"

"You forget, aunt, that she is almost seventeen."

"I don't forget anything about it; did'nt I hold her in my arms when she was baptized? I know how old she is as well as you do, and I say that she is young enough to be in the school-room yet."

"Oh, but times have changed since such old-fashioned notions prevailed; nobody thinks now of keeping a girl out of society so long."

"The more's the pity," exclaimed aunt Rachel; "if we were to keep girls and boys out of society until they had acquired a little more good sense, I think society would be the gainer. What kind of a wife can a girl of seventeen make? What can she know of her duties or her responsibilities?"

"Lucy is not as giddy and thoughtless as most girls of her age; she is already an excellent housekeeper; the pudding you praised so much at dinner was made by her, and she excels in all sorts of delicate pastry."

"All kinds of delicate pastry!" exclaimed aunt Rachel, in a tone of ineffable contempt; "and she can work in worsteds and make star-baskets, and paint card-racks, and do all such useful things, I dare say! All kinds of delicate pastry! is that your idea of a good housekeeper, Susan? I thought you had more sense. Has she forethought to anticipate the wants of a household? prudence to regulate its expenditure? cheerfulness to contend with its many cares? patience to bear its petty annoyances? knowledge to meet its frequent emergencies? Talk of delicate pastry, forsooth!"

Mrs. Morewood was a little vexed at this sudden outbreak of feeling on the part of her aged relative, but restrained by habitual reverence, she only replied, "I thought you considered a knowledge of cookery an indispensable requisite in a good housekeeper."

"So I do," answered the old lady, quickly, "but it is not the only one which a woman should possess. Nothing renders a housekeeper so perfectly independent as a thorough knowledge of her own duties. She may have all the advantages which can be afforded by fortune and friends, but nothing is so useful and so important, nothing places her in a position of such entire freedom as the consciousness that she is all-sufficient for her manifold duties."

"It seems to me your idea of a good housekeeper is very similar to my notion of a good servant."

"You are mistaken, Susan; the mistress is the head, the servant only the hands. I do not say a woman ought always to *do* everything, but she should understand the best mode in which things are to be done, and she should be acquainted with them practically as well as theoretically, so that she can at any time take her place at any part of the machine of domestic government which may need her attention. If women were thus educated we should have much better servants."

"I don't see how that could be."

"Servants would never attempt the impositions they sometimes practice, if they were not certain of impunity from the ignorance of their mistress, nor would they venture upon insolence if they did not know that she is dependent upon them for so much daily comfort that she dares not punish their impertinence by immediate dismissal."

"You are right in that, aunt, as I know by experience. It was only last week that my cook threatened to leave me the very day before I expected a large dinner party, and I was obliged to raise her wages for the coming month, in order to keep her; since then she has become more troublesome than ever."

"Exactly what you might expect. If you had dismissed her, and shown her your entire independence, she would probably have begged your pardon and requested leave to remain."

"But I dared not take the risk of that at such a time."

"Yet if Lucy had been so excellent a housekeeper as you describe, and you had not quite forgotten your early knowledge of such matters, you could easily have dispensed with her."

"Here comes Lucy to answer for herself," said Mrs. Morewood, and as she spoke a delicate and pretty creature bounded into the room, and throwing aside her bonnet, flung her arms around aunt Rachel's neck.

"Ah, Lucy, as warm-hearted and child-like as ever," exclaimed the old lady, as she folded her in

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a warm embrace; "so you have not forgotten old friends in new associations."

Lucy blushed as she pressed her rosy lip to the wrinkled cheek of her aged relative and murmured, "Did you think anything could make me forget you!" Then seating herself on a low stool at aunt Rachel's feet, the joyous girl began a long string of inquiries respecting everybody and everything in the old lady's distant home. In the mean time, Mrs. Morewood deliberately folded Lucy's shawl which she had flung upon a chair, picked up her gloves which had fallen on the floor, and, taking her bonnet from the piano, where she had tossed it, left the room with the various articles as quietly as if quite accustomed to act as lady's maid to her giddy daughter. Aunt Rachel did not fail to notice this trifling circumstance, and it gave her an insight into one of Lucy's most striking characteristics. But there was a charm in the frank, joyous temper of the beautiful girl, which disarmed all censure, and made every one love her too well to think of her faults, which were only the natural follies of youth.

Lucy Morewood had spent the last five years of her life at boarding-school; and it was during one of her summer vacations that, while on a visit to some friends in a neighbouring city, she had formed an acquaintance with a young clergyman of fine talents, who had recently assumed the charge of a small congregation in a pleasant country village. Her extreme beauty and child-like simplicity of character were highly attractive to the studious and imaginative youth. She seemed to be an impersonation of his fairest dreams, and when she returned to her parents she was accompanied by her avowed and devoted lover. He met with no opposition from Lucy's family, for Mr. Morewood's income depended solely on his own exertions, and he well knew that only by fortunate and early marriages he could hope to provide for his six daughters, who were rapidly growing up around him. The unlooked-for success of Lucy's first appearance in society was gratifying in all respects, and after proper and prudent inquiry into the lover's character and prospects, it was generally understood that in place of returning to school Lucy was to become the wife of the Reverend Horace Waylie. Indeed, after having been introduced in society and tasted the intoxicating draught of flattery, especially after having been surrounded by beaux and received a real, bona fide offer of marriage, it would have been preposterous to expect that the young lady should submit to be chilled by a schoolmistress, or snubbed by a pedagogue. A few weeks spent amid the gaieties of the world had been sufficient to decide the future fate of the inexperienced girl, and she who went forth from her childhood's home a timid, thoughtless, self-distrusting girl, returned in little more than a month, an affianced bride. The marriage was only deferred until their aged and honoured relative should pay her usual annual visit, and as all arrangements were nearly completed, aunt Rachel's presence enabled them to fix the eventful day.

The wedding went off like most other affairs of a similar nature. Mr. Waylie looked very gentleman-like in his clerical suit, and assumed that half-conscious, half-important air which usually characterizes a bridegroom; Lucy was very pale and very pretty in white satin and brussels lace; Mrs. Morewood made quite a stately appearance in tears and lavender silk; while aunt Rachel's placid face was in good keeping with her old-fashioned brocade, which had not seen the light since the marriage of Lucy's mother. There was the usual quantity of kisses and courtesies, of cake and compliments. Poor Lucy's dress and behaviour were closely criticised by young ladies, who hoped soon to be placed in the same trying circumstances, and by ladies of a certain age, who despaired of ever having the opportunity to exhibit bridal finery, while the married, with more practical good sense, compassionated the young bride, whose tumult of feeling they could so well understand.

A few weeks were given to festivity and gaiety, and then, with an affectionate farewell to her friends, particularly to aunt Rachel, who promised to visit her once a year in her village home, Lucy took her departure for the parsonage. In that happy frame of mind which casts sunshine over every object in life, the newly married pair journeyed towards their new abode, finding fresh subjects for mutual congratulation every step of their progress. It was fortunate for them that both were disposed to see only the fairest side of things, for certainly there was little to prepossess them in favour of the house which they were to occupy. Mr. Morewood had purchased and sent forward an ample supply of furniture, but it had been procured rather with reference to the wants of city life than those of a country residence. The contracted apartments of the small and picturesque parsonage would with difficulty admit the ponderous marble table, the huge sofas and the massive chairs which in obedience to the dictates of fashion had been selected. The mantle ornaments and girandoles were quite too magnificent in their proportions for the narrow chimney-piece, and Lucy was almost in despair when she found herself amid all the confusion attendant upon the arrangement of a new and incongruous establishment. These were trifling evils, however. The idea of love in a cottage was exactly suited to the romantic notions of a very young lady, and she consoled herself with the thought, that although the sofa certainly looked very awkward when drawn before the windows, and the centre-table was not very well suited to the hall, where she was obliged to place it because it could not make its way through the doors of the little parlour, and though the beautiful candelabras were of little use perched up nearly to the ceiling on the old-fashioned chimney, yet that the very unsuitableness of her furniture, would give her importance in the eyes of her neighbours by convincing them of the different style in which she had formerly lived.

Mr. Waylie was a man of amiable character and

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fine talents, but he was even more than clerically ignorant of the ordinary details of life. He had been a close and severe student of books, and fancied himself an acute observer of human nature, though the veriest tyro in the latter intricate science was better skilled than he. With regard to the common affairs of this working-day world, he was a mere child, and he was of course little fitted to aid the inexperience of his young and pretty wife. Lucy bustled about, and with the assistance of some kind friends of her husband, who were instigated to offer their services partly by real kindness and partly by a desire to learn something about the "minister's wife," she succeeded in reducing matters to some degree of order. It was not until everything was arranged within doors, the garden neatly trimmed, and the roses prettily trained to climb about the doors and windows, that Lucy found time to begin her projected system of housekeeping. Unfortunately for her good resolutions, however, the servant who had been brought with them to their new home, became wearied of the retirement of country life, and Lucy was left to find another from among the inhabitants of the village. This was a task of no little difficulty, for while there were plenty, who, for a certain consideration, had no objection to "*help*," none could be found willing to engage as an actual servant of all work, especially if they were to be regarded as inferiors in the family. Lucy's ideas of good housekeeping had consisted in a proper degree of attention to the conduct of servants, in guarding against wastefulness, and in making her own sweetmeats and pastry. As far as these things went she could accomplish her duties very well, but when it came to working with her own hands at the mere drudgery of household cares, she was sadly at a loss. Nor were these her only troubles. Her imprudent frankness and indiscretion led her into all sorts of difficulties. Accustomed to express her feelings without a moment's reflection, she did not consider that the same kind of remarks, which, when uttered by a young girl among her friends, might be passed over as the mere ebullitions of youthful error, would bear a much more serious signification from the lips of one who had taken her position in society as a wife. She soon found, however, that she must pay the usual penalty which is always attached to honour; and that as the "minister" is always the most noted personage in a country village, so his wife must expect to be the most observed and most criticised of all the women in the place. There are few more severe ordeals than that to which the young wife of a clergyman is subjected. Her dress, her looks, her manners, all are exposed to the supervision of those who seem to fancy that the husband's holy vocation ought to purify from error not only himself but all others of his household. Lucy was certainly little qualified to pass through such a trial, for which her youth, her inexperience and her thoughtlessness equally unfitted her. In less than a year after their marriage the young minister found himself involved in broils and disputes which he could neither understand nor allay, and which only served to embitter his life and render useless his most zealous efforts. Traced back to their source, these troubles were usually found to originate in some foolish frankness, some injudicious expression of opinion on the part of Lucy, and at length wearied with these petty annoyances, Mr. Waylie yielded to his wife's urgent entreaties, and resigned his charge.

His well-known talents and learning procured him a summons to preside over a flourishing congregation in Lucy's native city, and with a feeling of joy quite equal to that with which she had first taken possession of the pretty parsonage, the young wife prepared to leave it. Once settled in a neat and commodious house in the midst of her former associates, she felt as if her worst cares were over, and fully convinced that her year's experience in housekeeping had given her entire insight into all its exigencies, Lucy fancied she had nothing more to learn. She had been so much harassed by the want of regular servants that now, when she found herself able to procure those who *promised* well, and to change them as often as they displeased her, she determined to allow herself some indulgence. Conscious of her ignorance in practical matters, she hesitated at giving positive directions to her domestics, and, indeed, deferred to their opinion so frequently, that they, always quick-sighted in such matters, soon became fully sensible of her self-distrust. A few faint attempts made by her to assert her own authority were met by that insolent and contemptuous pity with which cunning servants so often disconcert and embarrass very young housekeepers, until at length Mrs. Waylie, wearied with useless contentions and continual change, fell into the habits most agreeable to herself as well as her domestics. Her husband's utter ignorance of all practical matters threw all the responsibilities of the household upon the inexperienced wife, and she in like manner gladly devolved them upon her domestics. Too sensible of the advantages of their position to risk its loss, they took care to avoid all gross and open neglect. Her dinners were well cooked, her apartments always neatly arranged, and to a superficial observer Mrs. Waylie's house seemed to give evidence of her skill in domestic management. But the yearly bills, which exhibited an expenditure enormously disproportionate to their means, as well as their wants, told a very different story.

Lucy had anticipated the aid and counsel of her mother, but Mrs. Morewood was one of those women who conceive that when they have educated and married their daughters, their maternal duties are fully accomplished. "My children must do as I have done," she would say; "as long as they remain with me they are my especial charge, but when they marry they must take care of themselves." Mrs. Waylie soon found that she must not rely for any assistance upon her own family, and with a feeling of pride not very uncommon in

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the *only married daughter*, she delighted in showing her independence. But when other cares fell upon her, when she became herself a mother, she would gladly have availed herself of the experience and skill which she had seen exerted among her brothers and sisters. Mrs. Morewood was busily engaged, however, in preparing for the marriage of her second daughter, just at the moment when Lucy most wanted her advice, and the young mother was left to manage as she best could. The baby was like a new plaything to the still thoughtless Lucy. She loved to dress it in lace and ribbons, to exhibit it proudly to her admiring friends, to play with it and pet it as she used to caress her doll, but of the real duties and responsibilities of a mother she knew nothing. Instead of selecting some worthy and conscientious person to assist her in the care of her infant, she procured a nurse whose chief recommendation was her almost total ignorance of the English language, as if the proper direction of the developing faculties of childhood was of little importance compared with its early knowledge of the French *patois* which could be imparted by an ignorant foreigner.

Her babe was little more than a year old when a second was added to their family, and Lucy began to feel that the cares of life were increasing rapidly in her path. She now fancied she had quite sufficient excuse for neglecting household affairs, and perhaps her maternal duties might have been offered as an apology for partial inattention if they had been properly fulfilled. But the truth was that she had fallen into habits of self-indulgence which threatened to unfit her for all duties. Slight and frequent indisposition had taught her the luxury of indolence, and now, every attack of listlessness was construed into an incipient illness. Half of every day was passed on a couch, where she idly dozed away her time in the full belief that her health would not allow her to make the slightest exertion. Her children were left in the care of the nurse whom she implicitly trusted, her household was managed by her servants, and her husband, whose habits of abstraction were more and more confirmed by time, seemed to know little and care less about the every-day affairs of life.

It requires great tact and discrimination to preserve all the attributes of early and refined tenderness amid the daily recurring cares of domestic life. There is so entire a change in the position of the wedded pair since the days of courtship—the transition is so great between the language of wooing endearment, "so sweet and so absurd," and the grave consultations, on the subject of daily dinners and weekly bills, which form so essential a topic of conversation between husband and wife, that it can scarcely be a matter of surprise, if affection should lay aside all its romantic follies and seat itself in very homely and humble garb beside the domestic hearth. It is only by never losing sight either of the lowliest or the loftiest aims of human nature, that we can still surround ourselves with the refined pleasures of intellect, while we live amid the thousand cares of sensuous life. It is only by performing the daily business of this work-day world in a thoughtful spirit, remembering that the mere exigencies of physical existence are not to be the engrossing objects of our attention, and never forgetting that while the humblest duty is not to be neglected, the noblest may yet come within our sphere of action,—that we can still retain the freshness of feeling and earnestness of purpose which gives such zest to life. Yet how few understand these truths! how few learn the true path of duty and happiness in married life until time and care have made their hearts only the receptacle of withered hopes and faded affections!

Lucy's whole life since her marriage had been a series of mistakes, but her first great error was her early assumption of the duties of a wife. Mr. Waylie, utterly unskilled in woman's nature, had never doubted the existence of all the qualities which he fancied should belong to the female character, and he had been both disappointed and discouraged at her actual inferiority to his ideal. She had neither the taste nor the talent which could enable her to share his intellectual pursuits, and believing that he had only shared the common lot, by uniting himself to a woman so unequal to himself in mental strength, he returned with redoubled ardour to his books, leaving her to attend to the more essential but less refined duties of life. But he took no pains to direct her youthful mind or to discipline her unformed character. She was left to the teaching of circumstances alone, and the lessons of experience, though fraught with sorrow to all, bring not to all the fruits of wisdom. Warm-hearted and well disposed as she was, yet Lucy was a most faulty and negligent wife, and her increasing duties only seemed to diminish her power or her will to fulfil them.

On Lucy's twenty-second birthday—a period of life when her wiser friends were just preparing to take upon themselves the duties of womanhood—she was sitting sadly and disconsolately in her apartment, gazing mournfully upon the face of her youngest babe, while the noisy and riotous mirth of three unruly boys, who sported around her, seemed scarcely to disturb her meditations. Already the mother of four children, she was just awaking to a sense of her responsibilities. Her nurse had been detected in administering narcotic draughts to the sickly and troublesome babe, and Lucy had just passed through the terrible ordeal of witnessing the sufferings, while she anticipated the death of her infant. The life of the child was, however, saved, and she was now called to watch over it with untiring care, lest torpor of brain, which had been produced by frequent doses of the noxious medicine, should result in total imbecility of mind. It was then, when utterly overwhelmed with remorse and sorrow, that she was reminded of aunt Rachel's early lessons of wisdom and virtue. "Oh! had I but listened to her counsels, had I but besought her aid, I should not have been thus sorely tried," was the thought of the desponding mother,

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and with a sudden exertion of unwonted energy, she determined to write to the old lady a full detail of all her troubles.

Aunt Rachel answered the letter by coming in person to share the sorrows of her favourite, and Lucy's first gleam of comfort beamed from the cheerful face of her wise and virtuous friend. Wearied and dispirited, she gladly resigned the charge of her household into the hands of the old lady, who quickly availed herself of this opportunity to reform abuses.

"Your first care must be to obtain a faithful woman to take charge of your children," said aunt Rachel.

"Oh no, I will never trust them again to any one; hereafter I must be my children's only nurse; if I had only done my duty towards them, poor little Lucy would never have been placed in the power of that vile Rosalie."

"Take care lest you run from one extreme into another equally bad, Lucy; who is to manage your household while you are confined to the nursery?"

"I must leave all that to the servants; my children are of the most importance, and I know I cannot do everything."

"With proper assistance you can do a great deal, my dear Lucy. Suppose instead of your worthless Swiss woman, you were to employ an honest and faithful person to superintend your nursery, while you attended to every part of the complicated machinery of domestic government. Would it not be better for you to keep an eye over every different department—to guard against wastefulness in the kitchen, neglect in the parlour, slovenliness in the bed-chambers and ignorance in the nursery?"

"How can I do all this, aunt? I am sure I have tried to watch my servants, but I never could prevent them from cheating and imposing upon me."

"Did you take the only true method of checking them, Lucy? Did it ever occur to you, when you were complaining of the misconduct of servants, that much of the blame might very justly fall upon the mistress?"

"Upon me, aunt? I have always treated my servants with too much indulgence, but neither by kindness nor severity could I ever succeed with them."

"Let me tell you some of my experience. I look upon my servants as beings with minds to be improved and hearts to be either hardened into error or softened into goodness according as they shall be acted upon by circumstances; beings, in short, exactly like myself, excepting that they lack the advantages of education and fortune which have fallen to my lot. Now it is neither in your nature nor mine, Lucy, to insult a dependent."

"But servants do not consider themselves dependent, aunt."

"Nor are they so, in the ordinary signification of the word, for they give their labour in return for their wages, but surely they are dependent upon us for their daily comforts, and for the impressions which they receive almost hourly from our precepts or our example. The first thing necessary is to give them a proper respect for the person who is to direct and control them. They are proverbially quick-sighted to deficiencies, whatever they may be to good qualities, and if the mistress is ignorant of her own duties they will not regard her decrees. Teach them to respect your superior information, your integrity and your kindliness, and you may then mould them as you please. Treat them in return with the respect which every human being owes to his fellow man—let there be no wanton outrage of feeling, no unnecessary and slavish restrictions, no disdain of their peculiar notions, and above all no contemptuous indifference to their interests. Exact from them strict attention to their duties, regularity in all their occupations, neatness in their personal appearance as well as in their daily business, and the most rigid and uncompromising veracity. In return you should accord them sympathy for their private sorrows, tolerance for their errors of omission and commission, kindness of tone and manner in your continual intercourse with them, and the most attentive care if sickness falls upon them. Look upon them as humble friends, whom it is your duty to elevate in the scale of society as far as may be in your power, not so much by pecuniary benefactions which can only lift them from their own sphere to render them useless in another, but by improving their capacities, enlightening their ignorance, and awakening their best feelings."

"You would make the kitchen a sort of school, aunt Rachel, and the mistress of a family would be only the head teacher, if your plan was adopted."

"I would make every department of domestic life a school, but it should be a school in which the mistress as well as the servants might be a student. We never do good to others, Lucy, without deriving benefit ourselves; even if we meet with an ungrateful return we are not without our reward in the consciousness of duty. I have practiced what I now counsel, and the affection of domestics who have lived with me until they are rather like members of my own family than mere hired servants, has been my recompense."

Lucy profited much by the lessons and still more by the assistance of aunt Rachel. Things were placed on a much better footing in the course of a few months, and the young wife found the first reward of her docility in the increased comfort and diminished expenditure of her household. It cost her many a hard struggle to conquer old habits, and to remember all that she was now desirous of accomplishing. But she did succeed at last, and when comfort and cheerfulness and quiet presided over the whole family, even the abstracted and studious husband was sensible of the change.

"After all, Lucy," said aunt Rachel, when a year or two afterwards she paid her niece another visit, "after all, you have made an excellent housekeeper."

"I am glad you think so, aunt," was the reply

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of the placid wife, whose faded beauty bore little resemblance to the sunny loveliness which had characterized her girlhood. "I am rejoiced to find that my efforts have not been in vain; but you were right when you said '*After all.*' It is only 'after all' that I have been able to understand and practice the duties which should have been learned before the cares of life pressed so heavily upon me. The experience of my life, uneventful as it has been, might afford a lesson to many a giddy girl, who goes to the altar as she would take her place in a dance, perfectly thoughtless of the future, and utterly ignorant of the responsibility which she is assuming. I have had no very great trials, no overwhelming sorrows, and yet my youth and all its fresh feelings have faded unenjoyed, while my present usefulness which now ensures my future peace, has only come to me '*after all.*'"

Brooklyn, L. I.

A SIMILE.

BY WM. WHITEHEAD.

That little cloud, how bright it seems,
  Now floating o'er the distant west:
Enrich'd with evening's mellow'd beams,
  Slow fading o'er its mountain crest.

That little cloud in beauty dress'd,
  How many fairy things it owns:
No radiant star seems half so bless'd,
  Though wand'ring through ethereal zones.

But see! the borrow'd hues are fled,
  And all its transient charms decay;
Its form is passionless and dead,
  And past the pleasing dream of day.

So fades the light of many a dream,
  So steals the joy from manhood's glade;
And leaves o'er memory's varied scene
  The leaden hue of evening's shade.

PASSAGE CREEK.

Passage Creek is a bold mountain tributary of the Shenandoah river in the valley of Virginia. It derives its name from its passage between two parallel mountain ridges; and is famous not only for its wild and terrific scenery, but for its green farms, its farmers and their charming daughters.

Look down! its darken'd waters,
  Beneath their veil of spray,
Go rumbling on, and tumbling on,
  Like porpoises at play;
Thus dashing, through the unnumber'd years,
  Along their rocky way.
But from this crag their uproar seems
Like murmurs that we hear in dreams.

A glimmering track of silver
  Adown the dark defile,
It winds about its twining route
  For many a weary mile,
Scarce catching from the noonday sun
  The fulness of his smile.
How often, in that gloomy track,
Like man, it turns to wander back.

It ushers from the mountains,
  All bright—we'll change the theme
From its waters to the daughters
  Of this blessed mountain stream:
No unsubstantial spectres they,
  That fill an idler's dream,
But of that class who give to earth
Its gleams of sunshine and of mirth.

The sweet air of the mountains
  Diffuses through their veins
A cheerfulness, and healthfulness,
  Which through the day remains:
Nor does the novelist at night
  Distil into their brains
The noxious mildew of his breath,
Which tells of treachery and death.

And there is one among them,
  A little winsome thing,
With a cheek as fresh as morning,
  And a heart as fresh as spring,
Yet fickle as a humming-bird,
  And ever on the wing,
And delicate as flowers that shun
The stare of the meridian sun.

Come to our sabbath meetings,
  And you in vain may seek
An eye as dark and eloquent,
  Or such a lip and cheek;
Her mien, her grace, her winning face,
  Oft draw to Passage Creek
Your bachelor poet, and impart
A summer's dew around his heart.

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THE OLD MAN OF THE RUE MOUFFETARD.

BY MRS. C. E. BENNERS.

In the first place, do you know where the Rue Mouffetard is? If you are a Parisian you probably do not, for strangers know much more about Paris than those who have been born within its walls, and always passed their lives there.

In an old house in this street, (where indeed there are very few new ones,) you enter a long, dark, and generally a very dirty entry, at the end of which you will see, or rather you will feel, a staircase with iron balusters. Ascend boldly, for it does require some courage to venture up a dark and slippery stairs: when you reach the third story you will begin to see a little, and between seeing and feeling you will find a door on your right hand, by the side of which hangs an old riband with an old epaulette attached to it, which elegant affair performs the duty of a bell-rope for the accommodation of those who visit this agreeable lodging.

M. Delapoule, the inhabitant, is a little old gentleman of seventy, but still alert and lively, with a slight figure, a sharp nose, piercing black eyes, and curl of the lip indicating rather a sarcastic disposition. He still holds to breeches and knee buckles, and wears his hair in the fashion of fifty years ago, from which you may infer that he wears his opinions much in the same fashion.

This old gentleman was a fine dancer in his youth; he was extravagantly fond of the science, as he termed it, and had obtained great celebrity by the precision and elegance of his steps. As long as dancing was in fashion M. Delapoule was greatly sought after and invited everywhere, that is in his quarter of Paris. The ladies almost quarrelled who should have him for a partner, and the young girls quite took airs upon themselves when they had had the honour of dancing with him. In short, a ball was not a ball unless M. Delapoule was there.

When the great political events of '88 and '89 began to disturb the minds of people, fine dancing declined; they still danced, to be sure, if it could be called dancing, without low bows, *fêtes bathus*, and *entrechats*.

During the empire the gavotte retained some favour, but the minuet was completely dethroned; the gavotte, after a short time, had the same fate; and then, instead of dancing and taking steps, came in the habit of walking, and even going to balls in boots. At this horrible subversion of all propriety and decency M. Delapoule became utterly disgusted with the world and retired into the *Rue Mouffetard* to avoid seeing the walking that was called dancing, and even hearing the tunes they pretended to dance to. As far as this went there was nothing very singular in the conduct of the old man. Wounded in his pride, his taste outraged, he had, like Achilles of old, retired into his tent to brood over his injuries. That was all right; everybody should be at liberty to be sulky when they like; only when people begin to sulk in old age, it sometimes consumes more time than they have to spare.

But M. Delapoule had not retired by himself into the *Rue Mouffetard*. He had adopted and educated a great-niece; a little orphan who had neither friend nor protector in the world but her old uncle.

An old uncle of seventy is but a poor protector for a young girl of sixteen, but so goes the world; childhood leaning on old age, youth connecting itself with maturity. Extremes meet, they say. I think they might arrange matters better.

Well, the niece of M. Delapoule was named Blanche. She was a charming young creature, blooming as a May rose, bright as an Italian sky, pure as a snow-drift, and mild as—as all pretty women.

To think of so many charms, so much grace, being mewed up in an old house of the *Rue Mouffetard*. I do not mean to insinuate that the young ladies of that delightful locality are not beautiful; but I think that a pretty woman can never be too much seen, and unfortunately the *Rue Mouffetard* is not quite the centre of Paris. And besides, the life Blanche led was not of the most animating kind. She had no company but her old uncle, who entertained her with interminable discourses on the origin, progress and decline of the art of dancing, only varied by such subjects as had reference to it. He never went out himself, nor ever supposed that his niece might wish to do so; consequently she had not even seen the monkeys in the *Jardin des Plantes*.

By way of rewarding the patience with which she listened to his reminiscences he taught her dancing: not the dancing of the present day, but such as was in vogue before the revolution of '89. He spared no pains, either to himself or her; for two hours after breakfast and two hours after dinner he required her to keep her feet in the stocks that she might acquire the habit of turning her toes out; she was kept at least three hours a day practising her steps, was never permitted to enter a room without making a courtesy, nor to retire to bed before she had danced a minuet.

Blanche did not find this mode of life very en-

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tertaining. For though young girls are usually fond of dancing, it is not of dancing as a task, with nobody to look at them but an old man, and at sixteen it is rather tiresome to be kept in the stocks four hours a day. But Blanche was sweet-tempered and dutiful; she loved her old uncle, and to please him took indefatigable pains to improve in the minuet; while M. Delapoule accompanied her with a kit, which he declared to be equal to a stradivarius. And then the poor girl had never heard of any other sort of dancing, never having been to the balls of Musard, or at the *Chaumière*, nor to the smallest *bal champetre*, nor even at a hop at a friend's house. So she continued firm in belief that the perfection of dancing was the minuet, that of grace the courtesy, and that all skill consisted in the performance of difficult steps.

In the evening M. Delapoule, seated in his arm-chair, would call Blanche to his side, and, after patting her cheek, proceed to the following questions.

"Have you passed four hours in the stocks to-day?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Have you practised all your positions?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Do you make a courtesy every night before you get into bed?"

"Yes, uncle."

"That is right. You are a pretty girl, well shaped; you hold yourself well, and one of these days, when the taste for dancing revives, which must soon happen, for public taste always returns in the end to what is beautiful and graceful; then, my love, you will be an example to others. You will be talked of, sought after, and admired, when the wretched habits of the present day have gone by. I have no patience with these Vandals, who walk instead of dancing, nod their heads instead of pointing their toes, and go to balls in boots. They do not know what they neglect, what a sublime and ancient art, for dancing is not a thing of yesterday, my child."

"Oh! no; certainly not, uncle," exclaimed the young girl eagerly, fearful that her uncle would begin again what he had already repeated a hundred times. The old man would end by falling asleep as he beat the time of a minuet on the arm of his chair.

But at last the tedious, uniform, and solitary life Blanche led, never going out, or taking any of the pleasures suitable to her age, begun to affect her health.

M. Delapoule, very uneasy at seeing the rose fading on the cheek of his little niece, sent for his doctor and consulted him about her health.

"Does your niece ever go out?" asked the doctor.

"Never."

"Not to balls or concerts?"

"No, never."

"Does not she walk out?"

"Never."

"Well, then, that is the cause of her illness."

"What do you mean, doctor?"

"My meaning is very plain; your niece suffers from *ennui;* and that is a worse malady than any other."

"And what makes you suppose that my niece suffers from *ennui?* I am always with her, always talking to her; I get her everything she wishes for. She is at liberty to lead just the sort of life she likes. She can go to bed early, and get up late. In short, she lives just as I do, and I assure you I never suffer from ennui."

"Yes; but you are seventy, and your niece is sixteen, and the life that suits you will not quite agree with her. If you want to see your niece well again, you must let her go out, see company, dance——"

"Dance! Why she dances all day long. She is never an hour without taking steps."

"Yes; but that is not the sort of dancing; she must dance with somebody else than you. She must go to balls; in short, M. Delapoule, you must remember that young girls are like flowers; if you keep them from the air they grow up pale and feeble. You must give your niece amusement and air."

"Give my niece air!" said the old man to himself when the doctor went away: "take her to balls! Certainly the doctors of the present day have a strange mode of prescribing. Air! I should think enough of that might be had at the windows. To be sure mine *do* look upon rather a confined court. Well, since it must be so, I will take my niece out; I will take her to the *Boulevards*."

So he calls Blanche and informs her of his intention; the young girl jumps for joy; the public walks were a *terra incognita* to her. She had heard of them, it is true, as well as of the theatres, and other wonders of the centre of the city. But Paris to her did not contain much more than the *Rue Mouffetard*, where she had lived since she was seven years old. She hastened to make her toilet; chose her best dress, and endeavoured to make herself look pretty. Luckily nature had already taken that matter in hand; that was peculiarly fortunate in Blanche's case, because the ornaments given by nature are never out of fashion.

As to M. Delapoule he was as faithful to old fashions in dress as in dancing. He still wore his breeches with splendid knee-buckles, his coat of changeable silk, with buttons as big as a crown piece, of glass with a bird enamelled in the centre; and his hair tied in a queue and frizzled to an enormous height, on the top of which was perched a three-cornered hat not at all like that of the *petit caporal*.

In this trim he sallied forth, his niece on his arm, leaning on a cane which had served him to beat time for the last fifty years, stepping in minuet time, and Blanche looking about in astonishment at everything she saw.

It is not very fast travelling to move in a minuet step. The uncle and niece had left the *Rue*

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Mouffetard at eleven o'clock, and it was two before they reached the Boulevard.

You may imagine the wonder of Blanche at finding herself in the midst of a crowd, and how her eyes wandered from the walkers to the pedlars, to those who were exhibiting strange sights, to the ballad-singers, and the sellers of all the various commodities that ever could be wanted: their ears rung with the strange cries; they could not manage to make their way through the crowd: first they were pushed by a big woman looking very cross because her daughter would grow as tall as herself and people would not take them for sisters, though they were dressed exactly alike; then the boys drove their hoops against them, or threw their balls on their heads; some of the smaller children were knocked over by the passengers; why did not the nurses take care of them? the nurses had found a country woman, who was telling them the news of their village, which interested them much more than the children.

The next thing they heard was the bells of the sellers of lemonade, at a farthing a glass. Why they are hung round with little bells like a string of mules I never could discover; but I dare say some people like the noise, and we shall have it introduced into the concerts.

Farther on they saw a dirty looking man in black holding forth to a crowd collected round him; but this man does not carry anything; he has no basket, no stall, of course he can have nothing to sell; what can he be about? what can he be saying? All the people are curious to know, and M. Delapoule and his niece as much so as any; so they push through the crowd to hear the gentleman in black, who every now and then takes a pinch of snuff between his phrases to fill up the intervals, as if he did not very well know what he was going to say.

"Certainly—gentlemen and ladies, among those who are walking for pleasure—particularly in fine weather—as it is to-day—there are some who would say—ah! there is an individual—who is speaking on the Boulevard—probably for some reason—"

"Uncle," whispers Blanche to her uncle, "I don't understand what that man is talking about."

"Nor I neither," replies the uncle; "but since he says he has some reason for being here, we shall probably find it out in time."

The man in black takes out of a pocket-book a little piece of black paper and a pair of scissors; then, looking round his audience to make his choice, he begins to cut away without interrupting his discourse.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen—when you see a man—addressing a numerous company—it is natural to inquire—what has he to say to that company?—It is to be supposed that he has some business, but what is it?—that I shall have the honour of showing you in a few minutes—only a minute or two—that is not much for people who have nothing to do."

The man in black, while he was making these speeches, had fixed his eyes on M. Delapoule, who had at last managed to get near the object of his curiosity. He could not at first understand why the man kept his eyes always fixed upon him, and seemed to address his discourse exclusively to him, but he thought it must be out of politeness, and was watching for an opportunity to answer him, when the gentleman finished his cutting out, stuck what he had done upon a piece of white paper, and showed to the assembly the profile of M. Delapoule, which was an excellent likeness, as the profile and *coiffure* of the old gentleman were so remarkable as to be easily caught.

Everybody laughs; M. Delapoule and his niece want to know what they are laughing at; they press forward to get a sight; M. Delapoule is astounded at the sight of his likeness, and Blanche exclaims,

"Oh! it is you, uncle! exactly! with your queue and your little three-cornered hat."

The man in black presents the profile to the old gentleman saying,

"You ought to be satisfied, sir, as everybody sees the likeness. There is your picture; you may pay me what you please; I am not unreasonable."

"I shall give you nothing at all," cried M. Delapoule, turning red with anger. "I think you are very impertinent to take my profile without my leave. I did not stop for that. It is stealing my face. You had no right to do this. Come along, niece; I shall go and complain to the authorities."

The old man drew Blanche away, and they went off, followed by the laughter of the crowd, who were highly diverted by the scene. Trying to hurry off they got pushed and knocked about in every direction.

"Ah!" said M. Delapoule, "things were much better managed before the revolution. People did not then tread on your toes every minute, without even begging pardon; and they did not take your profile without your leave."

The young lady was much better satisfied than her uncle. The numerous passengers, the shops, the sights, all entertained her very much; besides, some young men had exclaimed as they passed, "what a pretty girl!" And pretty girls, however modest they may be, never dislike to hear of their beauty.

The uncle and niece had by this time taken a long walk. It was their dinner time, and they were far distant from the *Rue Mouffetard*.

"My dear," said the old man, "you must be hungry?"

"Yes, I am, uncle."

"So am I; and, as we are so far from home, we will go and dine at a *traiteur's*."

Blanche was delighted; she had never been at a *traiteur's*, and the idea of tasting dishes she had never heard of, and which must be excellent, pleased her very much.

M. Delapoule looks about him, and sees, in a sort of shop, a gentleman sitting at a table and

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eating something, and he says to himself this must be a *traiteur;* there are not many people there, but so much the better; it will be more proper for my niece. Let us go in. They go in, and find themselves in a room where there are a number of tables laid, and a quantity of newspapers and small rolls.

They take their places at a table, and the old gentleman says to a lady sitting in the bar, "Madam, be so good as to give us something to eat; whatever you think best; anything that is ready."

The lady makes a sign of assent; and, leaving the room, soon returns with two little bowls of soup, which she places before them, saying, "Do you wish for bread?"

"Bread! To be sure we want bread! How can anybody eat soup without bread?"

The lady brings a basket containing rolls, and returns to her bar. The uncle eats the soup; the niece tastes it, and thinks it best to wait for something else.

When he had finished his soup, M. Delapoule says to the lady of the bar, "Madam, we do not intend to stop at this."

"Very well, sir."

The lady goes out again, and brings in two other bowls of soup, which she places before the uncle and niece. They look at each other, not knowing what to do; but at last determine to swallow this soup also, thinking it must be of a different sort, but it proves to be exactly the same. M. Delapoule then says, "This will not do, Madame; we want something more."

Again the lady goes out, and again returns with bowls of soup. M. Delapoule then gets quite out of patience, and exclaims,

"What! soup again! Do the *restaurateurs* of Paris sell nothing else since the revolution?"

"Why, sir, the establishment you are in belongs to a company for the supply of soup. We sell nothing else; you can have it sent to your house if you like."

M. Delapoule had hever heard of this establishment. He pays for his soup and leaves the place, very much vexed at his mistake. When they again find themselves on the Boulevard, the uncle says to Blanche, "Are you yet hungry, my dear?"

"Oh no, uncle! All that soup has taken away my appetite."

"Well then, we will walk on, and try to find something that will amuse you."

In a few minutes they saw a puppet show; they stopped to enjoy the sight. A crowd had already assembled, composed chiefly of boys, who thought the appearance of the uncle and niece very extraordinary; so did the workmen and idlers who stood round and pointed at the little man with the queue, the silk coat, and the birds on his buttons. They no longer looked at the puppets, or anything but the old gentleman, who little suspected the amusement he furnished to the crowd, which increased every minute, till it filled all the space, and impeded the passengers, who were obliged to stop and increase it. Everybody was trying to get sight of the odd-looking little man; they pushed and knocked each other, and even came to blows. It was supposed to be a mob. A police agent made his way through the crowd; they pointed out the little man to him; he pushed his way through, took him by the arm, and said, in a peremptory tone,

"Come, sir, walk on; you must not stay here."

"Why must I walk on?" said the old gentleman, looking at him with surprise.

"Because you are creating a disturbance."

"I creating a disturbance!"

"Yes, yes, you know you are; and you do it purposely."

"What is it I am doing?"

"You pretend not to know; but I understand you. You wear that little cocked hat to look like the emperor."

"What emperor? who are you talking of?"

"No more jesting, sir. You have eagles on your buttons, too."

"They are not eagles; they are humming-birds."

"I say they are eagles."

"Well, and if they are! what is that to you! If I like birds I suppose I am at liberty to wear them! You are really too vexatious."

"Come, sir, go off at once; and be thankful that, as you are an old man, I do not arrest you."

"Oh! uncle! let us go! pray let us go!" cried poor Blanche, frightened to death.

The unlucky old man yielded to the joint influence of her prayers, and the injunctions of the policeman. He succeeded in getting through the crowd and making his escape, assisted by the increasing darkness. But he could not comprehend the meaning of all this.

"They accuse me," said he, "of exciting a disturbance, because I wear birds upon my buttons, and a three-cornered hat. Really, I cannot understand it! I no longer know Paris. Everything in it is changed! *Traiteurs*, manners, dress, are as much altered as dancing. I wish, at least, my poor Blanche, that I could have seen you enjoy yourself a little; this first excursion has not afforded you much pleasure."

At that moment they passed a rotunda, and Blanche, looking up, observed a transparency exhibiting the magical word "ball." "Oh! uncle!" cried she eagerly, "a ball; there I *should* be amused. I spend half the day in the stocks that I may dance well. How I should like to dance at a ball!

"And I should like as well to see you dance. No doubt these people have never seen fine dancing; how they will admire your steps! your courtesies! your grace! I am still active enough to be your partner. Come, my dear niece, we will show these ignoramuses what dancing is."

The old man and his niece enter the ball-room. They were just calling for a fourth couple in a quadrille; they hasten to secure the place, and all eyes are turned upon the strange looking couple, who seem to have come from another world.

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The music strikes up; the uncle and niece spring forward; they make *pirouettes*, and *fetes bathus*, and *entrechats*, and all manner of steps. The people stare at them, and then shouts of laughter are heard; the other dancers leave their quadrilles to come and look at the strange dancing; the scene of the Boulevards is acted over again; they push, and fight, and scream. The ball-room is a scene of confusion, and still the unsuspecting old man dances away and admires his niece, till, in the midst of one of his finest steps, his arm is seized by a police officer, who orders him to leave the ball immediately.

"Leave the ball!" cries the little man, still balancing himself on one foot: "what is that you say?"

"I say you must leave the ball. You are dancing a prohibited dance."

"A prohibited dance! Have you gone so far as to make good dancing an offence?"

"No; but you are dancing the *Caneau*."

"I dancing the *Caneau!* I should really be much obliged to you to inform me what the *Caneau* is, for I have not the least idea."

"You pretend ignorance, do you? but you may well be ashamed of such dancing. At your age, too. Come, sir, go off, or I shall send you to the watchhouse."

Blanche, terrified again, draws her uncle away. The poor little old man, in a furious passion, gets into a carriage with his niece, and is driven back to the *Rue Mouffetard*, declaring that he never will stir out of it again.

But the next morning the old man had reconsidered the matter, and come to a more sensible conclusion. He called Blanche, and said to her, "My love, you shall have another dancing master; you shall go out oftener, and be dressed like other people; for I cannot endure to see you pointed at in the streets; and I am now convinced that one must dress, dance, and walk with the age."

EXCURSION TO CHESTER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Queer, quaint old Chester! I had heard of thee
Oftimes, from one who, in his early years
Had known thee well. He told me of thy walls
Guarded by towers, at bow-shot distance plac'd,
And of thy cover'd walks from house to house,
In long drawn galleries, or vestibules.
But most of all, he earnestly describ'd
Thine ancient castle, the huge walnut tree
Shadowing the turret, where his boyhood dwelt;
The nightly watchword with precision pass'd
From officer to sentinel; the folds
Of the dark tapestry, inwrought with groups
Gloomy and strange, that when the night-winds moan'd
Stirr'd heavily and touch'd the childish heart
With fear, from fancy born.
Thou wert as one
Whose portrait had been shown of old, and made
Familiar; so that when we met, I marked
The likeness true, and hail'd thee as a friend,
Grotesque and honest hearted. Yet so much
Thou art behind this very changeful age,
It seems as if thy people all were born
Some hundred years ago.
Old Rome encamp'd
Within the fair sweep of the circling Dee,
And many a coin and trinket in thy hand
Her legions left. Methinks I see her bend
The crowned head upon her seven hill'd throne,
Listing the Briton's cry,* across the wave,
For her strong arm against their border foes;
Then half indignant gathering up her robes,
That Lady of the Kingdoms bade them don
Their leathern buckler, and defend themselves
As best they might, for she had work at home.

Turn to yon old cathedral, which hath pour'd
From age to age, glad tidings of great joy,
And told at Christmas, and at Easter-tide
News of His birth and rising from the dead
Who is the hope of earth's remotest ends.
Come, 'neath the low brow'd arches meditate;
Or here beside this Mercian abbey pause
And ask what deeds of tyranny were wrought
Within its walls? what scenes of deep romance
Enacted? what despairing love sighs breathed
Since its rude founder laid the earliest stone?
Methinks the darkened cloisters, moss o'ergrown,
Frown on us as we ask.
See! Eaton* Hall,
With modern portal, and rich Gothic front,
Forms contrast strong to hoar antiquity,
The twilight mystery of whose mouldering cell

* The request of the ancient inhabitants of England to Rome, for help, when she had withdrawn her legions, after having kept possession of the most fertile parts of the island for several centuries, was prefaced, "To Actius, thrice Consul, the groans of the Britons." Earnestly imploring aid against their bad neighbours, the Scots and Picts, they complain "that the barbarians drive them to the sea, and the sea back to the barbarians, so that they have only the miserable chance of perishing by the sword, or by the waves."

* Four miles from Chester and in strong contrast to its antique features, is Eaton Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Westminster. Its front is a fine specimen of the modern Gothic, seven hundred feet in length, exhibiting an imposing range of towers, pinnacles, and turrets. The principal gate of entrance to the domain, is said to have cost ten thousand pounds, and the grounds, which are seven miles in extent, are diversified with gravel walks, shrubbery, and flowers, while herds, flocks, and domestic birds, are seen feeding among the smooth green turf.

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First won our pilgrim steps. And still I turn,
Perchance with morbid love, from all the glare
Of princely splendour, to the faded traits
Of olden times, and to the deeper thoughts
That from their relics spring. But most of all,
The sweet, pure flowers, that with their thousand eyes
From every nook looked up, and spoke the words
Of Nature and the love of Him who put
His still small voice into their secret soul,
Were dearer far than all the gorgeous domes
That overshadowed them. Yea, tears of joy
Swell'd to my eye, to think that some like these
Now bloomed in my own garden o'er the waves,
Speaking the same words to my little ones
That here they say to me.
And then we turn'd
Our visit o'er, and on the public coach
Chose out the topmost seat, rejoicing much
At the fair prospect, and the whitewash'd cots
Hedge girded and rose sprinkled. Much we blamed
The mansions of our rural friends at home,
Uplifted towards the sun, his noontide rays
By many a tall, uncurtain'd window caught,
As in a burning-glass, each spreading shade
That pitying Nature planted on the soil
Given to the axe, as if that farmer best
Did serve his God who warred on all the trees,
Setting his lank and many sided house
Upon the highest hill, and striving hard
To make that hill a sand heap.
While we spake,
Sometimes with laughter of perverted taste,
And recklessness of comfort, on the part
Of these our worthy agriculturists,
Down came the rain. It was an awkward thing,
Perch'd on such dizzy height, and pinioned close,
To catch those drenching streams. To get inside
With each bespoken cushion closely fill'd
Was quite impossible. Nor did it seem
More feasible, with swaying arm to hold
The spread umbrellas, and adjust their seams
Like a torn tent-roof, and maintain our seats
Upon that flying vehicle. And so,
Our party cowering close, with drooping plumes
Eschew'd their irony on those at home,
And loudly praised our own less changeful skies,
Or mused, perchance, as women sometimes will,
Upon an injur'd wardrobe. I deplor'd
My well-sav'd Cashmere shawl, a very sponge,
And my new ribands ruin'd. Glad at heart,
Ten weary miles achiev'd, we saw the boat
Riding beside the pier. But every change
Is not a gain. The heavy storm and wind
Drove to that single cabin, small and low,
More than it well could hold. There was a scene
Of strange discomfort, forms that jostled hard
Against they knew not who, and jutting arms
Reduc'd from their sharp angle suddenly,
Feet that their neighbours' rights invaded, force
Us'd to no purpose, and complaints as vain,
And fear of pickpockets, and gasping breath
That of impure and suffocating air
Told more than speech could utter.
There we stood,
Ready to faint, while on the narrow bench
That lined the wall, sat here and there a man,
Porter, or sturdy laborer with square hands,
And clumsy hob-nailed shoes, who gave no place
To woman's weaker form. But from a nook
Struggling, as best he might, with sparkling eye,
And beard of richest auburn, o'er his breast
Depending, came a Jewish stranger forth,
And gave his seat, and press'd it courteously.
—Oh, son of Israel!—thou hast better learn'd
Than these, thy brethren, of a higher faith,
The lesson by their own Apostle taught,
How to "be courteous." Now, my wearied limbs
Upon the seat so pleasantly reclin'd,
I fain would sing the praise of courtesy,
Such as it flourish'd in the olden times,
Spreading chivalrously its mantle down
Before a lady's foot, soothing the harsh
Into a good opinion of themselves,
And opening thus a loophole, whence good-will
To others might peep through; or better still
When link'd to Christian principle, it breathes
The law of kindness, and with winning grace
Doth make another's happiness its own.

TO MY SISTER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

BY A YOUNG LADY OF VIRGINIA.

SISTER! another leaf hath turned
In thy life's book to-day;
Another leaf, as yet untouched,
Before thee now doth lay.

And as I view the glowing page,
Unmarked by e'en one stain,
Deep is the prayer that spotless thus
It ever may remain.

May all that's e'er upon it traced
Beam bright with Virtue's ray,
And may Truth be the beacon still
To guide thee on thy way.

May Hope, the radiant telescope
Of misty future years,
Be ever bright, and clear, and pure,
Undimmed by darkening fears.

May Memory, the urn which holds
The ashes of the past,
Ne'er o'er thy gentle spirit's light
One mournful shadow cast.

And like some fair stream deck'd with flowers,
Slow wand'ring to the sea,
Murm'ring the while a gladsome song,
So may thy young life be.

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THAT VILE BOOK;

OR,

BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"THIS is a very neat little book, Mrs. Emory," said her visitor, Mrs. Long, lifting, as she spoke, a small but very handsomely bound volume from the centre-table, and reading the title aloud.

"It is not only beautiful without, but, like a casket, contains precious jewels within," Mrs. Emory said, in reply.

"I never saw the book before. Who is the author?" turning as she spoke to the title-page.

"I do not know the writer. But to me that is of little consequence. I love the truth wherever I find it, and always try to separate it from him who utters it."

"'The Heart's Ease.' What a quaint title!"

"But very expressive. Whoever reads that book aright, and lives up to its precepts, will find his heart, if a weary and heavy laden one, lightened of its burden."

"A precious treasure it must be, Mrs. Emory."

"So I esteem it."

"Are you reading it now?"

"I look into it almost every day. But why do you ask?"

"Because, if its pages contain such rich treasures, I should like to know something about them."

"Nothing will give me greater pleasure than to loan you the book, Mrs. Long."

"You are very kind. I shall esteem it a very great favour."

"Oh! no. Under all circumstances we are bound to communicate to others the truths that have power to elevate us; that is, if they are willing to receive them."

In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes Mrs. Long, having completed her call, for she was only making a brief formal visit to a lady with whom she had no very intimate acquaintance, but to visit whom had become a matter of politeness, arose, and after a pressing invitation to Mrs. Emory to come and see her often, departed with the volume in her hand.

Now Mrs. Long was a narrow-minded, sectarian bigot. It matters not by what name the spiritual body with which she was in association was called. There are such as she in all denominations. Everything that did not meet the square and rule of her confession of faith, was rejected with a pious indignation that burned with a zeal by no means springing from the activity of a truly heavenly principle. She was one of that class whose hatred of what they call error and heresy is so great that they would not hesitate a moment to root out the tares to the imminent danger of the wheat, although the divine injunction is to let the wheat and tares grow together until the harvest, when they will be separated.

Well, so soon as Mrs. Long had put off her bonnet and shawl, she sat down to read her borrowed book.

"I shall find out by this what she is," was her thought as she did so, almost audibly expressed.

The reader will understand by this that she was not yet sufficiently acquainted with Mrs. Emory to know whether she were Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist, or what she was. And upon this point she was always very curious, for she had a different estimation of friendship according as the religious faith of the subject approximated or receded from her own. It will also be seen that, in borrowing the book, which, she at once inferred from Mrs. Emory's peculiar expressions in regard to it, contained some exhibition of her religious views, she expected to get a clue to all she wished to know.

So down she sat, and commenced reading with fixed attention.

"Bless me!" she exclaimed, after about five minutes, pausing, and lifting her hands and eyes in astonishment. "And this is that precious truth she was in such raptures about! Truth!" Mrs. Long's manner became indignant. "Truth! A vile and miserable heresy! To call that truth!"

And Mrs. Long struck her finger with emphatic earnestness upon the page she had been reading.

"Aint it too bad!"

After this first little burst of indignation had passed off, Mrs. Long bent down again over the book, and commenced reading with an attention keenly alive.

"Horrible doctrine!" she ejaculated, in a few minutes, again pausing. "And can it be possible that Mrs. Emory believes such dreadful things! I really thought better of her. How can any one fall into such insane delusions? But let me look further."

And again Mrs. Long resumed her reading.

"Goodness gracious! Was there ever such rank and fatal heresy?" ejaculated the amazed sectarian, once more pausing and throwing herself back in her chair. "Why this book is enough to corrupt a whole community. I wonder that such a publi-

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cation is tolerated in a Christian land! The floodgates of infidelity might just as well be opened at once!"

Having thus opened the safety-valve of her indignation, and let some of the struggling wrath within escape, Mrs. Long resumed her reading, which was continued for an hour longer, accompanied with rapidly recurring exclamations of—

"Goodness gracious!"

"Dreadful!"

"Infamous heresy!"

"Can it be possible that Mrs. Emory believes these things!"

"Call this precious truth, indeed!"

"Horrible!"

"Call that Christian doctrine!"

"Blasphemy!"

And so on, exhausting the vocabulary of indignant astonishment, in her professed horror of the false doctrines, as she deemed them, which the little volume presented. At last this indignation rose so high that she threw the book from her with a holy horror, or, at least, with what she imagined to be a holy horror of its insane and corrupting delusions.

"Aint it too bad!" she ejaculated, breathing heavily; "aint it dreadful to think that any one—especially one assuming to be a lady and a Christian, as does Mrs. Emory—should not only imbibe such horrible doctrines, but present them to others in the hope of corrupting them likewise. I can never feel a particle of respect for her after this. It was a downright insult to her visitors for her to permit such a book, with such a lying title, to be seen upon her centre-table; and worse, for her to recommend it to their perusal as containing high and important truths. But I'll put a stop to any harm that it may do hereafter. I'll let the antidote go with the bane!" she said in a changed and exulting tone, as some suddenly formed resolution found a distinct place in her mind.

She then took up the book which she had tossed so indignantly from her, and, going to her secretary, seated herself with the volume in her hand. Opening to the title-page, she lifted a pen and drew a line across the leading title of the book. Then she wrote in bold letters, just above it,

"A false title."

Turning, then, over to the opening chapter, she read down about half a page, when she paused, underscored a sentence, and wrote in the margin,

"A fatal heresy."

On the next leaf, she blotted out several lines, with this memorandum:

"Too horrible for a pious Christian to read."

A little farther down appeared,

"Shameful perversion of the truth!"

Then she read on a few pages, in which so much of false doctrine appeared, that she despaired of any effectual antidote that her pen could apply. To remedy this evil effectually, she tore half of several pages off from top to bottom, and wrote upon the mutilated parts that remained,

"Insane perversions! Let them be blotted out!"

In this way she went nearly through the beautifully printed and highly cherished volume, which happened to be the gift of a dearly beloved sister in England, making her memorandums on nearly every page, while others were entirely destroyed. The book was, of course, rendered utterly valueless.

It was sometime during the afternoon of the same day that a small package, accompanied by a note, was left at the door of Mrs. Emory. On opening the note, she found it to read thus.

"MADAM:—I return you that vile book which I received of you this morning. The reading of it has shocked me greatly. Its doctrines and precepts are heretical and dangerous. You must pardon the mutilations which I have made, and the remarks and corrections which I have taken the liberty to append. I could not *conscientiously* do otherwise. I should have considered myself guilty of a wrong to yourself, and a wrong to any one into whose hands that vile book might have fallen, had I not administered an antidote with the poison. And now, Madam, let me earnestly entreat you to put far from you such horrible doctrines as that book teaches. They will as certainly sink your soul into endless perdition as you are living.

"Yours, &c.

"HARRIET LOVE."

Such an epistle, of course, took Mrs. Emory altogether by surprise, and shocked her feelings very greatly. But when she opened the package, and saw the condition of her highly prized volume—prized for the pure and elevating truths, apparent to her rational mind, that it contained, and prized on account of the beloved sister from whom it was a gift of affection—she could not help giving way to tears, at the same time that she felt an honest indignation against the woman who had so far forgotten the true spirit of the Christian character as to injure and insult her. It was some time before her suddenly disturbed thoughts became tranquil, and she could feel any degree of kindness towards one who had, although a stranger until within a few weeks, taken a liberty with her and her property that would have been unwarrantable in a most intimate friend. When her husband came in that evening Mrs. Emory handed him Mrs. Long's note, and the book with which she had taken such an unauthorized liberty. After he had read the one, and examined the other through and through, with many exclamations of surprise, he could not help smiling, though he felt indignant, as he said,

"This certainly is a piece of assurance far in advance of anything that has ever come under my notice. And done, too, in the name of religion, and under the plea of a conscientious regard to duty."

"She certainly cannot be in her right mind. This act is not that of a truly sane person."

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"She is about as sane as a large class of bigoted religionists, few of whom, however, in this day, have ever the boldness to act out their true sentiments as fully as Mrs. Long has done. It is this very principle of intolerance; this very kind of conscientious regard to the truth, and horror of that which is false, that carried martyrs to the stake. Don't you suppose, that, were Mrs. Long fully possessed of the power, she would not consider it as religiously her duty to imprison you, or put you to death to prevent your utterance and promulgation of what she thought to be heretical doctrines, as she did to destroy your book to-day? Certainly she would. She went as far as she dared in the present instance, and in doing so, she had no perception of the fact, that, while she was acting from piety alone, she was sacrificing charity, or the rights of others, that fundamental principle of religion."

"That is very true. It was *my* book that she injured; *my* property that she destroyed. And in that she acted dishonestly."

Some few weeks subsequent to this occurrence, Mrs. Long was relating what she had done, to a group of ladies at a social party.

"You did perfectly right," said one. "For my part I would set fire to the publication office of such vile books were I not afraid of being found out and punished."

"So would I," responded another, falling at once into the general feeling that prevailed in the group.

"It is our duty," said a third; "a solemn duty, to suppress everything of this kind, because its promulgation is calculated to do a most fatal injury to society. If a serpent crosses my path, I am bound to kill that serpent, lest it bite my neighbour. And so with books whose tendency is evil, we are bound to destroy them, or render them harmless, as Mrs. Long has done in the present instance, lest our neighbours be eternally injured. This, to me, is perfectly clear."

"But every one has a legal right to publish and promulgate his religious sentiments in this country, provided they do not injure others in their persons or property," remarked a listener, who had, heretofore, been silent.

"But a legal right don't always make a moral right, remember."

"But general principles of law, which give equal protection to all, are high moral principles."

"And yet it is the very height of immorality to print and publish books that have a tendency to injure the public."

"Very true, but who is to judge of this tendency?"

"Why such a tendency is always as plain as daylight to one who will look at it."

"And such tendency you saw in the book which Mrs. Emory loaned you?"

"Most assuredly I did."

"In what did it consist?"

"Why it consisted in the declarations of most palpable denials of fundamental religious truths. Truths taught upon every page of the Bible."

"Leading to the practice of immorality, I presume?"

"Certainly. Don't all false doctrines lead to immorality?"

"Does Mrs. Emory believe in the doctrines inculcated in the book you allude to?"

"Of course she does. She spoke of it as being full of the most instructive and elevating truths."

"Then the inference is plain, that Mrs. Emory cannot lead a purely moral life?"

"You can draw what inference you please," Mrs. Long replied. "As far as I am concerned, I do not see how any one can fully believe such doctrines, and have a moral principle that is uncontaminated. That which any one believes, must, necessarily, modify his character."

"There is the very lady of whom we were speaking," one of the little group said, as Mrs. Emory entered the room at the moment. "I wonder if she will speak to you?"

"I presume not. No doubt I have mortally offended her."

"Suppose any one had borrowed a favourite book of you, and had treated it as you treated the volume which you got from Mrs. Emory, would you, or would you not, be offended?" asked the individual who had shown a disposition not to approve of either her sentiments or her actions.

"No one would have a right to treat my books so, for they contain no false doctrines. But if I loaned any one a volume containing vile and wicked heresies, calculated to ruin the soul, then I ought to have my book served exactly as I served hers."

"If Mrs. Emory were asked about the matter, she would no doubt say that her book did not contain vile and wicked heresies."

"But it did, though."

"In your opinion."

"In my opinion, and in the opinion of every true Christian," was Mrs. Long's emphatic reply.

The conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Emory herself, who was introduced to the group and mingled in it without immediately perceiving that Mrs. Long made a part of it.

The latter at once drew herself up with a dignified air.

"We were just alluding to you, Mrs. Emory," said the individual whose conversation had indicated a preference of feeling towards her.

"Ah! Well, I am here now to answer for myself, if required. Is it anything in which I have a particular interest?"

"I suppose that it is. Mrs. Long has just been telling us of the manner in which she treated a volume loaned her by you."

Mrs. Emory's countenance grew at once serious, and Mrs. Long was evidently by no means easy in mind.

"Good evening, Mrs. Emory," the latter said, with an embarrassed air.

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"Good evening, ma'am," was the mild, but not cordial response of Mrs. Emory.

"I have heard some two or three express an opinion of the matter," resumed the lady who had alluded to the unpleasant subject; "and now, Mrs. Emory, I should very much like to learn your views."

"Of course, as I am a party interested in the matter, I cannot be supposed to be able to give an unbiassed opinion. And besides, I do seriously think that it is a subject which ought not to be introduced here. Therefore, you will be kind enough to excuse me."

"The subject has already been introduced and canvassed in your absence. As you are a party particularly interested, and have made your appearance here before the discussion has ended, it is but fair that you should be allowed the privilege of expressing an opinion."

"I do not think," replied Mrs. Emory mildly, "that I am very much interested in the matter. I am, and have been, altogether passive in regard to it; and still wish to remain so."

"But you are charged," went on the persevering friend, "with loaning a book to a lady that contained vile and wicked heresies, calculated to corrupt the morals of the community."

"That is altogether a mistake, madam."

"Indeed, then, and it is not," spoke up Mrs. Long, with warmth.

To this Mrs. Emory made no reply; and Mrs. Long resumed.

"It taught the doctrine that——"

"Pardon me, if you please," Mrs. Emory said, in a mild yet firm tone, interrupting the statement about to be made. "I object, positively, to the introduction of doctrinal subjects, in a spirit of controversy, in social parties of individuals from all denominations. No good can positively arise from it, and much harm may be the consequence. Let us, as we all meet upon this common plane of mutual good feeling, estimate each other by the known good of life, and not by a comparison of doctrinal tenets."

"That is all very specious and plausible," Mrs. Long rejoined, with increasing warmth, "but who does not know that a religious belief influences the [illegible]?"

"Your remark is true to a very great extent," [illegible]s. Emory said, in the same calm tone of voice [illegible]th which she had commenced speaking. "But [illegible] is also true, that we often see two persons professing the same doctrines, whose lives are very different. One being just, and the other unjust."

"In that case, the latter, in my opinion, did not really believe what he professed."

"That is no doubt a true remark. But in my case, I do most solemnly believe the doctrines I profess, and daily endeavour to make my life conform to their precepts. If they are vile and wicked my life must be vile and wicked also. Is not that a fair conclusion?"

To this Mrs. Long only remarked, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

"Justly said; and now, let us apply that rule to the matter under discussion: or that was under discussion when I came in, and let it determine which of us has the truer doctrines. Mine teach me to regard my neighbour even better than myself, and from this affection to endeavour to do him all the good I possibly can. They also teach me to act justly and honestly to all."

"And pray, madam, doesn't my religion teach me to act justly and honestly towards all?"

"You did not, at least, I am bound to say, act honestly and justly towards me," Mrs. Emory replied mildly, but firmly.

"I deny the charge," was the low, indignant answer.

"Then I stand compelled to prove it. You came to my house, and asked me to loan you a very highly cherished volume—highly cherished as the gift of a beloved, and far distant sister, and still more so for the precious truths to me that it contains. This volume, *my property*, you so mutilated as to make it utterly worthless. Was that just, was that honest? I leave those around to decide. You had no more right to destroy that book than you had to take from my table a silver spoon."

"I had a right, and I can prove it."

"Then vindicate your conduct, Mrs. Long."

"The tendency of the book was demoralizing, and calculated to harm mankind. I destroyed it as I would a venomous serpent."

"As to its demoralizing tendencies, I believe you are altogether in error, for its reigning precept is an obligation to love the neighbour, and the Lord supremely. But admitting your allegation to be true, you would, acting from the principle you advanced, feel it as much your duty to set fire to our place of worship, as to burn one of our books, would you not?"

"Certainly I would!" Mrs. Long angrily replied, "if I dared. I should esteem the act as doing God service."

"By their fruits ye shall know them!" was all the answer that Mrs. Emory made, as she arose and left the little circle into which she had been drawn, and sought in another part of the room more agreeable companionship.

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A TRIBUTE TO OUR NATIVE LAND.

BY E. G. SQUIER.

Oh! glad the world at life's spring time,
And to young manhood's eye
Our happy country's fairy clime,
Our gorgeous earth and sky
Seem brighter far than Grecia's isles,
Or where the eye of summer smiles
O'er Eden Persia's land of flowers,
Her pointed mosques and antique towers.

The glory of our native land
To her young children seems
More envied than the pictured strand
Of Fancy in her dreams,
And fairer than those Eastern climes
Whose oft sung praise the poet chimes,
Where still the monarch sun doth set
On turret, dome and minaret.

There is a glow upon our sky,
And at the eve a stain,
With which the hues of Italy,
The rosy light of Spain,
And all the tints that linger o'er
The distant India's sunny shore,
Or charm the eye on Egypt's coast,
A rival beauty cannot boast.

The sun that gilds our heavens here,
The silver queen of night,
Shine on no lakes more softly clear,
On streams more broad and bright,
Than those, which flow with pomp and pride
Through many a valley rich and wide,
Or calmly lie, with waveless breast,
Within the vast and glorious West.

The mountains, too, that lift their crests,
And rock-ribbed peaks sublime,
On which the fierce gray eagle rests,
And where the storms of time
Have raged, since first the world awoke,
And from the realm of chaos broke,
These cloud-crowned kings no rivals own,
No grander in the world are known!

Nor these alone, nor earth or sky—
Great Nature's proud dominion—
Or stream, or lake, or mountain high—
Rest for the eagle's pinion—
Thine is a glory brighter far,
Land of the mellow evening star,
For Freedom's fires on every hill,
Though lit in blood, are burning still!

And from thy valleys songs ascend,
From stream and silver lake,
And where the forest branches bend
The self-same songs awake—
Songs that were sung by Freedom's sires
When erst they lit her altar fires,
And which their children still shall chime,
Through distant years to endless time.

Land of our hopes! it is to thee
We turn with joy and pride,
Thy banner floats on every sea,
By every stream beside;
And while the Pilgrim's spirit glows,
While in our veins their free blood flows,
Our glorious native land shall be
For ever blest, for ever free!

Albany, N. Y., 1842.

THE BRIDE'S REMEMBRANCE OF HOME.

Thou hast no voice so soothing to mine ear,
Land of the Healing Spring!—no sound so dear,
As the bland spirit of the mountain sigh,
When with the scent of forests floating by,
It steals upon me in the dreamy night
With a sweet thrill of rapturous delight;
For it hath power in its wild melody
To waken thoughts, beloved Home, of thee!
I seem to stand beneath my own blue skies,
Where 'bove the clouds the lofty Catskills rise;
Once more I ramble o'er the fragrant heath,
Where the young zephyr woos the violet's breath,
And in imagination hear the swell
Of torrents rushing down the rocky dell;
Then my own Hudson, noble, pure and free,
Its waters sweeping onward to the sea,
Steals in soft visions to my memory,
As when I lingered on its verdant side,
Listening the murmur of its rippling tide,
'Neath the cool shadows of the clustering vine,
My fav'rite summer bower in days 'lang syne,'
Watching those sails its bosom whitening o'er,
Which Commerce wafts to many a foreign shore,
As when meandering in joyous play,
From the lov'd mansion on my bridal day
I look'd upon its waves' deep sunny blue,
And breathed a fond, a passionate adieu.

Flow on, flow on as when, majestic stream,
Thine echo blent with youth's romantic dream;
Though far away, thou'rt not forgotten here,
The faintest mountain echoes which mine ear
Hath ever caught of this land's melody,
Waken remembrances of Home and thee!

M. R. B.

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THE SUITORS,

A BALLAD.

THE POETRY BY GEORGE P. MORRIS,

THE MUSIC BY CHARLES E. HORN.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO LOUIS A. GODEY, ESQ.

BY THE WRITER OF THE WORDS, AND THE COMPOSER OF THE MELODY.

From the Lady's Musical Library.—Copy-right Music.

PLAYFULLY.

p *sf*

Wealth sought the bow'r of Beauty, Dress'd like a modern beau; Just then Love, Health, and Duty Took up their hats to go. Wealth

sf

such a cordial welcome met As made the others grieve; So Duty shunn'd the gay coquette, Love, pouting, took French leave, &c.

rit. *ritard.*

Love, pouting, took French leave!

sf *fz* *sf*

II.

Old Time, the friend of Duty,
Next call'd to see the fair;
He laid his hand on Beauty,
And left her in despair.
Wealth vanish'd!—Last went rosy Health,
And she was doom'd to prove
That those who Duty slight for Wealth,
Can never hope for Love—
Ah, no! Can never hope for Love!

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EDITORS' TABLE.

CONVERSATIONS AT THE EDITORS' TABLE.

BY MRS. HALE.

"How I do love the light of the fire, when our autumn evenings begin to grow long!" exclaimed Ellen Marvin as she drew her chair close to the book-covered table, over which the schoolmaster was leaning. "It always seems to me," she continued, "as though all the sweet visions of domestic bliss which the poets have painted were brightened and beautified in such a light. I often wish, at this season of the year, that I too could write poetry."

"Yes," said the schoolmaster, smiling at her enthusiasm, "yes, the bright hearth often awakens the poetic, as it certainly does the social spirit in our nature. One reason doubtless is, that our cares and labours are sooner over, in these short days, and therefore we do not bring wearied minds into the domestic circle. And then the warm bright bright hearth is more welcome and joy-inspiring at this season than even in the depths of winter, because it is a new enjoyment, as it were, and of course seems a luxury. All these circumstances augment our happiness."

"I never could understand why the English people were disposed to melancholy at this season," observed Mrs. Marvin. "To me, November is one of the most cheerful months in the year."

"Because you were born and brought up in New England rather than in Old England," returned the schoolmaster.

"And besides, we have our Thanksgiving day in this month, usually," said Ellen.

"Yes, and better still, we have, as a whole people, cause for fervent and grateful thanksgiving," said the schoolmaster. "At this season every family, almost, in our land has the comforts of life, and nearly all have the hope and prospect of living thus comfortably through the coming seasons. In Old England it is not so. Thousands, aye, millions of her people are suffering daily from the 'want of all things!' To such persons the approach of winter must seem almost like the sentence of death. When suffering from cold is added to all other woes the poor have there to endure, even the soothing influences of religion can scarcely calm the spirit to patience and submission."

"It is dreadful to think of these wretched sufferers," said Mrs. Marvin; "and then to reflect that this wide-spread and consuming poverty is borne in the richest country in the whole world!"

"I do not see how the English nobility can enjoy their enormous wealth, while so many of their countrymen are literally pining with hunger," said Ellen. "I should fear the judgments of heaven on such selfishness."

"While Dives enjoyed his sumptuous feasts he cared little for the poor beggar at his gate," said the schoolmaster. "It is the nature of continued prosperity to harden the heart. Great wealth, especially when inherited, makes its possessor proud and selfish. He thinks himself really better and more deserving than those whom accident has placed beneath him. The reason that the misery of others makes so slight impression on his feelings is—he never troubles himself about others. His heart is all engrossed with his own pleasures."

"But you have often told me that the selfish could not be happy," said Ellen.

"Nor can they," he replied. "There is a great difference between pleasure and happiness, as I define them. The selfish may enjoy what are called pleasures—the feast, the song, the dance—they may be gay, even riotous in the enjoyments of sense; but all these things will not make them happy, will not give them that frame of mind which can sustain its equanimity in disappointments, difficulties, dangers, in the hour of sickness and bereavements. I call only those happy who have shown that they can bear the trials of life with cheerfulness, and who have shown also that to promote the happiness of others is the seal of their own. In short, happiness is like the light of the sun, beautiful in itself, it warms and blesses all it shines upon—but pleasure is like the eruption from a volcano, its fierce flame leaving a desert where it passes, and soon ending in darkness and ashes."

"It would seem, then, that ruin must be the fate of any nation whose rulers and leaders are engrossed, chiefly, in seeking their own pleasures," said Mrs. Marvin. "And such, at present, appears to be the aim of the rulers and nobles of Great Britain. How many poor mothers were weeping over their famishing children while the Queen made her gorgeous progress through the land! I wish those mothers and children could all have been brought before her."

"Do you not think she is happy?" said Ellen to the schoolmaster.

"In a good degree, doubtless," he replied. "She is, I presume, ignorant of most of the distress which prevails, for while all around her is so bright, she would hardly believe in the existence of such deep misery, even were it described truly, which who would dare to do? Then she has one of the conditions of happiness in perfection."

"How many conditions are requisite?" said Ellen.

"Three," he replied—"we want something to do, something to love, and something to hope for. No person can be happy unless these conditions are fulfilled. Now Queen Victoria has her objects of affection, and, I doubt not, loves her husband and children as tenderly and truly as though she were only a private lady. Let us hope that these domestic affections, which she has so purely and beautifully exhibited, may enlighten her mind and move her heart towards her miserable subjects, whom the nobles, not the Queen, have so oppressed by their legislative enactments—and that, through her influence, and that of the 'women of England,' a change of measures, having for their basis justice and mercy to the oppressed at home, may be effected. I do not despair of seeing this moral revolution in England."

"You ascribe great influence to our sex," said Ellen, smiling.

"I do not overrate it," he replied earnestly. "I am only fearful that it may still, as it has heretofore, be misdirected. But the change will come. The moral destiny of the world is in the keeping of women. They will not always prove unfaithful to their sacred trust. In truth, they have hitherto been rather unfitted for their duties than unfaithful to them. The late Temperance reform has been nobly aided by wo-

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men. So too the Missionary and Benevolent Associations of our age bear evidence of their zeal and disinterested charity. But women must do more. In their quiet homes they must be the teachers of truth and justice to men; among those whom their example and conversation influences in social life, they must be the inspirers of patriotism and duty."

"Would you then revive the age of chivalry, or encourage the exploits of a second Joan of Arc?" said Ellen.

"No—oh, no! it is because the predominance of physical courage and strength has ceased to rule the world that I think your moral influence will now produce such efficacious results," said the schoolmaster. "In England, in America, we need heroes of peace, not mail clad warriors. We need patterns of noble disinterestedness in public life; we need honest, self-governed men in every station. When the ladies are united and uniform in their approval of such qualities, as in the days of chivalry they were of the strength and skill which triumphed at the tournament, and the courage which conquered in the battle, we shall have not only champions of right, but the fashion of doing right will become popular."

"The ladies ought to be much obliged for your good opinion," said Mrs. Marvin. "I hope it will encourage us to persevere in that course of improving our own hearts and minds, which is essential before we can expect to produce such a moral revolution as you predict. We ladies must, like Parizade, first obtain the golden water—that is, perform well our own duties—before we shall be able to raise you men from the lethargy of selfishness."

"The trouble is how to begin," said Ellen. "It is easy to say ladies have great influence, and they must use it to reform the world—but how shall it be done?"

"It is a very simple process," replied the schoolmaster; "it only needs that you should be really what you would make us believe, good-tempered, true hearted, and willing to perform all your duties, however humble. Never wait for great occasions to do good, they seldom occur; but always show that you approve and do whatsoever things are pure, honest and righteous. 'A long continued walk is better than a short flight,' on our life journey. But now we must look over our new publications; next month we will pursue this subject."

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Sketches of Foreign Travel and Life at Sea; including a cruise on board a man of war, as also a visit to Spain, Portugal, the south of France, Italy, Sicily, Malta, the Ionian Islands, continental Greece, Liberia and Brazil; and a Treatise on the Navy of the United States. By the Rev. CHARLES ROOKWELL, 2 vols. Published by Tappan & Dennet, Boston: Appleton & Co. New York: Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

We have given the title-page in full, as the best and briefest manner of conveying to our readers the scope and design of this work. The wide ground over which the author's descriptions extend admits of great variety of scene, incident, and character. We are happy to add that he has fulfilled his task in a manner worthy of an American Christian, which we think the highest title a man can aspire to. There is an air of truth in all the statements of Mr. Rookwell which at once inspires confidence. The style is clear and unobtrusive, with no effort for effect; it has the beauty of simplicity, and the strength which the free expression of noble and religious feelings always imparts. The work is, indeed, a rich mine of information on the most important subjects connected with the history and character of the nations among whom the writer travelled. We regret that we have no space for extracts, but we hope our readers will have the privilege and pleasure of meeting with these "Sketches of Foreign Travel." The work cannot fail of success.

Moral and Spiritual Culture. By R. C. WATERSTON.

We have here the "thoughts" of one of the most actively benevolent "teachers of righteousness" which the system of employing "ministers at large," some years since adopted in Boston, has called into the field of "spiritual culture." It is chiefly, however, to the young that Mr. Waterston devotes himself. To imitate the example of the Saviour, who took little children in his arms and blessed them, seems to be the highest ambition of this, his devoted follower. The work contains twelve pieces, both prose and poetry, written in a style of simplicity which the child may understand, while the strength and beauty of the sentiments and thoughts will charm the wise and instructed parent. It will make a valuable addition to the family library. Boston: Crocker & Ruggles.

The Characters of Schiller. By MRS. ELLET, pp. 226.

We have not, among all our American female writers, one so well skilled in modern languages and European literature as the interesting author of this work. As a translator and critic of foreign dramatic compositions she has heretofore shown that rare judgment and delicate taste which is equally the result of good sense, extensive reading, and correct moral principle. In this, her latest work, the fine powers of her mind have enabled her to understand and appreciate the lofty genius of Schiller, and her pure warm heart enters into his sympathies with the oppressed, his ardent love of freedom, his deep devotion to the good and beautiful in nature and art, and gives, like a faithful mirror, the true transcript of the poet's thoughts and feelings. We think this work of Mrs. Ellet will be found a most valuable aid to those who wish to understand the character of Schiller's genius and writings without the trouble of learning to read his works in the original. She has managed to retain much of the spirit of the German in her English translation, and her critical remarks are judicious and, generally speaking, very elegantly expressed. Published by Otis & Broaders, Boston.

The Beauties of Vocal Melody; being a Choice Selection of Scottish, English, and Irish Songs and Ballads; with accompaniments for the Piano forte. Edited by Wm. R. Dempster.

We think this a very excellent work of the kind, which every lover of music and singing will highly prize. As the long winter evenings are now approaching, which furnish the appropriate season for songs in the domestic and social circles, we commend this selection of Mr. Dempster to the notice of all who wish to obtain some of the best and most popular airs and ballads; such as, embodying the universal language of the human heart, have the spirit of youth immortal in their thoughts and expressions. Sold by Perkins and Purves, Philadelphia.

Our Mess. Nos. 17 and 18. Carey & Hart.

The above numbers of this admirable tale have just been issued by the above publishers. We predict for this work a great sale when completed.

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The Life of George Washington. By JARED SPARKS. Boston, Tappan & Dennet: Philadelphia, Drew & Scammell.

We noticed this work in our September number, and trust that many of our friends have already seen the beginning. In this second number the portrait of Mrs. Washington is given, a most beautiful engraving, and worthy of being placed among the heart's treasures of every daughter of America. To be completed in sixteen numbers.

Pictorial Guide to Niagara Falls. The Illustrations designed and engraved by J. W. Orr, 1842.

This is decidedly the most attractive, and, we think, the best book on the subject which has appeared. The drawings give much value to the work, and whoever intends to visit that greatest natural wonder in the world, Niagara Falls, would do wisely to secure this little manual as a travelling companion.

Little Coin, much Care; or, How Poor Men Live. By MARY HOWITT. New York, Appleton & Co., pp. 171. Philadelphia, Godey & M'Michael.

This book is one of the series prepared by several eminent English writers, mostly females, for "the People and their Children" Of course, the books are thoroughly English in their tone and tempering. So far as our American citizens may wish to learn the "mighty differ" between themselves and the labouring class of England, these little books will be valuable. They show a state of things which ought to make us feel very thankful that we were born where there are no privileged ranks, and no class legislation.

Kane's Chemistry. Edited by Dr. Draper. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Kane's Chemistry is recognised among scientific men as a standard work. In the department of organic chemistry, which has recently received so many improvements, it is particularly excellent; and in all respects the work is brought up to the existing improved state of the science. The additions, made by Dr. Draper of New York, enhance greatly the value of the work, which now comes forth richly embellished and carefully adapted to the use of American colleges and medical schools.

Paul Clifford, Devereux, Eugene Aram, &c.

The volumes composing the new edition of Bulwer's novels, now in the course of publication by the Harpers, appear at regular short intervals, and thus furnish to the admirers of this eloquent writer the cheapest and most convenient set which has yet appeared. A novel of Bulwer, embellished with a steel plate engraving, and afforded at twenty-five cents, may well be considered cheap literature.

Johnsoniana; or, Supplement to Boswell: being Anecdotes and Sayings of Dr Johnson, collected by various contemporary writers. Edited by J. WILSON CROKER. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1842.

In a literary undertaking like Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, one necessarily accumulates a vast amount of matter which cannot conveniently be incorporated in the body of the work in hand. Such appears to have been the case in the present instance, and the result is the supplementary work before us. The extracts, of which it is composed, are short, lively, and highly entertaining. The amount of information which they contain relative to the life, opinions, and writings of the great "literary leviathan" is very great, and the manner in which it is thrown together renders the work one of the most agreeable and useful species of light reading which it is possible to offer. Several admirably executed portraits embellish the volume.

Hope Leslie. By Miss SEDGWICK. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1842.

Those who remember the lively sensation produced by the first appearance of this delightful historical novel, will not be surprised at its republication. Miss Sedgwick was particularly fortunate in the selection of the period and the scene of this novel, and she has brought to the task of illustrating the early colonial annals of Massachusetts, her native state, a vivid power of conception and a happy talent of delineation and characterization. It is gratifying to see the unrivalled talents of such a writer devoted to so patriotic an object as that of increasing the interest of the American people in the history of their own country. The best pens among our female writers, we are happy to notice, are chiefly devoted to national subjects. While the lady writers are thus patriotic, we need not despair of ultimately building up a sound and elegant national literature.

The Book of the Navy. By Professor FROST. Second edition. D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1842. Godey & M'Michael, Philadelphia.

It is gratifying to see a book, which is consecrated to the preservation of proud national recollections, pass so rapidly to a second edition. When we noticed the first appearance of this work we did not anticipate receiving a copy of a new impression, with several additional embellishments, within so short a period as has since elapsed. But even so it is. Three weeks had hardly passed before the new edition was called for. We are gratified at this, because it refutes an assertion which unreflecting persons permit themselves to make, viz., "that the Americans are indifferent to their national history." The fact is directly the reverse. All historical and biographical works of real merit are encouraged; and, whenever a well written tale appears in the Lady's Book, or any other popular magazine, founded on some fact which occurred in the colonial or revolutionary times, it is copied in the newspapers from one end of the union to the other.

The rapid sale of Professor Frost's elegant work, as well as of his former historical writings, proves the same thing, that the history of our own country, instead of being disregarded by us, as a people, is an exceedingly popular theme. While this continues to be the case we cannot greatly degenerate from the virtue and patriotism of the primitive stock. So long as the glories of our navy are emblazoned in splendid engravings, like those in the volume before us; and its victories are rehearsed and sung as they are in the historical, anecdotical, and lyrical parts of the Navy Book; and such works are diffused throughout the country, and eagerly sought and read, we need not fear that future wars will not produce their Truxtuns and Hulls, their Bainbridges, Decaturs, and Stewarts. The cherished record of a glorious past is the best guarantee of a glorious future.

Breakfast Table Science; or, the Philosophy of Common Things. Written expressly for the Amusement and Instruction of Young People. By J. H. WRIGHT. New York: Alexander V. Blake, 1842.

This is one of the best written juvenile books we have seen. The author understands the art of attracting and fixing the attention of children. His titles or heads of chapters are very catching, and the rapid, piquant style of the dialogue prevents them from throwing the book aside before they have mastered its contents. The scientific nature of these contents may be regarded as constituting the chief value of the book, as a child will be certain, by learning them, to have his curiosity awakened concerning the phenomena of natural philosophy connected with his every day life, and to acquire some very useful notions respecting the processes of investigation which are necessary to acquire a practical acquaintance with experimental philosophy.

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The Gift: a Christmas and New Year's Present, 1843. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

The Gift for the coming holidays is an unusually beautiful one. The literary contents are of the highest order. Among the contributors we recognize the well known names of Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Esling, Mrs. Kirkland, Mary E. Lee, Mrs. Pease, Mr. Street, Mr. Inman, Charles West Thomson, Mr. Poe, Professor Frost, and Mr. Simms. The story of *Billy Snub, the News-boy*, by Seba Smith, is in the rich and racy vein which distinguishes that popular writer. Mr. Poe's story, the *Pit and the Pendulum*, is one of his sombre and thrilling narratives, exhibiting the intense nature of his "graver musings." The *Lover's Leap*, by Herbert, is in his happiest vein. The *Militia Training*, by Professor Frost, exhibits some new and striking phases of New England life. The *First Steamboat*, by Mrs. Sigourney, is one of her best stories. The remaining contents of the volume, which we have not time to characterize in detail, are worthy of a place in the same volume with those which we have already noticed.

The plates are all executed by American engravers from original designs by American painters. The frontispiece is engraved by Cheney from a celebrated painting of Huntington, *Mercy's Dream*. It is a gem of art. The head, in vignette, which ornaments the title-page, is one of Cheney's happiest efforts, touched off in the most delicate style from a crayon drawing of his brother. *Billy Snub*, the newsboy, was engraved by Dodson from a very celebrated picture by Henry Inman. It is full of character and individuality. *Egeria*, from an exquisite miniature of the lamented Malbone, engraved by Cheney, surpasses, in delicacy and expression, anything we have ever seen in an annual. The *Lace Cap*, from one of Sully's beautiful imaginings, is the joint work of Dodson and Cheney. It is a speaking countenance. The *Militia Training*, engraved by Pease from a painting of Clonney's, is a bright sunny landscape, enlivened by groups of figures, full of character and expression. All the humours of a general muster are here given with wonderful fidelity. The greatest wonder is, how so much of life and humour could be condensed in so small a space. *Rose Vernon*, by Pease, from a sketch of Chapman's, is a pretty village girl. The expression is quiet, and the *ensemble* of the picture is a pleasing one. The *Florentine Girl*, by Cheney, from Huntington's picture, is worthy of the fertile and expressive pencil from which it proceeded. Repose and deep sentiment are the prevailing features of the picture.

This getting up of annuals from original paintings by living artists must be a very expensive process. These paintings must have cost several thousand dollars, to say nothing of the additional thousands which it must have cost to retain for months the services of firstrate engravers, like Cheney, Dodson, and Pease. The result is a volume which reflects not less honour on the liberal enterprise of the publishers than on the advanced state of American art.

The Christian Souvenir: an offering for Christmas and the New Year, 1843. Edited by Isaac F. Shepard, pp. 304. Boston: published by Henry B. Williams.

This is a beautiful book, and well worthy public favour, though, to say the truth, annuals have not, for the past year or two, been very favourably received. The complaint was, that they were expensive and useless works; the literary character, which was chiefly of the light amusing kind, not rendering them worth preserving. This Christian Souvenir, we are happy to say, takes higher ground. It aims to be instructive. The contributors are chiefly writers of known celebrity and high moral standing in our country. Quite a number of clergymen, of different denominations, have enriched the volume with their elegant and excellent thoughts. Our lady writers have also lent their aid, and the editor may well feel proud of the productions of genius, taste, and piety, which he has drawn together and arranged with much skill and judgment. Among the engravings is a very good likeness of Mr. Yohunnun, the Nestorian Bishop. The book is beautifully printed, and is, altogether, a work we can commend to the favour of our friends.

Burnet's Reformation. Embellished edition.

Among the elegant works recently published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. is a new and splendid edition of Bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation, in four royal octavo volumes with authentic portraits of all the great characters of that interesting period of history, from bluff King Harry and Anne Boleyn to Cardinal Pole and Archbishop Cranmer. Catholics and Protestants are delineated with all the grim fidelity of Holbein. The volumes are all printed in the good oldfashioned style, broad margins, richly garnished with headings, notes, and citations; the paper, the print, the binding, the pictures, all are sumptuous and beautiful. Of the merits of the work itself it is not very necessary to speak. All the world knows that it is the author's masterpiece, a history whose merit has never been questioned. It was so much esteemed in Bishop Burnet's own time, that when the first volume appeared in 1679, it procured the author the unprecedented honour of thanks from both houses of parliament. Such a proceeding would make an author stare in these days. For depth, vigour, and variety of knowledge, Burnet is unsurpassed by any writer of his age. His active life and court preferments gave him great opportunities for personal knowledge of men and things, which is exhibited to advantage in all his voluminous works, but in none are his best qualities more conspicuous than in this History of the Reformation. The work richly deserves the splendid dress in which Messrs. Appleton & Co. have given it to the public.

Forest Life. By the author of "A New Home."

If this had been the *first* work of its accomplished author, it would have been praised most lavishly; but she has now the difficult ordeal to undergo of being judged by comparison with that most unique and delightful book, her "New Home." We cannot say that she has, in this second effort, excelled. It has some exquisite pictures of life and scenery, fresh as forest flowers open to the "April skies," and rich with those exquisite lights and shades which can only be caught from nature.

Friends' Annual.

The members of the society of Friends are apt to find fault with the ordinary class of annuals as containing matter which contravenes their purposes in the education of their young people. Whether it is out of consideration for these conscientious scruples or not, we cannot say; but Messrs. Carey & Hart have, this season, been at the trouble and expense of getting up a volume which appears to be expressly intended to serve as an annual for people of the strictest religious principles, while it will be not less acceptable to persons of high literary and artistical taste, who "care for none of these things." It is Cowper's Task and other poems in a single octavo volume, printed in the most magnificent style and embellished with ten splendid engravings on steel from the burins of Cheney, Cushman, &c., after the designs of John Gilbert. Such a volume may be commended to all parents, friends, and other present makers, as a perfect bijou in literature and art; matter, paper, print, binding, and embellishment, are all firstrate.

The 4th number of Madame D'Arblay's work is now in the press of Carey & Hart, and will soon be published.

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The Christian Citizen is the title of a little book, by the Rev. JOHN HARRIS, author of "Mammon," &c, which will be highly prized for its fervent piety. The very neat manner in which this little work and others, by the same publishers—Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln, Boston—is done up, will be gratifying to those who desire to unite goodness with good taste.

Carey & Hart's edition of the *Prayer Book of the Episcopal Church.*

Nothing in ancient or modern binding has ever equalled these splendid books; silver clasps and silver edges, gold clasps and gold edges The very work for a present at Christmas. Nothing could be more appropriate. These gentlemen deserve great credit for the manner in which they get up their works.

TO OUR READERS.

Aunt Mercy, by Mrs. C. Lee Hentz. Do our subscribers remember these delightful stories? We have endeavoured to prevail upon Mrs. H. to continue them.

Mr. Chancy's Cooking Stove, by Mrs. Annan. More of this anon.

The Midnight Voyage of the Seagull, by Mrs. Volney E. Howard. We hope soon to hear again from this highly gifted lady.

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale will illustrate one of the plates in the December number.

Miss Virginia Deforest, our new contributor, has won golden opinions by her illustrations of our plates.

Alfred Street. We have written to this gentleman, and pause for a reply.

Mrs. S. C. Hall. We expect to receive by the next European steamer another Irish tale from this eminent delineator of the Irish character.

Charles Dickens. No doubt the same vessel will bring an answer from this gentleman touching contributions.

Sheridan Knowles we also expect to hear from at the same time.

Dr. Robert M. Bird, author of Nick of the Woods, &c. His first regular contribution will appear in December number.

A tale by the author of "A Marriage of Convenience," will also appear in December

Mrs. E. F. Ellet. We have two articles on hand written by this lady, one of them illustrative of a splendid steel plate.

Mrs. H. E. Beecher Stowe we are in daily expectation of hearing from.

T. S. Arthur will continue his delightful home truth tales.

H. W. Herbert will oblige us by forwarding two, three, or four of the tales that have been due us since May, 1841. More of this anon.

Mrs. Seba Smith is engaged writing a story for us.

Mrs. E. C. Embury, ditto.

Miss Eliza Leslie will still continue to contribute her graphic and amusing articles.

We have very many other articles on hand by our best writers, but have not room to introduce all their names.

THE POST-OFFICE.

It is a custom very prevalent—a custom, however, more honoured in the breach than the observance—to rail continually at public institutions and public officers on account of real or imaginary imperfections and lapses. One would think it were naturally a more agreeable and gracious task to glance occasionally at the benefits which we are daily receiving from the salutary operation of the general rule, than to be eternally carping at the inconveniences which are the result of the rare exceptions. The post-office is one of the most useful institutions in the country, and the postmasters, taken collectively, are the worst paid set of officers in the public service. Yet there is no class of public servants who are more frequently made the subjects of unfounded complaint. Every one receives benefits of the most essential kind from the constant and punctual delivery of letters, newspapers, and magazines; yet no one thinks of the obligations of gratitude which he owes to the unwearied attention of the postmaster. The post-office, like the common air we breathe, is enjoyed by all and appreciated by few. It is due to those who administer the benefits of this great and useful public institution that their claims should be more fully acknowledged and more liberally met. Congress should increase the pay of postmasters, and all classes of people should remember their services and unite in sustaining and encouraging them in the discharge of their duties, instead of carping at the inevitable delays and miscarriages which are incident to the best organized system.

It appears that the Postmaster General has recently made arrangements for the accommodation of editors by the speedy delivery of their letters and newspapers. Such a manifestation of good will, from such a source, should be promptly acknowledged by the gentlemen of the press. It will relieve them from a heavy tax hitherto paid for conveyance by extra lines, and confer other benefits of inestimable value.

OUR FASHION PLATES.

In our last we alluded to the opposition manifested in various quarters against the publication of fashion plates in the monthly magazines. We have observed that the objections come chiefly from those whom we consider, with due respect, to be less likely to know what is popular with or useful to our peculiar class of readers than we who have had the honour of catering for and gratifying their taste for some fifteen or twenty years. It is our pride and happiness to afford a rich monthly repast which shall instruct the minds and adorn the persons of our fair countrywomen, and we could better spare almost any other component portion of our "perfect whole" than the admirable *fashion plates.*

The December number will contain a fashion plate of an entirely novel kind, such as never before has been attempted in this country. We shall enjoy this novelty, of course, but a short time, as some of our contemporaries will be certain to copy the offspring of our brain. The carping at fashion plates we understand, but we are not to be driven from our position.

On a recent occasion, in consequence of the non-arrival of our fashions from Europe, we were obliged to put a number of the Book to press without the plates, when there arose such an inquiry through all the interior of the country as would have speedily convinced the most sceptical of the popularity of the plates. Hear what our friend of the Freeport Columbian says:—

Godey's Lady's Book.—The August number of this interesting periodical is on our table. The *ladies* should not miss an opportunity of perusing its richly furnished pages. As usual the articles are of the choicest productions from the pens of the most celebrated writers of the present day. The embellishments consist of two well executed engravings. "The Fortune Teller," is a beautiful engraving on steel by A. Jones. "The Village Scene," an engraving on steel by F. Humphreys, surpasses anything of the kind we have seen for some time. The plate of fashions, has it been discontinued? We hope not.

We might not have adverted to this matter again but for the numerous epistles we have received, confirming our

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resolutions in the affair. Two of these we herewith present to our readers, which no doubt speak their unanimous voice.

MR. GODEY.

Dear Sir,—You cannot imagine what indignation and surprise pervaded our domestic circle, when, upon the receipt of our last number of your charming "Lady's Book," we learned there had arisen objections to the plates of the fashions; but we laughed right out (inelegant as it is said to be) when we discovered the grounds of objection. Because, forsooth, the shape, colour, or position, of the mere *figures* or *blocks* on which the dresses are arranged for convenience, does not suit my gentleman "Bettys," we are to be deprived of the pleasure and utility of knowing what is going on in the great world of fashion! Well I never! Did *you* ever? Simple as are our notions of things in the busy world, we are scarcely verdant enough to think that, to be well dressed and fashionable, one must adopt the entire fashion plates, powder, carmine, and all! But, living many miles from the *modiste*, whose business it is to "keep the run," as our boys say, of the inventions of the fickle goddess, and in a measure thrown upon our own resources for novelty and variety in dress, I need not say how invaluable are your transcripts of the *modes à Paris* to persons similarly circumstanced. With such an ensampler, an industrious needle, and a good taste, it must be a lady's own fault if her dress be uncouth or outré in its style or construction.

Smilingly yours,

L. N.

Zanesville, Ohio, Sept. 1, 1842.

DEAR MR. GODEY:—Permit me to thank you, in the name of your fair patrons, for the firm stand you have taken against the "*anti fashionists*," who would deprive us of the interest, amusement, and employment, furnished by your excellent *fashion plates*. I am sure that no lady, of the least taste or consideration for those of her sex who are situated without the pale of metropolitan facilities, would set her face, (and certainly not, if a *lovely* one,) against them; and those "lords of creation," as they very complacently style themselves, *they* had much better reflect on the very pretty business they have made of their own legitimate subjects, the currency, politics, trade, &c., before they dictate what is most proper or useful for the ladies. A *Lady's* Book without fashions! why the very idea is preposterous. As well give a ball without *music*, a feast without the *dessert*, a wedding without the *ring*, or any other incongruous and disagreeable alternative. But enough. I am sure we can trust our interests fully in your polite, attentive, and gallant hands, and I would not, on the occasion of my "maiden essay" at public correspondence, tire your patience, or appear to dictate in the management of your unrivalled Book; therefore I hasten to subscribe myself

Your Lady's Book's humble patron

And devoted admirer,

MARY.

If the fashions could be driven from the Lady's Book there would be some dozen in the field; but it is well known to those engaged in this business, that as long as the coloured fashion plates appear in the Book, (no others being considered authority,) there is no chance for any other publication. Look at the attempts that have been made in every quarter. Copying the form of our Book and our name. In January we altered our page, put figured rules around it cast expressly for the work, and now every magazine we receive has pages of the same kind. Will paper fold in no other form than that of the Lady's Book? Is there type of no other size than that used in the Book? Is there no other kind of paper? no other colour for covers, than that used in the Book? Gentlemen, do strike out something new, and we will give you due credit.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PARIS PLATE OF FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—Dress of barège of a light shade of green; the skirt long and full, so as to set in ample folds round the figure. The corsage is tight to the bust, half high, the sleeves short and tight to the arm. A ceinture of green ribbon, with moderately long ends, finishes the body at the waist. A pelerine in black lace of the cardinal form is worn with this dress; it conceals the sleeves and waist, but only meets at the neck, where it is finished by a rosette bow of pink ribbon. (See plate.) The cap, which is composed of point lace, is worn far back on the head, and is trimmed with pink ribbon put on in a zigzag across the headpiece, and terminating at one side by a rosette bow, and on the other by three coques. Black lace mittens.

FIG. 2.—This dress is composed of a coloured silk striped with black. The corsage is tight, and the point, which is of a moderate length, is rounded in front. The sleeves are very short and tight to the arm; two bias folds of the same material as the dress ornament them. The skirt is long and very ample, a piping of black silk goes round the bottom of it. Berthe of black lace which comes down in front, where it is attached by a rosette of blue ribbon. Cap of point lace, coming very low at the ears, (see plate,) and trimmed with blue ribbon. Black lace mittens, and embroidered pocket handkerchief.

FIG. 3.—Dress made high in the neck; tight waist trimmed with a cape; tight sleeves. Full silk skirt with two deep tucks; the tucks and cape trimmed with rich gymp. Dress cap ornamented with flowers.

THE COMING SEASON.

Some Hints about Dresses.—Immense capes are being much worn. Some are composed of India muslin, having three rows of broad lace, a pretty plaited ribbon being passed through the hems; others are made of black and white lace; they are mostly lined. A few are made in moire, and trimmed with lace or a handsome fringe, with a heading of fancy gymp; others in cachemire, with a light embroidery all round; a rich silk twisted fringe and cords and tassels encircle the arm holes, or, what is still prettier, when they are composed of a bright shaded silk, having a trimming of ribbon, forming two rûches; sometimes a lace one is worn over the silk, having a very rich effect.

Evening Dresses.—Nothing will be so much worn the coming season as white for evening dresses; we see indications of it everywhere—at the theatre, at concerts, white is everywhere visible, the favourite material being mousseline or tarlatan; the form of the corsage round, and à la vierge; plain sleeves, half length.

Peignoirs continue still in much request, not only for negligé, but for demi-toilettes.

Head Dresses.—Very little is now worn on the head, particularly for full dress; the hair being mostly ornamented with crowns or light wreaths of flowers, and sometimes composed of natural flowers. Combs are also much in vogue for decorating the hair; they are mostly of gold, or imitation. Another head dress consists of a little half dress cap or toque, made of the lightest materials, and either ornamented with pearls, or very small flowers interspersed amongst the tulle or blond. Strings of coral are favourite ornaments with younger persons for intermixing with their hair for full dress.

Pelerine cardinals and scarfs are much worn; those of watered silk trimmed with lace are very much in favour. As the season advances, velvet will be the favourite article. Indeed, several have already appeared. It is in bad taste to have the cardinal and dress of the same material.

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Engraved by J.N Gimbrede

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

DECEMBER, 1842.

THE SECRET DISCOVERED.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

(*See Plate.*)

The heart's affection—secret thing!
Is like the cleft rock's ceaseless spring,
Which free and independent flows
Of summer rains or winter snows.—JOANNA BAILLIE.

"IT is almost time for the arrival of Mr. Dunbar, is it not, Isabella?" said Madame Prevot to her young companion, as they sat together over the breakfast table.

A bright colour rose on the cheek of the maiden, as she carelessly replied that she did not recollect.

"But in our last letters he said he should, if he was well, positively be with us by the middle of June. It is now the eighth. I think it likely he is already in Liverpool; as I see there was a packet vessel expected from New York about this time. He may be here to-day or to-morrow with his young friend," said Madame Prevot, smiling significantly.

Isabella Hastings arose from the table with a gesture of impatience, and, walking to the window, affected to be deeply engaged in examining the roses that twined in profusion around the casement.

Madame Prevot followed, and seating herself on a sofa, near the window, waited till the servants had removed the breakfast things and withdrawn, when she resumed the subject, abruptly saying—"I trust, Miss Hastings, all your foolish romance about not being able to love and accept Mr. Holliston, the man your honoured father selected for your husband, is now over."

"There was never any romance in my resolution," replied Isabella, gently but firmly. "Would it be right or reasonable for me to promise to love and marry a man I have never seen? I cannot believe this; and I feel it would make me wretched to marry Mr. Holliston. I never shall marry him."

"But your father's will, Miss Hastings"—

"My father did not prescribe this marriage," said Isabella, earnestly. "He has left me free to choose, and I shall not choose Mr. Holliston."

"You will then give up one-half of your noble fortune for this foolish whim about love," said Madame Prevot, contemptuously. "As though it was not possible you might find the man your father loved and selected, agreeable to yourself."

"He may be a very excellent and agreeable man, and yet I am sure I shall not like him," replied Isabella, very decidedly.

"Why this way of arranging marriages, without the young people ever being allowed to see each other, is the custom among noble and fashionable families in Europe," remarked Madame Prevot. "In Paris and Madrid, especially, a young lady who should think of disobeying her parents or guardians, and insist on choosing for herself, would be disgraced. I could give you a hundred instances of these marriages of *convenience*, all of which have proved happy."

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Isabella was prudently silent, as she was aware if once Madame Prevot became fairly engaged in describing and eulogizing the customs of Paris or Madrid, she would consume all the morning; and the young lady, for various reasons, wished to escape to her own apartment, where she might be alone, and commune with her own heart.

After the pause of a few minutes, Madame Prevot resumed, but in a more gentle and persuasive tone. "You must feel, my dear Isabella, that the best years of my life have been devoted to your education. Had you been my own child, I could not have been more faithful. I promised your mother on her deathbed, that I would be a mother to you; I promised your father, when he left us here, that I would never leave you, till he took you from me, or you were married. And now, will you bring disgrace upon me, by refusing to obey your father's last expressed wishes, for you know he wished you to marry Charles Holliston? It will certainly appear to Mr. Dunbar that I have failed in instilling right notions of duty into your mind. I am sure, my dear Isabella, you cannot thus distress me."

This was exactly the chord to touch Isabella's heart, and one that Madame Prevot very seldom attempted. She was kind and indulgent in all that regarded the comfort of her pupil, and watched over her health with much care; but she very seldom expressed any fondness for her. In truth, Madame Prevot was not a warm-hearted woman, and besides, she thought it undignified to display much feeling. She was a Spanish lady, proud of her high descent, and though real poverty had so far subdued her pride as to make her gladly accept the station of governess, which Mrs. Hastings, who was her friend in childhood, had offered her, and Mr. Hastings had continued after the death of his wife, still she never laid aside her stateliness, which she fancied would show, what she wished every one to understand, that her ancestors had held high stations in the court of Queen Isabella of Castile. But now there was an expression of concern and sadness on her countenance, and she even wiped her eyes several times.

This sorrow distressed her young pupil, and she replied in a soothing tone. "You have, indeed, been most faithful in your care of me, my dear Madame Prevot. I shall never forget it, and I will take on myself all the blame and disgrace of refusing Mr. Holliston. But as he is to receive one-half of the property my father left, for his services, he ought not to complain; he certainly cannot be disappointed in love, as he has never seen me; and I presume he will not be very inconsolable," she added smiling.

"But then the appearance of the thing," urged Madame Prevot. "So much depends on appearances, my dear girl. Your father's will is known; and when you refuse to do what he certainly desired if he did not command, and that too, without any reason assigned, it shows a perversity of disposition which, in a young lady, will be highly censured. If you were really now in love with some other man"—

She was stopped by the effect which her words produced on Isabella. The poor girl's face was one burning blush, even her neck and arms were coloured by the rushing tide of emotions which she seemed, for the moment, entirely unable to control. Before Madame Prevot could ask an explanation, Isabella had fled from the room.

"Well, this is strange! very strange!" thought the lady governess, rising and walking about the apartment. "Can it be possible! Is the girl in love? She never has had the opportunity, never been an hour out of my sight, never been acquainted with any man whom she could love. Stay;—yes—she might have seen some one that winter she spent in Northumberland. But that is two years ago, she was only sixteen, and no man has ever visited her, ever written to her since; that I am sure of. And parson Lewens and his wife are such good people, they would have let me know if any love affair had taken place while she was with them. No, it is not possible. And yet, how she blushed! I will find out the reason, that I am resolved."

As our readers also may have some curiosity about the young lady, we will go back a little in her history, which had, in truth, been sufficiently romantic to form the basis of a novel, if we had time and talents to work it out ingeniously. But in these short sketches, one is obliged to keep very much to matters of fact and scenes of probability.

The father of Isabella, John Hastings, Esq., was a native of Maryland; an orphan, with some little property, which was all spent on his education. When he left St. Mary's college, he had nothing but his diploma, good health, and a sanguine temperament to begin the world with. He carried these possessions with him to Cuba, to which must be added his fine personal appearance and agreeable manners, and our readers will not wonder that he soon gained friends. In a few years, by marrying the only child, and heiress of the Marquis of Castro, he acquired an immense estate in Cuba, and the reversion of property to a large amount in "Old Spain," as the colonists term the mother country. His wife was lovely and amiable, but with very delicate health, and as he had obtained all his wealth by her, both love and duty impelled him to devote himself to making her happy. He had a great propensity for travelling, and had promised himself, whenever he was rich enough, he would gratify it; but Mrs. Hastings, a true Spanish creole, could not bear the thought of moving about: she found all her happiness in rest and quietness, and he must remain beside her. How true it is, that—

"Our very wishes give us not our wish!"

When Isabella, his only surviving child, (he lost his three eldest,) was about twelve years old, Mrs. Hastings' death, which had long been expected, took place. Mr. Hastings was a sincere

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mourner for his wife, whom he had really loved, though he had felt often and sorely troubled by the faults of her education. His first and chief care was to devise a better course for his only daughter. He wished to strengthen her physical constitution, so that her husband, should she marry, need not always have a nurse's office to perform. He had always admired the fine health and excellent constitutions of the English ladies; and though, in many respects, he would have preferred to place his darling girl for education in his own native land, yet on the score of health he felt constrained to choose England. Her governess, Madame Prevot, the widow of a French officer, had herself been educated in an excellent school at Hampstead, near London; and as she and Mrs. Hastings were both natives of Cuba, Madame Prevot's superior energy of mind as well as her perfect health had always been, by Mr. Hastings, attributed to her residence and training during early youth, in England. Certainly he found one advantage resulting from it; she was willing to go thither and watch over the education of his daughter. So he took them both to Hampstead, and settled them in a beautiful situation, a short distance from the house in which Miss Joanna Baillie resided. Here, after passing some months, he left them, and set out to make the tour of Europe, intending also to visit Cuba and his friends in the United States before he returned. He little thought that his parting with his dear Isabella was a final one.

After travelling a year or more on the continent, Mr. Hastings returned to Cuba, to arrange his affairs preparatory to his intended visit to the United States, whither it was his resolve immediately to remove. He had seen the grandeur of monarchical governments, he had for more than thirty years lived under this kingly power, but never had the republican spirit in his soul acknowledged it as the government best calculated to insure the happiness and improvement of men. Every year had increased his wish to return to his native land, there to end his days, and leave his child to enjoy the fruits of his long pilgrimage. The hope that she would be happy was now the goal of his earthly existence, and the thought that her star was rising clear and beautiful, reconciled him to the evening shades of life, coming over his own horizon. How blessed is this arrangement of Providence which has given to the parent a second life in the existence of the child, and brightened the last with all the hopes which in the first may have been delusive! These are the bright flowers that blossom on the cheek of Alpine snows.

Mr. Hastings could scarcely compel himself to remain in Cuba long enough to arrange his business; but just as he was on the point of sailing, he was attacked with a violent fever, which, for many days, made his life despaired of. He struggled through, however, and as soon as he was able to be carried on board, the vessel sailed for New York. He gained strength fast during the voyage, which was rendered very pleasant by an acquaintance he formed with a young gentleman from Baltimore, who was a passenger. This was Charles Holliston, whose father had been a classmate with Mr. Hastings; and the latter, who had been so long separated from the friends of his youth, felt his heart warm towards his young companion with that confidence and affection which had never been awakened since he left college. It seemed prophetic of the service he was to receive from Charles; for as they drew near land, a terrible storm came on, which wrecked the vessel, and every passenger on board, except these two, perished. Charles Holliston, who was very athletic and perfectly self-collected, had managed to secure Mr. Hastings and himself on a piece of timber, and by great exertions, he kept the former from loosing his hold, till they were, the next day, picked up by a vessel and brought into New York. There Mr. Hastings was obliged to remain some days, in a very weak and apparently dying state, young Holliston never leaving him, till he had so far regained his strength, as to be able to go to Baltimore, where the elder Mr. Holliston, prepared to expect him, gave his old classmate a most cordial welcome.

It is not strange that Mr. Hastings, thus owing his life to Charles, should feel that his debt of gratitude could scarcely be repaid; he felt more than this, an affection as for a son, a presentiment that, could he gain such an one for the protector, the husband of his daughter, he should die contentedly. He felt, too, that his own death was fast approaching; the exposure and sufferings he had undergone while he was not recovered from the effects of the fever at Cuba, had brought on such symptoms of a quick consumption as were not to be mistaken.

Mr. Hastings took his measures at once and decidedly. He sent for Mr. Dunbar, who had been the most intimate friend of his college life, and was now a lawyer of high reputation, and confided to him the making of his will. He named him also his executor and the guardian of his dear Isabella. In his will Mr. Hastings divided his estate equally between his daughter and Charles Holliston, whose services to himself were fully set forth, and he earnestly desired that, if Isabella lived to the age of eighteen, and there should be that mutual affection between these young people, which he prayed God might be cherished, that they should marry together. If this should not take place he conjured Charles to act always as the kind and faithful brother of the orphan girl, who would have no relation in the wide world. To Madame Prevot was left an annuity of two hundred pounds per annum, and, when her pupil, Isabella Hastings, became the wife of Charles Holliston, she was to have a free gift of ten thousand pounds. This clause, by the way, Madame Prevot never communicated to Isabella, though well aware herself of it, and doubtless rendered more zealous in her notions of the duty which the former owed to the wishes of her father, by the benefits such obedience would bring to the governess.

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Mr. Hastings had scarcely signed his will when an excessive hemorrhage of the lungs began, which carried him off in a few minutes. The family was summoned only to see him die; his last broken words, as he pressed the hand of Charles Holliston, were, "my son!" "Isabella!" Not till after his death did Charles know anything of the will, or indeed of the wealth or the daughter of Mr. Hastings. The change of fortune which came thus suddenly upon him seemed rather an embarrassment than a pleasure; but the great trouble was, how and where should he meet Isabella?

I leave my readers to form each his or her own expedients for this meeting, assuring them that the most romantic plan will probably be most like the real one adopted.

Mr. Dunbar went, soon as possible, to England, to see and comfort his ward; he had intended to bring her to Baltimore, and have her education completed in the United States. But Madame Prevot pleaded so earnestly to remain, and, indeed, the advantages of education were so great, that Mr. Dunbar consented. Isabella was then in her sixteenth year, a lovely, interesting girl, and her guardian could hardly doubt, but that, at eighteen, when her father had appointed for her and Charles Holliston to meet and decide whether they would marry together, if there was a negative, it would come, as it ought, from her. It was therefore settled that she and her governess should remain at Hampstead till Isabella was eighteen; the ten thousand pound clause in the will making it sure to the mind of Mr. Dunbar that no pains would be spared, on the part of Madame, to keep her young charge from any and all dangerous acquaintances. There was only one difficulty to be overcome. Madame Prevot was very anxious to visit her friends in Cuba for a month or two, and Mr. Dunbar was not willing that Isabella should take the voyage. It was finally settled that the young lady should pass the time of this visit in a clergyman's family, the Rev. Mr. Lewens, in Northumberland, where she could pursue the solid branches of study to great advantage. Mr. Dunbar himself accompanied Isabella to Northumberland, and placed her under the care of the excellent rector and his wife, to whom he unfolded the whole history of his ward, and felt that he might fully confide in their faithfulness. Alas! how few people are to be trusted when a strong pecuniary temptation prompts them to violate their honour and duty!

So thought Madame Prevot as she summoned Isabella's servant, the true-hearted *slave*, who, though now *free*, had always served her young mistress with the love and devotion which only those born in and belonging to a family can be expected to feel.

"Kitty," said Madame Prevot, in her blandest manner, for she wished to examine without alarming her, "Kitty, when your young mistress was at the house of that Mr. Lewens she was very happy, I believe."

"O yes, missis, very, very happy," replied Kitty, smiling at the recollection.

"And she had some pleasant people to visit her, I suppose," continued her questioner.

"Oh, no, ma'am, she no want any, she too happy studying her books," replied the girl.

"But was no one there, only Mr. and Mrs. Lewens?" said Madam Prevot.

"Nobody but Mr. Hartley, the teacher," replied the other.

"Mr. Hartley! who was he, pray? I never heard of him before," said Madam Prevot impatiently. "What did he teach Isabella?"

"Oh! 'matics and the stars, 'stronomy you call it, and he was good teacher; my missis learn much of him."

"Was he—a young—man?" inquired Madame Prevot, hesitatingly.

"Yes, young, and much handsome, and so good! Why, he will be clergyman and go into pulpit some day, like Massa Lewens, I think."

"You may go," said Madam Prevot. "I dare say," she continued to herself, after Kitty withdrew, "this Hartley was some friend or connection of the rector's, his nephew, perhaps, and so they managed to make Isabella fall in love with him, in hopes to secure her fortune. 'Tis a regular conspiracy. But I will unmask it. I will make her ashamed of such a mean-spirited man. I will go this instant and search her drawers; I dare say she has had letters from him, and I must have some evidence to show Mr. Dunbar, so that he may see I have done my duty. It was his fault, placing Isabella there; if she had only gone to Cuba with me all would have been well."

Isabella was walking in the garden when Madame Prevot made the search, and discovered, in the young lady's treasure-box, not a love-letter, but what was more important, the very lover himself. There was the picture, representing a young and remarkably handsome man; and, proof beyond a doubt of the affection of Isabella for the original, on a paper in which the miniature was enclosed, was written in her hand, "Dear Hartley."

It would not be possible, in this short sketch, to describe the consternation of the governess; and, to add to her troubles, she really did not know what course to pursue. Isabella would so soon be of age that she did not like to offend her; and she actually put back the picture and went to her own room to consider. At length, thinking something must be done, she returned to the apartment of Isabella, who, engaged in singing a plaintive song, did not hear her enter. Madame Prevot approached the toilette table, opened the box, and, drawing forth the picture before Isabella perceived her, said in a slow, solemn voice, "Miss Hastings, your secret is discovered, may I ask you for the history of this miniature?"

The poor girl seemed paralyzed; her guitar slid from her helpless hand, and she sat as in a dream, without reply or motion, save that her trembling fingers were twined into the cord of her dress, as

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though she would seize on something for support.

Before Madame Prevot could proceed with her interrogatories a servant entered with a summons from Mr. Dunbar, who was then in the parlour.

Down flew Madame Prevot, with the miniature in her hand, determined that he should see she had been vigilant in detecting the imposture, and that it was not her fault Isabella refused to marry Mr. Holliston. What was her surprise when, in the countenance of a young gentleman who accompanied Mr. Dunbar, she recognized the original of the miniature! Before the guardian could introduce his companion the indignant governess exclaimed, "Mr. Hartley, do you dare to enter my doors? you, who have stolen the affections of my pupil in the most dishonourable manner, and made her disobedient to the last wishes of her father! It is well that I have discovered your secret. Here," she continued, holding the miniature and the paper to Mr. Dunbar, "here, I have just found these concealed among Isabella's treasures; and I have found out that this Mr. Hartley passed himself off as a teacher, and gave lessons to her when she was with the Lewens. She loves him, I fear; for ever since she returned she would never hear a word in favour of marrying the man her father wished, Mr. Holliston. But I am not to blame; I have done all I could; and I think I ought to have the ten thousand pounds."

"And so you shall, my dear madame," said Mr. Dunbar, smiling. "My friend, Mr. Holliston, is under great obligations—allow me to introduce him—for your exertions. He may now be sure of the affections of Isabella, since two years' absence, and your eloquence would not shake her fidelity. You will be rejoiced to know that Mr. Hartley and Mr. Holliston are the same person. I arranged the plan of the meeting of the young people, for though I wished them to marry together, I did not think it could be brought about by reasoning or education. The heart must, or ought to, make its own election; we may arrange circumstances, make those acquainted whom we wish to have united; propinquity has great influence, but, after all, the free choice and real preference can only give a rational hope that the married life will be happy."

FIDELITY AND TEMPTATION.

BY JOHN BAKER LONGSHORE.

(See Plate.)

Sleep on, loved one, sleep on;
Let slumber soft, with soothing influence, come
And smooth thy brow, and with his magic power
Bid happy dreams to thee. Thou art like some
Fair spirit, in that land where clouds ne'er lower,
But all is bliss and peace; where joys on joys
Like flowers are strewn around, profusion gay,
And song of transport every harp employs
To full eternity; and every lay
Tells pleasure not an episode in life,
But life itself, and heaven with pleasure rife.
Sleep on, loved one, sleep on.

Sleep on, sleep sweetly now;
And while the smile upon thy lip that plays
Betrays the visions, beautiful and bright,
That flit across thy mind, in fancy's ways,
As o'er the sun, clouds steeped in rosy light,
Remember not that to this lower sphere
Thy loveliness belongs; and as thou art
Pure as an angel's song, such anthems hear
Above, as here can find no counterpart.
Earth's gayest flowers, their garden air perfuming,
Would shun compare with thee, in youth and beauty blooming.
Sleep on, sleep sweetly now.

Sleep on, thou'rt guarded well.
If seraphs come not, loved one, to surround thee,
And see that evil may not thee befal,
Nor mother's footsteps light are heard around thee,
Nor mother's kisses gently on thee fall,
Thou hast a guard—nothing shall thee offend;
Thou hast a guard—and he will well defend
His tender charge, nor suffer aught to allure
His foot from thee. The tempting viands he sees—
Thou sleep'st—he gazes—not with look demure,
But with a wishful eye;—secure, at ease,
He might purloin, and none perceive the theft,
But faithful he is found—fair one, thou art not left—
Sleep on, thou'rt guarded well.

Sleep on, young dreamer, sleep—
For other guards thy gentle slumbers heed—
Angels are watching o'er thy breathings light,
And waiting till the spirit shall be freed
From earth's strong bands to soar in regions bright;
They'll guide thy steps through life's long devious way,
And when thy soul in pleasure's haunts shall stray,
Their gentle influence shall lure it home
To virtue's pure domain, nor let it roam
Far from the presence of thy Saviour's love
Till He shall call thee to his realm above.
Sleep, child, in safety sleep.

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THE HOUSE OF FERNBERG.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

NEVER did ruined castle present a more picturesque appearance. The sun was just setting, and threw a flood of crimson light on the gray dismantled pile; bathing the mountains that rose above it in a sea of gold. I called to the courier to stop that I might enjoy for a few moments a scene the more beautiful from its contrast with the wild region I had passed through during the day. But its beauty was short-lived. The light was first withdrawn from the stream that murmured and flashed below the ruins; then the ruins themselves lost the splendour that had invested them, and gradually the sunshine faded from the wood-crowned mountains, till they stood in dark relief against the sky, and to my eye the whole scene became as gloomy as it had before been magnificent.

"It is a fearful place," observed my guide, "and we would do well to reach our quarters with the least possible delay." And he mentioned various superstitions current among the Bohemian peasantry which only excited my curiosity.

I expressed wonder that the stately pile had never been rebuilt. He shook his head, and said: "That will never be. There was an ill fate upon the place, and those who lived there. Its last possessor was the most unfortunate of men."

"Who was he?"

"The Baron von Fernberg."

With a little encouragement, my loquacious guide was persuaded to employ the hour that remained before we reached our quarters for the night, in relating the circumstances of the fall of that noble house. I shall endeavour to give the story in a more connected form than he did, avoiding his somewhat tedious repetitions and comments, and shall be as brief as possible.

In a summer of the early part of the present century, two friends, young and full of the love of adventure, were travelling together through Bohemia. One of them was an Englishman named Wilton, who had been educated at a German university, where he formed an intimate acquaintance with Heinrich Guisebert, a young man of highly respectable family, and a native of Hamburgh. From acquaintances they soon became unchangeable friends, and when they left the university, and Wilton commenced his tour on the Continent, Heinrich was his chosen companion. They visited Paris together, and spent some weeks in that metropolis of gaiety; then resolved on a tour through Germany before entering the land of their youthful dreams—Italy. It is not necessary to accompany them to the several cities they visited; their connection with the present story is due to the fact that they were one evening passing through a portion of the wildest mountain region of Bohemia, a region that suited well either with deeds of romance or the exploits of bandits; and that their poetical visions were somewhat unpleasantly realized by their being suddenly set upon by four men, armed to the teeth, who dragged them from their horses, rifled their valises of everything valuable they contained, relieved the persons of the young cavaliers of sundry rings and other ornaments, with their purses, and departed, not without leaving a further token of their presence in the shape of a severe wound with a knife, on the person of poor Guisebert, who had been rash enough to resist the cruel invasion of his pockets. This was the most serious mischance of all; for the two friends had been sufficiently wise not to burden themselves with more money than was needful for their current expenses: and excepting a watch and a miniature set with diamonds, with which Wilton had been compelled to part, they had nothing about their persons of any considerable value. The watch was his mother's gift, and a family relic; the miniature was yet dearer to him; but he had no time now to regret their loss, for his wounded friend lay by the roadside, fainting from loss of blood; and it was long after dusk. Wilton bound up his wounded arm, and bathed his head in water from a brook that ran close by: when he was sufficiently revived to be able to ride, he brought back the horses, that were quietly browsing at a little distance, placed Heinrich on his own, which he led, and suffered the other to follow. So great was his anxiety to come in view of some house, or encounter some compassionate traveller whose assistance he might crave, that he ventured to follow a road to the left, well beaten enough to afford some prospect of its leading soon to a human habitation. Nor was he disappointed. They had not rode more than half an hour before a light was seen gleaming in the distance; and feeling that he had a right to claim hospitality, Wilton hastened his pace, and knocked at the door of a small house, half buried in trees. An old man answered the summons; but did not yield that ready sympathy to the tale of distress that might have been expected.

"Robbed, you say, and wounded? Then ye had best go on with all speed to the castle."

"It is impossible for my friend to travel further. Help him into the house, and I beseech you, send for a surgeon instantly."

"There is none within ten miles. But my lord's chaplain has great skill in surgery. I am sorry I cannot receive you; I am only a poor gardener; my

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house is small, and my dame ill at this moment. But go on to the castle. It is but a mile distant; you will be hospitably welcomed there."

"Is there not humanity enough here to assist a suffering stranger?" Wilton began to remonstrate; but he soon saw remonstrance was useless; the gardener was evidently determined to admit no unknown lodgers; and all he could obtain was a cup of wine for his friend, and the company of the churlish old man as guide to "the castle." Guisebert himself begged to go forward, and they proceeded, the gardener excusing his discourtesy by laying the blame on the nervousness of his wife, who fancied all strangers robbers, and enlarging on the welcome they would have from the kind-hearted old Baron. He did not exaggerate the hospitality of the lord of the castle. The two friends were most kindly received; the chaplain's services put in requisition, and the unlucky travellers provided with comfortable rooms, and suitable refreshments. The Baron himself expressed the most lively sympathy and indignation at the tale of their mishap with the robbers. The country had suffered much, he said, from robbers within a few weeks past; but they baffled discovery, and the police in that wild region was very inefficient. He begged the travellers to consider his castle as their home, and remain in it as long as they pleased to stay. Having given orders for attendance during the night upon the wounded man, he left them.

The next day, as Guisebert found himself better, though sore from his wound, the two friends congratulated themselves on having found such agreeable quarters. Wilton reported to the invalid the conversations he had in the morning with Baron von Fernberg, who appeared to be a man of excellent sense, and well read also, though somewhat unversed in the politics of the day.

"Do you not think him a noble looking man? Yet he seems as if he had known sorrow. The prevailing expression of his countenance is melancholy; and he indulges in frequent fits of abstraction, even in the midst of the most cheerful discourse."

With regard to his domestic relations, Wilton had learned that he was a widower, and that the present mistress of the mansion was his niece; also that he had one son, whom he expected hourly home from a journey.

After dinner he was enabled to report something concerning the appearance of the niece. She was rather tall, slender even to fragility, pale, but beautiful in features, and extremely shy and retiring; in fact she scarcely noticed the young stranger presented to her, nor joined in the conversation at dinner.

Guisebert was deeply interested in this family before he was able to mingle in the circle; he was delighted on the fourth day when he could descend to the hall, his arm in a sling; and was presented in form to the Lady Sybil, the Baron's niece.

His pale face and invalid appearance seemed to interest her; she conversed more freely with him; and he repaid the implied compliment by mentally pronouncing her the most beautiful woman he had ever beheld. In the evening the Baron's son, Osmar, arrived, and joined them. He seemed much surprised to find two strangers inmates of the castle, and as the travellers thought, somewhat displeased. Certainly he was very moody, and retired early after supper. Wilton laughingly told his friend he had no doubt Osmar was jealous of the favour he had evidently gained with the Lady Sybil. "During the four days of our acquaintance," continued he, "she has not addressed so many words to me, as to you this evening."

"How very beautiful she is!" murmured Heinrich, musingly.

"A little too pale for my taste, and too melancholy. I love sprightliness in a woman."

"Oh nothing can be lovelier than that pensive softness! When her large dark eyes are fixed on the ground, as they are nearly all the time, she reminds me of those pictures of Andrea del Tarte, which I used to worship when a boy."

"Take care, Heinrich, you do not end the romance by falling in love with her. You might not come off so well in a duel with the young Baron as in your encounter with the robbers."

The next day Osmar appeared quite altered in his demeanour; he was cheerful and cordial; and devised various plans for the amusement of his father's guests. The old Baron became day after day more attached to them. In his secluded life, the arrival of strangers who had moved in the busy world, and could give him the news of the day, was an interesting event. He enjoyed their accounts of their travels, and the anecdotes of their college days; and in return entertained them with reminiscences of his past life. He assured them their stay with him was a favour to himself, and entreated that it might be as long as possible. In short, it was evident they were most welcome guests; and even after Guisebert's recovery had left them no excuse for prolonging their visit, they still lingered, diverting themselves with hunting, and rural amusements.

"Does it not seem to you," said Guisebert one day, "that there is an unusual romance about this family? The noble aspect of the Baron; his frequent abstraction; the sadness that sometimes overshadows his countenance, expressive of hidden sorrow; the capricious manner of his son, now reserved and haughty, now reckless in his gaiety; the gentle melancholy of the Lady Sybil—her singular beauty, her lonely situation in life."

"We often find in real life the wildest romance," said Wilton.

"But do you know, George, I have pleased myself with tracing a resemblance between the persons here, and the characters in 'The Robbers?' Did it not strike you yesterday, when the old servant came in, whom they called Daniel?"

"Upon my word, you are fond of mysterious coincidences. It is a pity the Lady Sybil was not called Amelia!"

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"We want a 'Carl' also, to make the romance perfect."

Here Osmar entered unexpectedly, and asked what they had been conversing about, so pleased they appeared. Wilton told him of their joke. "Cannot you provide us with a Carl," said he, "to eke out our drama?"

The young man turned deadly pale; the next moment the blood rushed violently to his temples; he sprang upon Wilton in a transport of rage, seized him by the throat, and drew a dagger concealed in his vest. Guisebert caught his arm, and wrested the weapon from his hand before he could effect his murderous purpose, while Wilton could only gaze on him in bewildered astonishment.

Osmar struggled in the grasp of his opponent, then burst from him with a violent effort, and rushed from the room. The friends were lost in conjectures as to the cause of this strange behaviour. What had there been in their light jest to rouse such passions? He must be struck with sudden insanity. He might do some harm to himself; it was their duty to inform his father of the occurrence. With this purpose they went in search of the Baron. The attendants informed them he had gone out hunting. The chaplain also was absent on some errand. As they wandered over the grounds, uncertain what course to pursue with regard to the young man, who they were convinced was suffering from alienation of mind, their attention was arrested by the sound of voices in an arbour near which they were passing. One was that of a female, who was sobbing violently. The other they recognised as the voice of Osmar; it was low and earnest, like one pleading in agony. Though they could not distinguish the words, Wilton felt unwilling to remain within hearing, while, at the same time, he apprehended that something was going on which might call for interference on his part. Guisebert urged him to go into the arbour; Sybil was there and in distress, perhaps in the power of a madman! While they hesitated, she came forth, passed them without notice, and walked rapidly towards the castle. Heinrich and Wilton now entered the arbour. Osmar was seated, his head bowed upon his hands, his whole frame shaken with emotion; apparently weeping, such tears as manhood never sheds, save when extorted by anguish intolerable. Amazed and sympathizing, the friends approached and endeavoured to soothe him. When the burst of grief was over, his agitation subsided; he thanked them for the kindness they showed, apologized for his rude assault upon Wilton, and promised to explain all, as soon as he was calm enough to do so. He then left them, and an hour afterwards sought admission into their apartment.

"I have no excuse to offer," said he; and his manner was stern and haughty, like that of one who felt compelled reluctantly to unveil a grief he fain would hide. "I have no excuse to offer for my recent outbreak of passion, and must tell you all the truth. You told me a Carl was wanting, to complete the resemblance of our family to the characters in the drama you referred to. You are probably not aware, indeed you cannot be, that my father has been twice married; that I have an elder brother Carl. Were you so? Tell me, before I proceed."

Both assured him they had no idea that such was the fact. They supposed him the Baron's only son.

"Then I have done you justice," continued Osmar, "in acquitting you of the cruelty of having wantonly alluded to the misfortunes of my family. It is well. Now you shall know all. My father was wedded, in early youth, to a young and beautiful maiden, of obscure birth, who married him at the command of her parents, as he afterwards supposed, without love. From the time when this suspicion took possession of him, he treated her ill. He, who might have won her affections by kindness, tormented her by his jealousy, taunted her with her low birth, and arrayed against himself all the pride of her woman's nature. She regarded him at last with aversion; a total estrangement took place between them, and the sad history of their wedded life was terminated, a few years after marriage, by her elopement with a Swiss officer. She died, it is said, not long afterwards. Carl was her only son. My father sent him to school as soon as he was old enough; but, though he was educated as the heir to his name and estates, he never regarded him with affection. Many years past, and my father was again wedded to a fair and high born lady, who loved him faithfully, and in kindness to whom he endeavoured to atone for the misery he had inflicted on his former wife. I was the sole offspring of this marriage; and the favourite of my father. It was to me he betrothed his niece, the Lady Sybil, when he brought her to live with us on the death of her parents. I loved her, and cared not that the estates and title were to be my brother's. But he loved her also. My father perceived this, and, procuring for Carl a commission in the army, bade him depart, and never return till he had won renown by his noble deeds. My brother went without a farewell to either of us, displeased, and suspicious of me, though in truth I envied him not his birthright. It is now a year since the tidings came that he had deserted from the army. Rumour said he had joined a band of robbers infesting the northern part of Germany. Certain it was, he had abandoned his home and kindred, for we heard nothing from him. My father said bitterly, that Carl proved the baseness of his mother's stock; and that was the only word of reproach upon his first wife's memory I ever heard him utter. Carl is now like one dead to us. His name is never mentioned here. Many hoped he would perish in his vicious career; for my part I would rather he should return, if possible, with an unstained name, and take possession of his rights."

He paused a few moments, then continued, with more emotion than before. "We might have been

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happy, notwithstanding the deep disgrace brought on our name by the crimes of my elder brother, but we had many misfortunes. My mother's death seemed the signal for them. My father's affairs fell into embarrassment; part of his fortune was lost in mercantile investments, that proved unfortunate. I have been forced to absent myself much from home. But the greatest anguish of my life is, that Sybil refuses to fulfil her contract with me. She insists it was her father's will that she should marry the eldest branch of the house of Fernberg; and while Carl lives, though exiled and disgraced, she will not listen to me. I have now told you all. We are a miserable family. You need not wonder now that my father craves your society as some relief from the sorrow that haunts him. I trust I have now satisfied you that I meant no ill to you, Mr. Wilton. I thank you for your sympathy; but I need it not. The only favour I ask is that my father may not know I have communicated these matters to you." Having finished what he had to say, the young man left the room, without noticing the effect of his story, leaving the two guests penetrated with sorrow for the suffering of those who had treated them with so much courtesy.

After this disclosure the castle lost its charm to the friends, at least to one of them; for Guisebert was too much interested in the fair Sybil to think of their departure without pain. He objected not, however, to his friend's arrangement that they should set off in a few days to pursue their journey. How soon would the painful story they had heard be remembered only as a dream.

In the absence of Wilton, a day or two after, on a hunting excursion with the Baron, he amused himself by examining a range of pictures in the gallery, and weaving, in imagination, some romantic tale to connect with each. There was one female face that particularly engaged his attention. It bore a strong resemblance to the Lady Sybil; there were the same large soft eyes, shaded by long black lashes; the same delicate outline of feature; the same clear paleness; the same pensive expression about the exquisitely chiselled mouth. But the forehead was loftier, and the face had an air of pride foreign to Sybil's countenance. While Guisebert was looking at it he was startled by a gentle sigh close by him, and turning, saw the Lady Sybil herself. She looked more beautiful than he had ever seen her; her cheeks, usually so colourless and cold, were tinted with a light rose hue; her lips were slightly compressed, and it appeared evident she had suffered from recent agitation. The sound of her voice was like plaintive music to Heinrich's ear. "Why," said she, "are we interested in pictures when the realities of life are so sternly significant?"

The young man hardly knew what to answer. She had never thus spoken before. At last he said, hesitatingly, "I was attracted to this by reason of its resemblance to yourself. Is it the portrait of a relative of yours?"

"My mother's," she answered.

"I should have guessed it. The likeness is strong. I have often wondered if it were not so. I was interested from the first glance at those features."

"Then you are interested in me?" she asked earnestly, fixing on him her dark eyes.

"What a singular question!" thought Guisebert; but he only replied, with a look that confirmed his words, "Can you doubt it, dear lady?"

"You have heard," she continued, "the story of our misfortunes. Osmar told it you the other day. Yet you do not despise the relatives of a bandit?"

Her eyes flashed as she spoke, and Heinrich thought her displeased. He took, and respectfully kissed her fair hand, and murmured something of his obligations to her father, and the profound respect and admiration with which she had inspired him, gently reproaching her for seeming to question his regard.

She was silent a few moments; at length she resumed, "You are to leave us soon?"

"Tuesday is the day fixed for our departure. Believe me it is with pain——"

"Take me with you!" exclaimed Sybil, suddenly interrupting him, her face crimsoning to the temples, her hands clasped eagerly. "Will you not? oh! say, will you not?"

"Dearest lady! sweet Sybil!" cried the young man, in a transport of joy, again seizing her hand. "Is it possible? Will you go with me? will you be mine? I love you; will you make me the happiest of men?" He kneeled at her feet as he spoke; she recoiled from his circling arm.

"Do not misunderstand me, sir," she answered. "I *will* go with you, if you will take me, from this place. It is for this purpose I have sought you, to claim your protection. And I wish—yes, I wish, my uncle and cousin to believe I have fled to share your fortunes, while I wander in search of him to whom my vows are plighted. I am the wife of Carl the Robber!"

Guisebert was mute with surprise and disappointment. Sybil continued, "I will say all now, because I may not have another opportunity. This ring," and she laid her finger on one of plain gold, "was placed on my finger before the priest, by Carl, the very hour he left his home after the last visit, so displeasing to his father. He fled to banishment, and hardship, and crime; I remained to wretchedness. You know not, sir, the dreadful persecution I have daily, almost hourly to endure. My uncle is bent on marrying me to Osmar. In this purpose he is unyielding as fate. I dare not reveal the secret of my marriage: it would be followed by my imprisonment in a cloister; and I should never meet my Carl again. It is in your power, sir, to save me; to restore me to my husband. You have promised to assist me; I depend on your promise. No more now; I hear them coming. You shall hear from me when the hour of your departure arrives." She glided from the apartment as softly as she had entered, just before

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Wilton and the Baron appeared at the opposite door.

So much absorbed was Guisebert with what he had just heard, that he could scarce reply to the Baron, but hurried his friend into the park, to communicate all to him, and consult what was to be done. To betray the poor girl's secret to her uncle was not to be thought of; but could they repay his hospitality by carrying off his niece? While they conversed thus earnestly, they drew near the wood that bounded the park: it was a close copse; but, notwithstanding that, and the increasing darkness of evening, they could distinguish two figures moving within. Presently they parted; one of them came into the park, and they recognised Daniel, the Baron's servant. He had a letter in his hand, and started so much on seeing them, that their suspicions were awakened.

"You have a letter there, my good Daniel; does your post come in at the foot of the park?" asked Wilton, sportively.

"It is nothing; only a note of compliment from a neighbour to the Baron," answered the man.

As he disappeared with the letter, Wilton said, "I am glad, Heinrich, we are going so soon; there is too much mystery about this castle for me; I like not this carrying secret letters, and petitions of distressed ladies. Half a dozen centuries ago, there might have been agreeable romance in such things; but you and I are no knights of chivalry, but two matter of fact students, travelling for pleasure and information."

"My life upon it, the letter was for Lady Sybil," observed Guisebert.

"It is probable. But we must not think of carrying her off. Now that your passion for her is cured by her timely disclosure, we must by all means avoid the eclat and inconvenience that would attend a compliance with her request. Then think of the ingratitude to the worthy Baron. What a base return for his kindness! My advice is, that we hasten our departure by a day, on the plea of business just remembered. I will take it upon myself to make excuse to our noble host."

Guisebert agreed to this proposition, and Wilton communicated their resolution to the Baron. As he anticipated, it met with hospitable opposition. Why could they not remain with him, at least spare him a few days more? He was happy in their society; their departure would leave a void that could not soon be filled. But Wilton was firm; and the last evening of their stay arrived. The Lady Sybil had been kept in her own room by illness since the day of her conversation with Guisebert. The Baron and Osmar were present at supper, after which the discourse turned upon the incidents of their first meeting, and each expressed hopes that the changing fortune of this world might bring them together again. While they were thus occupied, as it grew late, the Baron called for wine, and after the servants had retired, Wilton endeavoured to give a livelier turn to the conversation, advising the Baron to visit the gay world again, and saying how much pleasure it would give him to meet him and his son in Paris. Suddenly the door opened, and a female figure appeared, dressed in white. They did not all at once recognise the Lady Sybil. She had a small band of jewels on her forehead; her dress was ornamented with jewels; she wore a white veil in her hair, and looked, though pale, so exquisitely beautiful, that even Wilton was charmed into violent admiration. Crossing the room, with a smile on her lips, she stood before her uncle, but without uttering a word.

"Why Sybil, my child, this is indeed a surprise! You come to bid our friends farewell! But what means this fine attire? You look, in truth, like a bride."

"Will you not bless me, uncle!" said she, kneeling down before him, and bowing her fair head to receive his benediction.

A thought suddenly darted into the Baron's mind. Could it be possible she was at length determined to accede to his wishes, and marry his son? He did not utter this, however, but only said, "Heaven bless thee, my fair child!" and pressed his lips to her marble white forehead.

She rose without speaking, and, smiling her adieu to the others, withdrew from the hall. No one ventured a remark on what had passed; each was occupied with his own thoughts, and placed on her singular action his own interpretation. The Baron alone seemed to think it boded well for his hopes.

Next morning early the castle was in confusion. The Lady Sybil was gone. Not a trace of her could be found, except a note left on her table, without superscription, containing only these words, "The bride hastens to the bridegroom."

The castle gate was found locked, and all the doors secure. Her window was too high to leap from, and if it had not been, how could she pass the gate? It was a mystery that none could solve; but one thing was certain; she was gone, and no trace of her could be found in the neighbourhood.

The Baron was in despair; he really loved his niece, and it had been from her birth the darling wish of his heart to see her united to his son. The chaplain said he had long feared for the intellects of the poor young lady; he apprehended that she had, in a moment of insanity, committed suicide. The river was dragged, but nothing found; and no one joined with the chaplain in his fears. As for Osmar, he was nearly distracted with anguish. He scoured the country night and day in search of his lost cousin. The two friends assisted him to the best of their ability; they had not the heart to leave their wretched host in the first agony of his bereavement. But all proved vain; and when day after day elapsed, and nothing was heard of the fugitive, hope was resigned, and gave place to gloomy certainty that they should never more behold her.

Wilton and Guisebert could give no further aid nor consolation, and they accordingly took a sad

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farewell of their kind host, and the heart-stricken Osmar. Deeply as they sympathized with the suffering they had witnessed, they were not reluctant to leave an abode over which a fate seemed to hang; and never afterwards referred to the circumstances of their introduction and visit to the Castle von Fernberg, without a feeling of self-gratulation, amidst painful remembrances, that they had escaped without being involved in the misfortunes of its owner.

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Their tour on the Continent finished, the friends separated, and for years met not again. But they kept up an uninterrupted correspondence. The following is an extract of a letter from Guisebert, when on a visit at Naples, to his friend Wilton, then residing in England.

"Yesterday I was at the convent San Luca. In the procession some days before I recognised one of the monks, it was the chaplain of the Castle von Fernberg. You start at the name; can you wonder that I did on seeing him so unexpectedly? I resolved on an interview; that was not easy to be had, for the brethren have much to engage them. He did not, however, refuse me an hour of his time; and knew me at once, notwithstanding that time and travel must have wrought many changes in me since the day when, an enthusiastic youth, I claimed the hospitality of his master's castle. Ah! George! you were right when you said an evil destiny watched over that house. It has closed upon them! But let me tell you what I have heard with such deep and awful interest.

"The castle is a heap of ruins! The noble house of Fernberg is nearly extinct. Its last representative is a wanderer in foreign lands—a prey to ever-galling remorse—and doubtless doomed to an early grave! Seldom have my feelings been so harrowed as in listening to the recital. But I will give it briefly to you, as I heard it from the lips of the reverend narrator.

"Two years after we left the castle, the robbers who at that time infested that region, returned to it, and it was generally supposed established their hiding place in the recesses of the mountains. Osmar was active in seeking them, but had no success. One night the Baron, being awakened by fancying he heard a noise in the room beneath him, rose and dressing himself silently, went down into the hall. All was dark and still: he returned to his apartment, but unable to rest, quitted it once more, and as he descended the staircase, saw distinctly a light gleaming through the keyhole of the room where he had before heard the noise. It was a strong room, of which he and his confidential servant alone kept the key, and contained his armour and weapons, with some valuable papers. Surprised that any person should be there, he cautiously awakened Osmar and several of the servants, and they laid wait at the door. In a few moments it was softly unlocked, and Daniel came forth. He was seized, and in the agony of his terror, confessed everything. He had been secretly in the service of his young master Carl; was privy to his desertion from the army, and his exploits at the head of his band. Carl was in command of the robbers then lurking among the mountains. Daniel had aided Sybil in her flight; had conveyed to her the letter summoning her to join her husband; had unlocked the doors for her, and conducted her beyond the gates. And he was the Baron's own servant, and had assisted most warmly in the search! They demanded of him the secret of Carl's retreat; he besought them not to compel him to betray his master; and the Baron, agitated by contending feelings promised to release him, provided he would restore Sybil to them. This he engaged to do; and choosing a time when he knew the outlaws were to be abroad on one of their expeditions, conducted the Baron's servants, headed by Osmar, to the cave where Sybil passed the hours of her lord's absence. Her capture was the signal for his release; he hastened to give warning to the robber chief, and save his own life by flight.

"Wilton! imagine the meeting between the uncle and niece! She was allowed the liberty of the castle, but not permitted to leave it. The police were informed of the retreat of the robbers; they would be speedily compelled to leave the country, and the Baron relieved from the anguish of knowing his outcast son so near him, while Sybil, repentant, might console his old age. But it fell out exactly as might have been expected. The second night after Sybil's capture, the robbers assaulted the castle. They were successful in effecting an entrance; their numbers overpowered resistance; but they were forbidden strictly to touch aught of plunder. The chief came but for his bride! It needs another pen than mine, George, to describe the catastrophe! The robber chief, hastening away with Sybil, encountered the Baron in the great hall; the Baron drew his sword and rushed upon him, not knowing, in the confusion, who was his adversary. Sybil, with a piercing shriek, and crying, 'It is Carl! my husband!' threw herself between them. The Baron staggered backward as he recognised his son. Osmar rushed into the hall at that moment, and, seeing his father in danger, fired upon his enemy. The ball pierced the heart of the robber chief; he fell; Sybil sank insensible beside him! Oh! Wilton! is not this a tragedy of horrors?

"The Baron did not long survive this dreadful scene. The chaplain remained with him till his death, then came to Naples. Sybil has never recovered her reason. She is now living in a convent in Germany. The chaplain visited her before his departure. Her madness is gentle; a quiet melancholy; none of the awful remembrances of her husband's death remain with her. But she is ripening for the grave; her health fails day by day. Let us hope, George, that she may die without feeling again the terrible shock she has undergone!

"Osmar entered the army after his father's death. He never claimed any portion of the possessions that were his by right. The estates will

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probably be sold, as the Baron's affairs had long been in an embarrassed condition. I have seen young Fernberg's name mentioned with distinction in some foreign papers. Osmar may achieve military renown; but the fearful thought that his hand put an end, though ignorantly, to a brother's life, can never cease to haunt him. How much he is to be pitied! Have the fables of ancient tragedy aught to rival such misfortunes as his!"

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My guide added many stories of the superstition of the peasantry in the neighbourhood. It is not necessary to repeat them; but I did not wonder that the ignorant should frame legends of the marvellous in such a locality. I could not help partaking their awe in some degree. What a lesson upon the instability of human things might be read in this tale of the downfall of a noble house! What a lesson upon the terrible nature of crime, which thus involved so many innocent victims in destruction!

MAN'S LOVE.

Do we look for the glow of a sunset sky
To crimson the west when the moon is high?
Do we look for a leaf that is thrown on the river
To sleep in one spot on its bosom for ever?

As well hope for these as for man's plighted vow
To cherish unfaded *its* first early glow;
Or the rapture of triumph which swells to his eye
If he wins thee—to live there when years have gone by.

The radiance of beauty, the smile on her cheek;
The light of her eye, or the word she may speak,
Will call to his lip full as witching a smile—
But it mocks while it flatters, and lures to beguile.

Does he bend o'er thine ear in a voice soft and low,
And gentle as murmuring rivulets flow?
Oh, let not thy hope keep the promise he gave,
For 'twas light as the foam on the billowy wave.

The gossamer web floating wide in the sun,
In each beautiful wave puts a new colour on,
'Till the breeze it has wearied with dallying play
In a breath blows the light, airy fabric away.

And 'tis thus with the dream of man's love—it will trace
Every semblance of virtue, devotion and grace;
Till caprice with her magic wand shatters the chain,
And leaves him all ready for bondage again. E.

THE WINDS.

BY S. SWAIN, JR.

Ah! this is pleasant thus to have ye come
And visit my warm brow, veiled in the dust
Of daily care!—But why that deep complaint
Ye make around my home? It ill accords
With this gay sunshine and yon laughing blue
That wake no thought of woe.
Ye viewless band
Of light-winged messengers, ye are the breath
Of this all-beauteous world I walk with hope.
Ye give a freer pulse to all things round.
Beneath the workings of your fitful power
Yon meadow rolleth, a green lake of flowers;
And yon proud forest waves its gallant tops
As with a newer life; and even these birds,
That light my hours with many a happy song,
Move on a swifter wing.
But whence are ye?
I know from your soft temper ye have not
Folded your pinions on the eternal hills
Of icy grandeur, mellowing in the hues
Of polar twilight. Ye have dallied with
The rainbow glories of the prairie flowers,
Or on a lonelier wing roved o'er the wave
Whose torrid isles their odorous welcome spoke,
And smiled with cooler joy. Why are ye not
Always as mild as now—always as soft
As the first breath of love that quivers o'er
The spirit's morning harp? Why do ye tear
In your wild frolics fair Creation's face?
Root mighty forests up, and break the trunk
Of ripened centuries? In your heedless wrath,
Why do ye lash to anger Ocean's breast,
Until wreck'd commerce strews his groaning shores,
And his dark solitudes of brine are lit
With human grace and bloom?
Oh! now while ye
Are in this gentle mood, go play awhile
Around the couch of pain. Breathe o'er the brow
Of feverish suffering your balmy breath,
That whispers of the charms of outward things
Long curtained from the eye. 'Tis even sweet
To dream of Nature. Even the thought of her
Is cooling calmness to the weary heart.
Poor wasting Sickness joys to roam in sleep
O'er the green beauty of familiar fields,
And oft frequented groves, and hear their lyres
That tune the hymn of praise.
Glide on, ye winds!
I know your steps are right. Your path is drawn
By the bright finger of the Holy One,
And that blest way ye keep. Each change ye make
Is ordered by His care for man below.
And yet, O God! hath man less faithful truth
Than Thy obedient winds! He day by day
Marks the glad journey of material things
In the bright channel of Thy loving will,
But will not follow there!

Bristol, Pa., 1842.

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ADVENTURES IN THE WRONG HOUSE.

BY DR. R. MONTGOMERY BIRD.

I know not what extraordinary conjunction of the stars took place on the first Friday of June, 183–, nor how my own planet in particular, came to perform so many antics, in or out of its proper sphere. Before that day, I had never had an adventure in my life; the current of my existence had flowed as evenly and quietly as the stream of a mill pond; and no wit or skill of author-craft could have spun out my biography beyond the compass of a single paragraph. I was born, and I lived for twenty-five years—that is all: I lived in a village, too, and my name was (as it still is,) James J. Smith. There was nothing further in my history worthy of being mentioned; except that, at twenty-five years old, finding myself unencumbered by any near relatives, and possessed of a moderate estate, sufficient for all my reasonable wants, (and I had no unreasonable ones,) I began to weary of my rather dull and lonely existence, and cast about for means of relief. I was balancing between two great projects, one of travel, the other of matrimony; (both, indeed, in a very general way, for I was not in love with anybody, or any particular place;) when a letter from my old college-mate and correspondent, Harry Brown of Virginia, determined me in favour of the former. He was just forming a family party for a trip to Niagara; which party he invited me to join at Philadelphia, where he expected to arrive at an early day; and he promised to bring along with him a very charming unmarried cousin of his, who might perhaps, he said, assist me in trying the other project, as soon as I got tired of travelling, provided only that I had the spirit (and it required great spirit) to woo and win her: all of which I regarded as a friendly pleasantry on the part of my old chum.

I went accordingly to Philadelphia; and at Harry's suggestion, took lodgings at a fashionable boarding-house, at which he intended stopping, and where I designed awaiting him.

It was on Friday, in the afternoon, that I arrived; and having established myself in a comfortable chamber, I sallied out to see somewhat of the city, and inquire at the post-office for letters from my friend. I received two letters, one from Harry, of a somewhat mysterious quality; the other from a stranger, and of a character still more inexplicable; both of them written from Baltimore. Harry informed me that he was on the way with his party, and hoped to be in Philadelphia the following day; and he added (and this was the mysterious part of his letter,) that his aforesaid handsome cousin was about to be snatched away from me by a particular fatality; yet he did not despair, he said, of my yet winning her, provided he should immediately find me, upon reaching Philadelphia, and find me with mettle sufficient to undertake a most formidable, but splendid adventure. "Confound his handsome cousin!" said I, "whom I never heard of before, except in his last letter; and confound his splendid adventures!" And with that, with the greatest equanimity, I banished the memory of both, to examine and wonder over the second letter from my unknown correspondent. It was as follows:—

My dear boy:—Shall be in Philadelphia Friday evening, with E., to sign, seal, kiss and squabble, according to compact: place afore-mentioned. Shall expect you—rings, posies, blushes and hysterics. Always promised your dad I would, and I *will.*

Yours resolutely,

T. B.

This letter was formally directed to James J. Smith, Esq. *Poste restante*, Philad'a; was manifestly written in an old man's hand; and as far as I could gather any sense from its odd and broken expressions, alluded to a marriage which was in progress, doubtless, between E. (who was she?) on the one part, and Mr. James J. Smith on the other. But who was Mr. James J. Smith? Not *myself*, certainly; who had never dreamed of marriage, except as a future contingency, and had never made serious love or proposals to any human being. No; it was apparent—and this was confirmed by the allusion to the "aforementioned place," well known of course to the person written to, but not to me, —that there was some other James J. Smith, besides myself, in the world, and in Philadelphia, for whom this letter was designed, and to whom, it was manifest from the terms of it, its loss might prove extremely inconvenient.

Under these circumstances, I perceived I had nothing to do but to return it to the post-office, that it might reach my namesake, and I was retracing my steps for that purpose, when I was interrupted by a gentleman, or a person dressed like a gentleman, but I thought there was something unpleasing and sinister in his looks, who stepped up to me, and with a low bow and a grinning smile, told me "he believed he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. James J. Smith?"

"That is certainly my name," said I. "But"—

"You haven't the honour of my acquaintance!" interrupted the gentleman. "Exactly so: but I have the pleasure of producing my note of introduction."

And with that, the fellow, clapping one hand on

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my shoulder, in a very impudent, familiar way, displayed under my nose, not a note of introduction, but a note of hand, for some seventeen or eighteen hundred dollars, drawn in favour of a Simon somebody, I forget who, and signed, plainly and strongly enough, *James J. Smith.*

"All this, my friend," said I, removing his hand from my shoulder, "is, doubtless, good and fair enough. The difficulty is, that it concerns some other James J. Smith, and not me: for I never wrote that note; nor, indeed, any other. You have made a mistake."

"Very facetious, sir," said the person. "I should inform you, sir, that poor Simon being in difficulty, was under the necessity of parting with that little note to me, sir; and I paid him a very fair price for it, sir, because it was a debt of honour; and a debt of honour, sir," here the rascal looked as if he meant to impress me with an awful sense of his courage and determination, "a debt of honour, sir, I never find any difficulty in collecting."

"The deuce take you and your debt of honour," said I, waxing impatient. "I tell you, sir"—But my gentleman interrupted me again.

"No occasion to swear, my dear fellow. I don't intend to trouble you *just now*. I know what brings you to town here: I know Old Rusty is coming, if he has not come already, and the rich young lady with him. The letter, sir, that you just received, sir." Here the fellow burst into a laugh at the look of amazement I put on, at finding him so familiar with the mysterious epistle; and added, somewhat contemptuously, "I did not think Mr. James J. Smith such a spooney, as to give the public the benefit of reading his letters over his shoulders in the street! In short, sir, as I said, I don't intend to trouble you just now, nor to be gammoned hereafter. I shall wait, sir, till the happy hour is over; and then, sir, humbly claim to renew acquaintance, without renewing the note, sir! till when, your obedient servant to command, sir."

With that, my gentleman bowed and stalked off, stroking his whiskers with an air of unutterable magnificence which I have never seen equalled by any but blacklegs.

This little incident, besides moving somewhat of my choler, quite changed my resolution of restoring the letter to the post-office and thereby to my namesake. It seemed now apparent that my *alter ego* was some rascally adventurer, the fellow, as well as prey, of him who bore his note of hand; and it appeared, therefore, impossible that such a fellow could pretend, in any honest way, to the hand of the "rich young lady," referred to by the note-holder, and doubtless, the fair E. of the letter. I felt that I should punish, if not defeat the schemes of a rogue, and perhaps protect a deserving girl and a deceived parent, by keeping Mr. T. B.'s letter in my pocket, and into my pocket, accordingly, I thrust it. At all events, the interception of the letter would create delay; and delay might effect the desired purpose.

I spent the remainder of the afternoon rambling about the city, viewing it, and, as I thought till the last moment, without further adventure. But just as I was hunting my way back to my boarding-house to tea, I was stopped by a sharp but rather timid-looking young fellow, a tailor's clerk, who begged my pardon, believed I was Mr. James J. Smith, reminded me that I owed a very long bill to his employers, Messrs. Snip and Shears, hinted that they had written to me two or three times on the subject, observed that times were hard, and concluded by insinuating the pleasure I would confer upon those gentlemen if I would be so good as to walk with *him*, forthwith, down to their shop, which was only seven or eight squares off.

I replied to all this, that he had mistaken his man, that I owed Messrs. Snip and Shears nothing; and upon his presuming to express some incredulity at the denial, I threatened to break his bones; upon which he became alarmed and retreated. But I observed him following me at a distance, and dogging me all the way to my boarding-house.

After tea, having no acquaintances in the city, I went to one of the theatres to pass the evening, and passed it, in the main, very pleasantly. I was, indeed, at one time annoyed by the conduct of two or three well dressed, but noisy young fellows in the next box, who, from their discourse, I soon set down as gamblers and determined roués. One of them, who had red hair, I observed was very genteel in his appearance, but he was an abandoned desperado in his conversation: and from some remarks which he and his companions let fall, I was struck with a sudden suspicion that he was no less a personage than my worthy namesake, Mr. James J. Smith himself. Thus, in the midst of their laughing and whispering, I overheard the expressions, "Old Rusty," "the girl," "rich and confoundedly handsome," "hard-headed old hunks," &c.; and Mr. Redhead himself swore with an oath, "if the blood-suckers would give him but two days, he would hold up his head again with the best of them." I tried in vain to catch the young fellow's name; and soon after he had uttered the words related, another young man came into the box, and told him, "there were hawks on the wing;" upon which he looked alarmed, his companions laughed, and they all immediately left the theatre.

I could then attend to the performance without interruption; and I had been for some time absorbed in the interest of the scene, when I was suddenly aroused by a voice whispering in my ear, "I say, Mr. James J. Smith, if you please, this is no place for a gentleman of your inches. There are buzzards abroad, who'll stop all marrying and giving in marriage. And if you mean to give up *that* chance, hang me, my fine fellow, if I shan't be the first to arrest you!"

I looked around, and was enraged to perceive the note-holder, who gave me a significant nod, and immediately walked away. "How provoking," thought I, "to have all these vagabonds take me for that rascal, my namesake. Yet there

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is something, after all, in his counsel. It would not be agreeable to be arrested, even by mistake; since there is no one in the city to whom I can appeal for character and identity. To-morrow Brown will be here, and then I shall be safe enough."

These thoughts determined me to leave the theatre, and go home. But I had scarcely got the distance of a square before I had the misfortune to be tapped on the shoulder by an officer, who told me he had a writ for me on the suit of Messrs. Snip and Shears; and requested me to favour him with my company to the nearest magistrate's. At the same time I perceived the tailor's clerk, who had evidently kept me in view, and pointed me out to the officer. It was in vain for me to protest I was not the man intended; Mr. Clerk said "the gentleman was very good at that story." What, I asked myself, if it should happen not to suit the convenience of Messrs. Snip and Shears to attend at the magistrate's? I felt very well assured I should be liberated as soon as *they* saw me; but they might have delegated the whole business to the clerk, who would not hesitate to swear I was James J. Smith, because I had admitted I was; and then bail would be demanded, and, for want of it, I must be immediately packed off to prison.

The thought of this degradation filled me with sudden fury; and, without taking time to reflect upon the consequences, I knocked the officer down, though he was a burly fellow, twice as big as myself, kicked the little clerk into the gutter, and immediately ran off, hoping to make my way to the boarding-house, there to lie concealed until Brown should arrive in the city.

This proved a more difficult undertaking than I expected; for there was immediately a great hue and cry raised; and, the streets being pretty full of people, (for it was not yet eleven o'clock,) I was followed and headed, and assailed on both flanks; so that it was only by tasking my activity to the utmost, and diving into every alley and by-way that offered, that I managed to avoid my pursuers. My greatest fear was of losing my way; for I knew but little of the city, and the uniformity of its streets, and the great family resemblance between all its houses, are very perplexing to a stranger. Yet I thought I was keeping the run of the streets, notwithstanding my various doublings; and by and by I was sure that a large house now in sight was my boarding-house, because it looked exactly like it, and was similarly situated near an alley which—or one the perfect fac-simile of it—I had taken notice of during the day.

As I came nigh the house I found myself cut off from the doors by some persons, who were running from the opposite direction to intercept me. I therefore plunged down the alley, which was badly lighted, and soon conducted me to another still darker one, which, I perceived, ran at the back of the houses, bounding the yards or gardens, which were merely inclosed with walls and fences, with a garden gate to each house. The idea struck me that I might perhaps enter the boarding-house through the garden gate, which I knew must be the second one, for the house itself was the second beyond the alley. I tried the latch; it did not yield; but I had not withdrawn my hand when the gate itself was thrown open; and, upon my rushing in, it was immediately closed again, and bolted behind me; and all this, I was certain, without my having been seen from without; for none of my pursuers had got into the alley. Besides, the gate was overhung by a great tree, which darkened the alley and the whole yard; so that I could see nothing of the person who had let me in, except that it was a woman. And this she made still more manifest, by taking me round the neck, and giving me a hearty buss, exclaiming,

"Is it you, Jimmy, my dear? And how came you so late? and what is it makes all this racket and running?"

"Oh!" whispered I, in some confusion, "there has been a fight, and the police are taking up everybody."

"That's just like you, Jimmy, you goose," said my unknown darling, giving me another buss; "stopping to see every fight, though you might lose a fortune by it. But come along; don't say a single word. I'll take you up stairs. I've put out the lights. Have you got your Sunday's best on? Yes, I feel that you have. Don't say one word, or somebody will discover us."

Who was my inamorata? That was more than I could tell. But it was evident she took me for some one else, her sweetheart; and that was a character which, to avoid discovery, I felt compelled to keep up, until I had got into the house, when I designed giving her the slip, and retreating to my own chamber. But this, I found, was an achievement not to be immediately effected; for, first, she held me very lovingly round the neck in bonds; and, next, when we got into the house through the back door, it was so dark that I could recognise nothing I knew; everything was novelty and mystery. But I could hear various sounds of mirth and chatter, and especially two or three pianos and other musical instruments, echoing in different parts of the house.

In this confused state the damsel led me up to a little room at the head of the stairs on the second story, where, being, if possible, still more in the dark than ever, she gave me a new hug, and said,—

"Now, Jim, lad, I'll tell you all about it, and what you are to do, exactly. You see, she is to run away," (*she!* thought I; what she?) "and I with her—at least, she thinks so. We are to go off in the cars to Baltimore; they go in half an hour; and she's in a great hurry. I suppose she has a lover down there; but he can't be worth having, if he won't come after her. We are to go off in men's clothes; because we shall travel by night, and nobody will know us, or follow us. I am to wear whiskers—just such nice big whiskers as you've got, Jimmy—so as to look old and fierce,

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and keep people off; and she's to be my little brother, a schoolboy. Aint it fine, Jim?"

"Oh, yes," said I, beginning to wonder and be interested at this opening of plot and conspiracy among people I did not know, and marvelling what share *I* was expected to play in the drama.

"I've no doubt," quoth my new acquaintance, "she would give me a heap of money; for she's rich, and she loves me; and I told her I was once rich too—or my father was before me—(which was no more than the truth) for all I'm no more now than a chambermaid."

"Oho!" thought I, "are you there, Abigail?"

"But here's my idea, Jim," she continued, with vivacity, "and it's a good one. If the young lady might give me much, how much more might the old gentleman give me—he who has got all the chinks in his own hands—when he finds the young lady is gone, lost away, as it might be, for ever, how much would he give me to restore her? Why, I reckon, a whole fortune; and so I am resolved upon it. And here's the way we are to manage it. Instead of my running off with her, *you* are to do it, pretending to be *me;* and she won't know the difference, because of the darkness, (you are to talk only in whispers,) and she will think the disguise makes such an alteration! Then, instead of taking her to the cars, you take her right home to our house; she knows no more of the town than she does of the moon; then you can pretend to be frightened and run into the house for shelter, and then it is too late for the cars, and she must wait till next night, you know; and she can sleep in my room, and there you lock her up safe till morning. Then I come and finish the business, and get the fortune; and then, Jim, we'll get married and set up for ourselves!"

Here the faithless Abigail gave me another embrace, expressive of delight and triumph; and then, charging me to remain quiet until she returned, slipped from the room, and left me shut up in darkness. I hesitated whether or not to obey her. My first inclination was, certainly, to creep out, now that the coast was clear, and find my way to my own apartment; and yet I had a fancy to follow the adventure to its end, so far, at least, as to see that the eloping lady came to no mischief. But when I began to question who this adventuress could be, and to remember that, although I had seen a great many young ladies at the tea-table in the evening, none of them were particularly handsome, I confess I lost so much of my interest in the matter as to resolve to finish my share of it instanter, retire to bed, and leave the incognita to her destinies. I began to grope for the door, not without making some noise against opposing chairs and tables, when the door was suddenly opened, and I was horrified by a man's voice, murmuring, in an eager whisper,

"I say, Suke, confound it, where are you? and why don't you speak to me?"

My fears told me the new-comer could be no other than Jimmy, the loitering sweetheart and confederate of Abigail, or Susan, as her name appeared to be. I kept as still as a mouse, intending, as soon as he should have crept by me, to slip out of the room. But fate, or Jimmy, had determined otherwise. "I say, Sukey," he murmured, "why did you bolt the gate? Why didn't you let me in! Why don't you speak? I know you're here, for I heard you. And now, you jade, I've caught you!" In fact, he *had.* But no sooner did his fingers come in contact with a whiskered cheek and a velvet coat-collar, than he uttered a dismal cry, "Oh! lord! it's a man!" and turned to retreat. But I had the advantage of him, and was nearest the door, just as the scheming Susan, perhaps alarmed at the bustle, came running into the room with a light, but at the sight of me she was so terrified that both she and her light dropped on the floor together, the latter going out in the fall; so that I had just time to notice that she was a buxom wench of eighteen or twenty, that the door was left wide open, and that the passage to which it led was the exact counterpart of that in the boarding-house on which my chamber lay; to which, therefore, I felt I could now make my way without further trouble. It was under a sudden impulse, and with the idea of punishing the treacherous chambermaid, that, as I stepped out, I closed and locked the door, for I felt the key was on the outside; and so left her and Jimmy to settle their difficulties as they might, together.

I felt along the passage for the third door, which, I had no doubt, led into my chamber. I reached it and was in the act of scratching about with my fingers for the knob, when the door was opened, and, to my unutterable confusion, I was seized upon by a young female, who, drawing me immediately in, and closing the door, said, with a whispering voice, broken by merriment, "How quick you are! All dressed already! What an immense big boy you make! Where did you get such magnificent whiskers?"

It was now that the idea first burst upon me that I had got into the *wrong house;* for I saw, at a glance, this was none of my chamber. It was a lady's boudoir, or anteroom to a sleeping apartment, from the open door of which latter apartment came a dim ray of light, by which it was obscurely illuminated. There was just light enough for me to make out objects, to discover my extraordinary blunder, to see (or part of this, perhaps, I fancied) that my new friend, who received me so warmly and familiarly, was a young lady irresistibly charming and beautiful, (oh! what a voice she had! and the touch of her hand set me beside myself,) while her expressions made it apparent that she was no less a person than the fair incognita, Susan's employer, and that she had mistaken me for Susan dressed in man's apparel.

"Where did you get such magnificent whiskers?" she cried, and she actually pulled them with her fingers, in pure admiration. "I never could have believed, she continued, laughing, "you could be so changed by clothes; that you would make such

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a beautiful young man! I declare I feel as if I wanted you to make love to me!"

There was no resisting such an appeal as that. I immediately clasped her in my arms, and ravished a kiss from her lips, by which she was thrown into almost convulsions of laughter.

"Out, you hussy!" she cried; "men are not so impudent. Bless me, don't be so ridiculous. There now, that's enough. But I wish I might light upon some such handsome young fellow for a sweetheart. I wonder how I shall look in *my* boy's clothes! But come along and help me, for I shall never get the queer things on without assistance."

And here the beautiful creature made as if she would have pulled me along into the chamber; at which, in great terror, I dropped on my knees, and, seizing upon her hand, exclaimed,

"Forgive me, dear madam. I have deceived you; or, rather, you have deceived yourself. I am not Susan, I am——"

At the first tone of my voice, for I had not spoken before, she turned wildly upon me. We were nearer the door of the chamber, and the light shone upon my face as I knelt. I never saw such a change from radiant mirthfulness to the extremity of terror. I saw she was going to shriek, and I sprang up and placed my hand over her mouth.

"For heaven's sake, madam," I cried, "do not ruin me, and perhaps yourself. I will not insult you. I am a gentleman, the victim of a most extraordinary blunder, which has caused this intrusion, and made me an unexpected confidant in your intended elopement. Pray, madam, don't faint." Certainly she looked so much like it that I was obliged to support her, and she was compelled to suffer me. "I will make every reparation; I will retire. Nay, I will even assist you to fly; for Susan is faithless, (she designed to betray you,) and you need a faithful attendant."

"Sir—sir—sir," stammered the beauty, to whom these allusions to the elopement gave life, while they covered her with blushes; "I need nothing but your immediate departure. For heaven's sake go. Oh! what, *what* will become of me?" And she wrung her hands and burst into tears.

I never could stand a woman's tears; who can? And those of the beautiful stranger cut me to the soul, while they completed the fascination of my spirit. It was all over with me in a moment. I felt that I had suddenly fallen in love with her, and none the less deeply for knowing no more who she was, and what were her qualities, than if she had just stepped down from the moon; and fallen in love, too, to that pitch of desperation, the point of magnanimity. So down I dropt on my knees again, and again seized her hand, which she vainly tried to snatch from me; while I, not doubting her tears were, in part at least, owing to the interruption of the elopement and her consequent fears of losing her lover, energetically repeated my offers of assistance, declaring, on the word of a gentleman, that I would faithfully carry her to the arms of her lover, even, I added, in a rage of jealousy and despair, "if I have to blow my own brains out the moment after."

"Sir," said she, hastily, "I have no lover; I was not going to run away to a lover."

"Heaven be praised!" cried I, "for now you can run away *with* one! Madam, I am a gentleman, and man of fortune, single, unengaged, and I love and adore you. My name is James J. Smith—" Here she jerked away her hand, but I jumped up and caught it again; for, though she started from me, it was not a start of displeasure. On the contrary, she blushed, and trembled, and looked pleased—I was sure she did—and she grew more pleased the more I told her how much I adored her; and when I presumed on her growing affection to throw my arm round her waist, she began to smile and giggle; in fact, I thought she was going into hysterics, which is a proof of overpowering feeling; when—oh! surprise and mortification!—she burst into a laugh, exclaiming, "Oh! it is *too* ridiculous! But pray go," she added hastily; "for if Susan should return and find you——"

"No fear of her," I cried; "for I left her safe locked in her room along with Jimmy. I took care of the traitress and her confederate."

"You did!" said the beauty, looking astonishment and inquiry. "Perhaps then," she continued hesitatingly, "as—as you won't go," (oh! what an enchanting way of telling me I might stay! No wonder I kissed her! but it *was* a wonder how well she bore it!) "As you won't go, perhaps you will tell me how you came to lock her up, and who Jimmy is, and how you got into this house, and this room; for I am very curious, and —and——"

"You have a right to know all about it. It was all a blunder, the happiest, darlingest blunder that ever was made. You must know," said I, "I thought this was my own boarding-house, Mrs. E.'s."

"No," said the beauty, sweetly, "it is Mrs. F.'s."

"I shall love Mrs. F. as long as I live! I made the mistake the more readily, because, being beset by the police for knocking down a rascally fellow, who had insulted me in the street," (I did not like to tell my charmer of the arrest, lest she should conceive some suspicion of me,) "I attempted to get home through by-ways and the garden gate. Susan let me in; she was waiting for that rascally Jimmy, her sweetheart, who was to pretend to conduct you to the cars——"

"Oh! no," said my mistress; "I never heard of Jimmy. Susan was to take me, and she was to be dressed in men's clothes—you know how I mistook you—what a great mistake I made!"

"Oh that it could be made over again!" said I, sincerely enough. And I then proceeded with the story as I have already narrated it, exposing the schemes and the punishment, such as it was, of Susan, and describing the illusion—the persuasion of its being my own chamber, in my own boarding house—under which I had entered her boudoir.

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"And now, my adored creature," said I, "if eloping is necessary, let us start forthwith, and we can be married before the cars start. 'Tis but stopping at the first parson's or magistrate's."

"But—but," murmured my mistress, with the sweetest accents, "would you really marry me—without knowing me?"

"I would, I *will*," said I, clasping her in my arms. "I take you for better or for worse, believing—for my soul tells me it—that you are an angel."

"Oh! James!" said she, meltingly, "*don't you know me?* I am Ellen, little Ellen, cousin Ellen! Didn't you get father's letter?"

Heavens! what a surprising climax to the day's adventure! Was I to get my namesake's letters, father his debts, and marry his intended wife into the bargain? No wonder the dear creature should melt so soon, to find in me her supposed cousin and destined husband. But how was it she could be so deceived? Certainly she must have known her own cousin. And what was she going to elope for? These questions, and various others, which came crowding into my brain, were, without my asking them, (for, in fact, I was for awhile speechless,) answered by the darling Ellen herself; who, with looks of the most confiding fondness, as if the matter was now quite settled, murmured—

"Aint it strange that we should come together so, and that we should love, without knowing each other? But how should we, since we have never been together since we were children? And I thought you had red hair, too! How foolish! And when I thought you were only Susan disguised, and wished I had just such a handsome looking person for a sweetheart, I said nothing but the truth; for, indeed, I loved you when I thought you were only Susan! And to think that I was going to run away from you! Oh! how unhappy I should have been if I had; and how happy I am that I did not!" And here my dear cousin (*my* cousin, indeed!) threw her arms round my neck in the sweetest way imaginable. I returned the caress, but expressed some of my astonishment by echoing her words—

"Run away from *me*, indeed! from your cousin!"

"Oh! you know, I thought you had red hair; and I never could abide red hair," said she. "And then, father—if you remember father—you know he is so odd and obstinate. And then that contract——"

"Contract!" said I, "what contract?"

"Why, with uncle John, to be sure; though it was not a contract, but only a promise; for, you know, ever since I was born, father and uncle John were determined we should be married together, for some of their wise reasons about the property. Now, cousin James," continued Ellen, with unabated affection, which was the more agreeable, because these hints of the contract, or promise, with the wise reasons about property, struck a sudden chill in my bosom, as suggesting some great obstacles that might arise to my new-born love—"now cousin," continued the dear girl, "because I thought you had red hair, and because they were going to marry me to you whether I would or not, I hated you—it was so foolish and wicked!—but I don't hate you now. And when we started off on this jaunt to Niagara, and father told me I must be first married to you, here in Philadelphia, I hated you more than ever; and when father told me that he had written to you to meet us to-day, and that he expected you, and if you came I should perhaps marry you to-night, I could endure it no longer. And so I made a confidante of that treacherous Susan, and we were to run away together."

"And whither," quoth I, "were you going? and why in boy's clothes?"

"Oh!" replied Ellen laughing, "we were going *home*, to be sure; and the disguise was to prevent our being tracked. I thought it would be so fine to be snug and safe at home, while father was hunting for me in all sorts of places; and then, after I had managed, through friends, to get him to let me off from the contract, he would be so delighted to find I had not run away, after all; for *going home* is not eloping, is it?"

Oh! how I adored the dear, simple creature; and how I trembled with fear, lest, after all, I should lose her. Would she love me so well when she discovered I was not her cousin, the betrothed of her childhood! for it was evident that idea now gave her pleasure, however previously disagreeable. Must I continue to deceive her! Could I succeed in deceiving her father! and could I expect her of him *without* deceiving him! Might not their James J. Smith step in, and snatch the prize out of my grasp? Was I not wronging him and them by permitting myself to bear (for certainly I had not *assumed*) his character. No! My namesake was a rogue; and, by ousting him, I secured him his deserts, and the others perhaps—it could not be otherwise—their happiness. Besides, could *I* give up Ellen? "She, at least," thought I, "will forgive me the deceit."

"And here I am, after all, Ellen, dearest of my soul," I said, determined upon a desperate move; "and now, do you hate me?"

"No, James; it's just as father wants."

"And will you marry me?"

"Yes; if father wishes."

"And to-night?"

"If—if father insists upon it!"

"Well, my beloved, if he don't insist upon it, I do. Where is he?"

"Oh!" replied Ellen, "just over in his parlour there, nodding over the papers. He was quite angry because you were not here to receive him, and because you did not come all day."

"I did not get into town till this afternoon, and, of course, have not long been in possession of his letter."

I drew it from my pocket; and how I blessed the rascally note-holder who prevented my returning it to the post-office!

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"I wonder if *he* will recollect me?" I said; and for the life of me I could not say it in any other than a trembling voice.

"Oh! no," replied Ellen; "for it is fourteen or fifteen years since he saw you, you know; and he only remembers you as a red-headed schoolboy. I am so glad your hair has changed to such a beautiful brown!"

"Let us go see him, and ask his blessing!"

"He will be so suprised!" said Ellen.

The parlour was but across the passage. Six steps brought us into the presence of *my* venerable uncle, of whom I did not so much as know the name. All I knew of it was the initials, T. B., as subscribed in the letter. He started up from his nap, giving me a grim look of inquiry.

"Cousin James, father," said Ellen, with a blush.

"Dear sir," said I, dashing in, "rejoiced to see you. Looking at my hair, I see; not so red as in old times, sir! Did not arrive till late this afternoon; hence my misfortune in just getting your last favour." I flung it on the table. "Am delighted with Ellen; and she, I hope, with me. Beg your fatherly blessing."

And down we popped at his feet.

The old gentleman stared at us with astonishment and delight. "Bless my heart!" he cried; "why where did you stumble on her? and how did you bring her into such a good humour?"

"Oh! sir, I have been sitting with her this half hour, in her boudoir, and——"

"Ah! you dog, I like your spirit; daughter first and dad afterwards!"

"And, sir," continued I, "she finds my hair is not quite so red as she thought it was."

"Bravo, lad! and she'll have you!"

"This very night, sir, if you insist upon it, as I hope you will."

"*Io triumphe!* I do—I will. Do you hear me, Nell? I insist upon your marrying him immediately."

"Yes, sir," said Ellen.

"Ring the bell for a parson. How we shall nick that rascally Harry! Was trying to stop the match; had some villanous plan of his own; and was quite afraid of him; abused you like a pickpocket. Shall chouse him handsomely. Oh! a parson! a parson! a kingdom for a parson!"

And my venerable father-in-law skipped across the floor, rung the bell, squeezed my hand, kissed his daughter, rang the bell again, and performed various other feats, which were, in their effects, of a truly legerdemain character; for, within ten minutes, as if by a trick of magic, I, who, thirty minutes before, was a heart-free bachelor, free of the world and woman, was standing in a wedding group, composed of persons, all of them entire strangers, my bride, my father-in-law, the clergyman, with his book, the lady of the house, and some other persons, admitted as witnesses to the ceremony, about to be married to a lady whose name I did not actually yet know! The haste, the bustle, the extraordinary transition, my hopes, my apprehensions, my ignorance, all combined to throw me into a whirl of confusion, during which the ceremony was begun, and conducted very little to my edification; for I cannot say I distinguished one word, until my ears were suddenly struck by the important question, "Do you, James J. Smith, take this woman to be your wedded wife," &c.? At that moment I was struck with the enormous absurdity of taking such a leap in the dark—of marrying a woman who, for aught I could tell, might be— But, as I was going to bolt, (for, truly, that was the impulse then on me,) I caught a view of the bride's face stealing to me an upturned glance, so full of goodness, purity, affection, and heaven knows what other divine qualities, that fear changed to rapture, and I uttered the important "*yes*" with all the emphasis of resolution.

How I quickened into life now, and pricked up my ears to hear my wife's name!

"Do you, Ellen Brown——"

I felt as if struck by a forty-jar charge of electricity. The name confounded, without illuminating me. In truth, I had no time for comparing facts and making inferences; for, just as the clergyman breathed the expected name of my charmer, the door flew open, and a man rushed in, hastily exclaiming, "Hold! hold! I forbid the bans!"

Conceive the confusion of all present at this extraordinary interruption; and conceive my surprise, when, snatching Ellen into my arms, determined to maintain my right to her against all mankind, but particularly against James J. Smith, the *genuine*, who, I doubted not, was the cause of the interruption—conceive my surprise, I say, when, turning to this detested personage, my eyes fell, not upon my red-headed namesake, but my old friend and college-mate, Harry Brown, of Virginia! That he should be here! that he should cause such a dangerous interruption! that he should turn against me, his old friend, and ruin me! I gnashed my teeth at him; I raised my hand in a furious menace; and, if there had been a pistol in it, I certainly should have blown his brains out.

"*You* forbid the bans, you scoundrel!" said my father-in-law, in a rage equal to my own; "*you*, you dog, you! *you* forbid the bans!"

He was approaching my friend irefully. But Harry was looking at me. His face lighted up with wonder, followed by an air of recognition and delight; and, smothering, or trying to smother, a laugh, and laying his finger significantly along his nose, as he looked at me, he repeated, though in very altered accents—in fact, he could scarce speak for laughing—

"Yes, I forbid the bans—until Mrs. Brown gets up! She is on the stairs. What, uncle, do you expect to marry Nell off, without allowing us to be witnesses. Here she is." Enter Mrs. Harry Brown, a fine-looking young matron, but not so fine as my Nelly. "You thought to give us the slip, by taking the morning boat, and changing

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your boarding-house. You forgot the evening train, and my skill in hunting down fugitives!"

"And you don't oppose the match then, you dog?" cried my father-in-law, "and you don't know anything against cousin Jim, after all?"

"Oh, no; nothing at all! I approve of the match with all my heart and soul; and pray proceed with it as quickly as possible. You, Ellen Brown, do take this man— But I beg the reverend gentleman's pardon."

The ceremony was resumed, and in two minutes I was married.

"Victoria!" cried Harry Brown, seizing my hand, and so interrupting the first nuptial embrace, with which, according to the fashion, I was saluting my wife. "I congratulate you, cousin James J. Smith, upon having married the finest girl and richest heiress in Virginia; the very girl I intended for you! Oh! you dog, who could have thought you had the wit and spirit to accomplish the 'splendid adventure' without my assistance? Know your relations! Don't you see, my wife wants to kiss her unknown cousin? You kiss *her*, and I'll kiss Nelly! Ha! ha! ha!"

And here my friend went into such explosions of laughter and rejoicing as amazed everybody except me, who began to be aware of the full extent of my good fortune.

In the midst of this joyous tumult enter another unexpected visitor. Death! it was the red-headed gentleman of the theatre; the true James J. Smith, as my fears told me, and as was rendered still more evident by his first words to my father-in-law. "Sir," said the young gentleman, grasping him affectionately by the hand, "I have, I believe, the honour of speaking to my dear uncle, Thomas Brown, and of introducing to him his unworthy nephew, James J. Smith."

"Bless my soul!" cried the old gentleman, and could no more; for he was struck dumb with astonishment.

"Had the misfortune, in some unaccountable way," continued the new comer, "to miss your last favour, promised to arrive to-day," (and here the villain drew out some *former* letter,) "and only heard of your being here by accident. But that—I can't be mistaken! Permit me to pay my respects to my dear cousin!"

And up stepped *Alter Ego*, with captivating smile and extended hand, to my astonished wife, whom he saluted as his dear cousin Ellen—Miss Brown."

"Mrs. James J. Smith, sir," said I.

"*That is to be!*" added Red-head, with delightful suavity.

I looked round to my friend Harry for assistance; for, I confess, at this moment my heart failed me, not that I had any fear of my contemptible namesake, indeed, but I dreaded the effect of the denouement upon my wife and father-in-law, both of whom appeared very much discomposed by the new turn of affairs. Harry looked as if about going into another burst of merriment; but he nodded his head, as if to bid me dash ahead, without fear.

"Mrs. James J. Smith *that is*, sir," said I. "This lady is my wife."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "*I* am James J. Smith!"

"Sir," said I, "so am *I!*"

"James *Jones* Smith," cried Red-head, "this lady's cousin!"

"James *John* Smith," cried I, "this lady's husband!"

"Uncle!" exclaimed James Jones, with a look of horror and despair, "you have married Ellen to an impostor! and I am ruined for ever."

"What! an impostor!" cried Mr. Brown; "call for a constable!"

"If you do," said I, "he will only arrest your nephew there, not me, as your nephew knows full well. The young man speaks the truth, at least, in part. He *is* your nephew, and he *is* ruined for ever; as I know as well as he; for, this afternoon, I was dunned upon an unpaid note of his for a debt of honour, a gambling debt, of near two thousand dollars, and was arrested, besides, for a tailor's bill of——"

"Oh! for heaven's sake!" interrupted my rival, deprecatingly.

"And," continued I, unmercifully, "it is but an hour since I heard him, in the public theatre, when warned to beware of the 'hawks and buzzards' who were on the watch for him, boast, to his gambling friends, of his 'rich and confoundedly handsome' cousin here, the daughter of 'Old Rusty,' a 'hard-headed old hunks,' as a resource that would enable him to 'hold up his head again with the best of them.'"

"Done for, by jingo!" said Mr. James Jones Smith, and sneaked out of the room.

"Oh! the abandoned villain!" quoth my father-in-law.

"And if you want more evidence of his worthiness," said Harry, stepping to my aid, "I can give it; and you know, uncle, I warned you I had heard strange tales of him. When I came round here with Mrs. Brown, to see you, and heard you were marrying away Nelly, I thought it was to him; and *that's* the reason I forbade the bans."

"Ay, sir; and you countenanced, you aided and abetted this worthy personage," said Mr. Brown, senior, giving me a look as black as midnight; "you helped, you even instigated, a rascally impostor," here the old man gave way to rage, and Ellen began to cry, "to cheat and deceive my girl; to rob me of my daughter."

"No impostor at all," said Harry. (I would have said the same thing; but he took the word out of my mouth.) "He is a gentleman, uncle; my old friend and college-mate; and the very man I wished to substitute for his namesake; the very man I hinted about to you; though I never told you his name. For, in honesty, I must confess I had some thoughts, if no other turn would serve, of getting him to personate your nephew, and so

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cheat you into accepting a worthier son-in-law. He has rushed into the adventure on his own suggestion," (here Harry began to laugh again,) "and, I vow, I admire and love him all the better for his spirit."

"It was a villanous deception," said Mr. Brown.

"I declare, sir," said I, "it was an unpremeditated, an accidental one altogether. An extraordinary circumstance" (and here I related it) "threw me into Ellen's boudoir; where, upon mentioning my name, (and James J. Smith—James John Smith—is my name, sir,) she herself hailed me as her cousin; from whom I found her just on the point of running away."

"Oh! James," said Ellen, "don't tell on me!"

"I had never seen her before; I knew not who she was; yet I fell desperately in love with her; and, to improve the opportunity, (which I must otherwise have lost,) I allowed her to remain deceived. I did deceive you, in appearing as your nephew; for I saw that, otherwise, you would reject me. Yet you must give me credit for disinterested motives, sir, and for a true uncompromising affection for your daughter; since I stood up to marry her without knowing who she was, without knowing even so much as her name."

"Very fine, indeed," said the snarling Mr. Brown; "but as you had heard your namesake talk of the 'rich,' as well as 'devilish handsome' daughter of the 'hard-headed Old Rusty,' (confound the jackanapes!) you must permit me to believe you were reminded of her *two* recommendations together——"

"I declare," interrupted I, "I hadn't time to think of anything but her beauty."

"But, sir," continued my father-in-law, sternly, "my nephew forgot to let you, and his rascally associates know, sir, that my daughter's riches, sir, depended upon the will of her father, sir; and that she will never get a penny, sir, for marrying a man I disapprove of, sir!"

"Then, sir," said I, "I am proud to assure you that fortune has placed me beyond the necessity of lamenting your disapproval; for, thank heaven, I have enough, and more than enough, to secure your daughter's happiness, if love and a handsome competency can secure it."

"Shall have it all!" said "Old Rusty," grasping my hand warmly; "for I was only trying you; and I see you *are* a good fellow. Confound that rascally nephew! what an escape we have had! And it is all owing to his" (this was spoken to Harry and the others) "having the same name, being a better fellow, and not having red hair!"

"And you aint my cousin, after all!" murmured the soft voice of Ellen in my ear.

"No, my love; but——"

"But my husband! Oh! it is very funny. But I shall love you all the better. And I am so glad you deceived us; otherwise father might have never consented."

"And if he had not?"

"Then, perhaps—yes, then—if you had asked me—I should have run away *with* you! But now let us liberate Susan, and give her a scolding."

"Oh!" said the lady of the house, "she, or her Jimmy, has picked the lock, and they have run away together."

"Well, let her go," said Ellen, "fate has provided me a better travelling companion; and I do not care now how soon we start off to Niagara."

Ah! the dear creature! She has not yet ceased to laugh and rejoice over the oddity of our courtship and marriage; and, as for me, I never recount, without a thrill of pleasure, my half hour's Adventures in the Wrong House.

THE CHILD AND THE ROSE.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

When stirring bud and songful bird
  Brought gladness to the earth,
And spring time voices first were heard
  In low, sweet sounds of mirth;

A little child, with pleasant eyes,
  Reclined in tranquil thought,
And, half communing with the skies,
  His pretty fancies wrought.

He turned where cased in robe of green
  A rose bud met his eye—
And one faint streak the leaves between,
  Rich in its crimson dye.

The warm light gathereth in the sky—
  The bland air stirreth round—
And yet the child is lingering by,
  Half kneeling on the ground:

For broader grew that crimson streak,
  Back folds the leaf of green—
And he in wonder still and meek
  Watched all its opening sheen.

"'Tis done, 'tis done!" at length he cried,
  With glad amazement wild—
The rose. in new created pride,
  Had opened for the child.

Oh! had we hearts like thine, sweet boy,
  To watch creative power,
We too should thrill with kindred joy
  At every opening flower.

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EVENINGS AT A FRIEND'S.—No. 6.

BY MRS. S. E. FARLEY.

"We are quite ready to hear the music you promised, Mrs. D. What, that little box? I thought to listen to a song."

"One moment if you please."

"Oh that *is* delightful! the little bird must be alive to hop so naturally upon the stem, the eyelid winking, the bright eye glancing, the graceful head turning so quickly from side to side, the slender bill opening at every note, and really I can see the beautiful throat expand. So witching a warble! it must be life or magic. That plumage too, so varied, rich, and brilliant. These delicate tiny feathers just lifting with the air as if to show their splendour."

"You would scarcely think these parti-coloured *feathers* are all of the finest gold."

"Impossible! let me touch. Ah, he has bowed his head and gone again, the moment his sweet song is finished. But we have you safe my Peri, and now pray tell me from what part of the world this delicious little songster came."

"It is, as you will suppose, a creation of Parisian taste and skill; the handiwork of some cunning artist for a wealthy planter of St. Domingo, who sought a present most rich and rare for his fair English bride. This young lady was the daughter of an English gentleman, who had for some years resided in the island, that the bland air might, if possible, counteract a tendency to consumption inherited by his wife. But his care was vain, and at her death Roscoe purposed an immediate return to England with his daughter. He was removed very suddenly by fever, and Bertha, left without a friend on whose counsel she could rely, accepted the addresses of M. Laroux. They were married but a year previous to the insurrection at Hayti, and fearing that event, Laroux had persuaded his wife to embark on board a vessel bound to Boston, intending to follow with such a portion of his wealth as could be readily transported. But he delayed too long, was killed, and of his vast possessions, nothing remained to the widow but her jewelry, and this unique and costly bauble. Bertha mourned for her husband as for a kind friend, but never as for one who had awakened all that attachment of which she was capable. My parents offered her a home, but as she was young, amiable, and singularly attractive, she had many opportunities of changing it. She would however have returned to a distant relative in England, had not her affections become engaged to a Boston merchant, a young man every way worthy of her choice. The banns were published, and the day for their union appointed. In the mean time the happy couple went to New Hampshire on a visit to the family of the lover. Among the various parties, rides, &c. in compliment to the expected union, one was proposed to the Shaker village of C——, about thirty miles from the elder Terry's. The excursion was intended only to afford amusement and gratify curiosity; but to two of the party, Bertha and her intended husband, Mr. Terry, the result was of a more serious nature. They were both so impressed with the solemnity and devotion of the worship, as to be willing at once to relinquish all their fondly cherished hopes of earthly happiness.

"They thought they had been guilty of idolatry in so devoting themselves to each other, and that the immolation of their affections upon his altar, would be a sacrifice most acceptable to their Creator. This conviction was sudden, but powerful and mutual, and on their ride home, they agreed it was manifestly their duty to dissolve their unholy engagement, and become united to the Shakers. This they did, notwithstanding the entreaties and remonstrances of their friends, and such a change was never before known. The elegant Bertha, with all ladylike accomplishments, yet ignorant as a child of everything her new strange sisters would call useful, lost bloom and health in her unceasing efforts to acquire the knowledge necessary to the life she had chosen; and poor Terry thought as his former love was now to him but a sister in the Lord, he might sometimes converse with her, if only to ascertain the cause of her sick-looking, dejected countenance. No such sinful yielding to earthly weakness could be allowed in that community, but Terry watched for Bertha where she could not well avoid him, and said:—

"'Thou art pale sister, art thou well?'

"'Yea, but weary, brother.'

'"Weary! and must thee labour thus, Bertha! I could almost think we have mistaken our call.'

"'Nay, thou must not say or think that,' said Bertha as she glided swiftly away. This infringement of order, caused the ruling elder to receive a gift to confine Terry for a time, while Bertha was removed to another establishment at L——.

"The overseers said it was evident their earthly affection was not extinct, and there was danger of the remaining evil overcoming the spirit, inducing them to leave the service of the Lord, and unite in wedlock; unless so far separated as neither to see or hear from each other.

"This discipline proved a death-blow to poor Bertha. So long as she could see the sole object of her earthly affection at a distance, know he

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was sometimes near her, and hear his voice in the daily worship, it was enough; she was content to bear many privations, and unremitting toil, in what she thought her path of duty; but her spirit was not raised above *all* necessity for earthly solace, and she soon passed joyfully away to that land, where 'they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.' Terry had no longer a motive for leaving the Shakers, but seemed to rouse and exercise all his talents for the advantage of the society. He was the originator of many improvements in agriculture and the mechanic arts, having invented several useful machines, for which some of their visitors, *world's people*, have kindly obtained patents *as their own*. His superior abilities soon made him the ruling elder of the establishment, which patriarchal office he still maintains, having been styled the elder brother for nearly forty years."

"And this bonny bird!"

"Oh both Terry and Bertha thought it sinful to listen to such cheerful caroling, and would not take it from my mother at all, so it descended to me."

"And what can you think of such a sect?"

"Their order, neatness, and industry, are worthy of great praise. In many instances, their purity of motive, and holiness of life, cannot be doubted."

"I should like much to visit a Shaker village."

"You will have an opportunity during your contemplated journey, of seeing the community at Alfred, and I am sure you will pity them, with all their means and appliances for bodily comfort. They have none of the *cheerfulness* of piety. Those beautiful words, home, wife, child, cannot thrill the heart, and quicken the step of the poor Shaker, after his day of toil. He has shut himself from the blessings and comforts, the *heart-food* our Heavenly Father provided to cheer and refresh his rational offspring."

"And which is preferable, Barrett's isolated state, or Terry's sovereignty?"

"If obliged to choose between them, I think I should rather live like Barrett, for although he has not half the bodily comforts, and no sanctuary for the affections, nothing more worthy of being called *home* than the Shaker, yet he is more unshackled and independent; he is not in bondage to any man, his daily movements and employments are not subject to any other laws than those he finds in the word of God."

"Which he daily violates."

"As how?"

"By not doing all the good he can to his neighbour."

"True, but in censuring him for that, I should condemn myself, and indeed if we wait until without sin ourselves, we shall never cast a stone at the hermit or the Shaker."

ORIHULA.

BY J. TOMLIN, ESQ.

On yesternight awhile the pallid moon,
Orihula,
Was passing thro' her fleecy clouds, at noon,
Orihula,
I saw thee with thy grave-clothes on,
Sitting beneath the cypress' shade, alone,
On the gray moss of a broken stone,
Orihula.

Between you and mine eyes a leaflet hung,
Orihula,
By a single strand from the cobweb strung,
Orihula,
From the spider's nest in the trees among;
And it quivered there, and it quivered long,
As the heart that is by poison stung,
Orihula.

Upon the hand's white palm your head,
Orihula,
Rested a weary on that downy bed,
Orihula,
Like dew on lilies—and you nothing said,
As thy pale lips on soft dew fed:—
Oh! 'tis the nectar for the dead,
Orihula.

And my old love has come again,
Orihula,
In hues as bright as isles Elysian,
Orihula!
The heart's sweet joy, the heart's sad pain,
And all its love has come again,
To flow like streams without a main,
Orihula!

Thou gavest me a lock of hair,
Orihula,
Long ago! Thou badest me wear,
Orihula,
Enshrined within a gem as fair,
As all the gift to me was dear!—
And for thy sake I still it wear,
Orihula!

That lock of hair thou gavest me,
Orihula,
Is all the mortal part of thee,
Orihula,
That liveth; but still on memory
Fore'er thy form will fadeless be,
As first that form appear'd to me,
Orihula.

Jackson, Tenn.

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THE OLD FAMILY MANSION.

A SKETCH FROM DOMESTIC HISTORY.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

It is quite deserted now, that ancient edifice! The garden, once luxuriant with native plants and choice exotics, is now overgrown with noisome weeds and ragged briars. The very dial which marked the march of time, when the sunshine was its chronicler, is broken into fragments, and the green mantle of the pool points out the spot where once the silvery fountain shot high into the bright atmosphere. A mutilated statue of a nymph mourns over her deserted grotto. The box is rusty and untrimmed; the garden gate hangs upon a single hinge; and, in short, the very spirit of desolation seems brooding over this spot, once the Eden of the vicinage.

The house itself tells a sad tale of decay. The roof is green and rank with an unhealthy antiquity, and the damp moss clings to the very weather-beaten shingle. The chanticleer upon the weather-cock, as if stricken with the rheumatism, rarely moves unless the wind has blown from one quarter for some hours, regarding the vagrant zephyrs and inconstant airs with supreme contempt as he shivers on the apex of his rusty rod. To a few of the windows yet cling some time-worn Venetian blinds, but the daring school-boys of several generations have made sad havoc with the glass, so that the wind has free ingress and egress and roars through the empty halls and tenantless chambers like an evil spirit seeking whom it may devour. From the walk in front of the mansion, with its parti-coloured mosaic pavement, to the dilapidated stable in the rear, there is an air of mystery about the premises which piques the curiosity, and, of course, the edifice is not without its ghost. Every village has its haunted house, and why should Brookline be without one?

Be it ours to call up the spirits of the buried family from their dread repose. Some eighty years have passed since this rickety building was in its prime. A great day was that for the villagers of Brookline—the raising of the framework—and though Squire Witherell was reputed to be haughty and purse-proud, the lavish abundance of the table set out on this occasion silenced every murmur, and almost raised the wealthy gentleman to popularity. I call him wealthy, for such he undoubtedly was for that colonial period. Everything about his dwelling betokened it. The deep embrasures of his windows were piled with costly cushions of cut velvet; the oaken chairs were curiously carved and gilded; the tables of massive mahogany were supported upon griffins' claws of the very largest dimensions; and the little round mirrors were brilliant as the silver bucklers of the Saracenic chivalry. But why make an inventory of the pages of my sketch? The library deserves mention, whose volumes were selected by a master mind, whose pictures, few but choice, displayed an artist's taste. An amiable and lovely woman, and two fine boys, with a man and maid-servant, (in those days a liberal allowance for a gentleman's household,) completed the family.

In touching on some prominent features of the old family mansion, I had forgotten to mention one—the treasure-room. Here, guarded by grated windows, and by a double locked door, stowed away in boxes and bags of various sizes, reposed the sum of sixty thousand dollars, then composing a large portion of Mr. Witherell's wealth. Let us accompany him on a nocturnal expedition to this chamber of gold. He has just made a tour of the house, finds that the family are all abed, the fires all extinguished, the bolts all shot, and then he creeps noiselessly, taper and key in either hand, to the depository of his worldly gear. Ah! it would have done you good to see the jolly fat bags, with their plethora of guineas, and the heavy boxes, surfeited with ingots, while I know not how many bills, bonds, and securities, reposed in the secret drawers of an escritoire. Here Squire Witherell used to pass an hour or two of every day, gloating over his possessions and trembling for their security. Yet he was an upright, pious, charitable man;

> "Gave dinners daily to wealth, power, and rank,
> And sixpence every Sunday to the poor."

No military sway was ever more despotic than that which Marmaduke Witherell aimed at in his family. His wife yielded meek obedience, and so did Arthur, the younger and gentler of the brothers; but Hugh, the elder, as he grew to manhood, displayed a fierce and overbearing spirit, which gradually gained an ascendancy over that of his father. When the storm of the revolution rolled its full tide through New England, Hugh Witherell and his father sympathized deeply with the royalists, while the heart of Arthur bled for the sufferings of his country. Had the latter yielded to the earliest impulses of his patriotism, he would have gone forth to the struggle, but the tearful agony of his mother, and the stern commands of his father, compelled him to remain at home. Hugh went forth and joined the royal forces. His

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sword was red with patriot blood at New London, at Brooklyn, and at Camden. He fell at the storming of a redoubt, cursing the rebels with his latest breath. His untimely death cast a deep gloom upon the mind of his father, who from this time appeared under the dominion of a sterner spirit than before.

Though secretly sympathizing with the royal cause, he yet contrived to avoid the reputation of a tory, and on the cessation of hostilities remained at home in peace upon his customary good footing with his neighbours. Arthur, not formerly the favourite of his father, received an unusual share of favour when he became the only son by the misfortune of his brother. At the close of the revolution he embarked in commercial pursuits, abundantly supplied by the wealth and credit of his father.

Not long after commencing business, circumstances compelled young Witherell to visit Philadelphia. He was one evening indulging in a solitary walk, when, chancing to glance at a parlour window, he was struck with the countenance of a young lady of great loveliness. Their eyes encountered. Ardent and romantic, the young man seemed to have arrived at a crisis of his fate. He passed the house, hesitated, and retraced his steps. Again their eyes met. He hurried home and dreamed of the unknown. From that time her image was never absent from his mind. Engaged in business or pleasure, her sweet smile and graceful figure were constantly beside him. His daily walk conducted him past her house, but great was his disappointment at finding the parlour window always vacated. The name of Mercer was inscribed upon the door-plate; but Arthur found, upon inquiry, that, though married, he was childless. This mystery stimulated his fancy, and he found himself deeply in love, though he had cast on the enchantress but a passing glance. They were destined, however, to meet ere long. At a large and brilliant ball, which he attended with reluctance, Arthur was presented to a Miss Emily Ashton, in whom he instantly recognized the object of his romantic attachment. He drank new passion as he gazed upon her innocent blue eyes, the delicate curved lip, the Parian brow, and Medicean contour of her justly rounded figure. To dance with her the whole evening, to tread the floor as if he were moving over roses, to exclaim at the fleeting of time when the cold gray dawn broke in upon the fading lamps and withering roses of the festival, were things of course to a young lover.

How rapidly he sped in his wooing we may gather from the words he addressed to the young lady as he drew her shawl around her polished shoulders.

"My own beloved one! you give me life. Tomorrow then we meet, and the next day, and the next; and soon—oh rapture!—we part no more. Nay, fear not anything untoward, for so do I interpret that sigh. I know my father well; proud, haughty, it may be, but just and considerate. I have but to paint you to him in the colours of truth, and his answer will be approbation. Fear nothing, dearest."

He led her to her carriage, and she returned the pressure of his hand as she stepped lightly to her seat. As the horses bore her away the red sun rolled up from the east and gilded the spires of the city with its golden light; but the shadows fell long and dark upon the pavement.

"Which," exclaimed young Arthur, with something of a melancholy prescience, "which is the symbol of my fate? the sunshine or the shadow?"

He hastened home to write a letter to his father.

—

"Well, dear Arthur, what did your father say?"

The young lover turned a vacant gaze upon her. His countenance was changed; the veins of his forehead swollen; his eyes red as if with recent tears; his dress disordered; all spoke of some overpowering emotion.

"Ask me not, Emily; yet why should I conceal it? Were not your own heart and mine—which always beat in unison—heavy with a dark foreboding? He tells me that he would never trust a young man's choice; that sudden loves make long enmities; that a passion so easily inflamed will speedily burn itself out; and that such will be, nay *shall* be the case with mine; that he will never consent to our union; and that, finally, he has views for me in another quarter; that he has projected an alliance which I must conclude."

"Then, Arthur, we part for ever."

"This from you, Emily!"

"Hear me, dearest. Believe me, no union can be happy which is unsanctioned by the consent of parents. Do we not owe everything to our parents? even the sacrifice of our dearest hopes?"

"You but repeat the sophistry of the designing and selfish. Has a father the right to immolate the purest wishes and noblest desires on the altar of mammon? Has he right to barter soul and body both? I have ever been a dutiful son, but to this point my allegiance will never carry me. And you too, Emily, have you not sworn to be mine through every trial and in every woe? I now call upon you to be faithful to your vow!"

"I am yours, Arthur, now and ever. I have trusted my happiness to your keeping, and you will guard it as a sacred trust."

"Beloved one!" cried the young lover, "let me clasp you to my heart; and here, as I imprint the first kiss upon those lips, I swear to protect you, even unto death."

—

Marmaduke Witherell was seated in the Gothic library of the old family mansion. The rays of a study lamp which fell upon his features showed them pale, but stern and resolute. His teeth were set and he held the pen with a firm grasp.

"Pursue him to the utmost rigour of the law," so ran part of his epistle. "Demand immediate payment of those notes. I disown him; he is no

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longer my son; he has voluntarily embraced his ruin."

This letter was to Witherell's solicitor, and set in operation the fell enginery of the law. Blow after blow fell upon the devoted head of Arthur, who could still exclaim with Jaffier:

"But yet I am in love, and pleased with ruin."

His situation now became desperate. His means of living had been torn from him, and he beheld a new claimant upon his protection in a lovely female infant, and his heart sank within him. What could he do?

"Go to your father," said his weeping partner. "Tell him our fears and our distresses. His heart cannot be wholly hardened against you, and perhaps he will forgive you, if you tell him I am dying."

"Do not speak thus," said Arthur, clasping her in his arms, "or my heart will break. No, no, dearest, you shall live, live to see better times. *Le bon temps viendra.*"

And with these consolatory words he sought the old family mansion. The aged servant who answered his summons to the door dared not express his delight at seeing him; it would have been as much as his place was worth. He was shown into the library to await the coming of his father. The old gentleman was not long in making his appearance. Arthur sprang up to meet him, but Marmaduke folded his arms upon his breast and bowed loftily and coldly.

"What are your commands, sir?" he inquired.

"I come," faltered Arthur, "to lay my desperate situation before you; in plain terms, to ask your assistance."

"After having rejected my advice; after having embraced the ruin I forewarned you of; you come as a beggar to ask me to drag you out of your difficulties. Upon my word, sir, you are modest."

"I ask for justice. I grant that you established me in business; but I was led to believe that, in any event, time would be allowed before I was called to account for my capital. You ungenerously pressed upon me, ruined me."

"Have you anything further to advance? I am impatient, sir."

"Father, can you shut your heart against me? will you not give me aid?"

"Not a farthing, were it to save you from starvation."

"Will you not see my poor Emily, for whom I braved your displeasure?"

"Never! Dare you propose such an interview?"

"Then, sir, hear my last request. Before I go forth to buffet with the hard, hard world—go forth without your blessing too—let me see my poor mother. I know her heart yearns towards me; never an unkind word passed between us; I was the very light of her life. You cannot deny us a moment's interview."

"Hence!" exclaimed Marmaduke, in a tone of passion. "You have cursed my sight too long. I loved you once; I reared you; I furnished you with money; I made you all that you are; and you were ungrateful."

"No, father, not ungrateful. But no matter; my mother's heart will tell her how I yearn for her sight, and how I load her name with blessings. Farewell, sir; there will come a time when your own heart will be your punishment."

And these were the last words of Arthur ever heard in the Old Family Mansion. His wife had an uncle established in the West Indies, and thither the devoted and unhappy pair went. But the constant shocks of misfortune had undermined the health of Emily, and she was soon carried to a premature grave, whither—and let this be recorded with due deliberation—her heart-broken husband followed her in the course of a fortnight. On learning these events, the heart of the worldly Marmaduke was stricken, and, though he concealed his remorse even from the wife of his bosom, he sent for the child of the loving and wretched pair, to educate and rear. He found her beautiful and winning, and his affections soon centred in the child. Her infantile grace and angelic beauty flung a spell over the old family mansion. Her cheery laugh sounded musically and strangely as it echoed along the old chambers and the paved gallery. She grew up and married, and now a portion of the ancient edifice was allotted for her dwelling, together with a liberal dowry taken from the treasure-room. But there was one peculiarity observable in the conduct of Marmaduke towards his *protegé*, he always called her his *niece*. That he deeply repented his conduct towards his unhappy son was evident from the rapidity with which he declined towards the close of his life. At length his mind failed him. At times he passed hours in his treasure-chamber, listlessly counting his gold, or seated by the chimney corner, muttering and singing to himself.

One winter his faculties seemed to revive, and as Christmas approached he entered into all the gaieties of that season of festivity with spirit. On Christmas day he was engaged to dine with his grand-daughter and her husband. The latter had just received from his wife's West Indian relative a present of two full length portraits by Copley, which were now to be displayed in the dining-room for the first time. They represented the ill-fated Arthur and Emily in their bridal garments.

Old Marmaduke dressed himself in great state. He appeared with powdered hair, a brown satin coat, and white underdress. His hands, of which he was particularly proud, absolutely blazed with jewels. His lofty manner was tempered by a smile of benignancy, and though his step tottered with infirmity, his eye shone with something of its original brilliancy and intelligence. The dinner passed off gaily: the cloth was removed. Marmaduke filled his glass to the brim, and the rest followed his example. He then rose, supporting himself by the table. It was then apparent that his mind was wandering, his eyes roamed restlessly around the table, as if they missed some familiar objects.

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"A happy Christmas to you all!" he faltered. "Happy Christmas! But are you all here? My old eyes are dim—dim—failing fast—*where's Arthur?* Where's Hugh? Oh! I forgot, he lies in a bloody grave, with a rebel's bayonet rusting in his bosom. His memory!" At this moment his eyes rested on the face of Arthur's portrait, his faculties made a desperate attempt to rally, he appeared to recognise the likeness, and to confound it with the original; he raised his glass to the image, waved it, a smile curved his lips, and with the words "all here! I'm satisfied!" his spirit passed away. There was Death in the *Old Family Mansion.*

THE LONE ONE.

BY J. A. SWAN.

Upon their soft, sweet sighing harps
  The morning breezes sing,
And with the warbling sparrows' notes
  The woods and meadows ring;
Bright flowers ope their dewy cups
  As night's dark shadows flee;
But not for me thus Nature smiles—
  'Tis not, 'tis not for me.

The golden sun from Heaven looks down
  With cheering in its ray,
And seems to whisper as it shines,
  Be happy while ye may:
I hear the glad laugh on the hill,
  The merry forms I see;
But not for me those joys are given—
  'Tis not, 'tis not for me.

One form there was, one angel form,
  Pure as the Heaven's bright ray,
Whose smiles were sunshine to my heart,
  And cheered life's lonely way;
But now, the grass waves o'er her grave,
  Beneath the willow tree;
'Twas not for me she lived on earth—
  'Twas not, 'twas not for me.

But when I see the evening sky
  Writ o'er with shining light,
My glad soul spurns this world of clay,
  And takes a higher flight;
It sees beyond that starry main,
  Above the placid blue,
A land of bliss, a home of love,
  An Heavenly Father too,
Who tells me with a parent's voice
  That I again may see,
May love her fondly there, and find
  It is a Home for me.

Lowell, 1842.

A SKETCH OF THE SEASON AND ITS CHANGES.

A stroll some two months since the fields along,
  Or through the woods in their autumnal dress,
Or where the rushing waters leap and throng—
  Roaring and bounding onward fathomless;
Or where the birds a farewell song have given,
  A heartfelt chant before they journey forth
Their annual flight, by storm and tempest driven,
  To milder climes far from the snowy North.

Or led, by chance perhaps, to some rude hut,
  Wherein the hoary axeman long hath dwelt,
Whose piercing eye to light has long been shut,
  And whose bright locks the frost of age have felt;—
These, and the recollections they shall call
  Of summer's verdure and the spring of life,
Bespeak a Power Supreme that governs all,
  And make us *feel* decay, alas! so rife.

So rife indeed to me—a short time gone,
  And health and summer bloomed around my path,
And all the glory of a hope that shone
  Most brightly forth, unknown of future wrath;
But now the winds of winter freeze unmoved,
  Drooping to earth the brightness of the past;
And one by one the friends I knew and loved,
  Are chilled away by each succeeding blast.

Philadelphia.

Why e'en the childhood home I loved so well—
  The birthplace of my hopes, a sacred spot;
When thoughts of it did in my bosom swell,
  I hastened there—alas! I knew it not—
The universal change had passed not by,
  But left a saddening impress of its sway;
The very trees whose whispering minstrelsy
  Delighted my young days, were swept away.

The stream whose wonted course I searched in vain
  Was swallowed up, they said, by *man's* device!
Its lovely walks I would have trod again,
  But none were there to greet my wistful eyes;
The winding road that pointed to the gate
  Wherefrom, in youthful days, I loved to gaze
Upon the clear blue sky, the stars of state,
  The full-orbed moon that seem'd to me a blaze,

All, all were gone:—I looked around, above—
  I felt bewildered, thought of Time's career—
I look'd again—the same stars seem'd to move;
  Ah! then methought, alas! *the change is here!*
I turned to where Hesperus once had shone,
  And found her still as in the days of yore;
And thought was kept above, for there alone
  Unchangeable, is boundless hope in store.

S. H. B.

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LETTER FROM UNDER A BRIDGE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

TO THE UNKNOWN PURCHASER AND NEXT OCCUPANT OF GLENMARY.

SIR:—In selling you the dew and sunshine ordained to fall hereafter on this bright spot of earth —the waters on their way to this sparkling brook, —the tints mixed for the flowers of that enamelled meadow, and the songs bidden to be sung in coming summers by the feathery builders in Glenmary, I know not whether to wonder more at the omnipotence of money, or at my own impertinent audacity toward Nature. How can you *buy* the right to exclude at will every other creature made in God's image from sitting by this brook, treading on that carpet of flowers, or lying listening to the birds in the shade of these glorious trees—how I can *sell* it you, is a mystery not understood by the Indian, and dark, I must say, to me.

"Lord of the soil," is a title which conveys your privileges but poorly. You are master of waters flowing at this moment, perhaps, in a river of Judea, or floating in clouds over some spicy island of the tropics, bound hither after many changes. There are lilies and violets ordered for you in millions, acres of sunshine in daily instalments, and dew nightly in proportion. There are throats to be tuned with song, and wings to be painted with red and gold, blue and yellow; thousands of them, and all tributaries to you. Your corn is ordered to be sheathed in silk, and lifted high to the sun. Your grain is to be duly bearded and stemmed. There is perfume distilling for your clover, and juices for your grasses and fruits. Ice will be here for your wine, shade for your refreshment at noon, breezes and showers and snow-flakes; all in their season, and all "deed-ed" to you for forty dollars the acre! Gods! what a copyhold of property for a fallen world!

Mine has been but a short lease of this lovely and well-endowed domain, (the duration of a smile of fortune, five years, scarce longer than a five-act play;) but as in a play we sometimes live through a life, it seems to me that I have lived a life at Glenmary. Allow me this, and then you must allow me the privilege of those who, at the close of life, leave something behind them: that of writing out my *will*. Though I depart *this* life, I would fain, like others, extend my ghostly hand into the future, and if wings are to be borrowed or stolen where I go, you may rely on my hovering around and haunting you, in visitations not restricted by cock-crowing.

Trying to look at Glenmary through your eyes, sir, I see too plainly that I have not shaped my ways as if expecting a successor in my lifetime. I did not, I am free to own. I thought to have shuffled off my mortal coil tranquilly here; flitting at last in company with some troop of my autumn leaves, or some bevy of spring blossoms, or with the snow in the thaw; my tenants at my back, as a landlord may say. I have counted on a life interest in the trees, trimming them accordingly; and in the squirrels and birds, encouraging them to chatter and build and fear nothing; no guns permitted on the premises.* I have had my will of this beautiful stream. I have carved the woods into a shape of my liking. I have propagated the despised sumach and the persecuted hemlock and "pizen laurel." And "no end to the weeds dug up and set out again," as one of my neighbours delivers himself. I have built a bridge over Glenmary brook which the town looks to have kept up by "the place," and we have plied free ferry over the river, I and my man Tom, till the neighbours, from daily saving of the two miles round, have got the trick of it. And betwixt the aforesaid Glenmary brook and a certain muddy and plebeian gutter formerly permitted to join company with, and pollute it, I have procured a divorce at much trouble and pains, a guardian duty entailed of course on my successor.

First of all, sir, let me plead for the old trees of Glenmary! Ah! those friendly old trees! The cottage stands belted in with them, a thousand visible from the door, and of stems and branches worthy of the great valley of the Susquehannah. For how much music played without thanks am I indebted to those leaf-organs of changing tone? for how many whisperings of thought breathed like oracles into my ear? for how many new shapes of beauty moulded in the leaves by the wind? for how much companionship, solace and welcome? Steadfast and constant is the countenance of such friends, God be praised for their staid welcome and sweet fidelity! If I love them better than some things human, it is no fault of ambitiousness in the trees. They stand where they did. But in recoiling from mankind, one may find them the next kindliest things, and be glad of dumb friendship. Spare those old trees, gentle sir!

In the smooth walk which encircles the meadow betwixt that solitary Olympian sugar-maple and the margin of the river, dwells a portly and venerable toad; who (if I may venture to bequeath you my friends) must be commended to your kindly consideration. Though a squatter, he was noticed in our first rambles along the stream, five years since, for his ready civility in yielding the way, not hurriedly, however, nor with an obsequiousness un-

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becoming a republican, but deliberately and just enough; sitting quietly on the grass till our passing by gave him room again on the warm and trodden ground. Punctually after the April cleansing of the walk, this jewelled *habitué*, from his indifferent lodgings hard by, emerges to take his pleasure in the sun; and there, at any hour when a gentleman is likely to be abroad, you may find him, patient on his *os coccygis*, or vaulting to his asylum of high grass. This year, he shows, I am grieved to remark, an ominous obesity, likely to render him obnoxious to the female eye, and with the trimness of his shape, has departed much of that measured alacrity which first won our regard. He presumes a little on your allowance for old age; and with this pardonable weakness growing upon him, it seems but right that his position and standing should be tenderly made known to any new comer on the premises. In the cutting of the next grass, slice me not up my fat friend, sir! nor set your cane down heedlessly in his modest domain. He is "mine ancient," and I would fain do him a good turn with you.

For my spoilt family of squirrels, sir, I crave nothing but immunity from powder and shot. They require coaxing to come on the same side of the tree with you, and though saucy to me, I observe that they commence acquaintance invariably with a safe mistrust. One or two of them have suffered, it is true, from too hasty a confidence in my greyhound Maida, but the beauty of that gay fellow was a trap against which nature had furnished them with no warning instinct! (A fact, sir, which would prettily point a moral!) The large hickory on the edge of the lawn, and the black walnut over the shoulder of the flower-garden, have been, through my dynasty, sanctuaries inviolate for squirrels. I pray you, sir, let them not be "reformed out," under your administration.

Of our feathered connections and friends, we are most bound to a pair of Phebe birds and a merry Bob-o'Lincoln, the first occupying the top of the young maple near the door of the cottage, and the latter executing his bravuras upon the clump of elder-bushes in the meadow, though in common with many a gay plumaged gallant like himself, his whereabout after dark, is a mystery. He comes every year from his rice plantation in Florida to pass the summer at Glenmary. Pray keep him safe from percussion-caps, and let no urchin with a long pole poke down our trusting Phebes; annuals in that same tree for three summers. There are humming-birds, too, whom we have complimented and looked sweet upon, but they cannot be identified from morning to morning. And there is a golden oriole who sings through May on a dogwood tree by the brook-side, but he has fought shy of our crumbs and coaxing, and let him go! We are mates for his betters, with all his gold livery! With these reservations, sir, I commend the birds to your friendship and kind keeping.

And now, sir, I have nothing else to ask, save only your watchfulness over the small nook reserved from this large purchase of seclusion and loveliness. In the shady depths of the small glen above you, among wild-flowers and music, the music of the brook babbling over rocky steps, is a spot sacred to love and memory. Keep it inviolate, and as much of the happiness of Glenmary as we can leave behind, stay with you for recompense!

Yours with respect,

N. P. Willis.

* Pardon me, woodcocks. We *do* shoot woodcocks. Whether it is my natural enmity to a *long bill*, or that my bowels for woodcocks are not "bowels of compassion," these are the sole outlaws of Glenmary.

DREAM ON.

Dream on in life's bright, rosy ray,
When hope is deck'd with flowers,
And all is gladsome as the ray
That shines o'er beauty's bowers:
Dream on.

Dream on when riper years have come,
O'ershading with their wings
Each idol of the heart's deep home
To which the memory clings:
Dream on.

Dream on amid each scene of bliss
When beauty rules the hour,
And life seems like a bridal kiss
Beneath that magic power:
Dream on.

Dream on despite the coming years
That hasten to destroy,
And bury 'mid the march of tears
All traces of our joy:
Dream on.

Dream on—upon the waking soul
Hope's rainbow hues are cast,
And waves of blissful sunlight roll
Upon the darksome past:
Dream on.

Dream on—the world's rich scenes at best
Are tints of fancy's ray,
And they are most supremely blest
Who dream it all away:
Dream on.

Camden, S. C. D. S.

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A RAINY EVENING.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. C. LEE HENTZ.

A PLEASANT little group was gathered round uncle Ned's domestic hearth. He sat on one side of the fire-place, opposite aunt Mary, who, with her book in her hand, watched the children seated at the table, some reading, others sewing, all occupied, but one, a child "of larger growth," a young lady, who, being a guest of the family, was suffered to indulge in the pleasure of idleness without reproof.

"Oh! I *love* a rainy evening," said little Ann, looking up from her book, and meeting her mother's smiling glance, "it is so nice to sit by a good fire and hear the rain pattering against the windows. Only I pity the poor people who have no house to cover them, to keep off the rain and the cold."

"And I love a rainy evening too," cried George, a boy of about twelve. "I can study so much better. My thoughts stay at home, and don't keep rambling out after the bright moon and stars. My heart feels warmer, and I really believe I love every body better than I do when the weather is fair."

Uncle Ned smiled and gave the boy an approving pat on the shoulder. Every one smiled but the young lady, who, with a languid, discontented air, now played with a pair of scissors, now turned over the leaves of a book, then with an ill suppressed yawn, leaned idly on her elbow and looked into the fire.

"And what do you think of a rainy evening, Elizabeth?" asked uncle Ned. "I should like to hear your opinion also."

"I think it over dull and uninteresting indeed," answered she. "I always feel so stupid, I can hardly keep myself awake—one cannot go abroad, or hope to see company at home; and one gets so tired of seeing the same faces all the time. I cannot imagine what George and Ann see to admire so much in a disagreeable rainy evening like this."

"Supposing I tell you a story to enliven you," said uncle Ned.

"Oh! yes, father, please tell us a story," exclaimed the children simultaneously.

Little Ann was perched upon his knee as if by magic, and even Elizabeth moved her chair, as if excited to some degree of interest. George still held his book in his hand, but his bright eyes, sparkling with unusual animation, were riveted upon his uncle's face.

"I am going to tell you a story about a *rainy evening*," said uncle Ned.

"Oh! that will be *so* pretty!" cried Ann, clapping her hands; but Elizabeth's countenance fell below zero. It was an ominous annunciation.

"Yes," continued uncle Ned, "a rainy evening. But though clouds darker than those which now mantle the sky were lowering abroad, and the rain fell heavier and faster, the rainbow of my life was drawn most beautifully on those dark clouds, and its fair colours still shine most lovely on the sight. It is no longer, however, the bow of promise, but the realization of my fondest dreams."

George saw his uncle cast an expressive glance towards the handsome matron in the opposite corner, whose colour perceptibly heightened, and he could not forbear exclaiming—

"Ah! aunt Mary is blushing. I understand uncle's metaphor. *She* is his rainbow, and he thinks life one long rainy day."

"Not exactly so. I mean your last conclusion. But don't interrupt me, my boy, and you shall hear a lesson, which, young as you are, I trust you will never forget. When I was a young man I was thought quite handsome—"

"Pa is as pretty as he can be now," interrupted little Ann, passing her hand fondly over his manly cheek.

Uncle Ned was not displeased with the compliment, for he pressed her closer to him while he continued—

"Well, when I was young, I was of a gay spirit and a great favourite in society. The young ladies liked me for a partner in the dance, at the chess board, or the evening walk, and I had reason to think several of them would have made no objection to take me as a partner for life. Among all my young acquaintances, there was no one, whose companionship was so pleasing, as that of a maiden whose name was Mary. Now, there are a great many Marys in the world, so you must not take it for granted I mean your mother or aunt. At any rate you must not look so significant, till I have finished my story. Mary was a sweet and lovely girl—with a current of cheerfulness running through her disposition, that made music as it flowed. It was an under current, however, always gentle and kept within its legitimate channel; never overflowing into boisterous mirth or unmeaning levity. She was the only daughter of her mother, *and she a widow*. Mrs. Carlton, such was her mother's name, was in lowly circumstances, and Mary had none of the appliances of wealth and fashion to decorate her person, or gild her home. A very modest competency was all her

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portion, and she wished for nothing more. I have seen her, in a simple white dress, without a single ornament, unless it was a natural rose, transcend all the gaudy belles, who sought by the attractions of dress to win the admiration of the multitude. But alas! for poor human nature! One of these dashing belles so fascinated my attention, that the gentle Mary was for a while forgotten. Theresa Vane was indeed a rare piece of mortal mechanism. Her figure was the perfection of beauty, and she moved as if strung upon wires, so elastic and springing were her gestures. I never saw such lustrous hair—it was perfectly black, and shone like burnished steel; and then such ringlets! How they waved and rippled down her beautiful neck! She dressed with the most exquisite taste, delicacy and neatness, and whatever she wore, assumed a peculiar grace and fitness, as if art loved to adorn what nature made so fair. But what charmed me most, was the sunshiny smile that was always waiting to light up her countenance. To be sure, she sometimes laughed a little too loud, but then her laugh was so musical and her teeth so white, it was impossible to believe her guilty of rudeness, or want of grace. Often, when I saw her in the social circle, so brilliant and smiling, the life and charm of every thing around her, I thought how happy the constant companionship of such a being would make me—what brightness she would impart to the fireside of home—what light, what joy to the darkest scenes of existence!"

"Oh! uncle," interrupted George laughing, "if I were aunt Mary, I would not let you praise any other lady so warmly. You are so taken up with her beauty, you have forgotten all about the rainy evening."

Aunt Mary smiled, but it is more than probable, that George really touched one of the hidden springs of her woman's heart, for she looked down and said nothing.

"Don't be impatient," said uncle Ned, "and you shall not be cheated out of your story. I began it for Elizabeth's sake, rather than yours, and I see she is wide awake. She thinks I was by this time more than half in love with Theresa Vane, and she thinks more than half right. There had been a great many parties of pleasure, riding parties, sailing parties, and talking parties; and summer slipped by, almost unconsciously. At length the autumnal equinox approached, and gathering clouds, north-eastern gales and drizzling rains, succeeded to the soft breezes, mellow skies and glowing sunsets, peculiar to that beautiful season. For two or three days I was confined within doors by the continuous rains, and I am sorry to confess it, but the blue devils actually got complete possession of me—one strided upon my nose, another danced on the top of my head, one pinched my ear, and another turned somersets on my chin. You laugh, little Nanny; but they are terrible creatures, these blue gentlemen, and I could not endure them any longer. So the third rainy evening, I put on my over-coat, buttoned it up to my chin, and taking my umbrella in my hand, set out in the direction of Mrs. Vane's. 'Here,' thought I, as my fingers pressed the latch, 'I shall find the moonlight smile, that will illumine the darkness of my night—the dull vapours will disperse before her radiant glance, and this interminable equinoctial storm be transformed into a mere vernal shower, melting away in sunbeams in her presence.' My gentle knock not being apparently heard, I stepped into the ante-room, set down my umbrella, took off my drenched over-coat, arranged my hair in the most graceful manner, and, claiming a privilege, to which perhaps I had no legitimate right, opened the door of the family sitting room, and found myself in the presence of the beautiful Theresa—"

Here uncle Ned made a provoking pause.

"Pray go on." "How was she drest?" "And was she glad to see you?" assailed him on every side.

"How was she drest!" repeated he. "I am not very well skilled in the technicalities of a lady's wardrobe, but I can give you the general impression of her personal appearance. In the first place, there was a jumping up and an offhand sliding step towards an opposite door, as I entered; but a disobliging chair was in the way, and I was making my lowest bow, before she found an opportunity of disappearing. Confused and mortified, she scarcely returned my salutation, while Mrs. Vane offered me a chair, and expressed, in somewhat dubious terms, their gratification at such an unexpected pleasure. I have no doubt Theresa wished me at the bottom of the frozen ocean, if I might judge by the freezing glances she shot at me through her long lashes. She sat uneasily in her chair, trying to conceal her slip-shod shoes, and furtively arranging her dress about the shoulders and waist. It was a most rebellious subject, for the body and skirt were at open warfare, refusing to have any communion with each other. Where was the graceful shape I had so much admired? In vain I sought its exquisite outlines in the folds of that loose, slovenly robe. Where were those glistening ringlets and burnished locks that had so lately rivalled the tresses of Medusa? Her hair was put in tangled bunches behind her ears, and tucked up behind in a kind of Gordian knot, which would have required the sword of an Alexander to untie. Her frock was a soiled and dingy silk, with trimmings of sallow blonde, and a faded fancy handkerchief was thrown over one shoulder.

"'You have caught me completely *en déshabillé*,' said she, recovering partially from her embarrassment; 'but the evening was so rainy, and no one but mother and myself, I never dreamed of such an exhibition of gallantry as this.'

"She could not disguise her vexation, with all her efforts to conceal it, and Mrs. Vane evidently shared her daughter's chagrin. I was wicked enough to enjoy their confusion, and never appeared more at my ease, or played the agreeable with more signal success. I was disenchanted at

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once, and my mind revelled in its recovered freedom. My goddess had fallen from the pedestal on which my imagination had enthroned her, despoiled of the beautiful drapery which had imparted to her such ideal loveliness. I knew that I was a favourite in the family, for I was wealthy and independent, and perhaps of all Theresa's admirers, what the world would call the best match. I maliciously asked her to play on the piano, but she made a thousand excuses, studiously keeping back the true reason, her disordered attire. I asked her to play a game of chess, but 'she had a headache; she was too stupid; she never *could* do anything on a *rainy evening*.'

"At length I took my leave, inwardly blessing the moving spirit which had led me abroad that night, that the spell which had so long enthralled my senses might be broken. Theresa called up one of her lambent smiles as I bade her adieu.

"'Never call again on a rainy evening,' said she sportively; 'I am always so wretchedly dull. I believe I was born to live among the sunbeams, the moonlight, and the stars. Clouds will never do for me.'

"'Amen,' I silently responded, as I closed the door. While I was putting on my coat, I overheard, without the smallest intention of listening, a passionate exclamation from Theresa.

"'Good heavens, mother! was there ever anything so unlucky? I never thought of seeing my neighbour's *dog* to-night. If I have not been completely caught!'

"'I hope you will mind my advice next time,' replied her mother, in a grieved tone. 'I told you not to sit down in that slovenly dress. I have no doubt you have lost him for ever.'

"Here I made good my retreat, not wishing to enter the *penetralia* of family secrets.

"The rain still continued unabated, but my social feelings were very far from being damped. I had the curiosity to make another experiment. The evening was not very far advanced, and as I turned from Mrs. Vane's fashionable mansion, I saw a modest light glimmering in the distance, and I hailed it as the shipwrecked mariner hails the star that guides him o'er ocean's foam to the home he has left behind. Though I was gay and young, and a passionate admirer of beauty, I had very exalted ideas of domestic felicity. I knew that there was many a rainy day in life, and I thought the companion who was born alone for sunbeams and moonlight, would not aid me to dissipate their gloom. I had, moreover, a shrewd suspicion, that the daughter who thought it a sufficient excuse for shameful personal neglect, that there was no one present but her *mother*, would, as a wife, be equally regardless of a *husband's* presence. While I pursued these reflections my feet involuntarily drew nearer and more near to the light, which had been the loadstone of my opening manhood. I had continued to meet Mary in the gay circles I frequented, but I had lately become almost a stranger to her home. 'Shall I be a welcome guest?' said I to myself as I crossed the threshold. 'Shall I find her *en déshabillé* likewise, and discover that feminine beauty and grace are incompatible with a rainy evening?' I heard a sweet voice reading aloud as I opened the door, and I knew it was the voice which was once music to my ears. Mary rose at my entrance, laying her book quietly on the table, and greeted me with a modest grace and self-possession peculiar to herself. She looked surprised, a little embarrassed, but very far from being displeased. She made no allusion to my estrangement or neglect; expressed no astonishment at my untimely visit, nor once hinted that, being alone with her mother and not anticipating visitors, she thought it unnecessary to wear the habiliments of a *lady*. Never in my life had I seen her look so lovely. Her dress was perfectly plain, but every fold was arranged by the hand of the graces. Her dark-brown hair, which had a natural wave in it, now uncurled by the dampness, was put back in smooth ringlets from her brow, revealing a face which did not consider its beauty wasted because a mother's eye alone rested on its bloom. A beautiful cluster of autumnal roses, placed in a glass vase on the table, perfumed the apartment, and a bright blaze on the hearth diffused a spirit of cheerfulness around, while it relieved the atmosphere of its excessive moisture. Mrs. Carlton was an invalid, and suffered also from an inflammation of the eyes. Mary had been reading aloud to her from her favourite book. What do you think it was? It was a very old-fashioned one indeed. No other than the Bible. And Mary was not ashamed to have such a fashionable young gentleman as I then was see what her occupation had been. What a contrast to the scene I had just quitted! How I loathed myself for the infatuation which had led me to prefer the artificial graces of a belle to this pure child of nature. I drew my chair to the table, and entreated that they would not look upon me as a stranger, but as a friend, anxious to be restored to the forfeited privileges of an old acquaintance. I was understood in a moment, and, without a single reproach, was admitted again to confidence and familiarity. The hours I had wasted with Theresa seemed a kind of mesmeric slumber, a blank in my existence, or, at least, a feverish dream. 'What do you think of a rainy evening, Mary?' asked I, before I left her.

"'I love it of all things,' replied she, with animation. 'There is something so home-drawing, so heart-knitting in its influence. The dependencies which bind us to the world seem withdrawn; and, retiring within ourselves, we learn more of the deep mysteries of our own being.'

"Mary's soul beamed from her eye as it turned, with a transient obliquity, towards heaven. She paused, as if fearful of unsealing the fountains of her heart. I said that Mrs. Carlton was an invalid, and consequently retired early to her chamber; but I lingered till a late hour, nor did I go till I had made a full confession of my folly, repentance, and

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awakened love; and, as Mary did not shut the door in my face, you may imagine she was not sorely displeased."

"Ah! I know who Mary was. I knew all the time," exclaimed George, looking archly at aunt Mary. A bright tear, which at that moment fell into her lap, showed, that, though a silent, she was no uninterested auditor.

"You hav'n't done, father," said little Ann, in a disappointed tone; "I thought you were going to tell a story. You have been talking about yourself all the time."

"I have been something of an egotist, to be sure, my little girl, but I wanted to show my dear young friend here how much might depend upon a rainy evening. Life is not made all of sunshine. The happiest and most prosperous must have their seasons of gloom and darkness, and woe be to those from whose souls no rays of brightness emanate to gild those darkened hours. I bless the God of the rain as well as the sunshine. I can read His mercy and His love, as well in the tempest, whose wings obscure the visible glories of His creation, as in the splendour of the rising sun, or the soft dews that descend after his setting radiance. I began with a metaphor. I said a rainbow was drawn on the clouds that lowered on that eventful day, and that it still continued to shine with undiminished beauty. Woman, my children, was sent by God, to be the rainbow of man's darker destiny. From the glowing red, emblematic of that love which warms and gladdens his existence, to the violet melting into the blue of heaven, symbolical of the faith which links him to a purer world, her blending virtues, mingling with each other in beautiful harmony, are a token of God's mercy here, and an earnest of future blessings in those regions where no *rainy evenings* ever come to obscure the brightness of eternal day."

HYMN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Being of Power!—at whose command
  This earth from chaos came,
The moon uprear'd her silver wand,
  The sun, his disk of flame,

And worlds on worlds unnumber'd, roll'd
  The vaulted heavens along,
And still through hoary ages hold
  Unchang'd their spheric song.

Being of Love!—from whom each plant
  The gift of life receives,
To whom each infant tendril turns
  Ere round its prop it weaves;

From whom the slightest winged seed
  That on the gale is borne,
Doth gain the root that stirs the mould,
  The bud that greets the morn;

To whom, when arid skies deny
  The showers its veins that feed,
The little, parching hand is spread
  For pity in its need;

To whom the proudly glorious flower,
  That in the tropic glows,
And the half naked pines that quake,
  Amid the arctic snows,

Alike, for kind protection turn,
  When storms their home invade,
And from thy wisdom learn the time
  To flourish, or to fade,

Instructed that this passing scene,
  Howe'er by fortune blest,
Hath naught whereon the ethereal mind
  Well satisfied may rest.,

Taught by the sunbeam and the cloud,
  By all our hopes and fears,
Our truest treasures here,—are griefs,
  Our wisest teachers,—tears.

Father and Friend! since names so dear
  Thou to our race dost deign,
Who like the shadow fleet away,
  And ne'er return again—

Forget us not,—amid the souls
  Who since Creation's morn,
Myriad on myriad, host on host,
  Were at thy footstool born.

Forget us not, when call'd to change
  This life, to which we cling,
And o'er the deep, eternal gulf
  Unfold an awe-struck wing.

Forget us not, our Sire and Judge,
  Who to Thy mercy flee,
And make our every thought a prayer,
  Until we come to Thee.

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THE LAST DAYS OF LIFE.

BY MISS M. A. FAIRMAN.

"Does she sleep?" whispered Mary Canning, as she stepped lightly into the chamber of her sick friend.

Mrs. Mowbray shook her head sadly, and the patient sufferer softly replied, "No, Mary, my thoughts have been too busy. I have been pondering upon the home whither I am going. Home! what delightful emotions are kindled at the word! how many pleasant associations cluster around it! even an earthly home, a transient resting-place; but mine is a house not made with hands; a mansion prepared by my blessed Saviour himself, eternal in the heavens."

Mary pressed her trembling lips to the white forehead of her friend, and as she did so Ellen felt a tear drop there. She raised her eyes to the sympathizing face bent over her and said tenderly, "Dear Mary, I would not grieve you or my mother; but these happy thoughts so filled my heart I could not forbear to express them."

"Do not forbear, my love," replied Mrs. Mowbray. "Your words are full of consolation."

"Dearest mother, what a relief! How often have I longed to pour out my full heart to you, and restrained myself lest it should add to your sorrow. But why should a Christian mother mourn because her child is going home before her; because the gracious Father of both sees fit to remove it first from the pollutions and troubles of the world to His own pure, and blessed, and glorious dwelling-place."

"Ah! my dear child; reason or religion cannot silence the voice of nature," said Mrs. Mowbray in a tremulous voice.

Ellen looked fondly towards her, and a tear dimmed her eye. "I know it, dearest mother; whilst I suffer your heart must ache. But when our Father in Heaven has done all for me which your love and sympathy could not do; when He has given me strength for weakness, ease for pain, joy for mourning, a crown of glory that fadeth not away for the passing illusions of earth; and made me perfect in holiness as well as in happiness, then you will not weep for me."

"Even then we could not forbear to weep," said Mary, with a quivering lip, "for you would not be with us."

"Ah! Mary, that would be a selfish sorrow. Besides, the parting will be short—we shall meet again so soon." Ellen drooped her head more heavily upon the pillow which was upon the back of her easy chair and continued silent a long time. A pale pink spot in either cheek finely contrasted with the exquisite purity of her complexion; her eyes had the strange unearthly brightness peculiar to consumption; and to the usually sweet expression of her face was added one so serene, so peaceful, that it seemed as if the love and happiness of Heaven already dwelt in her heart. Mary thought as she looked upon her she had never seen anything so beautiful.

"Life wastes slowly, very slowly," she said at length, in a low soft voice. "I trust I am not impatient. I am sure I would not put away a single suffering my Father sees needful for me. I would not have the slightest wish at variance with His will, but would resign all to His wisdom and care, just as confidingly as the infant resigns itself to its mother's arms. Mine has been a happy life; till this illness it was one long bright summer's day; and it is happy even now, my Father deals so gently with me, and His grace imparts such peace, such hope to my heart."

A few mornings after, when Mary, as usual, came in to spend the day with her, she was painfully struck by the change in her appearance. Ellen held out her hand with her accustomed smile of welcome, and faintly murmured "I was about to send for you, Mary. The last conflict, I think, is near."

"You do not fear it; you do not shrink from it," Mary replied, gently pressing the hand she held.

"No, Mary, no. I know not what is before me; whether severe suffering, or a gentle departure. I know not whether my Saviour's presence shall go with me, and the light of his countenance disperse every shadow which rests on the dark valley, or whether it shall be permitted to gather blackness, and His blessed presence be withheld; but I can trust Him; I know he will do all things well."

"Oh! how good is God," she said after a little pause, "to give me such faith, such trust. Nothing else would answer now; nothing else could give me a moment's peace; this gives perfect peace. I am utterly helpless—helpless every way—I cannot procure for myself so much as a drop of water to moisten my parched lips; but I have no fears, no anxieties. I can trust my mother and my Mary; you will not suffer me to want. Oh! how much more I can trust my Father in Heaven! Your power is limited; you cannot do all you would; but His, oh! who can measure or comprehend it! He can supply all my wants. What happiness to give away all my cares to Him; to hang helpless, yet trusting, upon his sustaining arm; to feel that this faith, so precious, so cheering, is His gift; to think I shall soon, very soon, see Him as He is, 'and know, even as I am known.'

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"Yes, faith and hope shall soon give place to perfect knowledge, perfect happiness; but their sister grace never faileth. Even here, if kindled in the bosom, it consumes the dross, and purifies the heart from every selfish earthly passion. Pride, envy, jealousy, anger, and all unkindness, melt away before it. It expands the heart and makes room there for all the brotherhood of man; all, all, Mary, the poorest and most despised. It even gathers in its golden circlet the whole intelligent creation, and sends up earnest aspirations for the holiness and happiness of every creature God has made. *Without it we are nothing.* No, love 'never faileth.' While eternity endures it shall continue to glow with a purer, brighter radiance, and more and more assimilate the blessed spirit to the image of its God. Here love burns so feebly; our desire to do good is so weak; our power so limited. But in Heaven shall we not be ministering spirits, with an angel's power, sent forth to fulfil our Father's purposes of love? Happy thought!"

She spoke at intervals, and with difficulty; and her mother, fondly kissing her cheek, said, "Will you not rest a little, love?"

"Yes, dear mother," she replied, with a tranquil smile, "in Heaven; the dwellers there are never weary."

There was a pause, a perfect stillness, while the anxious watchers gazed upon her fair and placid face. The mother felt a gentle pressure of the hand she held; she bent her ear to hear, if possible, another precious word; it was softly murmured, "Peace, perfect peace." And the spirit was in Heaven.

THE TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

[WRITTEN ON THE SUMMIT OF A MOUNTAIN.]

BY F. S. JEWETT, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

Man weds not these, but taketh art to wife.

WEARIED with the slow toil of our ascent,
Our steps shall stay awhile; and as we view
Forests and fields in ripened verdure blent,
And smiling 'neath the heaven's eternal blue,
Be not unmindful in the picture lent
Of such great theme as bard may well pursue;
For all around, above, below, impart
Nature's high purpose to the open heart.

Look: yields not gently to the peaceful gales
The living garniture of Summer's couch?
Sure, on the foliage of the hills and dales
There is of Poesy no voiceless touch:
And when o'er leaf and flower young fancy trails
The sighing winds, 'tis not a thought too much
To deem the blossoms, in their meekness there,
Bending to Him who hath for them a care.

Look to the mountains, to the hills, the seas—
Wherever Nature in her life hath prime,
Where the strong tempest and the gentler breeze
Do make their visits—in whatever clime
Flowers drink the sunbeam, or lift up the trees
Their pride—there, in all seasons and all time,
On the wide page of Nature may ye view
Goodness and love, fair, and forever new.

Oh! is't no desecration of this earth—
Ever so glad and worshipful as now—
The desert-wind of folly, and the dearth
It leaves on human passions that they show
No love, no kind rejoicings, in the worth
Of these meek beauties? Yet the good shall know,
And feel, and love, the truths which these convey—
Truths, which, tho' leaves may fall, shall never pass away.

Is it no desecration when the soil,
Whose fruitage is the semblance of the pure
And lofty theme of love, becomes the spoil
Of lusts unhallowed, and of hopes too sure
Which fling to prostitution base their toil,
Thank not the Giver while he doth secure
Their ends unmeet—and on the glad earth see
No smile of Heaven, no love, no purity?

That these green fields, these forests, and these skies,
So beautifully fair and angel bright,
Should wrap in joyance gay the scenes where lies
Sin in the hideousness of death and night?
That all unheard the voice of nature dies,
Or passeth on to realms of holy light—
Unread—unprized, save by the lust of art?—
Strange, that so chill and hard may wax the heart!

O ye who flutter in your sunniest hour,
And who with me such broad rich scene survey,
Here view the goodness of Eternal Power,
Wed Nature's self and learn her bridal lay;
And ere your sorrows in their years shall lower,
Let in your hearts the artless tale have sway—
So when to deck your graves her gifts are given,
Their humble truths shall pave the walks of heaven.

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THE TWO POSITION POINTS.

BY T. S ARTHUR.

"It is really pleasant to find that there are a few people in this selfish world who have some generous regard to the well-being and happiness of others," remarked Mr. Haller to his friend Mr. Gardiner, as the two sat conversing in the counting-room of the latter.

"It certainly is; but why do you make the remark?" asked Mr. Gardiner.

"Because a circumstance which occurred yesterday just crossed my mind."

"Well, what is it? I am always pleased to hear the relation of instances of truly generous conduct from man to man."

"You know Mr. May?"

"Yes."

"And you know that he occupies one of my ten buildings in —— street which have rented at one thousand dollars each?"

"Yes."

"And you also know, I presume, that he is probably the only one in the block who is not going behindhand?"

"I do not really know, but I should think it probable."

"Well, such is the case. A few days ago I was waited on by several of the tenants, who informed me that, unless their rent was reduced one half, they would be compelled to move. Being well satisfied that, in the present state of business, if I allowed my stores to be vacated, I should not, in all probability, get tenants for them again, even at the reduced rate, I accepted the proposition. Of course, as they were all alike, in reducing one, I knew I would have to reduce all; and so, making a virtue of necessity, I called upon the other tenants and informed them of the reduction.

"'But, Mr. Haller, I didn't ask you to reduce my rent,' Mr. May said.

"'No, sir, you did not,' I replied, 'but then if I reduce one I must reduce all.'

"'You act from a true principle, Mr. Haller, in what you do; but if I were to accept of your proposition I should act from a false principle, because a purely selfish one. The cost of these buildings, and the ground-rent you have to pay, with taxes, insurance, etc., requires that each one should rent for at least one thousand dollars to make you anything like a return for your money. I have not only been able, heretofore, but willing, to pay this rent; and I am still able and willing, because my business, unlike that of my neighbours, is nearly as good as ever. To them the reduction is necessary, and, under the pressure of the times, I think your very best course is to reduce very considerably for them. But I can well afford to pay you my present rent, and am willing to continue doing so.'

"Now was not that noble in Mr. May?"

"It certainly was. Such actions are well worthy of imitation."

"Indeed they are. If all the world were governed by such unselfish principles, it would be far better for the whole."

"So I fully believe. But a very different sentiment prevails. Each one, as a general thing, regards only himself, and in all of his transactions with others strives to gain all he can over his neighbour. In all species of bargaining there is only a single regard to self, apparent in the effort to sell at the very highest rates, even though the article will not bear it, and purchase at the very lowest, unmindful of its intrinsic worth or the loss which may fall upon the seller by an unwarrantable depreciation. No one takes into consideration the necessity which often compels a man to sell his goods at a price far below their real value."

"There is too much truth in what you say, Mr. Gardiner. But I suppose it will be a long time before the world gets right again."

"I am afraid it will. But if the few who, like Mr. May, see clearly what is a just course of action towards others, would, like him, pursue that course, the leaven of right principles would gradually pervade the whole mass."

"But how hopeless seems the task, when we think of it. And how much alone, and in individual weakness, must each one act, who attempts to be governed by the motives just declared. He would be regarding the interests of all around him, while no one thought of, or cared for him; and, it seems to me, would inevitably be trampled under foot by the crowd pressing eagerly forward in pursuit of their individual and selfish ends. I must confess that I should be afraid to start out into the world under the government of such principles."

"And yet Mr. May is not driven to the wall; indeed, by his own acknowledgment, he is doing so well in these trying times, that he will accept of no diminution in his rent because there has been no diminution in his business."

"He certainly is an exception. But to act from such liberal motives as have just been set forth, must inevitably be productive of ruin to almost any one while society is governed as it now is."

"I differ from you, Mr. Haller, and must express surprise at the declaration of a sentiment that condemns, really, Mr. May's principles of action, when but a few minutes ago, you so warmly approved them."

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"I certainly cannot, now that my mind views the subject in its general relations, so fully approve of Mr. May's course as I did at first. It seems to me that he ought to have taken advantage of the prevailing condition of things. And yet it was but fair that he should pay me a just rent for my store when he was perfectly able to do so."

"It certainly was but fair, Mr. Haller," his friend replied; and then the subject was changed.

Mr. Haller was an individual whose ends of life were thoroughly selfish, and these obscured completely his abstract perceptions of the rights of others. When, however, justice to himself was concerned, he could see the bearing and force of a really generous regard for the interests of another; for then he saw things from a different position point from that on which he usually stood.

It happened, about an hour after his conversation with Mr. Gardiner, and his cordial approval of the high-minded and truthful principles, that an individual called upon Mr. Haller for the transaction of some business.

"Ah! good morning, Mr. Freeland! How are you this morning?" said Mr. Haller, with a bland smile, as the person he addressed entered his office. He knew the nature of his business.

"Not very well," was the response, made in rather a desponding tone.

"Ah! I am sorry for that. What is the matter?"

"I can hardly tell myself, Mr. Haller. But I believe it arises from an unsettled mind. These harassing times are enough to kill any one."

"Times are indeed severe, Mr. Freeland. I do not know what we are all to do."

Mr. Haller's income from rents, and other sources, was about twenty thousand dollars per annum, clear of all expenses for taxes, insurance, ground-rents, &c., even under the depressed condition of things.

"Nor do I, Mr. Haller. If I could only make a moderate support for my family, and relieve myself from debt, I would ask no more."

"There are hundreds and thousands around you, Mr. Freeland, who can say the same with heart-felt earnestness."

"I have no doubt of that. But such a general disastrous state of affairs does not add anything to my consolation."

"It should take off the keen edge of mortification, which all must feel when compelled to sink under the pressure of circumstances, to know that we are not alone; that hundreds and thousands around us are in a like condition, and that we but fall as a portion of the whole declining mass."

"It cannot do it in my case, should I be cast down, which Heaven forbid. If I wrong another, what consolation can it be to me to know that thousands around me have likewise suffered wrong at the hands of others in whom they had confided? But I must not give way to such gloomy thoughts. I will yet hope that I shall pass through the fire unscathed. But to come to the subject of our business this morning. I should like to close with you for that house in Howard street."

"Well, I am ready to do so, Mr. Freeland."

"But the price you offer is little above half what it cost me, and the house you know is nearly new."

"That may be all so. But you know that property has depreciated nearly one half. I had, only yesterday, to reduce the rents in my ten warehouses in —— street to one half of what I have been receiving for them since they were built. Five thousand dollars a year is no trifling matter to take from a man's income."

"Indeed it is not, Mr. Haller."

"Your property, you must readily perceive, is, therefore, worth a far less sum than it was a year ago. It would not pay me a half interest at the rate you hold it at."

"The present tenant, Mr. May, pays me as much rent as he ever did."

"That you are yourself aware cannot be calculated upon. Mr. May can get as good a house as yours for a far less rent, and it is not to be supposed that he will continue to pay what he now does."

"He paid me a quarter's rent last week, and said nothing about a reduction."

"Still, it would be a false calculation to predicate anything on that. Even supposing that he should continue willing to pay the present rent, there might arise circumstances that would cause him to leave the house, and then a sum far below that would have to be received."

"There is force in what you say, although I feel sure that, could I possibly retain the property, I should still continue to receive one thousand dollars a year for it. The house, you know, is most beautifully finished, and the situation desirable. At the time Mr. May rented, there were three or four others who wanted the house. And he is so well pleased with it that I am sure, that even if he wished a reduction, he would not make that a reason for moving. Even in these times I am persuaded that eight hundred dollars could be readily obtained, were Mr. May to give it up, a circumstance, however, as I have intimated, of which I have not the slightest apprehension."

"Still, of all that there is no moral certainty, Mr. Freeland. And I, for one, should be very sorry to base any important calculation upon such a supposition."

"Let me then have, Mr. Haller, your most liberal offer."

"Seven thousand dollars, as I have already said, is all that I can feel justified in giving.

"Indeed, indeed, Mr. Haller, that is too great a sacrifice. You are yourself aware that it cost me every dollar of twelve thousand."

"I have no doubt that it did. But that is your misfortune. Nor are you alone a sufferer. I have, myself, sunk at least thirty thousand dollars by the depression of real estate; and hundreds have been totally ruined. In fact, it is dangerous to buy property at any price, for there is no telling how low it may yet fall."

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"If I do not obtain ten thousand dollars I fear that I shall not be able to hold my head above water. The property I believe, even in these times, to be richly worth it."

"You, no doubt, think so, Mr. Freeland, but I should be very sorry to risk that much money in the purchase. Before the next six months rolled away I might be in your present condition, forced to sacrifice it at several thousands of dollars below its cost."

"Then seven thousand is your highest offer?"

"It is, Mr. Freeland."

"How long will you continue that offer?"

"For three days."

"Very well. If I can do no better by that time the house will have to pass into your hands."

"You know that beautiful house in Howard street, which Freeland built?" Mr. Haller said to a friend, whom he met half an hour after.

"The one in which Mr. May resides?"

"The same."

"Yes, I know it very well."

"I can get that house, I am confident, for seven thousand dollars."

"Indeed!"

"It is true. Freeland is so hard run as to be compelled to sell it, and I have not the least doubt but that I can get it for the sum I have named."

"Take it then, by all means."

"I intend doing so. Mr. May pays a thousand dollars rent for it, and I have found out from him, without his knowing my object, that he likes the house very much, and shall ask no reduction. He is just the kind of a tenant I like. When I was compelled to reduce the rent on all my stores in —— street, he refused to have a dollar abated, because, he said, that his business was as good as ever."

"Really that was noble!"

"Wasn't it. Mr. May is one in a thousand. He is both a gentleman and a Christian."

"That he is. It is very delightful to hear of such an exhibition of generous feeling."

"It certainly is. I cannot feel too much admiration of his character," Mr. Haller responded, unconscious that the friend with whom he was conversing was, in his own mind, drawing a contrast between the two individuals, not much to the credit of his character.

"That house, I think, cost Freeland something like twelve thousand dollars, did it not?"

"Yes; and under all the circumstances, is, even now, richly worth ten thousand dollars. So you see, if I get it for seven thousand, I shall make a firstrate bargain out of Freeland, won't I?"

"You certainly will."

"Poor fellow!" run on Haller; "I am sorry for him. He is pretty nearly wound up. These are dreadful times!"

"Is it really so bad with him?"

"Yes, I believe so. He wanted ten thousand dollars for his house, and said, that if he could not get that sum, he should have to go to the wall."

"Poor fellow! I am really sorry for his condition. I had not the least idea that matters were so bad with him."

"Well, it's not much to be wondered at, Mr. Hamilton. Freeland has not managed things as prudently as he ought to have done. But that is none of my business. If I get his house for seven thousand dollars certainly I have no right to complain."

"Very true, Mr. Haller. But, taking everything into consideration, do you not think that you ought to pay Mr. Freeland for his house what you really believe it to be worth, and thus save him from ruin? Remember that he has a large family on his hands, which may be scattered should he fail and lose his present means of supporting them."

"I don't see, Mr. Hamilton, that I have anything at all to do with that. And, besides, a thing is worth only what it will bring in the market. He has three days in which to try the market, and if he cannot do better he can fall back upon my offer. But I know that he can't, even if so well. People are afraid of investing in property now at any price."

"I cannot agree with you, Mr. Haller, that you have nothing to do, as you say, with Mr. Freeland's condition. We should all regard our neighbours with a kind consideration, and endeavour, all that in our power lies, to benefit them."

"Not to our own injury though, Mr. Hamilton."

"While anxious about securing our own interests, we should be rigidly careful that we do not trespass upon the rights of others."

"Certainly we should."

"Think then, whether, in compelling Mr. Freeland to sell his house for three thousand dollars less than you believe it to be worth, and, consequently, involving him in almost certain ruin, you are not trespassing upon his rights."

"Most assuredly I am not. His house is really worth no more than seven thousand dollars, for it will bring no more in the market; and I contend that an article is worth no more than it will bring in the market."

Perceiving that self-love, and the love of possession had so completely blinded the mind of Mr. Haller as to cause him, by false reasonings, to confirm himself in his determination to oppress his neighbour, Mr. Hamilton said no more; but resolved, in his own mind, that, if in his power, he would protect Mr. Freeland from the ruin that stared him in the face. He therefore went directly to Mr. May.

"I have just learned some facts, Mr. May," he said to that gentleman, "in regard to the effort of one man to oppress another, which I feel bound in justice to communicate to you."

"I shall certainly be pleased to hear your statement, Mr. Hamilton, although my heart is sickened almost every day by instances of oppression and wrong that fall under my notice. How low and selfish is the condition of society! All just regard for the neighbour seems lost in overweening

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selfishness. No one seems to think the interests of his neighbour as at all entitled to his attention or consideration. But let me hear your case, Mr. Hamilton."

"You know Freeland?"

"Certainly I do. And a very estimable man he is, though something under the weather just now. He has a very interesting family dependent on him, which makes me feel for his condition very much."

"You rent from him, I believe?"

"Yes."

"I understand that he is about selling the house you live in."

"Are you certain?"

"Yes. I believe my information to be correct."

"Well!"

"He wants ten thousand dollars for it; and, unless he can realize that sum on the sale, he will not be able to keep above water."

"It ought to bring that, every dollar, for it is richly worth it. Has he met with an offer yet?"

"Yes."

"Of how much?"

"Seven thousand dollars."

"A shameful sacrifice that would be! Who has made that offer?"

"Mr. Haller."

"Mr. Haller!"

"Yes."

"He knows the worth of that property as well as any man in the city."

"So I believe. Indeed, he is delighting himself, in anticipation, over the great bargain he is going to get out of poor Freeland."

"Too bad! too bad! I knew that he was a close and rather selfish man, but did not think he would deliberately oppress an unfortunate individual."

"And what is more, he has been to you, and covertly learned that you would continue your present rent of a thousand dollars."

"That must be a mistake; for I have not the slightest recollection of it."

"He told me but a short time since that he had done so."

"He did! Let me see. Ah! now I remember that he did make some allusion to Freeland the last time I saw him, communicating his embarrassed situation, and presuming that, from that circumstance at least, if upon no other consideration, I would not ask for a reduction of rent on my dwelling, particularly as I would accept none from him on my store."

"And you told him, that you would not ask a reduction."

"O yes. The idea of doing so had never crossed my mind. The house suits me admirably, and I am perfectly able to pay the rent. Indeed, I do not think I would move if I had to pay twelve hundred for the house."

"Knowing this then, he intends, deliberately, to compel Freeland, who must have money, to sell that property for a sum far below its real value."

"I do really feel pained to think of it," Mr. May said; "pained for the necessity of the unfortunate Freeland, and still more pained to think that Mr. Haller has proved himself to be so selfish and oppressive."

"Is there no way to prevent this sacrifice?" asked Mr. Hamilton.

"I know of no way, unless I buy the house at a fair valuation, and that I hardly feel willing to do just now, as I am reluctant to draw so much cash from my business. But I must see about the matter. It is, in my opinion, as much our duty to protect the weak against the oppressions of the strong, as to do no wrong ourselves."

"It was under such a feeling that I came to you, and related what has just come to my knowledge about this matter," replied Mr. Hamilton.

Nothing, however, was determined in Mr. May's mind during the interview, and the gentlemen parted, each with a feeling of respect for the other, and indignation against Mr. Haller.

Time passed hurriedly on, and brought the afternoon of the second day since Mr. Freeland's last interview with Haller. He had in vain sought a purchaser for his house; not a single offer of any kind could he get. The utter stagnation of business, depression of property, and scarcity of money, prevented even those who deemed the property desirable from buying. Oppressed with the painful consciousness that ruin must overtake him inevitably, and his family, so tenderly beloved, have, in all probability to be separated, or reduced to great extremity, he found his mind so burdened, and his feelings so agitated, that he could not remain in their presence, although the business of the day was over. He therefore took his hat, and went out, in the hope that his mind might become more settled.

He had proceeded only a few steps from his door when he met Mr. May.

"I was just on my way to see you, Mr. Freeland," said that individual in a cheerful tone.

"We have met, then, here, very opportunely, for I was just about taking a walk."

"You walk late."

"Yes. I felt rather unsettled in mind; and a restless mind, you know, often drives us to our feet."

"Very true. And as I want to have a little conversation with you I will stroll along in company."

There was a silence of a moment or two, as the two gentlemen moved on, when Mr. May said,

"I learn that you are about selling the house in which I live."

"Yes. I am compelled to part with it; and I fear that I shall have to do so at a very great sacrifice."

"I am really sorry for it, Mr. Freeland. It is a piece of excellent property, and pays you a good interest."

"That is very true. And I can assure you that, in making up my mind to part with it, it has been with great reluctance."

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"At what do you hold it?"

"I want ten thousand dollars for it. It cost me twelve."

"Have you any offer?"

"One."

"How much?"

"Seven thousand dollars, from Mr. Haller."

"You must not sell at that price, Mr. Freeland."

"I believe that I shall be compelled to do so. I am in a terrible strait at this time."

"How much money do you want just now?"

"I must have at least ten thousand dollars. Nothing less will possibly sustain me: and I ought to have fifteen thousand."

"Could you use my notes?"

"Your notes!" with an expression of surprise.

"Yes; my notes."

"Certainly I could."

"But could you use them at fair rates? Could you get them discounted at a reasonable deduction?"

"I could pass them through bank."

"Are you sure?"

"O yes. I have three warm friends in the Commercial, who will push your name through for me without any difficulty."

"Then, if you will secure that house to me, I will loan you my notes for twelve thousand dollars, and renew them as long as you desire."

"O sir! Did I hear you aright?" ejaculated Mr. Freeland, pausing and grasping the hand of Mr. May eagerly.

"I hope you did. I will lend you my notes for twelve thousand dollars, and take a mortgage on the house in which I live as security."

"You have saved me from ruin, Mr. May. How shall I ever be grateful enough to you?" Mr. Freeland said, in a voice that trembled with emotion. "Not only will my heart, but the hearts of a well-nigh dismembered but grateful family bless you."

"I need no other reward, Mr. Freeland, than the pleasing consciousness that I have lightened, in some degree, the heavy burdens which have of late pressed upon you."

"From my heart do I pray," responded Mr. Freeland, "that you may realize in this act the truth of that precious saying, 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

It was about the middle of the next day that Mr. Freeland called upon Mr. Haller.

"Ah! good day, Mr. Freeland!" said the last named individual, coming forward and extending his hand with a lively air. "So you find that you cannot do better than I have offered you for your house?"

"I have come to say, Mr. Haller," replied Mr. Freeland, "that I cannot accede to your offer."

"Why not?" responded Mr. Haller, while his countenance fell, for there was an air of firmness about the other that could not be mistaken.

"One reason is, because the sum you offer is far below its real value."

"And you are really in earnest?"

"I certainly am."

"What will you take, then, eight thousand dollars?"

"No."

"Nine!"

"No."

"What then?"

"I do not think that I care about selling just now."

"That is a very strange way of proceeding. Here you have been leading me to suppose that I might get your house for seven thousand dollars, which has caused me to refuse an operation in which I might have realized handsomely, and now you don't care about selling at even nine thousand dollars."

"I never led you to suppose that you could get the house for seven thousand dollars, except in the event of my being compelled to sell it for that sum, a little over one half of what it cost me. Fortunately, I am not now obliged to sell."

"What will you take for it then, Mr. Freeland?"

"As I said, I am not anxious to sell."

"I will give you ten thousand dollars, and that is far more than it is worth. But, having taken a fancy to the property, I should like to own it."

"I believe that I will not sell just now, Mr. Haller."

"You have been trifling with me, Mr. Freeland."

"No. When I offered to sell I was in earnest. You would not then give me my price, because you knew that I was straitened for money, and you calculated that you would get a valuable piece of property for about two thirds of its real value. Since then I have, most fortunately, met with a friend ready to assist me to what money I need. This, of course, alters the whole complexion of things. Now I do not care about selling at any price."

"And pray, Mr. Freeland, who is there with money enough in these times to render such valuable assistance?"

"My friend is Mr. May. I presume you know him?"

"Mr. May! Humph! Well, anyhow, I hardly think that you have dealt fairly with me. I had fully made up my mind to have that house."

"I do not think that you will ever be the owner of it, Mr. Haller. But it is useless for us to waste words in the matter. I thought it right to notify you that I declined selling, and I have done so. And now I will bid you a good morning."

"Humph! Aint it too bad that I should have been cheated out of that operation!" Mr. Haller said to himself as soon as he was alone. "Too bad! too bad! I was morally certain that I should get that house for seven thousand dollars, and would have done so if that foolish old fellow had not stepped in with his over kind interference, and loaned the poor devil the money for which he was

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so hard run! But that's the way; these wonderfully philanthropic individuals are always interfering with the regular operations of business. I wish, for one, that they would mind their own concerns."

"Good day, Mr. Haller!" said the individual at that moment occupying his thoughts, entering his office, and exhibiting features unusually rigid in their expression.

"How do you do, Mr. May?" responded Mr. Haller, endeavouring to smile blandly; but the effort to transfuse into his face what he did not feel, proved a failure; the smile was anything but a free and cheerful one.

"I am well. How do you do?"

"Very well, I thank you."

Then ensued a deep pause.

"Mr. Haller?"

"Well."

"You remember that you called on me a short time since about reducing my rent?"

"Yes sir."

"And that I then declined accepting any reduction?"

"Yes sir."

"I have thought better about the matter since, Mr. Haller, and have concluded that I will avail myself of the proposed reduction at the commencement of the ensuing quarter."

"But, Mr. May, you remember that you stated, as a reason for your not accepting of a reduction in your rent, that your business had not declined."

"I have thought better of the matter since, and, like you, have concluded that an article is worth no more than it will bring in the market. I can rent as good a store as yours, and in as good a situation for my business, at five hundred dollars, and, therefore, that is all that I will pay for yours. You can get another tenant if you do not wish to keep me at that price."

"But why do you allege, Mr. May, that I take the position that an article is worth no more than it will bring in the market."

"That was the position taken by you in your recent attempt to get Mr. Freeland's house for about three thousand dollars less than you were yourself willing to pay for it, and fully five thousand dollars less than its intrinsic value."

"But, Mr. May——"

"You offered him seven thousand dollars for the house, did you not?"

"Yes; but consider the times; consider the ruinous depreciation in property that has taken place."

"Did you not know that I was willing to continue my present rent?"

"How should I know it?"

"You had it from my own lips, for you took the pains to ascertain from me that fact."

"But how could I tell whether you would live, or your business continue prosperous?"

"You were very well convinced that such a house, in such a position, would always command very near its present rent."

"How should I know it?"

"You seemed to be pretty well satisfied of it, I should think, when, but a few minutes ago, you offered Mr. Freeland, whom I met coming away from the door, ten thousand dollars for it."

"But——"

"I do not wish to argue this matter with you, Mr. Haller. I am satisfied from your own admission that you attempted to oppress Mr. Freeland, and would most certainly have ruined him had I not been apprized of his extremity just at the time I was. And now, sir, I do not intend to pay you five hundred dollars a year more for the store I occupy than you can get from any one else. I would much rather devote that sum to the payment of interest on loans to enable Mr. Freeland to get through with his present difficulties. I entirely mistook your character, sir, when I dealt with you on the liberal principles that influenced me not to accept a reduction of rent. And now good morning sir."

And so saying Mr. May turned from the disappointed and angered individual, who, in endeavouring selfishly to overreach another, had overreached himself, and left his office.

There are too many in the world, who, like Mr. Haller, see things very differently when viewed from two different position points. They can appreciate and admire a truly generous and disinterested action, when they are themselves the subjects of it, but when the favour is to flow from them to another their perceptions are all obscured by selfishness.

TRANSLATED FROM HERACLITUS.

The sun's fiery car,
Drawn by those mettled steeds
Courses thro' the high Heaven;
Descending, is lost in the West.
Thus man,
In youth's bright morning
Full of high hope,
Rushes on, till past the meridian,
And sinks into the evening of old age,
And death—
Death of the body truly, yet
But the commencing, to him,
Of the eternal bright future!
Oh! highly to be blest
Is he,
Who lives not for the hour,
But, looking, with the eye of trust,
To the bright world beyond,
Finds all his pleasure There.

C.

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BARCLAY COMPTON, OR THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

A STORY.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE SECOND.

The season was verging towards the close of October. The varied and glowing tints that colour so richly the foliage of mid-autumn, were now fading into a dusky brown, relieved only by the deep enduring green of the cedars. A bleak north wind swept rudely through the bowing branches, scattering down showers of leaves, and whirling them in eddies along the road. The sun glared fitfully out, amid volumes of heavy clouds that were wafted wildly across the lessening blue of the sky, and cast their dark shade upon the face of the waters. Yet all was warm and cheerful in the mind and heart of Barclay Compton, for the hour had come, which, after a three years' absence, would restore him to his home. It was not long before he found himself in sight of his own little domain: and, leaping from the boat before she had touched the shore, he ran, rather than walked, towards "the modest mansion" that contained his cherished treasures.

When our hero arrived at his garden-gate, he would, in calmer moments, have found some little difficulty in throwing it open, as one of the hinges was off; neither did he perceive a sort of hollow or swamp, or, in plain terms, a dirty puddle, that lay just at the entrance. Also it escaped his observation that the large and once flourishing rose-trees, which had stood there so long like beautiful sentinels, were now entirely dead: that the garden-beds were overgrown with weeds; and that the gravel-walk which led to the door was tufted with grass. The noise of flinging wide the gate, and the sound of his steps on the gravel seemed to have produced no effect on the inhabitants of the house, not one of whom was visible at casement or in porch. All was blank and silent. No children "ran to lisp their sire's return." No wife "sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart."

On trying the front-door Barclay Compton found it fastened. Therefore, throwing up the sash of the nearest window, he jumped into the front-parlour, but found no one there except a dirty Irishwoman, who was see-sawing herself to sleep in the rocking-chair. She started up and screamed, at the top of her voice, "A thief! a thief! thieves! and murder alive!" "Hush! hush!" said Compton. "This is my own house. The door was fast! Where is my wife? Where's Mrs. Compton?"

"Ah! indade! and is it come home you are?" said the woman. "I'm so wake with the fright I can't stand on my legs." Then, sinking into the rocking-chair, and lowering her voice, she added, "sorrow a master did *I* ever see, that, instead of knocking at the door like a jontleman and an ould Christian, comes spanging in at the windor, like a white boy or a carder; frightening people's life out."

"Is my wife well?" exclaimed Compton. "Are my children well? Tell me this instant where I shall find them."

"As to the wife," replied the Irishwoman, "(for you wouldn't have me say the mistress, being it's what nobody does in this free country,) she's above stairs, taking her artenoon's nap; and nobody mustn't waken her for the dear life. And Batsey (the t'other young woman, for I'm the head cook,) is gone to walk the childer out of hearing of the house; saing as how bekasé when they're in it, the boy kapes up such a riot and ramping, and the gal such a scraiching and scraiming, that naither the mother nor Miss Bartha can't get their slapes out in pace and quietness. And, if the thruth must be tould, (which isn't always nadeful naither,) now when dinner was got through with, and there was nobody to the fore, I just stepped in here to take a little lollop in the rocking-cheer, before I washed up my dinner-dishes, bad luck to them, (though it's few they are,) with all the throuble they give me, a scraping and scratching the grase off. Them what hires a head cook of the name of Biddy O'Rourke, should kape an under-gal to wait on her, and clane after her, and not be expacting her to do any other dirty work than the cooking. Ah! and where's the man gone then! Anyhow, it aint manners to bounce up stairs and lave me in the middle of my spaking. But there aint no jontlemen never in no free countries; and no great store of ladies naither."

Barclay Compton had indeed bounced up stairs at the very beginning of Biddy's narrative, which, unperceived by herself, almost immediately became a monologue. At the top of the staircase he met a thin, sallow-faced female, in the most slatternly dishabille he had ever seen, and in whom, till she threw herself into his arms, he could scarcely recognize his beloved Rosalie. "Why Barclay," said she, "how soon you have come back. I was quite astonished when old Captain Seaview sent me word that your ship had been telegraphed, as they call it, and that I might expect you home this afternoon. When I laid myself on the bed after dinner, I thought I should never get to sleep for thinking how short a time it takes people to go all over the world."

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"Round it, you mean," replied Compton. "But how are the dear children?"

"Oh! quite well. And so is Bertha. She has been taking her nap on my bed, for somehow her own has not happened to be made to-day. Your coming aroused her, and she is now dressing. But come; let us go down into the front parlour."

They did so, and found the disordered and cheerless room vacated by its last occupant. Mrs. Compton threw herself into the rocking-chair, and Barclay took a seat opposite to her on a sofa that filled one of the recesses. He looked with wonder at the ravages which three years had made in the beauty of his wife. His previous absences had been so short, and his vision so dimmed by the intensity of his love, that, in his partial eyes, she had till now always appeared lovely. Moreover her mother, Mrs. Tilbourne, who attached great importance to dress, had taken care that Rosalie's should never be neglected, while under *her* cognizance. And also that the household affairs should be so conducted as to keep up at least the appearance of "living like their neighbours." But it was now more than a year that Rosalie had been left to herself, with no better companion than a dull and indolent sister, who, like most persons that have no resources within themselves, was never contented except when she was visiting about, and bestowing her insipidity upon people whose houses she found less uncomfortable than the one which was called her home.

To return to Rosalie Compton. She had grown thin and bony, and her once white and delicately smooth skin was yellow and shrivelled. The rose had faded from her cheeks; her teeth looked discoloured, and indeed neglected, and two of the most conspicuous were gone. Her eyes had lost their brightness; and, as their expression had never been intellectual, whatever beauty they once possessed existed no longer. Her once luxuriant hair had become dry and scanty. She had long since given up curls, as too troublesome: and her disordered tresses were partially concealed under a soiled and rumpled cap, trimmed with crushed gauze ribbon that had once been pink, and the remains of some broken and faded flowers. As she had neither collar, frill, nor any other white thing about her neck or face, her now unbeautiful skin looked to great disadvantage against a dingy calico wrapper, one sleeve of which was half torn out at the shoulder, the other slit up nearly from the wrist to the elbow. The wrapper being unfortunately made to fly open, discovered an old plaid-silk petticoat, defaced with numerous stains and grease spots which it had received in its original form of a frock; and from its draggled and faggled hem at the bottom, small tufts of dirty wadding were oozing wofully out. On her feet, which she had thrust slipshod into old light-coloured slippers, were black silk stockings with what are called drop-stitches running the whole length from the instep to the ankle; not to mention decided holes above the heel behind.

Barclay Compton looked at his wife Rosalie, first in mute astonishment, and then in unspeakable sorrow. She had become so habituated to negligence of dress and to the discomforts of an ill-kept house, that it did not enter into her weak mind to offer any excuse for either. It is true Rosalie had been apprized of the arrival of Compton's ship quite in time to get herself and other things a little in order for his reception, after so long an absence: as any woman of even tolerable sense and feeling would naturally have done. But had such an idea chanced to come into her head, she would have dismissed it with the silly and selfish reflection, that he was only her husband; and, consequently, it was not worth while to put herself the least out of her way on his account. How many wives have in this manner lost, first the respect and then the affection of the man whom they have vowed at the altar to love and honour.

"Well, Barclay," said Mrs. Compton, "you see ma' has left me. And I can't say I miss her much, for she was always fidgetting and fussing; and saying this must be done, and that must be done; and setting the servants to work; and making the children behave themselves; and insisting on my being nicely drest, just as if I was still a girl, and not married. To say the truth, I find it quite a relief to be without her. As to Bertha, she is nobody. So we get along very well together: each taking her own course, and not meddling with the other. To be sure I might have a great deal of trouble with the children, and the house, and the servants, if I chose to take it. But I find the best way is to let things go, and not worry myself at all. And so, somehow, we get along."

"Somehow, indeed!" thought Barclay Compton, as he sadly turned his eyes from his once neat and handsome wife, and cast them around the room, which evidently had not been put in order that day; to say nothing of the general aspect of the defaced and neglected furniture, all of which looked as if it had been a dozen years in use, and ill used all the time. On the stained and greasy marble of the pier-table stood an astral lamp with a large hole broken in the side of its ground glass shade, which was therefore unserviceable. On the tottering centre-table, which had lost one of its castors, sat a candlestick whose never cleaned silver was so obscured with dark spots and streaks that it looked worse than Britannia metal. The candle of the preceding night had been allowed to burn down into the socket, and the snuff was still standing imbedded in the remains of the spermaceti, which, overflowing the edge, had found its way to the much abused, but once very handsome, table cover, whose natural tints were now scarcely visible; so sadly had it suffered from stainings, greasings, scorchings, smuttings, inkings, and all the other ills that a table cover is heir to. In a dusty snuffer-tray, lay on its side a half open and one-handled pair of snuffers, with the black candle-snuff bursting out, some of which was scattered on the table where it had burnt an additional hole

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in the unhappy cloth. The window-panes looked of a dim brown for want of washing. The cords of the Venitian blinds were out of order, so that one blind would never go up, and the other would never come down. Fortunately this last belonged to the window through which Lieutenant Compton had made his *entrée* into his own house. The handle of the door-lock was off, and the lock itself hung by one screw, so that the door could not be shut closely; and Compton afterwards found that every lock in the house had become deficient in something. To have them, or indeed anything else, repaired, seemed never to have entered his Rosalie's mind.

Though so late in the season, the matting remained yet on the floors, and was in some places worn into slits from the rude manner in which tables and chairs were scrawled over it. Though the day was so bleak and chilly, there was no fire in either parlour, the door being open between them. The grates which Compton had left, were no longer there. The fireplace of the back room was shut up by a tawdry chimney board: that of the front parlour was occupied by a dusty jar of dead dahlias flanked by two andirons, which, as well as the brass fender, were green with verdigris.

"The afternoon is very chilly," said Compton. "Why are you without fire?"

"Oh! we have not thought of fire yet."

"It is really quite time it should be thought of. But why have the coal-grates been removed?"

"Oh! I found a coal fire quite too much trouble. It was so hard to get it to burn: and it was always going out. And then there was no making it up again so as to do any good, without raking out all the dead coal, and giving it a fresh start with new kindlings. And kindlings were always scarce, and always when most wanted there were none at hand. And we were always out of charcoal; for, when we had any, we somehow used it all up directly, as it seemed the only thing for a quick fire. And, after ma' went away, I found I could not manage John; so I dispatched him; or, rather, he dispatched himself, by the end of the month. And I had half a dozen other waiters in less than six weeks, and every one of them was worse and worse. And at last I concluded to give up keeping a man-servant; for, after they got used to me, none of them ever minded a word I said. So I have been making out somehow with a cook, and a chamber-maid who attends to the children beside: and Murphy, one of the waiters at the tavern, stops in sometimes when he goes of errands, and does a job or two for me; though, to be sure, he charges very high. As to the women-servants, they too are bad enough; and I can get none to stay with me, unless I let them do pretty much as they please. Every one of them hated coal fires, and I got out of patience with coal myself. So I had the grates taken down; and I commissioned Murphy to get me andirons and fender for this parlour, and a chimney board for the other. And we burnt wood the remainder of the winter, and had very little trouble except with the smoke."

"And where are the coal-grates?" inquired Compton.

"I don't know. I believe they are somewhere in the back cellar; or perhaps Murphy took them away,—Yes; I rather think he did."

"No doubt of it," observed Compton. "But let our present consideration be how to obtain a fire, for the afternoon is really too cold to be comfortable without one. The wind seems to be rushing in at all quarters."

"La! Barclay—You a sailor and to think so much of a little cold wind. I dare say you have been colder than you are now, a hundred thousand times, in sailing all over the world. My opinion is, that sailors ought to put up with everything without uttering a word of complaint."

"But that opinion is not mine," said Compton. "On the contrary, I think there is no merit in submitting tamely to any inconvenience that can be easily remedied. Also, the more a sailor has suffered at sea the more he is desirous of being comfortable on shore; and the longer he has been absent, the more he appreciates his home, and wishes to find it a good one."

"Well, dear," said Rosalie, "if you are so urgent about having a fire, I really don't know who is to make it. Murphy was here this morning, and it's a chance if we see him again to-day. If you go out to the gate, and look up and down the road, you may perhaps pick up a boy, and coax him in by the offer of a shilling or two. I have to do so sometimes, when things get to a pitch, and Murphy is not to be had, and we are suffering to get something done which nobody in the house will do. But the shortest way, dear Barclay, will be for you to make the fire yourself. I dare say you have often had to do so at sea."

"Never," replied Barclay.

"The chambermaid is out walking with the children," said Rosalie. "And I told her to keep them out all the afternoon: for whenever they are in the house there is no peace for their noise."

"Poor things," said Barclay, "they will come home very cold. I will ring for a fire immediately."

He attempted to do so; but his wife told him the bell-wire was broken. "I'll try the bell of the back parlour," said he.

"That is broken also," observed Rosalie. "The bells are broken all over the house."

"Why have they not been repaired?"

"Oh! they were of no use, so it was not worth while to keep them in order. Since ma' went away I never could get a servant that would mind the bell. And those that I have now protest positively against it. Betsey says it would hurt her feelings to come to a bell, and Biddy declares she will not be rung about the house like a dog."

"I never knew of dogs being rung about the house," said Compton. "But I am weary of all this nonsense. And a fire there must be."

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"Well then, dear," replied his wife, "I think you *will* have to make it yourself. Even if Betsey was at home I know it would hurt her feelings to be asked to do it. And as for Biddy I could not dare to hint such a thing to *her*. She would raise an uproar that would collect a mob before the house."

Compton grieved to find his wife so completely servant-ridden. She looked so thin, and pallid, and chilly, that he knew a fire would really do her good; and he thought of his children coming home shivering from their bleak windy walk. So, after a short pause, he went down into the cellar, brought up a large back-log, and laid it on the hearth; next an armfull of smaller wood; and then he resorted to the kitchen for a shovel of kindling coals. Here he cast but one glance around, and then walked steadily up to the fireplace, afraid to take another view; for never had he seen a kitchen so dirty, and in such disorder. Biddy was now engrossed with the arduous task of washing one dish and four plates. She stared at seeing Compton, and exclaimed, "Eh! and what is it ye're a wanting? It's an ill-becoming sight to see a jontleman in a kitching; above all when the head cook is washin up the dinner dishes. But this Ameriky is a quare sort of place, and han't got no manners. Oh! is it fire you're after then? It is well there's to be fire at last. There ought to have been some any day these three wakes: only there wasn't nobody to meake it."

Compton, of course, vouchsafed no reply: but took a large shovelfull of live coals. "And is it any tay you expect to have?" said Biddy, "a robbin the kitching fire after this fashion: so that there will be nothin left to kendle up, and bile the kittle, without my luggin up fresh wud from the cellar."

Compton made no answer, but carried his shovel of coals to the front parlour, where he soon succeeded in making a good fire. His wife drew close to it, and shrugged her shoulders, saying, "Well really, a fire in a cold afternoon is a very comfortable thing, when one has a husband to make it."

Bertha Tilbourne now made her appearance down stairs, attired in an airy summer costume of printed muslin, made very low in the neck which was edged with a narrow lace, and she looked sadly in want of a pelerine, or cape, or something that would seem more comfortable than a small thin silk scarf thrown back from her shoulders, and confined only by her elbows. On her head was a transparent bonnet, looking as if the wind would whistle through its casings. Miss Tilbourne received her brother-in-law with an unmeaning smile, hoped he had been well since she last saw him, said she was going to drink tea with her friend Maria Melsom, made a boarding-school courtesy, and tripped off.

The young lady had scarcely gone, when Mr. and Mrs. Compton were startled by a loud roaring noise, that seemed to shake the whole house. Flakes of burning soot began to fall, and the chimney was found to be on fire. "There! there! Barclay!" cried his wife. "See what you have done! I don't believe the chimney has been swept since ma' went away. And yet, somehow, we got along with it. There now! hear how it is roaring and raging! and look at the bits of fire all showering down! Oh! oh! Put up your head, and see if it is not blazing out at the top. You need not look about for a hearth-rug; don't you see the matting is down. Take off your coat, and hold it before the fireplace."

Barclay, however, tore off for this purpose the cloth table-cover, throwing down the candlestick, snuffers, &c.; his wife exclaiming, "Oh! oh! I wish men would never come home."

The Irish woman now ran from the kitchen to scold at Compton for having made the fire. The alarm having spread, the neighbours came to assist; and, the usual means being employed, the conflagration of the chimney was extinguished.

When Compton came down from the roof, which (the wind being high) he had had much difficulty in saving, and which, spite of wet blankets, &c., had several times caught fire, he found the parlour deluged with the water that had been poured down the chimney. His children had come home: the boy was paddling through the wet, and the girl was seated on the floor in the midst of it, screaming loudly. His wife lay on the sofa in strong hysterics, which her maid Betsey, extended on the mat, with her head resting painfully upon a footstool, was trying to copy. A number of men, and a double number of boys were present, some endeavouring to be serviceable, and some only gazing and pushing about. The fender had been kicked across the room: the andirons were overset, and the back-log had rolled forward; while the quenched and blackened wood-sticks, lay, some on the flooded hearth, and some had tumbled on the matting.

At length things were restored to tolerable order: Biddy having shaken the hysterics out of Betsey, that she might set her to mopping up the water that drenched the floor: an occupation which was a sad trial to that young lady's feelings. The soot was not so entirely burnt out as to render it safe to make again a fire in the front parlour, and Compton having ascertained that every chimney in the house required sweeping, made up his mind to be cold. He next turned his attention to his children, of whom he had as yet taken but a hasty embrace. They looked thin, pale, and unhealthy, and were still wearing their summer clothes. The boy, who was five years old, continued in a suit of faded nankeen, and a discoloured straw hat; and the girl, who was four, in a dribby, stringy, dirt-coloured printed muslin frock, a battered batiste bonnet, and a little dirty party-coloured shawl of open woollen netting. The long, dry, tow-like hair of these neglected little creatures hung in elf-locks about their faces, which, as well as their bare hands, were blue with cold. They had red watery eyes, and noses to match: fever blisters on their

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lips, and sores at the corners of their mouths; and were altogether most forlorn and neglected looking children, and such as are quite unkissable to all but their own parents.

Still the heart of Barclay Compton yearned to his son and daughter, though he now felt that they had but little of the cherub about them, in looks at least. So, as soon as the chimney was put out, he clasped them in his arms, and called them his darlings. Their real names were William and Catherine. After his three years' absence, neither of the children recognized their father, and they at first responded to his caresses by cries and struggles. At length he succeeded in reconciling them to himself, and they suffered him to take one on each knee on condition of being allowed to twist at the buttons of his coat and pull at his hair. Peace, however, did not continue long; for the boy began to kick the girl and the girl to scratch the boy. Their father, threatening them both with punishment, put them off his lap. He then, in spite of their screams, conveyed them each to a corner, and ordered them to stand there; but they both ran out of their corners the next moment, and sobbing with passion, desired him to go back to his ship; declaring they would not have him for a father. Mrs. Compton, who had been slumbering on the sofa, aroused by their noise, now came to the rescue; and, telling her husband that he did not know how to manage the children, she went to a closet, from which she pacified them with a handful of candy, saying to Barclay, "Candy's the only thing. There would be no living without it. I always keep on hand a good supply. It saves a deal of trouble, and they never get tired of it. And it is so much handier than cakes and sweetmeats."

The candy (which their mother served out to them a second and a third time) having put them into a better humour, the children consented to sit on the sofa, one on each side of their father; Mrs. Compton, who had thrown herself into the rocking-chair, telling him the safest way was to let them alone, and above all to take care and keep himself between them. Barclay Compton endeavoured to engage their attention by telling them little things that he thought would amuse them; but he grieved to find that, for want of cultivation, their understandings were far below the average minds of children of similar age; and that, being left almost entirely with the servants, and allowed to pass much of their time in the kitchen, they had imbibed habits, and acquired expressions to which they ought always to have remained strangers.

Our limits will not allow us to detail, at full length, the remainder of this, the first evening of our sailor's return. Suffice it to say that all was comfortless, cheerless, and vexatious. Barclay Compton tried in vain to fancy himself happy. Yet he could neither shut his eyes nor stop his ears. And he began to fear that his wife's entire indifference to all that could make his arrival pleasant after so long an absence, was an evidence that her regard for him had subsided. Had he not been blinded by his own love, (a love which from its commencement had no rational foundation,) he would long since have been aware that his fair Rosalie had not sufficient heart or mind to be susceptible of true affection for any one. But now that her beauty had faded, her faults began to come out in their native tints to the no longer dazzled eyes of her husband. As his vision cleared, his heart sunk; the present was all disappointment, and sad indeed were his misgivings as to the future happiness of his married life.

Next morning, after an ill-cooked, ill-served, and unpalatable breakfast, at which Bertha did not appear, and at which Rosalie presided in her nightcap; the boy and girl squabbling all the time, and when he interposed, desiring their father "to get along back to his ship," and "leave them be," Barclay Compton began to entertain serious thoughts of a gentle expostulation with his wife. He therefore expedited the departure of his children to play (or rather to scramble and screech) in the garden: the clouds of the preceding evening having departed, to rain in some other place.

"Rosalie," said Compton, "in what way do you generally employ your time?"

"Well I don't know. In no particular way. But somehow the day gets through."

"Do you devote much of your time to music?"

"Pho! not I, indeed. You know I gave up my daily practising soon after we were married: for why should I practise when there was nobody to make me? And, since you have been away these last three years, I don't believe I have played one of your favourite songs, or indeed anything else. The truth is, after all the strings of the harp were broken, (which was very soon, for some of them always snapped in wet weather,) I thought it was not worth while to get it new-strung; so the harp is stowed away among other lumber in the back garret. As to the piano, I let it stand where it is in the back parlour; for sometimes in a rainy day it keeps the children out of mischief to let them drum on it. It has not been tuned since you went away. The sounding board is cracked, and Willy has shoved bits of stick, and wads of chewed paper, under some of the keys, so that they will not go down when touched. This he calls pegging up the piano, and no amusement keeps him quiet so long. And then, Biddy has a way of bringing in the dinner before she sets the table; and so she puts the hot dishes on the piano; for there never seems to be room on the sideboard. Altogether, the instrument is in bad order, and I don't think it worth while to have it repaired; for, as I tell you, I am quite out of practice, and music is so much trouble, that there is no likelihood of my ever resuming it. To be sure, when we were boarding, I used to play sometimes; for among strangers (as ma' always told me) it is necessary to keep up appearances, even if one *is* married. But I cannot see the use of doing so in one's own house, and after one has been settled for years in domestic life, and has nobody about but one's own family, and one's own husband."

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Barclay Compton sighed. "Perhaps," said he, "you have acquired a fondness for books. Do you read now?"

"Not I, indeed. I cared nothing for books when I was a girl, and I never heard of a woman taking to reading after she was married. Bertha gets a book sometimes; but I always see her fall asleep over it in a few minutes, and I am sure I should do the same. Whenever I have tried reading, I always found history, and travels, and all sorts of true books were dull and tiresome; and as to novels and tales, they seemed to me nothing but foolish lies; and poetry I have all my life abominated."

"Do you sew much?"

"No. I have quite given up worsted work. Bertha does a little at it, and always keeps some on hand to take with her when she goes out to spend the day, or take a sociable tea with the neighbours. As for plain sewing, I never did any of it in my life, and I certainly am not going to begin now. I suppose you think the children ought not to be wearing their summer clothes so late in the season."

"Indeed I do think so."

"Never mind: it will make them hardy. Really there is so much trouble with having a seamstress, or a dress-maker, or a tailoress, in the house, that I always put off the evil day as long as possible; and when I do make up my mind to send for any of these people, they are always engaged elsewhere. I have been thinking of taking the children to the city, and getting them fitted out with ready made things; but somehow it never seemed convenient. As for myself, I have pretty much left off caring how I look."

"So I perceive," said Compton.

"One gets along much easier for not being too particular in anything," observed Rosalie.

"And yet, by your own account, you do not get along easily at all. Indeed, there is no difficulty in discovering that there is a great want of comfort in the present condition of your domestic affairs."

"Still we make out."

"You exist, I grant. Neither you nor the children have yet died in consequence of all this inertness, and indifference, and misrule, and mismanagement; which it grieves me to witness, after having anticipated a very different state of things."

"I don't know why you should."

"I could not have believed it possible, my dear Rosalie, that, when left to yourself, and no longer under the supervision of your mother, you should evince such entire want of judgment, energy, and I fear capability."

"You've hit it exactly. Capability is the very thing I do want. I never had the least turn for housekeeping, or sewing, or dressing children, or making them behave themselves. Ma' always found it less trouble to do things herself than to teach her daughters, for we are all pretty much alike. When she was going away to New Orleans, she told me how I would feel the want of her, and said she was sorry she had not compelled me to learn something useful; instead of devoting my whole time to music, and dress, and company. Well, why did not she try to bring me up better. May be I *might* have learnt what she called useful things, if she had insisted on teaching me."

"My dear Rosalie," said Compton, in a softened voice, "it is not yet too late."

"Yes it is. I can't take the trouble now. You will have to put up with me just as I am, for I shall never be any better. All your complaining and advising will do no good, but only make me worse, and give me a dislike to you; for I hate lecturing. And it is quite too soon for you to begin to find fault, when you have only just come home. You ought to be so delighted, and so happy, as to look at everything in the best light. And so you would, if you loved me. When a husband really loves his wife he sees no fault in her."

To the truth of this aphorism Barclay could not exactly subscribe; but she began to cry, and, not proof against her tears, he ceased his expostulation. In trying to rectify the discomforts of the house, he found sufficient occupation for a long morning; while his wife did nothing but sit about, and walk about, and loll about, up stairs and down, and look out of the windows at nothing. He had vainly proposed taking the children to town, and commencing measures for their immediate outfit in clothes that were more seasonable; but Rosalie declared she was not well enough: her usual excuse to avoid any rational exertion.

Bertha Tilbourne having taken her breakfast in her own room, and devoted two hours to her toilet, took a thing that she was working in worsted, and went to spend the day with a neighbouring family, in which there was one daughter, and five sons.

In the afternoon Barclay Compton himself took the two children out to walk; and found it a very troublesome office. In passing near a house that had a cellar kitchen, they both began to pull their father towards the area steps, one saying, "Come pa,' come down here;" the other persisting, "Come pa,' ain't you going to see Sally Stiggins?"

"Sally Stiggins!" exclaimed Mr. Compton, "who is she?"

"Oh!" said the boy, "she's a girl what our Betsey visits. She lives here, and does Mrs. Hanley's work. Our Betsey a'most always goes to see Sally Stiggins, when she takes us out a walking. And while Betsey and Sally are a talking, Sally gives us a chunk of cold pudding, or a big pickle, or something we don't get at home, to keep us quiet and let them talk. And once Sally took a jar, and gave us preserves, that she said Mrs. Hanley told her to chuck away because they were all a working. And the preserves were all sour and frothy like beer; and they did not taste very good: but still we thought they were better than none. Let's go to Sally Stiggins. I dare say she'll give us something good: that is, pretty good. And then we'll go to deaf Mrs. Minting's kitchen, down

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yonder at the tavern, and see her Molly and Murphy. Sometimes Murphy gives me a cent when I ask him a great while. I like Murphy. He sings Judy O'Flanagan for us, and we all whack our hands just when he does."

"I like Murphy too," said little Kate. "He takes me on his lap and kisses me, and gives me reasons out of his pocket; a reason for every kiss."

Barclay Compton was inexpressibly shocked at these revelations: and he resolved to put his veto on any future walks of his children with servants. The children dragged at his hands and coat, urging him with increasing violence to go and see Sally Stiggins down in Mrs. Hanley's kitchen. He peremptorily commanded them to desist, assuring them, in his indignation, that they should never again go out with Betsey, and that their visits to kitchens should cease. Upon this both boy and girl began to jump and scream with all their might, struggling in vain to get loose from their father's hands, desiring him to go back to his ship, and telling him that they loved Murphy better than him. Compton now thought it best to take the children directly home; therefore he snatched up the shrieking girl with one hand, and with the other dragged along the boy, yelling like a young Indian.

Just as Lieutenant Compton reached his own gate, the furious little girl trying to scratch her father's face, and the savage little boy biting at his father's hand, his eyes were greeted by the appearance of Rodney Templin, who was about to enter at the moment, but stopped till his friend came up. The boy, for a moment, ceased crying to gaze at the stranger: but the girl, in her delirium of passion, called out to Templin, "Don't come in! don't come in! You shan't come in at our gate. Pa'! pa'! drive that man away, or I won't be good never."

"No! no!" screamed the boy. "Nobody shall come to our house but Murphy. Pa'! pa'! I'll *make* you go back to your ship."

"So," thought Templin, "these are Barclay Compton's cherubs."

Barclay, much disconcerted, set down the girl, and let go the boy: and both children ran to the house, screaming that they would "make ma' send away naughty pa'." Templin advanced and shook hands with his friend, who, greatly embarrassed, invited him in. And Templin thought it necessary to apologize for visiting him so soon, by saying that he was going on the following day to set out for the western part of the state; purposing to pass a few weeks with his sisters, both of whom were married and settled in that section of the country.

The children had already got into the house; and in *their* way were making bitter complaints to their mother of the nefarious conduct of their father, in refusing to go and see Sally Stiggins. The mother was rewarding them with candy: when seeing through the window her husband approaching with a stranger, she dropped the candy bag on the floor, and darted out of the parlour and flew up stairs.

The chimney having been swept that morning, there was now a fire in the parlour: but the sticks had burned in two, and fallen apart, and the room was filled with smoke when Compton and Templin entered, every article near the fireplace being covered with ashes. The children were now quiet, being engaged in picking up and devouring the candy that lay scattered about the floor. Compton having replaced the fallen wood, and raised a window sash to let out the smoke, the two friends sat down, and after some miscellaneous conversation, Templin inquired for Mrs. Compton. Barclay then went up stairs to ask his wife to come down, and to prevail on her to dress herself to some advantage; for though her present dishabille was less revolting than that of the preceding day, it was by no means fit to appear in before a gentleman. It were well if, in this respect, some married ladies would not so soon relinquish the habit of considering their husbands as gentlemen.

Compton having, with some difficulty, persuaded Rosalie to take the trouble to dress herself and make her appearance, returned to the front parlour, where he found Templin vainly engaged in trying to make friends with the children.

It was so long since Rosalie Compton had been *drest*, that she found nothing in order to put on. At last she made her *debut* in an excessively rumpled light-coloured silk dress, of which most of the gathers at the back of the skirt had given way. So also had the trimming in various places, hanging loose here and there like a sort of festoons. Her French muslin pelerine had lain by so long with starch in it, that it was cracked and split in numerous places among the needlework; and the lace which trimmed it was so yellow and discoloured that Templin erroneously supposed it to be excessively dirty. Having no cap that, on this occasion, (or indeed any other,) was fit to be seen, she smoothed a little her now scanty hair, and tucked its locks behind her ears with a comb at one side, and a black hair pin on the other; and twisted the remainder into a loose knot at the back of her head; where, escaping very soon from its fastening, the half of it hung in disorder about her neck.

The face of our heroine was now so faded that no traces of its former beauty remained. Its fairness and its bloom were gone, and there was no amiable or intellectual expression to render it still pleasing. The former symmetry and roundness of her now neglected figure had entirely disappeared. She had become thin, bony, stoop-shouldered, and hollow-chested. The first thought of Lieutenant Templin on his introduction to Mrs. Compton was, "Is it possible this woman could ever have been handsome?"

She sat down on the chair he handed to her: drawled out a few foolish and ill expressed sentences that meant nothing, and then fell into languid complainings about one's servants, and one's

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children, and the trouble of keeping one's house, and the inconvenience of one's husband being too particular. Templin thought of that moonlight night on shipboard when Compton had related the history of his love and marriage. The children, in the mean time, amused themselves with squabbling, chasing each other through the rooms, shouting, and yelling: the boy knocking the girl about, and the girl pinching, scratching, and biting the boy. When their father endeavoured to silence them, they both united their forces against him; the girl telling him she "did not want no pa," and the boy ordering him to sea again; the mother complaining that the candy was all gone, and lamenting that she had nothing to stop their mouths with.

In about half an hour Rodney Templin rose to take his leave: but Compton insanely insisted on his staying to tea; and on Templin's reluctantly resuming his seat, Compton found an opportunity of hinting to Rosalie that it would be well for her to give some orders accordingly, and to see that things were right. Instead of quitting the room to act upon this hint, she persisted in keeping her seat, and replied in a voice that Templin could not avoid hearing, "La! Barclay; must you have a fuss about everything. Your friend does not expect us to make a stranger of him. I dare say Biddy will have things as well as usual." Having things as well as usual was exactly what Compton dreaded.

After the lapse of sufficient time to have cooked a handsome supper, Mrs. Compton was called out into the entry by Biddy and Betsey; and, leaving ajar the door, both maids were heard to inform the lady that they had concluded neither to set the table nor to bring in tea: Biddy declaring that it was not the business of the head cook ever to do such things; and that, though she *had bemaned* herself that far, proper pride would never let her do so again; and Betsey protesting it would so hurt her feelings to set out the table and bring in the tea things before gentlemen, that she should not know where to put her eyes.

"What in the world is to be done then? It is too late now to go out and look for a boy."

"It's never too late to do that," said Biddy. "Boys are plenty enough at all hours and in all pleaces. But it's not myself that's going out to find one. So Batsey, you may take that business on *you*."

"Think of my feelings," said Betsey ruefully. "I never was cut out for help. I shall have to try something else; for I'm all sensitivity. Living in families will be the death of me."

"Troth then, the sooner you're under the sod the better," said Biddy; "for it's no help you are to yourself, nor to any body else on the face of the airth. But if *you* have your sansafidity, *I* have my proper pride."

Compton now stepped to the door, and tried to make all smooth by foolishly putting a quarter of a dollar into the hand of Biddy, who said audibly, "Is it only a quarter dollar? faith then, I thought it was a half. However, I dare say the rest will come afterwards. So, to obleege you, I will bemane myself to let you have your tay, though company is to the fore. Well young lady that lives out for help, how do your falings fale now?" (chinking the quarter dollar at her).

The sensitive young lady tossed her head, and walked away to pout in the kitchen corner.

At length, after an almost endless delay, the table was set by Biddy with much noise and rattling of china. Finally the tea and its accompaniments were produced. The children, dragging chairs after them, were the first persons to take their seats at the table, where the boy put his fingers into the butter, and the girl grabbled for a large lump of sugar. When their mother took her seat at the waiter, they both called out to her to give them *their* tea first. She obeyed, remarking, "anything for a quiet life."

Poor Barclay Compton endeavoured to engage the attention of his friend by earnest conversation; and Templin, of course, seemed to be not observing anything that was painful or mortifying to his unhappy host. Therefore, he magnanimously made an effort to drink two cups of weak cold tea, the water for which had been smoked but not boiled. For what is called a relish, there were a few slices of cold half roasted veal, that had been left from dinner; and two plates of heavy, dark-looking, solid lumps, manufactured by Biddy, and termed rusks. Each of the children took a rusk, and, seduced by its sugar, fell to devouring it with a *goût*, or rather a want of *goût*, that denoted their being little accustomed to things which were really good. Templin took one, and seemed to eat it. Compton, though his wife set him a good example, could not manage *his* rusk at all. As a *dernier ressort* he rang the bell, (having himself put it in order that morning,) and the Irishwoman, somewhat mollified by the fee, did vouchsafe to make her appearance at the parlour door. Compton looked at his wife, and finding she did not speak, he desired Biddy to bring some bread. "There's not a bit of brad in the house," replied Biddy "and there's nobody to go for none. Batsey won't go becase of her falings; and as for myself, who ever heard of a head cook going to the beaker's. And what can people want with brad when there's such ilegant rusk on the teable? See how the childer's a bolting it down."

Barclay Compton was so disconcerted, so annoyed, and so incensed, that he felt one moment as if he could have turned mistress, maids, and children all out of the house together: and the next instant, as if he would gladly betake himself indeed to his ship, and sail away and never come back again.

Mrs. Compton made a sign to Biddy, who slammed the door and departed; and the lady then held forth at full length on Biddy's numerous bad qualities; but wound up by saying foolishly, that she was afraid to turn her away, lest she should get a worse in place of her. Bad housewives have

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always bad servants. Rodney Templin contrived adroitly to insinuate that he had dined late, and therefore had no inclination to eat anything with his tea. And, as soon as politeness would allow, after they had quitted the table, he took his leave; glad to escape from the uproar raised by the children when Betsey (who was impatient to get out and confer with Sally Stiggins) appeared at the door to take them to bed.

At parting, Rodney Templin unconsciously pressed the hand of his friend with a fervour which seemed to imply sympathy for his condition: and Barclay Compton coloured to the temples.

It is useless to follow farther the unhappy life of our hero. Notwithstanding the wretched state in which he found his family, Rosalie during his absence, had wasted as much money as would have provided them all with every comfort, and amply furnished herself and children with every article of dress that was required for convenience, neatness and gentility. And there was nothing remaining to show how these sums had gone. There is no extravagance equal to mismanagement. His wife was too silly, too heartless, and too indolent to improve in anything: and now that her beauty was gone and his eyes were opened, Barclay Compton saw that all he could now do, was to remove his children, as much as possible, from her influence and her example. He placed both of them at good boarding-schools, where they were soon compelled to leave off screaming, fighting, and candy. Before he again went to sea, he rented his house, sold his furniture, (which having been badly kept brought not a third of its original cost,) and, to her great joy, established his wife in one of the New York boarding-houses. Bertha accompanied her sister, and found it necessary to improve her chance of a husband, by being more wakeful.

Rodney Templin went on his intended visit to his sisters, and at the house of one of them, Mrs. Morton, he renewed his acquaintance with Emily Sandford, an orphan niece of Mrs. Morton's. This young lady had had the advantage of being admirably brought up by her aunt, who had been during ten years without children of her own. There were now two girls and a boy: and Emily, who was the love and delight of the whole family, assisted Mrs. Morton in her excellent management of house and children.

Emily Sandford, in addition to considerable beauty of face and figure, possessed those qualities of heart and understanding which light up the countenance with unfading charms. Her dress was always becoming, tasteful, and in the nicest order; and she was well skilled in the use of her scissors and needle, and in all the details of genteel and liberal housekeeping. She had no showy or useless accomplishments: but she read much, conversed well, and possessed that native refinement, and that unerring tact which always results from a kind disposition and an acute intellect. Templin had known Emily from childhood; but it was not till this visit that he thought of her as a partner for life. He had little difficulty in inspiring her with the feelings that he wished. They plighted their faith, and on his return from his next cruise they were married. Never was there a happier home than that of Rodney Templin; and it was doubly so when he always found it delightfully prepared for his reception on coming from sea.

Not only to the proverbially susceptible gentlemen of "the United Service," but to all other youths who are prone to falling in love, we earnestly recommend (though we fear our admonition will be vain) that they shall delay "proposing" till they have had time to learn something of the disposition, character and habits of the lady; and till they have ascertained if the sentiment they believe themselves to feel for her is anything more than a mere fancy. They may rest assured that the passion excited by nothing better than a pretty face will evaporate even before that face is faded: and that the best security for ever-enduring and ever-brightening love is to

"Let the spark drop from reason that kindles the flame."

THE LOVERS.

BY P. KENYON KILBOURN.

"Oh! fly with me to milder climes,
  Where endless summers shine;
Our northern blasts are quite too rude
  For gentle souls like thine.
Here storms arise and tempests howl,
  And the hills are bleak and cold;
There, the skies are bright by day and night,
  And the clouds like burnish'd gold;
And there the breeze from the orange groves
  Shall breathe its sweets for thee;
And perennial flowers shall deck our bowers—
  Oh! thither fly with me!"

"Nay, ask it not—'tis a stranger land—
  My childhood's home is *here;*
And the giant hills, and the dashing rills,
  Though rough and rude, are dear.
'Tis true our skies are sometimes dark,
  But the cloud and storm pass by,
And hearts are light, and eyes are bright
  Beneath our northern sky.
Then ask me not to fly with thee
  To that far and fatal shore,
Where the pestilent breath bears the germ of death,
  And the wan cheek blooms no more."

"'Death comes to all!' and, there or here,
  He will come at last to thee—
And I know how dear these scenes appear—
  Are they dearer far than me?"
"Oh, say not so!—my home and friends—
  Tho' mine eyes with tears are dim—
At my loved one's call I can leave them all,
  And find them all in him!
My home is with the heart I love,
  Where'er that heart may be—
In the northern shade, in the southern glade,
  On shore, or on the sea!"

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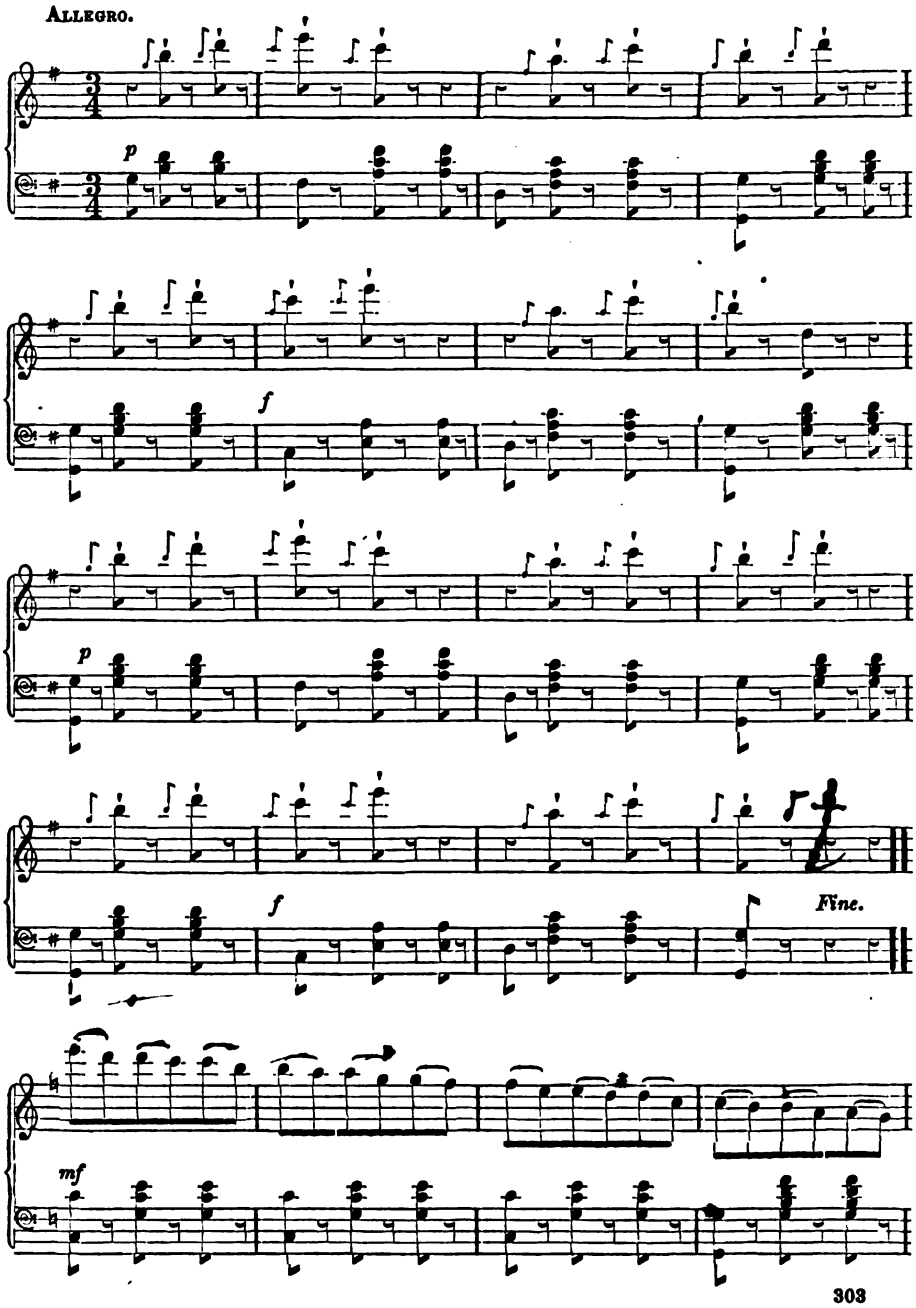
A WALTZ.

COMPOSED BY CANDIDO CHIANEI.



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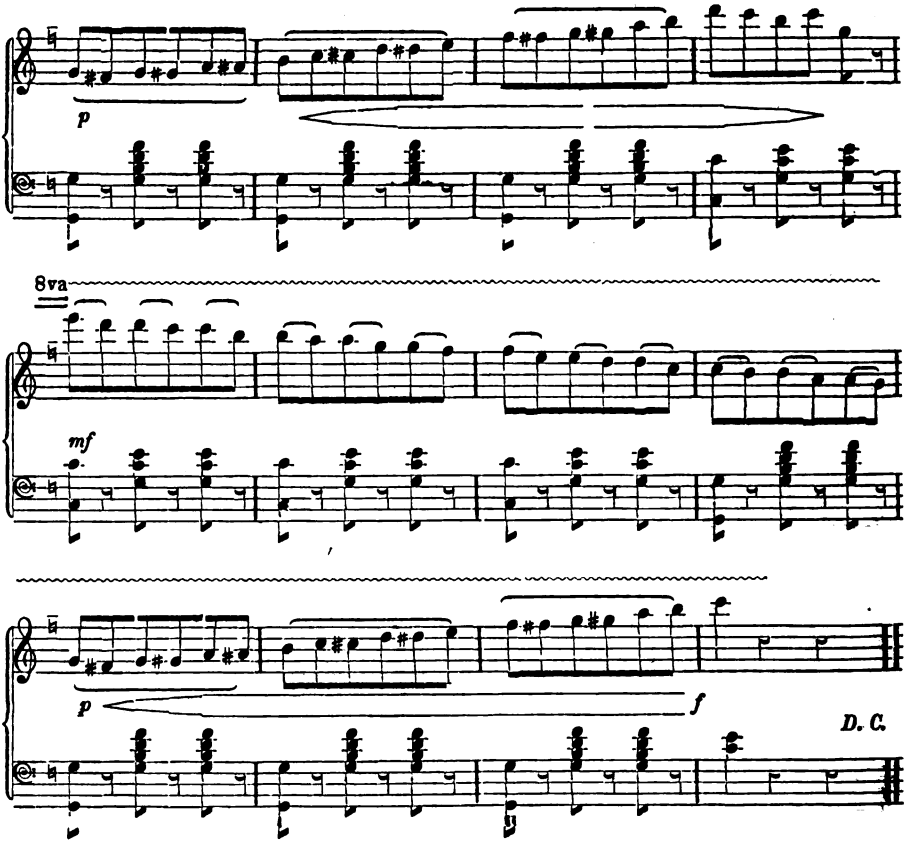

EDITORS' TABLE.

CONVERSATIONS AT THE EDITORS' TABLE.

BY MRS. HALE.

"I WAS thinking, on my way hither, of the goodness of Providence in the arrangement of the seasons," said the schoolmaster; "and what gratitude man should feel for the variety of enjoyments thus provided for him. How many pleasures Winter brings to our busy world!"

"Then you do not call him, as Thomson said, 'sullen and sad,'" said Mrs. Marvin.

"Oh! that was not the poet's opinion," returned the schoolmaster. "He only used the common expressions of dread, which are words of course in describing winter. But you will recollect that he immediately adds a welcome to these 'glooms,' and declares that 'vapours, and clouds, and storms, exalt the soul to solemn thought and heavenly musing;' which he, no doubt, had experienced."

"Winter is your favourite season for thought and study, I believe?" said Ellen Marvin, inquiringly.

"Yes, winter, and rainy days during the other seasons," replied the schoolmaster. "I do not think, however, that 'clouds and storms' are necessary to the exaltation of my soul. I cannot claim such a poetical temperament. But the leisure which a stormy day gives us, and the solitude in our own rooms which we may then enjoy, are excellent preparatives for reflection and mental efforts. And, as Jean Paul says, I think all weighty things are done, or at least planned, in solitude."

"So thought the monks and hermits of old," observed Mrs. Marvin. "But their solitary system of life did not prove a blessing to the world or to themselves."

"No, because they only performed one half of their duties," replied the schoolmaster. "The mind may employ its highest faculties in solitude, but the heart must be engaged in the pursuits of active life before its best feelings, its holiest desires, can be awakened and perfected. Indeed, all human virtues are social, and the exercise of goodness is of much more importance to the happiness of the world than the highest efforts of mere talent, or even genius, can possibly be."

"I think Byron affords a grand illustration of the power

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of mind in solitude, for he was always solitary, even in a crowd," observed Mrs. Marvin.

"And Oberlin, whose whole soul was glowing with the virtues of social life, is an evidence that goodness is a more precious blessing to mankind than genius," said the schoolmaster.

"You place Mrs. Fry above Madame de Stael then, in your list of eminent ladies, I presume," observed Ellen.

"Indeed I do, and that reminds me of the little sketch of Mrs. Fry you promised me to translate from Madame Adéle Du Thou's History of the Quakers," said the schoolmaster.

"I have done this, and only been waiting for an opportunity to read it to you," answered the smiling girl.

"Which you shall have now," he replied, returning her smile. "I will show you I can listen when the subject suits me, though I never could boast of being a good listener. But now for Mrs. Fry."

Ellen unfolded her paper and read as follows. "Elizabeth Gurney was the third daughter of Mr. John Gurney, of Earlham Hall, county of Norfolk. She was born in 1780, and, as her mother died soon after, this young girl was subject to little control. Her father was very indulgent, and though belonging to the society of Friends, he was not very strict in restraining his children to the companionship of those of their own sect. Elizabeth was very handsome, and her birth, fortune, and education entitled her to associate with the best society. She went to London when she was about seventeen, and mingled in all the gay amusements which the capital afforded. Still she showed, even at this age, an ardent wish to improve herself, and learn everything which this new scene presented. Soon after her return the family were visited by some of their Quaker connections, who were deeply imbued with the pious spirit which has so often been exhibited by the devout of this sect. Elizabeth's mind was awakened, and her heart changed. She adopted the plain garb of the Friends, gave up all amusements, and thenceforward devoted herself to the work of doing good. Her first plan of usefulness was to open a school in her father's house for poor children. This young and lovely girl went out and gathered from the abodes of poverty, from the lanes and fields, twenty-four of these destitute little beings, whom, day by day, she instructed and comforted. What a beautiful example for young ladies!

"In 1800 Elizabeth Gurney was married to Mr. Fry, a gentleman of the most estimable character, who aided her benevolent plans, and generously allowed her a considerable sum for her charities; and, more than this, he was willing that she should devote the greater portion of her time to these missions of charity. It was while engaged in such, comparatively, private labours of love, that Mrs. Fry, hearing of the deplorable condition of the female prisoners in Newgate, resolved to relieve them. She applied to the governor for leave to visit them. He attempted to dissuade her. 'You will be disgusted with their behaviour and language,' said he. 'I am almost afraid, myself, to enter their apartment; they are so vile.'

"'I am fully aware of the danger,' meekly replied Mrs. Fry. 'I do not go in my own strength. God will protect me.'

"'But, madame, if you are determined on entering this den of iniquity, pray leave your purse and watch behind,' said the governor.

"'I thank thee; I am not afraid; I do not think I shall lose anything,' replied this heroic woman.

"She entered an apartment of the prison in which were confined about *one hundred and sixty women;* the condemned and those who were awaiting trial, being all huddled together, with many children, who were thus brought up in the school of vice. The cries and curses of these poor little victims of their parents' crimes added the darkest shade to the dreadful picture which met the pitying eyes of this angel of mercy. The astonished inmates of the prison gazed on her, as though she were indeed an angel. The pure and tranquil expression of her beautiful countenance soon softened their ferocity. It has been remarked, that if virtue could be rendered visible, it would be impossible to resist its influence. In Mrs. Fry virtue seemed indeed embodied, so lovely and attractive was the manner of her benevolence; and this may account for the influence she at once gained over this host of abandoned creatures, who had seemed worse than savages.

"She addressed them in the most gentle accents. 'You seem unhappy,' said she; 'you are in want of clothes; would you not be pleased if some one came to relieve your misery?'

"'Certainly,' said one, 'we need clothes.' 'But nobody cares for us, and where can we find a friend?' said another.

"'I am come to serve you, if you will allow me,' said Elizabeth Fry. She then went on to express her sympathy for them, and offer them hope, that they might improve their condition. She did not say a word about the crimes they had committed, nor reproach them. She came to comfort and not to condemn. When she was about to depart the women thronged around her.

"'You are leaving us,' said they; 'and you will never come again.'

"'Yes, I will come again if ye desire it,' she replied.

"'We do! we do!' was echoed round the apartment.

"In a short time Mrs. Fry made her second visit, and intended to pass the whole day. The doors were closed and barred, and she was left alone with the prisoners. 'You must not suppose,' said she to them, 'that I have come here without being commissioned.' She raised the Bible which she had brought in her hand, and continued, 'this book, which has been the guide of my life, has brought me to you. It directed me to visit the prisoners; to take pity on the poor and afflicted. You are afflicted. I am willing to do all in my power to relieve you, but all my efforts will be vain, unless you help. Are you willing to hear me read a few passages from this book?'

"They assented; and she read, from Matthew, chap. xx., the parable of the lord of the vineyard. When she came to the man who was hired at the eleventh hour, she paused a moment, and then said, in a gentle but most impressive tone, 'The eleventh hour now strikes for you, my friends. The greater part of your lives has been lost; but Christ is come to save sinners.'

"Some asked who Christ was? Others said that he had not come for them; that the time was passed, and they could not be saved.

"Mrs. Fry replied, that Christ had died to save sinners; the poor and afflicted in particular he invited to come to him, for he had been poor and afflicted.

"She passed the whole day with them, and during this visit laid the foundation of a most happy change in that gloomy prison. She soon obtained permission to establish a school for the children of these poor women; and when she saw how joyfully their mothers acceded to her proposal of giving religious instruction to their little ones, she felt sure of success. The female whose maternal affection is warm and pure cannot be wholly lost to virtue. And thus she went on, softening, by her words of peace and arts of love, the most turbulent and perverse tempers, and even taming the violence of the unruly tongue, which, it would seem, only a miracle could have accomplished. The reform was most astonishing; and, thanks to her perseverance and the years she has devoted to this pious undertaking, a total change has been effected in the female department of this prison. The influence of virtue has prevailed, and many wretched beings have found Newgate an asylum of repentance and heavenly hope."

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As Ellen paused, the schoolmaster remarked on the beauful consistency of character which Mrs. Fry had maintained ever since she devoted herself to the work of charity. "Yes," he added, "that great work of reform in Newgate, which seemed beyond human remedy, has been accomplished by a woman. Do I over-estimate the influence of your sex, when I say that the moral destiny of the world is dependent on the character and conduct of women?"

"But how few of our sex ever have the opportunity of doing good like Mrs. Fry," exclaimed Ellen. "I should be willing to help in such a good cause; but I do not see where my assistance is needed. Our prisons do not need such reforms."

"Society needs reforming," replied the schoolmaster; "this prison of the world has sorrows to soothe, and evils to cure, which most properly belong to the female department of charity."

"What particular evils shall we young ladies reform?" inquired Ellen.

"The evils of extravagance and wild speculation," replied the schoolmaster; "then you will make men just and honourable, and we shall hear no more that term of reproach to our land, repudiation! Bankruptcies, too, would be rare, and the man who had recourse to that legalized method of clearing himself of debt, would never consider he was freed from the moral obligation of paying honestly his creditors, whenever he could earn the means. You young ladies must set the example of retrenchment in your own dress and decorations; you must praise as well as practise economy; you must lose no proper occasion of expressing your disapproval of every unjust and dishonourable sentiment which careless or reckless men use in regard to these subjects."

"If ladies could be brought to reflect seriously on these subjects, I am sure the result would be good," said Mrs. Marvin. "I heard that a merchant, who recently failed, made the remark, that, could he have obtained his pay for all the silks and fine array he had sold to ladies, and which he saw daily displayed in —— street, he should have been able to meet his engagements, and his family would have been saved from the ruin and distress which now overwhelm them. I cannot believe that there are many of my sex who would be guilty of such reckless extravagance, if they reflected on the consequence to others."

"These evil consequences are almost interminable," observed the schoolmaster. "The failure of one man in extensive business not only carries distress to his family, but to all who were connected with or dependent on him for employment. Hundreds of poor families in this city are now suffering because their former employers have failed, given up housekeeping and business. To provide employment for those who depend on their own labour for support, is one of the most sacred duties of the prosperous, as it is one of their highest privileges."

"I sometimes think," said Mrs. Marvin, "that our '*Lady's Book*' owes much of its unparalleled success to the blessings which the poor of our sex, who are benefitted by its publication, are constantly calling down upon it. Not to reckon the host of female writers, who are promptly *paid*, there are besides more than one hundred females, who depend for their daily bread on the money they receive for colouring the plates of fashions, stitching, doing up the work, and so on. A number of these women have been reduced from ease and competence to the necessity of earning their own and their children's support. In all their cases the publisher is not merely just in paying, but generous in the reward he gives for their services. And he considers it, as you have observed, one of the most precious privileges of his prosperity that he has been able to assist these industrious and deserving females with profitable employment."

"I hope the patrons of the 'Lady's Book' will take this subject into consideration. The close of the year approaches, when small demands should be provided for, and particularly those which are, like the scattered subscriptions for a periodical, very difficult to be collected, unless the debtor is really honourable, and chooses to discharge them. The publisher, to carry out the plan of excellence and liberality he has devised, must need all the means his subscribers have *promised* him. Doubtless there are some who have not fulfilled these promises."

"Yes; there are, I regret to say, some delinquent subscribers, and those too who would doubtless pay, without delay, if the demand were larger," replied Mrs. Marvin. "But *three*, *six*, or even *nine* dollars are such trifling sums, that they think it a matter of no consequence at all. They do not reflect that hundreds of other subscribers may be doing the same thing; putting off the day of payment. And yet, if the 'Lady's Book' were not furnished promptly by the day promised, what complaints we should hear!"

"Let us hope that the coming year will see a better system introduced," said the schoolmaster. "As the 'Lady's Book' is so emphatically the work of and for your sex, they will give the world an example of moral principle, sustaining that *faith in promises*, which is the basis of civilization and Christianity also. I feel sure that the delinquent subscribers, all that can command the means, will soon pay their arrearages."

"Even though they should dispense with a few ribbons, or even a new dress for the New Year," said Ellen.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

History of the United States, or the Republic of America. By Emma Willard. Philadelphia: Barnes & Co.

The author of this work is well known in our land for her long and arduous exertions in the cause of female education. Her zeal in this has led her to prepare several works for the use of schools in particular; but this work will be welcomed also as a valuable addition to our family libraries and national literature. The maps and chronological arrangement are excellent, and give this work great advantages over those now in use in our seminaries of education; and we trust it will be soon introduced and used in every female school in our country. Mrs. Willard richly merits this reward for her indefatigable exertions to improve her sex.

The Lady's Annual Register, and Housewife Almanac, for 1843, published by T. H. Carter, of Boston, is well filled with receipts for the ladies, anecdotes, poetry, gossip, and various other matters, including, of course, a calendar. Our fair housewives will find it a valuable appendage to both parlour and kitchen.

Sketches from Real Life. By a mother. "*A cup of cold water for the Little Ones.*" Godey and M'Michael, Philadelphia, 1843.

A modest title to a little book for the young of genuine excellence. It is evidently what it purports to be, "Sketches from Real Life, by a mother," and is, therefore, admirably adapted to the instruction of children in moral and reli-

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gious truth. Its style is chaste, and shows the author to be a woman of fine attainments, close observation, and a cultivated taste. One who sketches so naturally, and with such good ends, should not suffer her light to be hid under a bushel, but let it shine upon the world with a steady and benignant ray.

To those who, in the approaching season of gifts, will be selecting books for the young, we can confidently recommend "Sketches from Real Life," as containing lessons of practical utility, presented in a form that must claim attention.

Colman's Gift Books for Children.

The young folks will be glad to learn that their old friend Mr. Colman has not forgotten them this year. Several little books, with pretty pictures, stories, and verses, have been prepared for them by this publisher, and are already for sale at the various book stores. They are very neat in appearance, of course, and happily blend instruction with amusement. Among them are the following:—

The Little Gift. A neat volume of 120 pages, small quarto, embellished with beautiful pictures, and done up in fine muslin, with gilt edges.

Useful Little Stories. Also embellished with pictures, and neatly bound in muslin.

Poems for Little Folks. Edited by a lady, and illustrated with several beautiful designs.

Little Keepsake. Embellished with engravings from steel plates, in extra muslin with gilt edges.

All these we can recommend with a right good will. They are intended for little children, the publisher says, throughout the land, and are, therefore, entirely free from anything *sectarian.*

Youth's Keepsake. A Christmas and New Year's Gift, for Young People. Boston: T. H. Carter, 1843.

This is a very neat volume, handsomely embellished with steel engravings, and got up, throughout, with appropriate taste. The literary contents, as far as we have examined them, are good, and well suited to those for whom the book has been prepared. In the approaching holiday season, the "Youth's Keepsake" will doubtless be among the favourites for presentation.

The Saint Nicholas Annual. A Christmas and New Year's Gift; made expressly under the direction of Saint Nicholas, for all good boys and girls. Boston: T. H. Carter, 1843.

And here is another, for good little boys and girls, which is very neat and very pretty, and will no doubt meet a ready sale.

The Annualette. A Christmas and New Year's Gift, for Children. Boston: T. H. Carter, 1843.

This is another beautiful little annual, by the same publisher, with numerous appropriate engravings.

History of Ancient and Modern Greece. Illustrated with Maps. Edited by J. Frost, Professor of Belles Lettres in the High School of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1843.

We are happy to notice a reprint of a work which met with strong approbation on its first appearance, and was introduced into colleges and seminaries of learning to a very considerable extent. It is admirably suited for school and college use. The subdivision of the chapters into small sections, and the apparatus of questions and maps render it a most desirable book in all respects for the purposes of instruction. The information embodied in the work is vastly greater in amount than in any other school history; and the style is perspicuous and elegant. Excellent notions of the mythology, antiquities, literature, and philosophy of Greece, are embodied in the work.

Kriss Kringle's Book. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite, & Co., 1843.

A new edition of this popular juvenile annual is out, and expectation on the part of the young people beats high. Some thousands of this beautifully ornamented volume, with its gilded covers and coloured picture, will find their way into the stockings hung up in chimney corners in anticipation of Kriss Kringle's annual visit. The moral tone of the stories is as commendable as the beauty of the execution.

Frost's Practical English Grammar, with Progressive Exercises. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite, & Co., 1843.

It is gratifying to learn that several successive editions of this excellent work have been called for, since its first appearance last spring. Clear, simple, and concise, free from the useless verbiage with which such works are usually overloaded, Frost's grammar commends itself to the favour of both teacher and pupil. The orthographical exercises, with simple rules for general use, form a very important feature. Bad spellers will be rare when the book is generally adopted. The plan of making a picture the nucleus of a grammatical exercise is original and very striking. It will captivate the fancy of the pupil, and lessen the labour of the teacher. The article on the derivation of words, judiciously thrown into the appendix for separate study, is invaluable. Adults who have neglected the systematic study of grammar, will find this volume the best auxiliary to self instruction which has yet appeared.

Miscellanies. By Stephen Collins, M. D. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. Pp. 308.

A very handsomely printed volume is this, and one which, we trust, will answer the author's desire, namely, "advance the cause of virtue, literature and humanity." Some of the papers display much research; others are, apparently, hasty productions, such as almost all our American writers are in the habit of throwing off. But the moral tendency of this work is pure and good throughout.

The Brigand. A Poem. By Emerson Bennett. New York. Pp. 36.

We found, on looking hastily through this little poem, more defects than beauties, we regret to say; but the preface is well written, and so unpretending that we cannot find the heart to speak severely of the faults of the production. The "author's friends" will, no doubt, prize it, and there is worth, even in a trifle, if it give pleasure to our friends.

Life of Jean Paul Frederic Richter. In two volumes. Boston: Little & Brown.

The taste for German literature is fast increasing in our country. Many who have not time or inclination to study the language, are eager to enjoy the treasures of knowledge, fancy and wit which, even in the translations, feebly as they are often executed, cannot lose their original lustre and attraction. The work before us is a gem which in the roughest state, would have been of sterling worth; but polished and perfected as it is by the refined taste and clear judgment of one of our most esteemed female writers, it becomes of inestimable value. Mrs. Lee, of Boston, who is, as we understand, the compiler of this work, has acquired new claims on the admiration and affection of her countrywomen by the pleasure and instruction which she has given them in this work. We shall not attempt a synopsis or even outline of the "Life" of Jean Paul, as he is usually styled. The volumes should be studied for their lessons of wisdom; and besides, the story is of deep interest, the romance of reality, so simply yet persuasively told, that we linger over its pages as we would in a garden of sweet, fresh flowers.

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Thomson's Seasons. Published by Appleton & Co., New York. A neat miniature editiop, which will be an appropriate present for the coming holidays.

Adventures of Henry Hudon. By the author of "Uncle Philip's Conversations," &c. Pp. 161.

This book is the first of a series intended to furnish, in the author's words, "a library for my young countrymen." We like the subject and style of this volume, and we need not say it is got up in good style; to name *Appleton & Co.* as publishers is a guarantee that the "Library" will be choice and worthy of its object.

Eugene Aram, Rienzi, and Last Days of Pompeii. By Bulwer. Harpers, New York: Carey & Hart, Philada.

Another republication of these splendid novels.

FASHIONS FOR DEC. 1842.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

Fig. 1.—A long cloak of rich brown satin, trimmed with black velvet, finished with a deep fringe of twisted silk. A circular cape and collar of black velvet. Dress of blue gray peau de soie, made high in the neck, and worn with a pointed frill. Bonnet of the same material as the dress: the crown elevated Feathers white, tipped with pale blue.

Fig. 2.—Mantilla of sea green gros 'Afrique, edged all round with points. Lapel front, terminating in a point at the waist. Dress trimmed with a double row of deep netting. Bonnet of white glacé silk, with a brown velvet trimming.

Fig. 3 —Dress of nankeen-coloured gros de Suisse; trimmed down the front with ruches, meeting at the point of the corsage, and spreading out towards the hem at the bottom of the skirt. Cardinal or short cloak made very full, and trimmed all round with deep black lace. Bonnet of white corded silk; white feathers.

Fig 4.—Dress of light brown Thibet mousseline de laine. Cardinal of full blue satin lined with cinnamon coloured florence. Bonnet pale blue watered silk, with a ruche inside the brim.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The skirts of dresses are still worn extremely wide and full, but trimming them is by no means as general now, as for the last several years. Even deep tucks are losing favour. The peaks of boddice fronts are much shortened, and the waists are now very nearly the same length all round. Narrow belts are set into the dresses, and assist greatly in making them fit in closely at the waist. Over this belt is frequently worn another of narrow velvet of a darker tint than the dress, terminating in front with a loop-bow, confined with a small elegant buckle, or with a brooch. For the velvet belt may be substituted a sash, of rich and moderately broad ribbon, doubled in a fold round the waist, and expanding to its full width in front of the *corsage*, or at the side, with a bow and long ends terminating in a netted fringe. For dresses that are to be washed, the belt that is set in may finish in front with a bow and ends of the same material as the dress, corded along the edge.

What is called an infant's body, (the gathers or pleats ascending perpendicularly without any diminution towards the point of the corsage,) is somewhat in vogue, though exceedingly unbecoming, even to a good figure, as it destroys the tapering effect of the waist, and causes it to appear thick and clumsy. To look gracefully, and to improve the figure, the bodies of all dresses should be formed to *fan*, as it is called: the gathers or pleats diminishing nearly towards a point at the termination of the waist, and spreading out gradually as they ascend; so as to give fulness to the chest and breadth to the shoulders. For the same reason, lapels broad at the shoulders and narrowing down to the waist, are universally becoming. A lapel dress may be worn with a chemisette of the same material drawn across with casings or gagings; or the chemisette may be of white muslin or lace.

Tight sleeves (though very trying to the slender arms of our American ladies) are still generally, though not universally worn. They are now so far improved as to have always something corresponding to an epaulet near the shoulder; sometimes puffings or frills: sometimes a cap-piece, cleft and trimmed. Very wide full sleeves are worn over them by some ladies of good taste. These full sleeves hang back, long and loose, from the elbow; and at the fore-arm are drawn up in front with bows, or with cords and tassels. The under or tight sleeve may be white. In full dress the large upper sleeve is sometimes made of a transparent material and trimmed with lace. This may be put on over a tight silk sleeve, sewing it to the outside of the armhole.

Pelisses and coats have again made their appearance. They are of velvet, satin, brocade, or figured silk, and embroidered merino. They are frequently worn with cardinal capes, descending to the knee.

Bonnets have increased in size; and the crowns, instead of falling back, are now somewhat elevated. They are of various materials; among which those of shaded velvet, in the drawn or casing form, seem the most popular.

In caps, thread lace is giving way to lighter and more transparent materials. Cap-crowns continue to be placed entirely at the back of the head. The borders do not descend so low on the sides of the neck as formerly. For clusters, sprigs, or wreaths, the newest style is to have every rose of a different shade of red, from the glowing damask to the rose which is so nearly white as to have only a faint blush about its centre.

There are varieties of graceful head-dresses in the form of half caps or bandeaus. Of the latter, some are made of a rouleau of crape entwined with rich chenille of the same colour, and finished with handsome chenille tassels, two or three on one side, and one or two on the other. We have seen a beautiful and simple bandeau of two pieces (each a yard in length) of broad white satin ribbon, loosely twisted together over a covered steel spring: the ribbon forming loops at the ears, and trimmed at the ends with netted fringe; a flower being placed among the loops at the left side.

There are now gloves and mits with velvet cuffs, which, when purple, black or dark brown, are extremely becoming to the hand and arm.

A notice like the following gives us sincere pleasure. We have long endeavoured to give our magazine a distinct character. We have nothing to do with the ephemera of the day. Ours is a work intended for ladies, edited by ladies, contributed to by ladies, patronized by ladies; and we are determined that it shall be a *Lady's Book*.

"We have received '*The Lady's Book*,' for October—its punctuality is really delightful. The mechanical execution is beautiful; the engravings are exquisite—especially the line engraving of 'The Rustic Toilet;' the verses descriptive of which we shall publish. The literary matter, too, is good; some of it really fine. We are particularly pleased with its morality, which is perfectly pure; as much so as the prayers of childhood."—*True Carolinian, Winsborough.*

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